THE Lady's Magazine;

OR

Mirror of the Belles Lettres

FASHIONS,

Fine Arts, Music, Drama, &c.

NEW SERIES

Volume the Fourth



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THE

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A New Series.

JANUARY 31, 1823.

ADDRESS.

Independently of incidental and occasional appeals to our readers and the public, we feel the propriety of an annual address. It is our duty to take notice of the past, and advert to the future, or to have, according to Lord Bacon, 'a discursive mind looking fore and aft.' We may speak, with some degree of self-congratulation, of what has been well done, and, while we lament our sins of omission, may make such promises of amendment as, we trust, will be neither vague nor fallacious. We cannot hope to attain perfection, but, by the exercise of judgement, zeal, and diligence, and the enlistment of great talents in our service, we may without presumption hope that we shall be able to produce a work, at once progressive in literary excellence and public favor.

We return our cordial thanks for the patronage which we have experienced since this established miscellany fell into our hands in May *last*. The increase of sale has even exceeded our most sanguine expectations, a circumstance highly gratifying to our feelings, as it tends to demonstrate that our endeavours to render this work powerful in interest and attraction have not proved unavailing. 'Thus rewarded,' says an eminent author, 'labour goes on cheerfully, and we can look forward to that which is to come, with a hope which has received its earnest, with spirits quickened by success, and with gratitude which, in acknowledging what it has received, resolves to merit more.'

Although it must be evident that our plan will not allow the discussion of subjects of pure and abstract science, or the introduction of learned but heavy disquisition, we are confident that, as a repository of light and elegant literature, our publication yields the palm to none; while, *in point of embellishment, it is without a rival.* To mark the improvement of the Magazine, we had an idea of commencing the new year with a fresh series; but, as that did not appear, on subsequent consideration, to be necessary, we are content to state distinctly, that the

ensuing volume, though ostensibly the fourth of the existing series, may be deemed the commencement of a NEW WORK, in which we shall put forth all our energies, so as to entitle ourselves to that extended patronage which, from the experience of a few months, we have the strongest reason to anticipate. It may also be observed that, while we retain the *identical* title which has existed for fifty-two years, we intend to adapt the work, with the exception of the monthly detail of fashions, to the perusal of both sexes (a compliment due at the present hour to the intellectual acquirements of the ladies), and thus to make it a more *general* vehicle of amusement, information, and instruction, or (as our addition to the old title expresses it) A MIRROR OF THE BELLES LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, &c.

It was usual to restrict the quantity of letter-press to fifty-six pages; but, beside additional plates, we have for several months given an extra half-sheet in each number. By printing many of the articles also in a type of less magnitude, we have increased the amount of our contributions; and, although this has not been attained without a *considerable sacrifice* on our part, we shall continue the same course whenever a press of interesting matter seems to demand it, and shall even adopt for our future volumes the smaller (yet equally clear and legible) type.

We shall not confine ourselves to any particular mode of embellishment; but, however varied may be the subjects, we are determined to employ artists of the greatest celebrity, each of whom will execute the proposed design in the highest style of art. We shall occasionally give a series of engravings to illustrate some popular poem (as in the instance of LALLA ROOKH), sometimes a single subject of admired sculpture after CANOVA, CHANTREY, FLAXMAN, or WESTMACOTT, or a portrait of a distinguished character,—in short, we shall endeavour, without regard to expense, to present to the public such objects of present interest or of lasting beauty as shall gratify the most pure and elevated taste.

If we were disposed to draw invidious comparisons between our work and those of a like description, we could demonstrate, by calculation, that our numbers, in consequence of the adoption of a close mode of printing, contain a greater portion of matter than publications of a much higher price. With regard to the comparative cheapness of our miscellany, there can, indeed, be only one opinion; of the unrivaled beauty of our embellishments we may justly feel confident, and from the talents of those who are engaged to assist us, we may, in all the lighter and more elegant departments of literature, fearlessly challenge a comparison with any other periodical publication of a similar nature that ever existed. To be lavish in the praise of one's own commodity is not difficult; but he is a bold man who couples the eulogium with an exhibition of the ware. Such are the dealings which savour not of quackery or deceit. In this predicament we stand; and to any verdict, if it be not *against evidence*, we shall cheerfully submit.

THE LIVING POETS.

N°. 1.

LORD BYRON.



This should have been a noble creature: he
Hath all the energy which would have made
A goodly frame of glorious elements,
Had they been wisely mingled; as it is,
It is an awful chaos—light and darkness—
And mind and dust—and passions and pure thoughts,
Mix'd, or contending without end or order,
All dormant or destructive: he will perish,
And yet he must not —— — MANFRED.

THE reputation of a poet who has long maintained a high degree of popularity among his own generation, is one of the best standards by which we can estimate the character and manners of his age. Individual minds which tower far above the ordinary level, may, indeed, receive little impression from the circumstances of their day, but may be directed by impulses from within, which do not depend on the fluctuations of the social condition. They are in a portion of years, but not of it; and belong neither to one country nor one age, but to human nature and to all time. Their influences are perhaps little felt and less recognised among their contemporaries, and the testimony of years is required before the living truth and beauty of their works are acknowleged by the world. We have no right, therefore, to take the high peculiarities of their genius as characteristic of the age which they adorn, or to regard them as embodying the essence of a spirit largely diffused around them. But where an author has been the idol of his day—where he has for years, and amidst many versatilities of style, retained the admiration of the most fickle—when he has been an object of restless curiosity and interest, perpetually gratified and as perpetually rekindled—where, in spite of repeated outrages on all that is usually held most sacred by man, he has kept his station in the opinions of the pious, the fair, and the timid—where he has captivated the frivolous, aroused the selfish, inspired the frigid, and astounded the bold—his varied progress is strongly indicative of the moral and intellectual character of the people. It then becomes an inquiry of deep interest, whether this notoriety is an earnest of a lasting fame;—whether the public have manifested an extraordinary aptitude for the immediate detection of that which is destined for immortality—or whether the singular impression made on them has arisen from causes less honorable to them and to the object of their homage.

There can be no question that lord Byron possesses many of the noblest elements for the production of the masterpieces of his art. He has a sensibility the most quick and intense—exquisitely alive to every feeling of pleasure or suffering—excited by all that is grand and majestic in nature or venerable in history, all that constitutes the pride of human life or is indicative of human decay. This is the quality with which he is most largely endowed; but, added to this, he has a flowing, easy and stately versification, glowing and passionate eloquence, frequent felicities of expression, an admiration for the antique beauty of the classical models, yet a sense of all the savage grandeur of passion, uncontrolled by custom or by form. Thus richly gifted, he seems to our apprehensions wanting in one divine faculty, which alone was requisite to fit him for the highest offices and rewards of the poet—IMAGINATION. To his deficiency in this one presiding endowment, may be traced, as to a common centre, all his inconsistencies; all his errors; no small portion of his popularity at the present time; and his failure, if he should ultimately fail, in the struggle for that nobler meed of living in the hearts of the best and the wisest for ages. We shall, therefore, begin by explaining, as

intelligibly as we can, our idea of this faculty—of the place which it should occupy in the mind of a poet—and of the effects which have resulted from its comparative feebleness in the case of this illustrious author.

The imagination, then, is a harmonizing power which mediates between visible and intellectual properties, which perpetually combines such things as have natural affinities to each other, or presents objects to us in their essences, freed from the associations which encumber or degrade them. We shall render our meaning plainer by showing how this principle operates on the materials of poetry.

The material universe and the heart of man are the two great worlds which the poet may subject to his use. These it is the high province of the imagination to reconcile;—by infusing thought and passion into visible images, and clothing the affections and desires of the soul with attributes originally belonging to things of sense;—and thus to produce at once the grandest, the most vivid, and the most endearing pictures. He who, destitute of this faculty, but endowed with a certain degree of inferior talent, regards the physical and moral separately, may, indeed, produce poetry which many will admire; his effusions, when he expatiates among the beauties of earth, will be descriptive; when he contemplates the mind, didactic; and the former may have the charm of singular freshness and truth, and the latter of condensed thought and felicitous expression. The river may wind on as it were before us through a long succession of cool wanderings; a palace or a ruin may tower from encircling woods in form as palpable as that which some great painter draws; every branch may 'look green,' and every delicate shadow tremble in his song. Or he may put a theory into neat, compact, finely balanced verse; he may utter high sentiments with moral dignity or with peculiar grace; he may ennoble truisms by the pith, the energy, and the conciseness of his style—and become a successful *Essayist on Man*. But neither while he describes, nor while he moralizes, will there be any trace of that mighty magic by which the imagination spiritualizes the scenes, or embodies the thoughts which are subjected to its mediative processes.

Let us now observe how this wizard power operates on the external and internal world. It detects the secret affinities of each, and, by virtue of these, blends them into one. It sheds abroad feeling through nature; gives to shapes and hues appropriate expression; and makes them capable of reflecting on the soul the associations which they derived from its powers. It makes earth the magnificent treasury of thoughts and hopes, the softest desires and fondest retrospections, which 'hang on each flower and cling to every bough.' The mountains are no longer great masses which swell on the eye, and fill up the space between earth and cloud; but they are the symbols of permanence, the silent images of power, the types of a kingdom which cannot be shaken. A stream is no longer refreshing merely to the eye, but is glided over by the mind which assimilates it to human life; which connects with it a thousand pensive recollections and joys; or which perchance sees in its unresting course a symbol of that continuous being which is destined tranquilly to flow on for ever. The clouds are touched with sympathy, 'and in their silent faces do we read unutterable love.' Common objects become interesting as the depositories of old thoughts, revive the choicest moments of our being, and make the heart gush forth as at the touch of a living friend. A fragment of rock assumes the venerableness of its age, and is as redolent of the great and mystic *past* as the fairest remains of antique workmanship and skill. All things are interesting because they are parts of one harmonious whole; because they are connected by the chords of an imaginative sympathy; because their hues and forms are associated with pure, pensive, or ecstatic musings. To him who is a partaker in that spirit which Imagination has shed throughout the universe, every object has 'speech and language;' nothing is too mighty for the grasp of his affections; and 'to him, the meanest flower that blows can give thoughts which do often lie too deep for tears.'

By a similar reconciling process are the thoughts and feelings of the heart brought almost within the verge of sensible existence. Our ideas cease to be dry abstractions, and are clothed with appropriate forms. The mighty realities within us borrow shape from things without, pass before us in high pageantry, and become more definite and precise than the most exact demonstration

can make them. Truth becomes visible beauty; the mighty gifts and affections of the soul look august and venerable, and wear the fitting aspect of antiquity and of grandeur. In the old Greek mythology, virtues, graces, hopes,—even the divisions of time—started into shape, and glowed before the eye of the mind in those celestial hues which were analogous to them in the visible universe. In these latter days, when man has grown meditative, when his sense of the mysteries of his nature has deepened, and his anticipations have extended to a diviner life, his powers, his affections, and his destinies, have not been thus palpably embodied, but they have still been associated with material images, and have seemed to partake in the qualities of those things which are akin to them in nature. The imagination does not, like the understanding, demonstrate truths, but it sets them visibly before us; it enables us not only to believe, but to recognise and to feel them. Instead of verging on the florid style with which its operations are so ignorantly confounded, it is its very converse—the former darkens meaning with profusion of epithet; the latter reveals to us things in their essences: the former clogs the lengthened process of reasoning; the latter anticipates this process by showing its results self-evident in their own consistent beauty. A figure of Burke, for example, like his comparison of the English monarchy to 'the proud keep of Windsor, with its double belt of kindred and coeval towers,' embodies a world of thought, pictures at once a thousand humanities of political science, and forms a text for the profoundest speculator to lecture on. Thus the imagination gives the concisest, the severest, and the surest lessons of wisdom, by involving truths in living forms which speak at once to the understanding and the affections. Yet there are some who think this a vain bauble, a showy trifle, and who refuse to recognise the divinest philosophy because it is written in rainbow tints!

As the imagination thus impregnates matter with intellect and feeling, and invests thoughts and passions with the attributes of matter, it operates also on the new combinations which human ingenuity devises. It has often been confounded with the faculty which thus it raises, and which, for want of a better phrase, is sometimes designated as *invention;* but they essentially differ. There is no error more common than that by which a writer who produces a number of extravagant fictions is regarded as a person of high imagination; whereas the very wildness and dreariness of his creations is a proof that he has none. It is easy to invert the order of nature, to bring together properties the most dissimilar, to call forth a long line of hideous phantoms, to 'mock our eyes with air,' and 'on horror's head horrors accumulate.' These strange appearances, however they may astonish and startle, are the proofs, not of strength but of weakness, as the feeblest and most diseased optics are visited with spectral visions. Strong imagination, on the contrary, acting on such creations as have affinity with the heart of man, informs them with sympathy and passion, clothes them with human flesh, and endows them with the power of exciting feelings far different from frigid wonder. The conceptions, thus vivified, being afar off, are yet nigh to us; they become part of ourselves and of the great realities by which we are encircled, and seem to expand our personal experience as they open before us. If the poet would even transport us to other worlds, he will take care that his marvels shall have root in nature, and shall be consistent with themselves; he will encrust them with associations which we shall recognise again, and familiarise to us the ma-[illegible] scenes amidst which we expatiate. Thus Milton has not represented his Hell as a region of mere agony and horror; he has not sought to render it sublime by high-sounding epithets, to which his readers can attach no definite meaning; nor has he made it new and strange, by casting it as far back as possible from human sympathies. On the contrary, there is in every description a massive grandeur—a mournful dignity and sullen power; a likeness, expanded and saddened, to the glories of earth. If he enumerates the host of rebel spirits, he sets before us all the various pomp of antique mythology, and insinuates images of infinite luxury and freshness. If he brings us into the presence of the arch-fiend, he does not point to him as to a mere abstraction of evil—an embodied blasphemy—but endows him with heroic powers of action and suffering, and exhibits him mourning over the legions whom he has led astray with 'tears such as angels weep.' He cannot describe

the shield and spear of Satan, without the richest allusions;—comparing the first to the moon, not as seen by common eyes, but by the Tuscan artist from places whose names are music; and the last to a pine 'hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast of some amiral.' So Spenser strews the else gloomy regions of allegory with infinite sweetnesses, and makes us feel encircled by warm and breathing realities as we proceed. So the enchanted isle of Prospero, with its sounds and sights of wonder, and its embodied spirits of air and earth, is as real to us as any spot we can find in a map—it seems to belong to a time and to be surrounded with an atmosphere of its own, and is redolent of thoughts which could find no fitter resting-places than its mysteries.

In all these workings of the imagination, it tends to harmonize those things which have natural affinities, and are capable of entire union. It therefore, in all its operations, presents not fantastical devices; not the wild and incoherent combinations of madness; but high and sober truths. If it sheds its influences over the external world, it makes it eloquent with thoughts which fitly belong to its grandeurs. If it clothes noble reasonings with form, it essays to teach living lessons of divinest wisdom. If it vivifies the magnificent inventions of man, it impregnates them with human feelings, gives them breathing reality, and makes them objects of intensest sympathy! If it loves to accumulate, it only brings objects together which it can inform with one spirit, which it can arrange so as to produce one single feeling, and over which he may diffuse the same bright and tender atmosphere. If it strips an object of circumstances by which it is encircled, it is to exhibit its purer essence, and to produce one undivided effect on the feelings. But its most important operation is in the mind of the poet himself—there it presides in the midst of his mightiest faculties—and directs, arranges, combines, and softens the products of his seething genius. Without this his mind is but a splendid chaos—his sensibility seizes only on great fragments which are thrown about in utter confusion—all elements are confused and tend to fierce contest; but it is the province of imagination to bring the mighty mass into harmony—to preserve the gradations of form and color in the internal world—to blend things which should unite, to separate those which should be contrasted; to associate the affections with the fancies, so that the first may not act violently without softening correctives, nor the last remain frigid; to chasten the activity of speculation by the spirit of love and reverence, and to direct the desires and yearnings of the heart to those stable objects upon which they may expatiate and repose for ever.

A slight glance at the poetry of lord Byron will convince us that its excellencies are not generally of an imaginative cast. Not only in its outline, but in its minuter ornaments, there is little embodying of thoughts; little interchange of the qualities of passion and beauty; little attempt to mould and soften objects, and to bring them into harmony. Its principle is rather opposition and contrast than union. Its heroes walk moodily through the fairest scenes, wrapped up in their own solitary passions; and though the places which they visit are sometimes magnificently sketched, yet these are rather employed to set off the pride and intensity of the persons, than represented as finding any echo in their bosoms. When a sentiment is to be illustrated, it is rather linked to some picture than infused into it, so that we have an elaborate comparison between two things which perhaps resemble each other but imperfectly, instead of a breathing image speaking to the soul through the medium of the senses, like a natural oracle. Take, for example, the celebrated passage in which the silent shores of modern Greece are compared to a female corpse from which life has recently departed:

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled;
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers)
And mark'd the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that 's there;
The fix'd yet tender traits that speak;
The languor of the placid cheek;
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
  That fires not, wins not, weeps not now;
  And but for that chill changeless brow
Where cold obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
Yes, but for these, and these alone,

Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
We still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
The first, last look by death reveal'd!
Such is the aspect of this shore:
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
The hue which haunts it to the tomb;
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of feeling past away!
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth!

Nothing can be more exquisitely wrought, unquestionably, than the description of the short-lived beauty of the corpse; but it is very poorly tacked to the description of Greece, which it does any thing but illustrate. The feeling with which we contemplate a corpse yet beautiful, and that with which we regard a country no longer free, but still as favored as ever by nature, are even opposite: we mourn over the first, because it is about to change; we lament over the last, because in outward appearance it is still the same; we feel that the beauty of the former is but for a moment, while that of the latter will endure to the end of time. If there be any analogy between the perishing form and the desolate region, it is not in their colors or in hues, but in their history; why then elaborately describe all those colors and hues, than which no two series of objects can be more dissimilar, and connect them by 'such is the aspect of this shore?' Such is *not* the aspect of Greece: the two pictures were originally distinct, and they remain so in the mind notwithstanding the '*Such is*' of the poet. The magic of the imagination does not lie in such connecting words 'which all can use;' but in the involving one thing in another; making wisdom lovely or beauty wise. For 'expression's last receding ray,' the 'gilded halo,' and the 'farewell beam of feeling,' they mean nothing as applied either to Greece or to the corpse, and are as poor conceits as any which the worst kind of Irish eloquence can supply. Let those who wish to compare this splendid mockery with true imagination, call to mind any passage in our great poets where intense feeling is associated with visible things; as that in which Antony compares his splendid but transitory fortunes to 'black Vesper's pageants;' the speech in which Lear calls on the Heavens to look down, and take his part, for they are old like him; or the farewell of Timon, where he chooses the ocean for his mighty mourner!

To the want of an imagination commensurate with his other faculties, may be traced nearly all the defects in lord Byron's poetry, and the inconsistencies and errors of his intellectual career. To this we may ascribe his anomalous characters, the misanthropical cast of his philosophy, the fits of infidelity and of scorn with which he is visited, the feeling and morality of his lighter poems, the inconsistency of his intellectual course, and his appetite for notoriety rather than fame, which has led him into the strangest quackeries ever practised by a man of decided and original genius.

1. The characters which lord Byron has chiefly delighted to draw, have manifested a want of the imaginative faculty. They have been, for the most part, mere fantastical anomalies akin to nothing in nature, produced by a wayward gloominess of disposition, or by a craving after unhealthful excitements and violent contrasts. The imagination has no caprices. It represents qualities in their necessary relations; shows how opposite powers correct and modify each other; and traces the necessary connection between human passions, thoughts, and actions. Its products are all consistent, because they are not tacked together, but spring from one living germ, and are developed in natural proportion, as the stem rises from the seed, and the bud expands into the 'bright consummate flower.' It does not seek to 'gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles.' There is nothing more easy or more unimaginative than moral paradox. To represent a woman as endowed with all the delicacies of virtue and modesty, yet deserting her husband and children for a paramour; to exhibit an amiable young man changed suddenly into a murderer; or to endow a pirate with more than chivalrous love—is as easy as to conceive the grotesque changes of a pantomime. Any man may cheaply 'link one virtue to a thousand crimes' on paper, as he may paint a waxen image unmelted amidst flames; but there is no great merit in his daring. It requires little art to confound all qualities; to link purity to voluptuousness, selfish passion to nobleness of soul, the worship of the basest

parts of our nature to an admiration of the highest; but it is no little thing to manifest the real ebbs and flowings of human emotion; to show a whole connected character, in its resolves, its infirmities of purpose, its strengths and weaknesses; to represent the child as father to the man, and trace the long succession of thoughts and actions. A poet is not bound to present all his characters as models of excellence, or to distribute the gifts of fortune in proportion to desert; but he is bound 'to hold the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image.' This is the true poetical justice. It is idle to demand the gewgaw happiness as the reward of goodness; for our sympathies are not engaged by prosperity or repelled by suffering, nor is the admiration which we feel for virtue dependent on destiny. But we have a right to complain if qualities utterly incompatible are associated; if virtues are employed to irradiate infamy; if the poet will depend for his effects, not on harmony, but on contrast in character. This lord Byron has done; his Harold, his Giaour, his Corsair, his Manfred, are immoral, because they are false; because they are out of keeping and proportion; because they confound the sense of right and wrong within us. It is well to give fair play to all the elements which may be mingled in the same person, whether of good or of evil; to allow the wit of Richard sometimes to divert us from horror at his crimes*; to sympathise with the tender retrospections of Macbeth, and forget the tyrant in the man 'whose way of life has fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf;' and to stand in awe of the firm purpose of the majestic murderess. Nothing which really belongs to intellectual humanity, freely and healthfully developed, can be immoral; the bane and antidote are together before us; but misrepresentations of character—splendid anomalies surrounded with picturesque circumstances—may infect the sources of principle and feeling within us. To shed the hues of beauty over corruption, to encircle a death's head with garlands, is sad mockery, unworthy of a poet, whose creations should be instinct and glowing with life, adorned with beauties springing from within, not tricked out in borrowed hues and meretricious graces.

2. Nearly connected with this defect, and springing from the same weakness of imagination, is the gloomy and misanthropical turn of lord Byron's serious poetry. True imagination, detecting the secret affinities of the objects on which it works, tends necessarily to reverence and love. It discloses the 'soul of goodness in things evil,' and gives a living anticipation of a more harmonious existence by its quiet pictures. He who possesses it discerns the fine ligaments by which the lowest of created things are inseparably linked to the noblest; and therefore he cannot despise them. He perceives evil as the accident of human nature, and reposes on that good which cannot perish. Amidst the very intensity of irregular passions, where others admire nothing but reckless force hurrying and foaming to an 'unfathomable gulf where all is still,' he sees indications of a serene grandeur which shall be revealed, as a tongue of pure water in an impetuous stream may reflect the silent beauty of a cloud. The divine faculty with which he is gifted tends to soften and alleviate; it brings the healing aid of nature to sorrow; it diverts the force of grief by connecting pensive images with its remembrances; it bodies forth hope in visible beauty; it gives a tenderness to the idea of death, and half deprives the grave of its victory. How, for example, does it sweeten the destiny of Romeo and Juliet, till we almost envy them their last asylum, and long there 'to set up our everlasting rest!' how does it ennoble the sorrows of Lear! how does it sustain Othello, in his farewell to the pride of life, and enable him at last to feel it 'happiness to die!' Lord Byron, on the contrary, would divest agony of all consolations and relief—he would leave passion, with no fitting vent, to recoil perpetually on itself, and dash and foam in vain—and would seek pleasure only in witnessing its deadly contortions. If he alludes to the quiet majesties of the universe, it is chiefly for the sake of contrasting them with the turbulence of passion, or the loneliness of despair; and he represents the forms of matter as mocking, by their permanence, the short-lived feeling and intellect of man, instead of regarding them as symbols of eternal realities. This is the very converse of the imagination's process, which unites the objects of sense with those of spirit, and thus partially succeeds in restoring that harmony which misery and evil have broken.

3. The want of imagination is more apparent, though not more real, in lord Byron's serio-comic than in his graver poems. These works, with all their ingenuity and with all their power, are replete with the worst taste and feeling, arising from their utter want of principle. Don Juan is essentially anti-poetic. It does not attack one system of religion, one scheme of policy, one rule of moral action only; but it tends to cast down all that raises man above the lowest necessities and pleasures of physical life; to make virtue seem hollow, to change the solemnities of faith into fool-born jests, to debase love into appetite, and to strip us of every consolation but sensuality and scorn: it would confine us to 'the ignorant present,' by mocking at our hopes. To its author, the intensest affections are play-things; human misery is a laughing-stock; fancy is a gaudy cheat, which he uses only in derision; and the mysteries of existence are poor riddles not worth explaining. He will give a dash of the pathetic, he will present a fragment of singular beauty, he will touch on the most heart-stirring remembrances, only to turn the tables on his reader, and show more vividly that these are vanity. All high faculties, all breathings after diviner life, all enthusiasm, even his own genius, are the subjects of his cold-blooded sneers. Unlike even the seething conceptions of a young and ardent spirit which are bursting too quickly into life, and which yet assume but imperfect forms, his walk is the artificial chaos of principles, images, speculations—a sort of pantomime, where all things which wore the goodly aspect of truth and majesty are changed into their contraries. The ease, the vivacity, the grace, with which this sad juggle is performed, only render it more odious, as the glittering colours of a serpent are more shocking than deformity to those who are conscious of its venom. The imaginative poet would elevate, but the author of Don Juan would degrade; the former would shine to harmonize, the latter attempts to sever all soul and feeling from nature and beauty; the first would vivify that which else seems dead, while the last would anatomize the living forms of loveliness, to show, if possible, that they are but dust.

4. The want of imagination is evident in all the vicissitudes of lord Byron's intellectual career. Has it been directed by any principle of good or evil? Has it not been most fitful, full of flaws and starts, wilful and passionate, an illustrious paradox, a splendid antithesis? If in one stanza he deifies glory, and in the next derides it—if this week he insults Napoleon, and the next worships him—if he imbibes the spirit of a whole canto from Wordsworth, whose very words he frequently steals, and shortly after assails him with unsparing ridicule—if, being the wildest and most irregular of romantic bards, he professes an unbounded admiration for the ethics of Pope, and condescends to patronize the unities—these inconsistencies, not of opinion merely, but of nature, show that there is no central, presiding power, keeping order among his faculties. He is 'every thing by turns, and nothing long,'—consistent only in lordly impatience and aristocratic self-will: there he is always the same; his nobility is ever with him. If he execrates kings, it is not from a sympathy with the common sufferings of humanity, but from a hatred of all which opposes his claims to distinction. The English reformers would find him, with all his bitterness against ministers, but a slippery partisan. How lately did he perpetually hold himself out to the world as a desolate man! as one whose sorrow and remorse were too deep for sympathy! as a blasted wretch, who longed only for the repose of the grave! 'A little month,' and who so merry, so cased in indifference to the serious, so wanton in his jesting? With him, yesterday, eternal fame was a bauble; to-day he pants for the applause of Mr. Murray's shop, and glitters in a magazine. This is not the course of a great imaginative poet. There is a harmony and proportion in his intellectual life. He does not build for the month, but for ages; and reposes in assurance that his conceptions will at last be enjoyed and wept over by thousands. Lord Byron, on the contrary, starts into the wild, or retires into the classical; now burns like a volcano in romance, now 'forgets himself to stone' in tragedy; tosses Childe Harold to the world in the attitude of lofty despair, and anon sets up a magazine; one month bids defiance to Providence, and the next versifies a Canterbury tale! It seemed unworthy to give everlasting pictures of his own desolation; but now these seem almost ridiculous, when that desolation proves to be a fable. These errors we attribute to the want of that faculty which connects the

poet's soul with mighty objects and with distant times—which arranges all his sensibilities and powers—which produces harmony within his mind, and enables him to perceive it in the moral and the visible creation. Let the literary life of lord Byron be examined, and this deficiency will be found to explain the melancholy problem, why, being so great, he is not greater; why he has so vacillated in his course—the secret of all his changes—

'Why doing, suffering, check'd, impell'd, and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.'

In the remaining part of this article we shall briefly run over his principal works, trace the causes of his popularity, and the effects which he has produced on the taste and morals of his age.

(To be concluded in our next number.)

DEFENCE OF THE LADIES.

——'I will fight with thee on this theme,
Until mine eye-lids will no longer wag.'
HAMLET.

SWORDS might well start from their scabbards in such a cause, but I will soil no steel with the recreant blood of the scoffers, lampooners, and traducers of 'nature's master-piece:' a goose-quill, and a little dirty ink, are better suited to the occasion, and more appropriate to such worthies. 'Valerius's Letters to Rufinus, the Golden Book of Theophrastus, and St. Jerome's Exhortations to Celibacy, have,' it is said, 'furnished all authors, from the Romance of the Rose downwards, with materials for this unmanly warfare—so narrow is the basis on which are grounded all the sorry jests, shallow arguments, and pitiful scandals of ribalds and lampooners.' I perfectly agree with this writer in his condemnation of these graceless jesters. According to the Jewish doctors, Adam was a widower when he married Eve—his first wife was named Lilis, whose offspring were all devils—and these are certainly of them. It is only necessary to listen to them, to hate them. One of the olden time will suffice: it is an epigrammatic fragment of Eubulus, preserved in Athenæus, which I thus translate; though, in this age of deep blue, it is perhaps as great an insult, or as absurd to do so, as it would have been in the days of the original author:—αριστον κτηματα, &c.

O Jupiter, adored in prayer!
Shall I speak ill of woman fair?
No, rather let me perish!
For she, of all by man possess'd,
Is surely, far, by far the best,
And what he most should cherish.

What though Medea was so base,
Penelope was full of grace—
In her you find no evil:
Alcestis too I 'm bold to name
'Gainst Clytemnestra, faithless dame,
Who was, 'tis true, the devil.

Perchance, some one may Phædra note,
Of whose black crime the Grecian wrote;
Yet one was good,—ay twenty—
But who? ah, me! of thought bereft,
I 've not another good one left,
But bad ones more in plenty!

Another very great scoundrel, one Simonides, whose Alcaics have been treasured up by Stobæus, who must have been as bad as himself, has left a most bitter libel on women—too bad, much too bad, to quote: he talks of women being compounded of the fox, &c. This is all very well, but reminds us potently of the painter and the lion: had the handle been wielded by a woman, the bucket at the top would have been at the bottom. Æsop's painter represented the lion killed by the man. 'Had lions been painters,' said the royal beast, 'it would have been otherwise.' The rights of women are just so disposed of by our male legislators. In Aristophanes' play, with the crabbed name,* we see the women at the helm, and the public enactments then take a very different turn—doubtless more proper, and consistent with 'the rule of right, and the eternal fitness of things.'

Now, let us gravely look into the substance, and weigh the justice of the taunts and censures of the sex. One, that stands at the head of the catalogue, basely invented by these witlings, is Inconstancy—a grievous charge: but let us call a witness. Will any husband say this of his wife? Will he not rather confess that (leaving the late marriage act out of the question) he finds it quite impossible to get rid of her? In fact, there is nothing more adhesive. Their constancy to the wedded state is notorious, as this anecdote will testify:—'A person praising the affections of the widows of Malabar, who burn themselves on a funeral pile in honour of their husbands' memory, Foote observed,

* Εκκλησιαζουσαι.

that the women of England claimed a higher honor, for they frequently burned before marriage for their first husband, and afterwards for a second.' *Memoirs*, vol. 2. Then they are prudes and censorious, showing no quarter to the vanities of the age. Let Gay defend them:—

Laura depises every outward grace;
The wanton sparkling eye, the blooming face;
The beauties of the soul are all her pride!

If inclined to take the air, for the benefit of their health, they are fond of gadding about. But I desire to know who would have it said of his wife, that she was a *homely* sort of a body?—or so perfect indeed, as to come under this description:

She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said now I may:—
She was a wight (if ever such wights were)
To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.
OTHELLO.

Wives, forsooth, should concentrate all their powers to please their husbands exclusively! What, are we to expect impossibilities from 'the weaker vessel?' Why should she not paint and bedeck herself with finery to please others? Would the man have nobody pleased with his wife? Is he the dog in the manger—will he pay no attention to her himself, and yet let nobody else? 'There is,' says Andrews, 'among the Jews, a law concerning jealousy, and the rabbis have written comments upon it, and argue the point with such nicety, that the exact number of minutes is allotted which a married lady may spend with a gentleman before her husband has any right to suspect her. It is, those precise casuists determine, just as long as it takes to boil an egg, and to swallow it.' Is this his law? or are these his maxims?

'A good wife should be like three things, which three things she should not be like.

'She should be like a town clock, keep time and regularity; she should not be like a town clock, speak so loud that all the town may hear her.

'She should be like an echo, speak when she is spoken to; she should not be like an echo, always have the last word.

'She should be like a snail, within her own house; she should not be like a snail, carry all she has upon her back.'

Again, they are silly, and have no more sense than a nine-pin; or, on the other hand, they are blue stockings. The cultivation of the charms of the inside or the outside of the head is equally censured—all wrong, it seems; either way, always wrong—like the man flogged by the drummer boy, humor him as you will, it is ever too high or too low; there is no flogging to please him! Their admiration of showy blockheads, dandy authors, and minikin poets, is also made a jest—but surely, surely our fashionable young gentlemen are by these means crying down their own market! Wearing the inexpressibles, is another complaint. None but bachelors, they say, know how to rule a wife: when they are married, they, somehow or other, lose the art; like cats, terrible in their wild nature, but very tame, docile, and harmless in a domestic state. Well, and where is the harm in ruling a husband? when he submits or consents to it, there's very little doubt he can't rule himself! It is very kind of the lady, and her duty, for she is his helpmate: but even this word, helpmate, has not escaped; for it is made to signify one who only helps to spend his money; and if it does, how ornamental to herself and the house, as well as beneficial to the community, by promoting the spread of the circulating medium!

Every little innocent act is construed into something criminal; such as a love of intrigue, easy virtue, and the like—most ungenerous!

'What though young Sylvia love the park's cool shade,
And wander, in the dusk, the secret glade?
Mask'd, and alone, by chance she met her spark:
That innocence is weak which shuns the dark.'

Scolding is a sore subject of complaint, and a perpetual—but most unjust; for how the —— (it almost makes one swear) how is the house to be kept in order? Servants are so provoking—ay, and husbands too, who need full as much snubbing to keep them at all regular. Habit also is a great thing; it is difficult to leave it off, and ought, in this instance, to be excused for its household virtue. Besides, are women to be treated worse than children? 'Little children should be seen, not heard;' but wives truly are neither to be seen nor heard!—this is too much to ask, and you may ask it till your heart breaks—it's all in vain. The Jews tell us, that during the sojournment in Paradise, Heaven sent down twelve baskets of talk; and that while Adam was picking up three of them,

Eve snatched up the other nine. It is very hard then to allege the practice as a fault at this hour of the day. Eve might be to blame; but her daughters, poor things! how can they help it? A woman's tongue too is perhaps not of the same formation as man's—if so, how is she to blame? The old ballad, quoted in the Spectator, runs thus:—

'I think, quoth Thomas, women's tongues
Of aspen leaves are made.'

And Hudibras compares this active little instrument to a race-horse, which runs the faster, the less weight it carries: while Ovid ascribes immortal vigour to it; for, when cut out,

Ipsa jacet, terræque tremens immurmurat atræ.

The mangled part still quiver'd on the ground,
Murmuring with a faint imperfect sound.

Nature, it is observed, has given men two ears and only one tongue, that they may hear as much again as they say: let them marry then, and be silent and listen! If they, with all their boast of superior sense, must affect to be orators, how can they expect the gentle sex, that 'fair defect,' as Milton gallantly calls them, (though not defective in this particular,) to be dumb, when they are all by nature eloquent, especially in that part of rhetoric, 'stirring the passions,'* but have too much modesty ever to vaunt of their powers of oratory? 'It has been said of some men,' says Addison, 'that they could talk whole hours together upon any thing; but it must be owned, to the honor of the other sex, that there are many among them, who can talk whole hours together upon nothing.' Girls, it is known, always begin to talk before boys—no wonder therefore that they are greater proficients—as they begin first, so they always end last; and this is a farther proof that they do not deserve to be called weak.

Here too I may observe, on that calumny, that 'women, children, and monkeys, are always doing mischief,'—a great mistake, or there is no truth in the proverb—'great talkers do the least.'

Among other innumerable lies, I have known it asserted that ladies sometimes keep ratafia, and such consoling cordials, in a private closet; and the Frenchman who described our manners says that the women in England, when they retire after dinner, only go into another room, to drink their bottle more at their ease—Slanderous knaves! but even supposing any part of this were true, why should the husband keep all the consolation to himself? Who does not wish that his wife should not be dull, but keep up her spirits? And 'tis thought that the most approved method of 'keeping up spirits, is by pouring spirits down.'

False hair, false teeth, and every description of deceit, are urged against them as things to be condemned. Am I alive? What is the object? Is it not to please us? Shame, shame—O, ungrateful man! Even their loveliest ornament, virtue and glory, cannot, with these vituperative animals, escape without some censure to lessen their fame, and swell the consequence of their unworthy masters. I allude to those amiable mothers who suckle their own children. One would think that this must needs be an exclusive merit—but no: it is well enough, they admit, but not a thing to make such a fuss about; for what is the mother's suckling, compared with the care and suffering that take place, when the babies grow up, and suck the father?

I do not like to descend to trifles; but the slanderers omit nothing, and why should I?—why not rather, like a brother hero, deem nothing achieved while any thing remains to be done? See their inconsistency—they ridicule, with affected indignation, the fashion of the day, which prescribes an elegant scarcity of clothes. Was there ever any thing like this complaint, when men are for ever taunting them with their prodigality in dress, or, if I may venture to be sportive on so serious a subject, expensive habits?

No one would believe it, but I have actually heard certain apparently well-meaning men call some women ugly!! Never was there such an error of judgement. They are all beautiful—always

* Aspasia instructed Socrates in eloquence; but his wife, in this part of it, was very much his superior! If women, as we have seen in Aristophanes, could make such excellent senators, what great things might be predicted from their fascinating small talk, about and about it, at the bar! In that indispensable qualification, puzzling a cause, and in all those misty charms of forensic eloquence, which adorn the practice, they would doubtless be found equal (flattering as the compliment may appear) to all the other stuff and silk gowns that rustle through our courts. 'If any one questions this, let him,' says Addison, 'but be present at those debates, which frequently arise among the ladies of the British fishery.

provided they can find any body to think so. Beauty is relative, and mere matter of taste. 'Ask,' says Voltaire, 'a Guinea negro; and with him beauty is a greasy black skin, hollow eyes, and a flat nose. Put the question to the devil, and he will tell you, that beauty is a pair of horns, four claws, and a tail.' *Philosophical Dict.* vol. 1. I am with Shakspeare:

There's no deformity but in the mind:
None can be called ugly but the unkind!

The difficulties of women are without end, for some even object to their being pretty; because, say they, it's dangerous to marry a pretty girl.—Let us hear the doctor. 'Sir,' said Dr. Johnson, 'it is a very foolish resolution not to marry a pretty woman. A pretty woman may be foolish; a pretty woman may be wicked; a pretty woman may not like me. But there is no such danger in marrying a pretty woman as is apprehended: she will not be persecuted, if she does not invite persecution. A pretty woman, if she has a mind to be wicked, can find a readier way than another—and that's all.'

Ever severe, when gentlemen will not themselves make any offer to a lady, they revile her because she happens to elope with her footman. O, the injurious expressions I have heard on such an event!—but

'What shows more virtue than a humble mind?'

Consider the matter thus like a Christian, and give the act all its due praise.

I now retire from, as I trust, a well-fought field; adding, as we part, this single word to the editor:

Sir,—Should this able defence sow, as it most likely will, the seeds of gratitude in the hearts of your fair readers, I hope that you will think the labourer worthy of his hire, and permit me to become a sharer in the crop produced. I am not sordid or avaricious; but I have that in me which makes me sympathise very much with Falstaff, when he says,

'He that rewards me, Heaven reward him.'

UN PREUX CHEVALIER.

PARIS CHIT-CHAT.

Communicated by Marmaduke Tattle, Esq.

Me *voila!* Ladies!—I have had reproaches, remonstrances on your account; and I fear I have deserved them. 'What has become of me? After so kind, so flattering a reception, to neglect my fair friends—'tis really ungrateful, discourteous, altogether unlike me; it is even imprudent, Mr. Tattle. The favour of the ladies must be seized by the forelock; you may be supplanted, sir—Your place on the sofa may be usurped, and some second-rate and more assiduous exquisite may intercept the real original, inimitable, once dear, though (you may find to your cost) not indispensable Tattle!'—Tis true—I own I am a little spoiled, but not insolent or tyrannical. I beg a thousand pardons, and will explain the whole matter.

I took cold at Moore's dinner—your own dear darling Moore! Wasn't that excusable? We, English and Irish, travellers, loungers, rich peers, and poor poets, all made common cause to bid him farewell, over the best Champagne and *Chateau-Margaud* that Robert could furnish. I like Moore, though there is a thing I wish somebody would tell him of. On my very best nights, when all the beauty of the room has been around me, and I have gone off *à merveille*, rushes some sentimental Anglaise among us, with a hush! hush! and then follows his prelusory hem! at the piano: away go my sultanas, and Turk Tattle is left in the lurch, in the full career of conquest and success. This is hardly fair—envious I won't call it: he ought to be above that, and I dare say he is. Still it vexed me. In the spleen of my heart, I have been ready to exclaim, with Hamlet,

'Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
To batten on this Moore?'

But I have restrained myself—followed in their train—affected what sympathy I could with their raptures, forced out an ungracious bravo or so at the conclusion, and so made the best of it.

But about the dinner—really, upon the whole, it was vastly pleasant. It cost me two *Naps*, but I recovered them both during the first two speeches of sir James ***: I fancy I should not mention names. However there were two sir James's present. The *lively, gay, spirited*, and entertaining sir James will feel I can't mean him; and the other has too great a mind to take cognizance of any pleasantry of mine. Were you ever, ladies, in the gallery at the Free Masons' Tavern, at the dinner of the royal visitors of the theatrical fund, or any other great occasion; and there did you never hear the condescending, eloquent, assi-

duous and episodical duke of ——? Now he is upon his legs, and again he is upon his legs; and he will prattle and prattle, like a purling rill, rippling and meandering this way and that, so gently and soothingly—and getting home as it can, by many an excursive sinuosity, but evermore delighting in its own sweet course, till it reluctantly wears to its termination. One cannot but feel, on such an occasion, as one does, when really listening to one of these babbling brooks on a summer's eve—a softly slumberous sensation, warning one that one had better not linger on its banks all night, but take advantage of our drowsy inclining, to go home and go to bed. Well, ladies, even of this pleasing kind was sir James's eloquence, by which, as I have said, I recovered my two *Naps*. Excuse my puns. I never make them among professors, which I am sure you are not. Where the propensity rages as a vice, I would by no means promote or countenance it: as a peccadillo, among such tried and genuine wits as myself, Elia, the authors of the Fudge Family, the Rejected Addresses, and Hamlet Travestie, it may, I think, be occasionally endured. However, at such junctures of our untimely nodding, up would start our mercurial guest, and dashing and sparkling like a lively little cataract, dissipate at once all the soporific vapours exhaled by the said murmuring brooklet, and put us up on our hip! hip! hip! hurrah! Enough of this—Mr. Moore and his dinner may be very well, but one of his *Soirées* would be a fitter subject for the entertainment of the ladies; and therefore I beg you to consider this as merely parenthetical. The main consideration with *me*, and I dare say with you, is *myself*. I have not made out my apology, and I wish you to be satisfied. As I before observed, I took cold on my return—superadded the vapours by sitting at home and saying nothing for a week, and passed the succeeding fortnight in returning thanks for the unintermitting inquiries to which I had exposed myself.

On emerging, I found the great question still a matter of doubt and speculation. Don't be alarmed at the last word—I don't mean the question of peace or war: as I said before, I have nothing to do with that at present. I have done with stock-jobbing; and you, I hope, for the sake of your fortunes, advise your papas and guardians against it also: I read no journals now but the *Journal des Spectacles*, and lend all my spare money to my friends the poor English poets, who come here to economize and translate French melodrames. My allusion is to the retreat of Talma. Does he go, or does he stay? This question was supposed to be set at rest by the announcement of his farewell benefit; but that event being indefinitely postponed, it is again involved in suspense and mystery. Talma, you must know, has served out the thirty years which entitle him, by the laws of the theatre, to retire upon a pension, and he has served five years more upon a special engagement. Still it is a pity we should lose him. It is true he is turned of sixty, but Betterton played Hamlet at seventy-two. He is in the full vigour of his powers, and certainly has but just attained the summit of his reputation. Never was he more attractive, or more the subject of universal admiration, than in his recent characters of Leicester, (in *Marie Stuart*,) Falkland, (the French sir Edward Mortimer,) Sylla, and Regulus. For such characters he is as well qualified as ever; and Heaven forbid we should be old men at sixty, or condemned to retire from the eye of the public. But his demands upon the *sociétaires*, it seems, have been somewhat extravagant. This is the trick of great actors. It is certain he draws more than all the company put together, if we disjoin Mademoiselle Mars. I wish all actors who make exorbitant demands could say as much: I anxiously hope we shall not lose him. Depend upon it, he deserves his great reputation, nor is there the shadow of a successor for him. I beg you to receive the common-place charges against the French tragedians with considerable reserve, particularly in the case of Talma. Far from overstepping nature, he appears to me to bring the emotions of the great men he represents much more within the scope of universal intelligence and sympathy than any actor of any country that has come under my observation. There is an intellectual eminence in his manner; his feelings are concentrated, profound; so that when the whirlwind of passion arrives, terrible is the tempest, and potent we feel must be the excitement. When a mighty spirit is subdued, it is not a reed shaken by the wind—the signs of its discomfiture are not in a frivolous, locomotive agitation, as I have sometimes seen a great actor exhibit

them: it is a rock shivered to its centre—such is Talma. Unnatural and exaggerated? I pray you see him in Sylla. Fate is on his tongue: every word is momentous. Yet how easy, how steady, how subdued his deportment!—how true, how simple his delivery!—you are in his cabinet with him—the illusion is perfect.—What power, what grandeur, yet what simplicity in his rebuke and defiance of the termagant wife of Claudius, after his abdication, who had previously assailed him with furious menaces and invocations of vengeance!

'Citoyen comme vous, sous la régle commune,
J'abaisse fièrement l'orgueil de ma fortune;
Et chacun desormais, libre de tout effroi,
(*To Valeria, approaching her.*)
Peut s'approcher, se plaindre, et se venger de moi.'

On uttering the last words, he calmly advances, and fronts her in the crowd, with a look of stern and tranquil disdain, as if that look, which was all he would condescend to oppose against the assassin's dagger, were sufficient to blunt its point, and turn all her rage to impotence. If never to be mean or ignoble in his tones and gestures be to be unnatural in a hero, Talma's heroes are certainly liable to this charge. But I cannot feel this to be the case. On the contrary, I think, that with our modern English school, such characters have been unnaturally debased. It is possible that no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre; but no hero is slipshod with his poet, or at his toilette before the lamps: he bears his blushing honors thick upon him, puts forth his best pretensions, and is upon his trial to sustain them. After all, many conventional allowances are to be made for him. As Rousseau has well observed, your stage hero is ever more loquacious, prates, and swells, and raves, and tosses more than we can imagine any great man to do that we have any acquaintance with: were he rigid truth and nature in this respect, there would, for the most part, be an end of his business in a tragedy, and of the tragedy itself. But surely, if the fit must come upon him; if he must compromise his greatness for our sakes and the poet's—let it misbecome him as little as may be—let his rage be utterly indign—let him not spit his venom, like a reptile—be childish, womanish, 'tear a passion to tatters, to very rags.' To such freaks, and to a thousand other mountebank devices, have I seen a first-rate actor, or the actor of a first-rate character, reduced, who wants the stamina to dispense with them—who is not gifted to supply the nobler effects which he would have them stand for. Talma's frenzy is the ruin of a mighty mind; his wits seem stubborn and tenacious; lusty in the struggle, and hard to be displaced—not of a cast too frothy at the best to be gravely regretted when they are gone. His wrath is as the rage of the lion, fearful and majestic—no cattish grins, or currish growls, to make it pitiable, if not ludicrous. I have seen an English Bajazet, which, at this period of the universal diffusion of knowlege, and rapid march of intellect, I could almost have imagined to be a well-taught animal of the canine species. At that elevation of the audience, where the articulation becomes a little indistinct, the snarl, bark, and snap, must have sounded to the life; and as his figure, in point of dimensions, was not in any violent opposition to this conceit, and the Tamerlane being a good, sturdy, well-fed, jolly personage—the great scene where they are at issue, had, to my fancy, so much the air of a bull-bait, that it was impossible to remove it from my imagination. Yet this gentleman, even for these his *ungentlemanly* practices, has found his enthusiastic admirers. I have a little hypothesis about this. There are radicals in taste as well as in politics, and these are of them: above all, the press has exhibited, of late, some furious radical determined levelers, I take it, of these aristocratic embodyings of the human character.—No other than such would they have their great men; and therefore they uphold this fashion of representing them. The maxim of Hamlet they read with a trifling emendation—'Be thou familiar, and by *all* means vulgar.'

Comparative allusions of this sort may seem invidious; but the contrast is so obvious and striking between this actor and Talma, as irresistibly to force itself on the attention, in discussing the merits of the latter. If the former is to be recognised by his friends in my exposure of his defects, they will feel that it is not to them alone that he is indebted for his celebrity; he has a strong instinct of his art, which, when he is in his place, will elicit beauties of the first order—beauties which no true amateur can disavow, and which have often made Tattle his friend among his enemies—I wish

he did not make so many. I assure you, I can chatter upon his good points, when they are the weak side of the question, without stint. I am a most conscientious and accommodating gossip. Besides, I am in perfect temper with him now His false fame has in great measure passed away, and left him at his level. Talma's effects are never meretricious: he will never misrepresent his author or his character to surprise a plaudit at the expense of either. It is an observation of his own, that an actor who feels a constant necessity for applause can never arrive at the first eminence in his profession. He is himself a grand illustration of this remark. In some of his characters, where the poet has disdained to *write* ad captandum, he is as little applauded (his estimation considered) as an actor can be during the progress of a great performance. In his Sylla, there is scarcely a point to call forth loud applause: but he feels its efficiency in the profound attention he excites: the homage he values is in the testimony which every auditor of taste bears away with him, and in the crowds of new ones which their suffrages canvass for him: and he is infallibly called for, on the fall of the curtain, to receive a tribute of that kind which the sterling quality of his genius seemed to rebuke at any other crisis as misplaced and impertinent. I remember hearing a dramatic writer cite an opinion of the late Mr. Harris, that the scene of Garrick's Lear, where his senses are beginning to leave him in the storm, was the finest specimen of acting he had seen. 'Sir,' replied an actor of repute then present, 'it is impossible! No Lear can do any thing with that scene; it belongs to Edgar.'—*The author has given it to him;* and this, forsooth, because Edgar has to shout 'Pillicock sat upon Pillicock's hill, halloo,' &c. which every ranter may do with the same success—they are all sure to be 'tyrannically clapped for it.' But who notes them, who compares them one with another? Give them but limbs and lungs for 'out-doing Termagant,' and their purpose is answered. But it is to Lear, even in this very scene, that the author has given those exquisite touches, which, deeply affecting the imagination, are treasured in memory, and which enable the actor of genius to assert his ultimate superiority over the glutton of applause.

I had a little more to say about Talma, but perhaps this is enough at a time.

My dear aunt Margaret! I have just received a letter from her, which must be answered for the post, and obliges me to make my bow. Poor soul! She has got the lumbago.

[It is scarcely necessary to remark that we differ in opinion from our lively Paris correspondent, respecting the merits of the English tragedian alluded to.]—Edit.

THE TALKING LADY.

Ben Jonson has a play called The Silent Woman, who turns out, as might be expected, to be no woman at all—nothing, as master Slender said, but 'a great lubberly boy;' thereby, as I apprehend, discourteously presuming that a silent woman is a non-entity. If the learned dramatist, thus happily prepared and predisposed, had happened to fall in with such a specimen of female loquacity as I have just parted with, he might perhaps have given us a pendant to his picture in the Talking Lady. Pity but he had! He would have done her justice, which I could not at any time, least of all now: I am too much stunned; too much like one escaped from a belfry on a coronation day. I am just resting from the fatigue of four days' hard listening;—four snowy, sleety, rainy days—days of every variety of falling weather, all of them too bad to admit the possibility that any petticoated thing, were she as hardy as a Scotch fir, should stir out,—four days chained by 'sad civility' to that fire-side, once so quiet, and again—cheering thought!—again I trust to be so, when the echo of that visitor's incessant tongue shall have died away.

The visitor in question is a very excellent and respectable elderly lady, upright in mind and body, with a figure that does honor to her dancing-master, a face exceedingly well preserved, wrinkled and freckled, but still fair, and an air of gentility over her whole person, which is not in the least affected by her out-of-fashion garb. She could never be taken for any thing but a woman of family, and perhaps she could as little pass for any other than an old maid. She took us in her way from London to the west of England; and being, as she wrote, 'not quite well, not equal to much company, prayed that no other guest might be ad-

mitted, so that she might have the pleasure of our conversation all to herself,' —(*Ours!* as if it were possible for any of us to slide in a word edgewise!)— 'and especially enjoy the gratification of talking over old times with the master of the house, her countryman.' Such was the promise of her letter, and to the letter it has been kept. All the news and scandal of a large county forty years ago, and a hundred years before, and ever since, all the marriages, deaths, births, elopements, lawsuits, and casualties of her own times, her father's, grandfather's, great-grandfather's, nephew's, and grand-nephew's, has she detailed with a minuteness, an accuracy, a prodigality of learning, a profuseness of proper names, a pedantry of locality, which would excite the envy of a county historian, a king at arms, or even a Scotch novelist. Her knowlege is astonishing; but the most astonishing part of all is how she came by that knowlege. It should seem, to listen to her, as if, at some time of her life, she must have listened herself; and yet her countryman declares that in the forty years he has known her, no such event has occurred; and she knows new news too! It must be intuition.

The manner of her speech has little remarkable. It is rather old-fashioned and provincial, but perfectly lady-like, low and gentle, and not seeming so fast as it is; like the great pedestrians she clears her ground easily, and never seems to use any exertion; yet 'I would my horse had the speed of her tongue and so good a continuer.' She will talk you sixteen hours a day for twenty days together, and not deduct one poor five minutes for halts and baiting time. Talking, sheer talking, is meat and drink and sleep to her. She likes nothing else. Eating is a sad interruption. For the tea-table she has some toleration; but dinner, with its clatter of plates and jingle of knives and forks, dinner is her abhorrence. Nor are the other common pursuits of life more in her favour. Walking exhausts the breath that might be better employed. Dancing is a noisy diversion, and singing is worse; she cannot endure any music, except the long, grand, dull concerto, which nobody thinks of listening to. Reading and chess she classes together as silent barbarisms, unworthy of a social and civilised people. Cards, too, have their faults; there is a rivalry, a mute eloquence in those four aces, that leads away the attention; besides, partners will sometimes scold; so she never plays at cards; and upon the strength of this abstinence had very nearly passed for *serious*, till it was discovered that she could not abide a long sermon. She always looks out for the shortest preacher, and never went to above one Bible Meeting in her life.—'Such speeches!' quoth she: 'I thought the men never meant to have done. People have great need of patience.'—Plays of course she abhors, and operas, and mobs, and all things that will be heard, especially children; though for babies, particularly when asleep, for dogs and pictures and such silent intelligences as serve to talk of and talk to, she has a considerable partiality; and an agreeable and gracious flattery to the mamas and other owners of these pretty dumb things is a very usual introduction to her miscellaneous harangues. The matter of these orations is inconceivably various. Perhaps the local and genealogical anecdotes, the sort of supplement to the history of *****shire, may be her strongest point; but she shines almost as much in medicine and housewifery. Her medical dissertations savour a little of that particular branch of the science called quackery. She has a specific against almost every disease to which the human frame is liable; and is terribly prosy and unmerciful in her symptoms. Her cures kill. In housekeeping, her notions resemble those of other verbal managers; full of economy and retrenchment, with a leaning towards reform, though she loves so well to declaim on the abuses in the cook's department, that I am not sure that she would very heartily thank any radical who should sweep them quite away. For the rest, her system sounds very finely in theory, but rather fails in practice. Her recipes would be capital, only that some way or other they don't eat well; her preserves don't keep; and her sweet wines are sure to turn sour. These are certainly her favorite topics; but any one will do. Allude to some anecdote of the neighbourhood, and she forthwith treats you with as many parallel passages as are to be found in an air with variations. Take up a new publication, and she is equally at home there; for though she knows little of books, she has, in the course of an up-and-down life, met with a good many authors, and teazes and provokes you by telling of them precisely what you do not care to hear, the maiden names

of their wives, and the christian names of their daughters, and into what families their sisters and cousins married, and in what towns they have lived, what streets, and what numbers. Boswell himself never drew up the table of Dr. Johnson's Fleet-street courts with greater care, than she made out to me the successive residences of P. P. Esq., author of a tract on the French Revolution, and a pamphlet on the Poor Laws. The very weather is not a safe subject. Her memory is a perpetual register of hard frosts, and long droughts, and high winds, and terrible storms, with all the evils that followed in their train, and all the personal events connected with them; so that if you happen to remark that clouds are come up and you fear it may rain, she replies, 'Ay, it is just such a morning as three-and-thirty years ago, when my poor cousin was married—you remember my cousin Mary—she married so and so, the son of so and so;' and then comes the whole pedigree of the bridegroom; the amount of the settlements, and the reading and signing them over night; a description of the wedding-dresses, in the style of sir Charles Grandison, and how much the bride's gown cost per yard; the names, residences, and a short subsequent history of the bridemaids and men, the gentleman who gave the bride away, and the clergyman who performed the ceremony, with a learned antiquarian digression relative to the church; then the setting out in procession; the marriage; the kissing; the crying; the breakfasting; the drawing the cake through the ring; and finally, the bridal excursion, which brings us back again at an hour's end to the starting-post, the weather, and the whole story of the sopping, the drying, the clothes-spoiling, the cold-catching, and all the small evils of a summer shower. By this time it rains, and she sits down to a pathetic see-saw of conjectures on the chance of Mrs. Smith's having set out for her daily walk, or the possibility that Dr. Brown may have ventured to visit his patients in his gig, and the certainty that lady Green's new housemaid would come from London on the outside of the coach.

With all this intolerable prosing, she is actually reckoned a pleasant woman! Her acquaintance in the great manufacturing town where she usually resides is very large, which may partly account for the misnomer. Her conversation is of a sort to bear dividing. Besides, there is, in all large societies, an instinctive sympathy which directs each individual to the companion most congenial to his humor. Doubtless, her associates deserve the old French compliment, '*Ils ont tous un grand talent pour le silence.*' Parcelled out amongst some seventy or eighty, there may even be some savour in her talk. It is the *tête-à-tête* that kills, or the small fire-side circle of three or four, where only one can speak, and all the rest must seem to listen—*seem!* did I say?—must listen in good earnest. Hotspur's expedient in a similar situation of crying 'Hem! Go to,' and marking not a word, will not do here; compared to her, Owen Glendower was no conjuror. She has the eye of a hawk, and detects a wandering glance, an incipient yawn, the slightest movement of impatience. The very needle must be quiet. If a pair of scissors do but wag, she is affronted, draws herself up, breaks off in the middle of a story, of a sentence, of a word, and the unlucky culprit must, for civility's sake, summon a more than Spartan fortitude, and beg the torturer to resume her torments—'That, that is the unkindest cut of all!' I wonder, if she had happened to have married, how many husbands she would have talked to death. It is certain that none of her relations are long-lived after she comes to reside with them. Father, mother, uncle, sister, brother, two nephews, and one niece, all these have successively passed away, though a healthy race, and with no visible disorder—except——but we must not be uncharitable. They might have died, though she had been born dumb:—'It is an accident that happens every day.' Since the decease of her last nephew, she attempted to form an establishment with a widow lady, for the sake, as they both said, of the comfort of society. But —strange miscalculation!—she was a talker too! They parted in a week.

And we have parted too. I am just returned from escorting her to the coach, which is to convey her two hundred miles westward; and I have still the murmur of her *adieux* resounding in my ears, like the indistinct hum of the air on a frosty night. It was curious to see how almost simultaneously her mournful *adieux* shaded into cheerful salutations of her new comrades, the passengers in the mail. Poor souls! Little does the civil young lad who made way for her,

or the fat lady, his mama, who with pains and inconvenience made room for her, or the grumpy gentleman in the opposite corner, who, after some dispute, was at length won to admit her dressing-box,——little do they suspect what is to befall them. Two hundred miles! and she never sleeps in a carriage. Well, patience be with them, and comfort and peace! A pleasant journey to them! And to her all happiness! She is a most kind and excellent person, one for whom I would do any thing in my poor power---ay, even were it to listen to her another four days. M.

HEAVEN AND EARTH, A MYSTERY—PUBLISHED IN THE LIBERAL, NO. II.—THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS, A POEM, BY THOMAS MOORE.

It is curious to observe two celebrated poets, without concert with each other, framing works on a mistranslation of the same passage of scripture, especially as neither of them had before been exceedingly biblical. A verse in the sixth chapter of Genesis has been fancied to allude to the union of some super-human race, denominated 'Angels,' with the beautiful daughters of earth; but the absurd notion has long been abandoned as matter of belief by all classes of Christians. Mr. Moore rests his justification for choosing the subject on the ground that it is no part of serious faith; and lord Byron says nothing on the subject, probably thinking that the author of Don Juan ought scarcely to turn scholiast on Moses. To what extent glimpses are afforded us in the bible of an intermediate race of beings, who move about in air on heavenly ministries, and watch over the steps of the just, would little beseem us here to inquire; but certain it is that all the ideas entertained on this subject by the pious visionary are at variance with the fancy which our authors have thought fit to patronise. The whole machinery of angels, as minutely exhibited by Mr. Moore, and daringly glanced at by lord Byron, has no hold in the superstitions of any age, or the prejudices of any order of believers. Angels have always been regarded as spirits, not subject to the ordinary laws of nature, and as susceptible only of such joys and of such temptations as mere intellect may participate. Some of them, indeed, have been considered as sinning and falling; but the crime, imputed to these, is pride, not any failings which belong to material forms. It is too late now to invent a new mythology, and engraft it on the popular faith. In the twilight ages of mind, when any wondrous tale found easy credence, or, at least, sympathy, some devotees might possibly be enchanted even with 'The Loves of the Angels.' But the bright train of passionate intelligences cannot descend in the full blaze of knowlege, or pass for other than cold conceits—feathery paradoxes, which only shock and annoy us. Our faith and hope are too deeply rooted in the heart, and too well grounded on plain and rational conviction, to admit any tolerance for these speculative absurdities, however radiant. We smile or sicken at the idea of amatory angels, and shake our heads and say, that the age of such elegant fooleries is over.

Lord Byron, however, has not made great use of the new machinery in his poem. Two sisters, indeed, love a pair of erring angels, who descend to converse with them at midnight, among the solitudes of Mount Ararat, and who finally give up Heaven for their sake. But the chief subjects of the poem are the warnings and indications of the approaching deluge, and the regrets of Japhet for the mortal maid who has forsaken him for 'her demon lover,' and his cleavings to the accustomed scenes so soon to be laid waste by the world of waters. There is a magnificent sweep in the outline of the poem, and some grandeur and tenderness in its details, but a good deal of dull prosing, especially in the lyrics with which its blank verse is plenteously sprinkled. These are, for the most part, poor and frigid—there is no continuous harmony—no 'linked sweetness long drawn out'—no majestic simplicity, as in the Greek choruses. The work has snatches and starts of beauty, but, as a whole, is not written up 'to the height of its great argument,' the approaching destruction of a world. We are quite at a loss to understand why Mr. Murray, who published 'Cain,' should think it blasphemous, and leave it to be ushered into the world by Mr. John Hunt. It seems to us quite unexceptionable on the score of religion or morals. A few strong expressions are put into the mouth of Japhet, respecting the approaching destruction of all that has been familiar and dear to him; but these are no more than are natural to the speaker, and are always corrected by re-

ference to the extended scheme of divine operations which his ignorance and his passion alike prevent him from surveying. It may be, and we think it is, better to refrain from making scriptural subjects the ground-work of poetry; but we do not see why 'Heaven and Earth' is not as innocent as the 'Moses in the Bulrushes,' the 'Belshazzar,' and the 'Daniel,' of one of the most zealous supporters of piety and morals.

We will now hastily allude to some of the best passages in the poem. There is something very bold and splendid in the first introduction of the angels.

'Lo! they have kindled all the west,
Like a returning sunset;—lo!
On Ararat's late secret crest
A mild and many-colour'd bow,
The remnant of their flashing path,
Now shines! and now, behold! it hath
Return'd to night, as rippling foam,
Which the leviathan hath lash'd
From his unfathomable home,
When sporting on the face of the calm deep,
Subsides soon after he again hath dash'd
Down, down, to where the ocean's fountains sleep.'

The following is part of the grand soliloquy of Japhet, in the cavern of Caucasus. As the language towards the close may be thought by some too strong, even for the dramatic form, we forbear to quote it, though we do not feel the objection for ourselves.

'Ye wilds, that look eternal; and thou cave,
Which seem'st unfathomable; and ye mountains,
So varied and so terrible in beauty;
Here, in your rugged majesty of rocks
And toppling trees that twine their roots with stone
In perpendicular places, where the foot
Of man would tremble, could he reach them—yes,
Ye look eternal! Yet, in a few days,
Perhaps even hours, ye will be changed, rent, hurled
Before the mass of waters, and yon cave,
Which seems to lead into a lower world,
Shall have its depths search'd by the sweeping wave,
And dolphins gambol in the lion's den!
And man——Oh, men! my fellow-beings! Who
Shall weep above your universal grave,
Save I? Who shall be left to weep? My kinsmen,
Alas! what am I better than ye are,
That I must live beyond ye? Where shall be
The pleasant places where I thought of Anah
While I had hope? or the more savage haunts,
Scarce less beloved, where I despair'd for her?
And can it be!—Shall yon exulting peak,
Whose glittering top is like a distant star,
Lie low beneath the boiling of the deep?
No more to have the morning sun break forth,
And scatter back the mists in floating folds
From its tremendous brow? no more to have
Day's broad orb drop behind its head at even,
Leaving it with a crown of many hues?
No more to be the beacon of the world,
For angels to alight on, as the spot
Nearest the stars?'

The few lines which follow are the noblest in the poem:

Howl! howl! oh Earth!
Thy death is nearer than thy recent birth:
Tremble, ye mountains, soon to shrink below
The ocean's overflow!
The wave shall break upon your cliffs; and shells,
The little shells, of ocean's least things be
Deposed where now the eagle's offspring dwells—
How shall he shriek o'er the remorseless sea!
And call his nestlings up with fruitless yell,
Unanswer'd, save by the encroaching swell;—
While man shall long in vain for his broad wings,
The wings which could not save:—
Where could he rest them, while the whole space brings
Nought to his eye beyond the deep, his grave?'

Lord Byron, at the close of this 'Mystery,' has introduced the incident which tells so pathetically in Poussin's Picture of the 'Deluge,' of the mother lifting up her child imploringly amidst the waters; but he strangely neutralizes its effect. The waters rise as the poet recedes, and he scarcely rises fast enough to save himself from a watery grave. This is the 'first part' only of the 'Mystery;' if lord Byron would take time to do himself justice, what a vast picture of desolation might he give in the progress and duration of the Deluge! Why will he not write for posterity rather than for the booksellers?

If lord Byron has abstained from blasphemy, Mr. Moore has actually assumed the air of devotion! In his gayest moods there always was an inclination to borrow the language and the imagery of religion, and strangely to blend it with very questionable descriptions. It was not that in his characters there was a mighty conflict between principle and passion—not that they were endowed 'with much of earth and much of heaven'—not that they were visited with starts of penitence, and sometimes painfully panted after the purity and elevation which they had neither virtue to secure nor to regain. But expressions else consecrated were applied to garnish forth the sickliest sensuality—'heavenly revealings,' 'harmonies,' 'blisses,' and a whole vocabulary of the like epithets, were lavished on the earthly beauties whom the poet chose to flatter and to woo. Often has he exemplified the theory laid down in the poem before us:

'How love, though unto earth so prone,
Delights to take religion's wing,

When time or grief hath stain'd his own!
How near to love's beguiling brink
Too oft entranced Religion lies!'

All this is quite true of the feelings which Mr. Moore has been accustomed to designate 'Religion,' and 'Love;'—that is, the religion of a convent and the love of a haram. It is also true, that the purest love forms a part of genuine piety; but it is that love which 'seeketh not its own,' which 'suffereth long and is kind,' which 'beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things.' Whether this affection has any resemblance to that which Mr. Moore has usually dwelt on, is a question to which few of his readers will require an answer.

Our author assumes, however, a lofty tone, in his new office of professor of morals. One would almost imagine he had been to Germany or to Edinburgh, to learn ethics, before he wrote the following passage:

'In addition to the fitness of the subject for poetry, it struck me also as capable of affording an allegorical medium, through which might be shadowed out (as I have endeavoured to do in the following stories,) the fall of the Soul from its original purity—the loss of light and happiness which it suffers, in the pursuit of this world's perishable pleasures—and the punishments, both from conscience and divine justice, with which impurity, pride, and presumptuous inquiry into the awful secrets of God, are sure to be visited. The beautiful story of Cupid and Psyche owes its chief charm to this sort of 'veiled meaning,' and it has been my wish (however I may have failed in the attempt) to communicate the same *moral* interest to the following pages.'

We are inclined to exclaim when we read this, 'Are you really three gentlemen at once?' Of this at least we are sure, that if Mr. Thomas Little does not resent this, he is no Irishman; and as to Mr. Thomas Moore, we shall deem him, till he writes his next song, as little better than one of 'the Fudge Family.' 'The fall of the soul from its original purity' is no more 'shadowed forth' in these stories than in any other tales, which show how curiosity or passion may bring those who once were innocent to degradation and ruin. It is involved in these narratives as the laws of motion are exemplified in a trembling straw, or the principles of eternal justice in the detection of a pickpocket. In any other sense the great declension of the species is no more represented than its millennial glory would be typified, if two gauze wings should dart from the author's shoulders as he sits at the piano, and he should soar to the ceiling and look cherubic!

The 'Loves of the Angels' are told in three narratives, each intended to rise above the other in dignity and sweetness. The first angel, who is represented as the most degraded of the three, seems more sinned against than sinning; for the maid whom he loves requites his passion by obtaining from him the spell which sustains his celestial nature, and flies away with his wings. This incident is very elegantly told, and we will, therefore, extract it, as we can scarcely give a fairer specimen of the work:

'Now hear the rest—our banquet done,
I sought her in the' accustom'd bower,
Where late we oft, when day was gone,
And the world hush'd, had met alone,
At the same silent, moonlight hour.
I found her—oh, so beautiful!
Why, why have hapless Angels eyes?
Or why are there not flowers to cull,
As fair as woman, in yon skies?
Still did her brow, as usual, turn
To her loved star, which seem'd to burn
Purer than ever on that night;
While she, in looking, grew more bright,
As though that planet were an urn
From which her eyes drank liquid light.

There was a virtue in that scene,
A spell of holiness around,
Which would have—had my brain not been
Thus poison'd, madden'd—held me bound,
As though I stood on God's own ground.
Ev'n as it was, with soul all flame,
And lips that burn'd in their own sighs,
I stood to gaze, with awe and shame—
The memory of Eden came
Full o'er me when I saw those eyes:
And tho' too well each glance of mine
To the pale shrinking maiden proved
How far, alas, from aught divine,
Aught worthy of so pure a shrine,
Was the wild love with which I loved,
Yet must she, too, have seen—oh yes,
'Tis soothing but to *think* she saw—
The deep, true, soul-felt tenderness,
The homage of an Angel's awe
To her, a mortal, whom pure love
Then placed above him—far above—
And all that struggle to repress
A sinful spirit's mad excess,
Which work'd within me at that hour,
When—with a voice, where passion shed
All the deep sadness of her power,
Her melancholy power—I said,
'Then be it so—if back to heaven
I must unloved, unpitied fly,
Without one blest memorial given
To sooth me in that lonely sky—
One look, like those the young and fond
Give when they're parting—which would be,
Ev'n in remembrance, far beyond
All heaven hath left of bliss for me!

Oh, but to see that head recline
A minute on this trembling arm,

And those mild eyes look up to mine
  Without a dread, a thought of harm!
To meet but once the thrilling touch
  Of lips that are too fond to fear me—
Or if that boon be all too much,
  Ev'n thus to bring their fragrance near me!
Nay, shrink not so—a look—a word—
  Give them but kindly and I fly;
Already, see, my plumes have stirr'd,
  And tremble for their home on high.
Thus be our parting—cheek to cheek—
  One minute's lapse will be forgiven,
And thou, the next, shalt hear me speak
The spell that plumes my wing for heaven!'

While thus I spoke, the fearful maid,
Of me, and of herself afraid,
Had shrinking stood, like flowers beneath
The scorching of the south-wind's breath:
But when I named—alas, too well,
  I now recall, though wilder'd then,—
Instantly, when I named the spell,
  Her brow, her eyes uprose again,
And, with an eagerness, that spoke
The sudden light that o'er her broke,
'The spell, the spell!—oh, speak it now,
  And I will bless thee!' she exclaimed—
  Unknowing what I did, inflamed,
And lost already, on her brow
  I stamp'd one burning kiss, and named
The mystic word, till then ne'er told
To living creature of earth's mould!
Scarce was it said, when, quick as thought,
Her lips from mine, like echo, caught
The holy sound—her hands and eyes
Were instant lifted to the skies,
And thrice to heaven she spoke it out
  With that triumphant look Faith wears,
When not a cloud of fear or doubt,
  A vapour from this vale of tears,
  Between her and her God appears!
That very moment her whole frame
All bright and glorified became,
And at her back I saw unclose
Two wings, magnificent as those
  That sparkle round th' Eternal Throne,
Whose plumes, as buoyantly she rose
  Above me, in the moon-beam shone
With a pure light, which—from its hue,
Unknown upon this earth—I knew
Was light from Eden, glistening through!
Most holy vision! ne'er before
  Did aught so radiant—since the day
When Lucifer, in falling, bore
  The third of the bright stars away—
Rise, in earth's beauty, to repair
That loss of light and glory there!'

The second angel has been undone by an insatiable thirst for knowledge; and his mistress, sharing his passion, and desiring to see him in the fulness of his glory, is scorched to death in his arms, like another Semele. The third, a seraph of purer feeling, is guilty of no worse sin than that of matrimony, and therefore is permitted to wander through earth with his human wife, where they appear

'Two fallen splendors from that tree
  Which buds with such eternally,
  Shaken to earth, yet keeping all
  Their light and freshness in the fall!'

As a whole, this poem is distinguished by a sweetness of versification and exquisite choice of expression, even beyond that of the previous works of its author. The prismatic hues of fancy are plenteously and delicately cast over it. It is not like Lalla Rookh, where the tendernesses are chequered by strange and dark fatalities; yet the beauties are diversified with singular skill. The stream of poetry is not deep, but it rolls over golden sands, and is 'fringed with roses.' Its worst vice of style is a species of bombast into which the inimitable facility of the author betrays him. He alludes to the mightiest objects of the universe, as suns and stars, and even to the throne of Jehovah, with a lightness or flippancy, which is, at the least, out of all propriety and keeping. Thus the second angel describes the stars as 'rolling along like living cars of light for gods to journey by,' and thus rants about his passion for exploring their mysteries:

'Often—so much I loved to trace
The secrets of this starry race—
Have I at morn and evening run
Along the lines of radiance spun,
Like webs, between them and the sun,
Untwisting all the tangled ties
Of light into their different dyes—
Then fleetly wing'd I off, in quest
Of those, the farthest, loneliest,
That watch, like winking sentinels,
The void, beyond which Chaos dwells,
And there, with noiseless plume, pursued
Their track through that grand solitude,
Asking intently all and each
  What soul within their radiance dwelt,
And wishing their sweet light were speech,
  That they might tell me all they felt.

Nay, oft, so passionate my chase
Of these resplendent heirs of space,
Oft did I follow—lest a ray
  Should 'scape me in the farthest night—
Some pilgrim comet, on his way
  To visit distant shrines of light,
And well remember how I sung
  Exulting out, when on my sight
New worlds of stars, all fresh and young,
As if just born of darkness, sprung!'

This angel seems a little off his guard in the following passage,—which brings back all Mr. Moore's most earthly notions of heaven, and seems as if the whole machinery of the poem were intended to point a compliment, rather than a moral:

'Could I help wondering at a creature,
  Enchanted round with spells so strong—

One, to whose every thought, word, feature,
In joy and woe, through right and wrong,
Such sweet omnipotence heaven gave,
To bless our ruin, curse or save?
Nor did the marvel cease with her—
New Eves in all her daughters came,
As strong to charm, as weak to err,
As sure of man through praise and blame,
Whate'er they brought him, pride or shame,
Their still unreasoning worshipper—
And, wheresoe'er they smiled, the same
Enchantresses of soul and frame,
Into whose hands, from first to last,
This world with all its destinies,
Devotedly by heaven seems cast,
To save or damn it, as they please!'

But the essential defect of the poem is that it 'wants interest.' We care as little about the 'Loves of the Angels,' as about the 'Loves of the Plants,' or the 'Loves of the Triangles.' One is just as reasonable and as natural as the other. Angels may gleam on us in beatific vision;—they are in their fitting place while they ascend and descend Jacob's ladder, or commune with Abraham on the plain of Mamre, or deal out the terrors of God in the prophetic dream of the beloved disciple. But when they are represented as wooing, sighing, marrying, and drinking, we cannot help breathing out the pious wish 'that they were in heaven.' We would give their whole adventures for an old song—or at least for an old air, with new words, by Mr. Thomas Moore.

THE SNUFF-BOX.

Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane:
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
And thus broke out—— POPE.

THOUGH nothing is less disputable than taste, nothing is more disputed. Whatever a man dislikes is not only thought wrong, but wicked and abominable. Of such a nature are men and women, who, according to Hudibras,

Compound for sins they have a mind to,
By slighting those they're not inclined to.

No one can please every body (always excepting the editor of the Lady's Magazine); but why snuff, if it offend not the taker, should offend any body else, it is difficult to conceive. It is true that we cannot call it a practice which is 'not to be sneezed at,' but why all this bristling up on the occasion? A little turning-up of the nose might be permitted—but why all this virulent abuse? Let us see how the custom which marks, as it clearly belongs to, a refined age, is subject to attack, and the cause, in the most accomplished, of much bad language; while we show at the same time how easily the topics are refuted or explained to the advantage of snuff-takers.

It has been said to bestow a sodden cadaverous hue upon the complexion; but is this an objection? What is this sallow hue, but a learned look—

. 'a face of copper,
Deem'd so professional and proper?'

Then we are told of a profound German commentator, a desperate smoker, whose head being opened after his death (no one thought of looking for any thing in it while he was alive) was found to be totally devoid of brains. These skilful anatomists gave it as their opinion, that the fumes of the tobacco had utterly destroyed this membrane, which, like a ghost, is constantly talked about, but very rarely seen. Now, under favor, I presume to account, in a more simple way, for the absence of brain in the skull of this erudite German, by supposing that he never had any.

Again, it destroys the sense of smelling. —*de bonne heure*—and a very desirable thing to lose on many occasions, especially amongst those who live in London—though I confess that I think the sanctified gentleman not only pious, but fastidious over-much in the following couplet:

'Wherever he goes in this sink of perdition,
The snuff-box is always in great requisition.'

But—it stops up the nose. Well, and is there no advantage in that? Does not the stopping up of a man's nostrils empower him to talk French with the true nasal twang? People really seem to expect to acquire all the elegant accomplishments without the slightest inconvenience.

As to the frivolous calumny urged by the anti-snuff faction against a dirty patch on the upper lip, what can be more inconsistent in those who admire mustachios—in fact, it is a distinguishing mark of masculine beauty.

Then—the liquid diamond occasionally pendant from the 'beaked promontory,' like a dew-drop from a soot-bag, is objected to—but this is evidently a mere matter of taste. Ladies wear diamond pendants from their ears, and what have ladies' ears done more than

gentlemen's noses to deserve to be more ornamented? Besides, a black diamond is the greatest of all rarities; there is one in this country for which the owner asks 150,000l. Here it will be to the purpose to call in the assistance of the polished Addison, that we may see how snuff-boxes were esteemed in his time, and how they were likely, as in the case of Nose *versus* Ear, to become the rival of another play-thing, with which ladies have done so much execution.

'ADVERTISEMENT.

'The exercise of the snuff-box according to the most fashionable airs and motions, in opposition to the exercise of the fan, will be taught, with the best plain or perfumed snuff, at Charles Lillie's, perfumer, at the corner of Beaufort Buildings, in the Strand, and attendance given for the benefit of the young merchants about the Exchange, for two hours every day at noon, except Saturdays, at a toy-shop near Garraway's coffee-house. There will be likewise taught the ceremony of the snuff-box, or rules for offering snuff to a stranger, a friend, or a mistress, according to the degrees of familiarity or distance; with an explanation of the careless, the scornful, the politic, and the surly pinch, and the gestures proper to each of them.

'N. B. The undertaker does not question, but in a short time to have formed a body of regular snuff-boxes, ready to meet and make head against all the regiment of fans, which have been lately disciplined, and are now in motion.'—Spec. No. 138.

It is also insinuated, that although a man has an undoubted right to soil his own neckcloth, shirt, waistcoat and breeches, his authority to besmear the carpet, furniture, books and clothes of his acquaintance, may admit considerable question. Question! what question? Don't we live in a free country? And further, that although the snuffling and grunting incidental to the act of stuffing a quantity of black dust up the nostrils, may be very harmonious to the ears of the party concerned, its melody may be a subject of controversy with those who have never studied the nasal gamut. This is all mighty pretty, but surely gentlemen learning the fiddle, and diverse young ladies, who indulge the company with specimens of their vocal powers, need not be so very nice! All these, it is clear, are trifling and vexatious objections, effusions of spleen, invented by a set of fellows whose noses are vulgar enough to sneeze, even at the Prince's mixture.

As to the wry faces of the ladies, and their protestations that they can never return a snuff-taker's kiss, except by a sneeze, the declaration does them no honor; for, to repeat an expression already used, such things *ought* to be sneezed at.—Would you have a modest woman approve such doings!

I shall merely add, that snuff-takers, who comprise in their number the politest of the creation, abroad and at home, have been designated 'a gang of snuff-scavengers.' Is this language to apply to the most polished society—are the well, and perhaps only, considered acts of the quintessence of fashion, beaux, to be treated thus by the vulgar? See how the snuff-box displays the taste of the bearer, and how it conduces to that delight of life, sociability—so ill studied generally in mixed societies in England. When two of this description meet, though mouths may be dumb and afford no entertainment, noses may do much, through this medium, to improve the *tête-à-tête*. Let them have a little tiff—the box is your only peace-maker. Let the momentous strife threaten instant annihilation, through some alarming contention on the cut of a collar, the make of the stays, a shoe-tie, or a watch riband, and behold the effect of a pinch of snuff!

Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta,
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescent.
GEORG. lib. iv.

For all these dreadful deeds, this deadly fray,
A little dust will speedily allay,
And undecided leave the fortune of the day.
DRYDEN.

What is so awkward as the hands unemployed?—it furnishes something to do. The severe will say that beaux have empty heads, but surely not so when they are wholesale snuff-takers. And may it not be reasonably supposed that by thus turning themselves into snuffers, men are enabled to brighten the lights of their understanding?—though some have ill-naturedly observed that they seem much more likely to snuff them out—the danger of which appears to me to be purely imaginary!

But to be more serious. If there be nothing in snuff, it is evident that there

can be nothing in snuff-boxes; and who will venture to say that, when in a debate in the House of Commons, on the civil list, among other items of expenditure, 7000l. was mentioned as an annual disbursement for snuff-boxes? Why should snuff-boxes to the value of from 10,000l. to 15,000l. be given to secretaries of state and foreign ministers on the signing of any treaty, if they were not the symbols of something very deep and sagacious; probably the most important, as they are often intrinsically the most valuable, part of the treaty? Congress being in general assembled, secretly, if not professedly, for the purpose of throwing dust in each other's eyes, no present could have been thought of more appropriate and serviceable. Thus, by considering the reason of things, we perceive how rash it is to stare or laugh at any thing merely because it appears very odd or silly to us at the first view! It is possible also that these boxes, given to the secretaries, contain a sort of philosophical snuff, mentioned in the Guardian, which, if taken in a certain quantity, will disengage the soul from the body:—'Your soul,' says the writer, 'being at liberty to transport herself with a thought wherever she pleases, may enter into the pineal gland of the most learned philosopher, and, being so placed, become spectator of all the ideas in his mind, which would instruct her in a much less time than the usual methods.'—No. 35. Is this snuff to be despised, think you? The French take more snuff than we do, and as they probably take more of this 'philosophical snuff,' which gives them the power of transporting themselves into the pineal glands of their opponents, they are therefore, as it is admitted, greatly our superiors in making treaties. At this pinch, we are indeed very apt to get into the wrong box.

Now, I am far from being inclined to imitate the want of generosity exhibited in these attacks; but I cannot help suspecting that our adversaries have been 'set on to do this,' and that the snuff and the Trojan war have one and the same origin. There is an ancient story about a fox and some grapes; and I heavily suspect that the active partisans in opposition are not men who declaim against snuff because they dislike it, but because their wives will not let them take it! NASO.

HANNAH.

THE prettiest cottage on our village-green is the little dwelling of dame Wilson. It stands in a corner of the common, where the hedgerows go curving off into a sort of bay round a clean bright pond, the earliest haunt of the swallows. A deep, woody green lane, such as Hobbima or Ruysdael might have painted, a lane that hints of nightingales, forms one boundary of the garden, and a sloping meadow the other; whilst the cottage itself, a low thatched irregular building, backed by a blooming orchard, and covered with honeysuckle and jessamine, looks like the chosen abode of snugness and comfort. And so it is.

Dame Wilson was a respected servant in a most respectable family, where she passed all the early part of her life, and which she quitted only on her marriage with a man of character and industry, and of that peculiar universality of genius which forms what is called in country phrase a handy fellow. He could do any sort of work; was thatcher, carpenter, bricklayer, painter, gardener, gamekeeper, 'every thing by turns, and nothing long.' No job came amiss to him. He killed pigs, mended shoes, cleaned clocks, doctored cows, dogs, and horses, and even went as far as bleeding and drawing teeth in his experiments on the human subject. In addition to these multifarious talents, he was ready, obliging, and unfearing; jovial withal, and fond of good-fellowship; and endowed with a promptness of resource which made him the general adviser of the stupid, the puzzled, and the timid. He was universally admitted to be the cleverest man in the parish: and his death, which happened about ten years ago, in consequence of standing in the water, drawing a pond for one neighbour, at a time when he was overheated by loading hay for another, made quite a gap in our village commonwealth. John Wilson had no rival, and has had no successor;—for the Robert Adams, whom certain youngsters would fain exalt to a co-partnery of fame, is simply nobody—a bell-ringer—a ballad-singer—a troller of profane catches—a fiddler—a bruiser—a loller on alehouse benches—a teller of good stories—a mimic—a poet!—What is all this to compare with the solid parts of John Wilson? Whose

clock hath Robert Adams cleaned?—whose windows hath he mended?—whose dog hath he broken?—whose pigs hath he rung?—whose pond hath he fished?—whose hay hath he saved?—whose cow hath he cured?—whose calf hath he killed?—whose teeth hath he drawn?—whom hath he bled? Tell me that, irreverent whipsters! No! John Wilson is not to be replaced. He was missed by the whole parish; and most of all he was missed at home. His excellent wife was left the sole guardian and protector of two fatherless girls; one an infant at her knee, the other a pretty handy lass about nine years old. Cast thus upon the world, there must have been much to endure, much to suffer; but it was borne with a smiling patience, a hopeful cheeriness of spirit, and a decent pride, which seemed to command success as well as respect in their struggle for independence. Without assistance of any sort, by needlework, by washing and mending lace and fine linen, and other skilful and profitable labors, and by the produce of her orchard and poultry, dame Wilson contrived to maintain herself and her children in their old comfortable home. There was no visible change; she and the little girls were as neat as ever; the house had still within and without the same sunshiny cleanliness, and the garden was still famous over all other gardens for its cloves, and stocks, and double wall-flowers. But the sweetest flower of the garden, the joy and pride of her mother's heart, was her daughter Hannah. Well might she be proud of her! At sixteen Hannah Wilson was, beyond a doubt, the prettiest girl in the village, and the best. Her beauty was quite in a different style from the common country rosebud—far more choice and rare. Its chief characteristic was modesty. A light youthful figure, exquisitely graceful and rapid in all its movements; springy, elastic, and buoyant as a bird, and almost as shy; a fair innocent face, with downcast blue eyes, and smiles and blushes coming and going almost with her thoughts; a low soft voice, sweet even in its monosyllables; a dress remarkable for neatness and propriety, and borrowing from her delicate beauty an air of superiority not its own;—such was the outward woman of Hannah. Her mind was very like her person; modest, graceful, gentle, affectionate, grateful, and generous above all. The generosity of the poor is always a very real and fine thing: they give what they want; and Hannah was of all poor people the most generous. She loved to give; it was her pleasure, her luxury. Rosy-cheeked apples, plums with the bloom on them, nosegays of cloves and blossomed myrtle; these were offerings which Hannah delighted to bring to those whom she loved, or those who had shown her kindness*; whilst to others, who needed other attentions than fruit and flowers, she would give her time, her assistance, her skill; for Hannah inherited her mother's dexterity in feminine employments, with something of her father's versatile power. Besides being an excellent laundress, she was accomplished in all the arts of the needle, millinery, dress-making, and plain work; a capital cutter-out, an incomparable mender, and endowed with a gift of altering, which made old things better than new. She had no rival at a *rifacciamento*, as half the turned gowns on the common can witness. As a dairy-woman, and a rearer of pigs and poultry, she was equally successful: none of her ducks and turkeys ever died of neglect or carelessness, or, to use the phrase of the poultry-yard on such occasions, of 'ill-luck.' Hannah's fowls never dreamed of sliding out of the world in such an ignoble way; they all lived to be killed, to make a noise at their deaths, as chickens should do. She was also a famous 'scholar;' kept accounts, wrote bills, read letters, and answered them; was a trusty accomptant, and a safe confidante. There was no end to Hannah's usefulness or Hannah's kindness; and her prudence was equal to either. Except to be kind or useful she never left her home; attended no fairs, or revels, or Mayings; went nowhere but to church; and seldom made a nearer approach to rustic revelry than by standing at her own garden-gate on a Sunday evening, with her little sister in her hand, to look at the lads and lasses on the green. In

* The real 'Hannah,' going with a sick neighbour to the sea-side, brought, on her return, her little store of shells and sea-weeds to the author, and prayed her to accept them.—The offering was of course thankfully declined.—'Oh do pray take them, ma'am—pray do—you love flowers, and these seemed like the flowers of the sea—Pray take them!—I thought of you all the time I was gathering them—and it was such a pleasure!' There was no resisting her. Are not those shells precious?

short, our village beauty had fairly reached her twentieth year without a sweetheart, without the slightest suspicion of her having ever written a love-letter on her own account; when, all on a sudden, appearances changed. She was missing at the 'accustomed gate;' and one had seen a young man go into dame Wilson's; and another had even descried a trim elastic figure walking, not unaccompanied, down the shady lane. Matters were quite clear. Hannah had gotten a lover; and, when poor little Susan, who, deserted by her sister, ventured to peep rather nearer at the gay groupe, was laughingly questioned on the subject, the hesitating No, and the half Yes, of the smiling child, were equally conclusive.

Since the new marriage act, we, who belong to country magistrates, have gained a priority over the rest of the parish in matrimonial news.—We (the privileged) see on a work-day the names which the sabbath announces to the generality. Many a blushing aukward pair hath our little lame clerk (a sorry Cupid!) ushered in between dark and light to stammer and hacker, to bow and curtsy, to sign or make a mark, as it pleases Heaven. One Saturday, at the usual hour, the limping clerk made his appearance; and, walking through our little hall, I saw a fine athletic young man, the very image of health and vigor, mental and bodily, holding the hand of a young woman, who, with her head half buried in a geranium in the window, was turning bashfully away, listening, and yet not seeming to listen, to his tender whispers. The shrinking grace of that bending figure was not to be mistaken. 'Hannah!' and she went aside with me, and a rapid series of questions and answers conveyed the story of the courtship. 'William was,' said Hannah, 'a journeyman hatter in B. He had walked over one Sunday evening to see the cricketing, and then he came again. Her mother liked him. Every body liked her William—and she had promised—she was going—was it wrong?'—'Oh no!—and where are you to live?'—'William has got a room in B. He works for Mr. Smith, the rich hatter in the market-place, and Mr. Smith speaks of him—oh, so well! But William will not tell me where our room is. I suppose in some narrow street or lane, which he is afraid I shall not like, as our common is so pleasant. He little thinks—any where'—She stopped suddenly; but her blush and her clasped hands finished the sentence, 'any where with him!'—'And when is the happy day?'—'On Monday fortnight, madam,' said the bridegroom elect, advancing with the little clerk to summon Hannah to the parlour, 'the earliest day possible.' He drew her arm through his, and we parted.

The Monday-fortnight was a glorious morning; one of those rare November days when the sky and the air are soft and bright as in April. 'What a beautiful day for Hannah!' was the first exclamation of the breakfast-table. 'Did she tell you where they should dine?'—'No, ma'am; I forgot to ask.'—'I can tell you,' said the master of the house, with somewhat of good-humored importance in his air, somewhat of the look of a man who, having kept a secret as long as it was necessary, is not sorry to get rid of the burthen. 'I can tell you: in London.' 'In London!'——'Yes. Your little favorite has been in high luck. She has married the only son of one of the best and richest men in B., Mr. Smith, the great hatter. It is quite a romance,' continued he: 'William Smith walked over one Sunday evening to see a match at cricket. He saw our pretty Hannah, and forgot to look at the cricketers. After having gazed his fill, he approached to address her, and the little damsel was off like a bird. William did not like her the less for that, and thought of her the more. He came again, and again; and at last contrived to tame this wild dove, and even to get the *entrée* of the cottage. Hearing Hannah talk is not the way to fall out of love with her. So William, at last finding his case serious, laid the matter before his father, and requested his consent to the marriage. Mr. Smith was at first a little startled; but William is an only son, and an excellent son; and, after talking with me, and looking at Hannah (I believe her sweet face was the more eloquent advocate of the two), he relented; and having a spice of his son's romance, finding that he had not mentioned his situation in life, he made a point of its being kept secret till the wedding-day. We have managed the business of settlements; and William, having discovered that his fair bride has some curiosity to see London (a curiosity, by the bye, which I suspect she owes to you or poor Lucy) intends

taking her thither for a fortnight. He will then bring her home to one of the best houses in B., a fine garden, fine furniture, fine clothes, fine servants, and more money than she will know what to do with. Really the surprise of lord E's farmer's daughter when, thinking she had married his steward, he brought her to Burleigh, and installed her as its mistress, could hardly have been greater. I hope the shock will not kill Hannah though, as is said to have been the case with that poor lady.' ——'Oh no! Hannah loves her husband too well. Any where with him!'

And I was right. Hannah has survived the shock. She is returned to B., and I have been to call on her. I never saw any thing so delicate and bride-like as she looked in her white gown and her lace mob, in a room light and simple, and tasteful and elegant, with nothing fine except some beautiful greenhouse plants. Her reception was a charming mixture of sweetness and modesty, a little more respectful than usual, and far more shamefaced! Poor thing! her cheeks must have pained her! But this was the only difference. In every thing else she is still the same Hannah, and has lost none of her old habits of kindness and gratitude. She was making a handsome matronly cap, evidently for her mother, and spoke, even with tears, of her new father's goodness to her and Susan. She would fetch the cake and wine herself, and would gather, in spite of all remonstrance, some of her choice flowers as a parting nosegay. She did, indeed, just hint at her troubles with visitors and servants,——how strange and sad it was! seemed distressed at ringing the bell, and visibly shrank from the sound of a double knock. But, in spite of these calamities, Hannah is a happy woman. The double rap was her husband's; and the glow on her cheek, and the smile of her lips and eyes when he appeared, spoke more plainly than ever 'Any where with him!'

M.

GERMAN POPULAR STORIES,

Translated from the Kinder-und-Haus Marchen, collected by MM. Grimm.

IT has of late years been a fashion with the Germans to collect the tales of the people and the nursery, and give them a place in their national literature; an honor to which they certainly are not entitled by any intrinsic merit of their own, though they may, perhaps, have a sort of antiquarian value, as illustrative of popular manners, or the connexion between distant countries. They bear no comparison with the splendid fictions of the East, to which, indeed, many authors fancy they can trace their origin; but this is a point to which we are inclined to demur; for, though some few tales are like the tales of the East, yet all such, upon inquiry, will be found to be of a later date, while those which are of avowed antiquity are evidently borrowed from the Edda, or from the heroic fables of the earliest periods. Christianity might drive the old religion from the heads of the people, but could not all at once erase it from their hearts; and its legends still lingered with the peasants, though in each successive tradition from the father to the son they lost something of their original character, till at last, when the Scandinavian mythology was utterly forgotten in the cottage, these fables remained as unconnected wonders, without any reference to religion. One fact, independent of similitude in incidents, seems to point at a common stock or origin; the same events and the same heroes appear under different forms and in different connexions, and it not unfrequently happens that one achievement serves for many adventurers; thus, for instance, in one of Grimm's tales, where Thumbling is digging at the bottom of a well, a millstone is treacherously thrown at him, upon which he says, 'drive away the hens; they scratch the sand about till it flies into my eyes.' The very same incident occurs in the Bear-son * (Barensohn). Bear-son wishes to marry a peasant's daughter, when the father replies that the maiden is already promised in marriage to Great-Whiskers, and Bear-son declares that he will kill his rival. Presently the left whisker of a man appears, in which are scattered three hundred and sixty-six birds'-nests, and soon after Great-Whiskers himself emerges from behind a mountain, and lays his head in the maiden's lap. Bear-son now hits him a tremendous blow on the head with his iron club, when the giant,—for we suppose such whiskers could only belong to a giant,—rubs the place with his hand, and complains that

* Vide Büsching's Leben, Kunst, und Wissen der Deutschen im Mittelalter.

a certain animal is tickling him. Bearson strikes him a second time, and a second time the giant makes the same complaint, when the peasant's daughter says, 'It is a man that struck you.' The origin of both these stories,—or rather of this story, for they are one and the same thing,---is to be found in the Edda, from which we copy it, only premising that the god Thor, with Loke, Tialfa, and Raska, is on his journey to seek the giants.

'When they had gone a little way, they came upon a vast plain, in which they traveled the whole day, although reduced to a great dearth of provisions. As the night approached, they looked about in all directions for a place to rest, and at length found, in the darkness, the house of a certain giant, the door of which was as large as one of the sides. It was there that they passed the night; but, when it was about half over, they felt a violent earthquake, which shook the whole building terribly. Thor arose, and called upon his companions to seek with him some shelter, when they found on the right hand a neighbouring chamber, into which they entered; but Thor, keeping by the door, while the others from fear concealed themselves at the extremity of their retreat, took up his mace to defend himself against whatever might happen. In the mean time they heard a terrible noise, and, the morning being come, Thor went out, and found near him a man who was prodigiously large, and snored with all his might, and Thor perceived that it was he who had made the noise during the night. Hereupon he immediatelygirded himselfwith the girdle of valor,which has the property of increasing his strength; but, the giant having awaked, Thor was afraid, and did not dare to lance his mace at him, and contented himself with asking his name. 'I am called Skrymner,' replied the other; 'for myself, I have no occasion to ask if you are the god Thor, and if you have taken my glove from me:' at the same time he stretched out his hand to retake it, and Thor perceived that the house where they had passed the night was the glove itself, and the chamber was one of the fingers of the glove. Upon this Skrymner asked 'if he did not travel in company?' to which Thor having replied in the affirmative, the giant opened his wallet, and took out his morning provisions. While Thor did the same with his companions, the giant put the two wallets together, and, throwing them over his shoulder, began to march at a great rate, and when night came he went to sleep under a large tree, after having desired Thor to take his supper from the wallet. Soon after he began to snore furiously, when Thor, endeavouring to open the wallet (a thing scarcely credible) could not undo a single knot, whereat, taking up his mace in wrath, he lanced it at the giant's head. Skrymner, awaking, asked if any leaf had fallen upon him, or what else might be the matter? but Thor pretended to be asleep under another tree, and again about midnight, hearing the giant snore, he raised his mace, and thought he had buried it in the sleeper's head. At this Skrymner awoke, and asked if any dust had fallen on him, and why Thor did not sleep? to which Thor replied that he was going to sleep; but, a moment after, resolving to strike a third blow at his enemy, he collected all his strength, and, as he thought, buried his mace in the giant's cheek, when Skrymner, again awaking, put his hand to his face, and said, 'are there not some birds on the tree? Methought a feather dropped upon my cheek.''

This is not the only point in which little Thumb resembles the god Thor; for both found a home in a giant's glove, and both were of diminutive stature. 'Do not boast too much,' says the giant to Thor, 'for in that place (Utgard) we do not willingly endure little folks like yourself.' Then again, the ash, ygdrasil, in the Edda, which reaches from hell to heaven, is the evident origin of Jack's bean-stalk; the boots worn by Loke, when he escaped from Valhalla, are undoubtedly the parents of the famous seven-league boots; the gifted men of Fortunius are in part Loke and Tialfa; the companions of the Scandinavian god: Loke, like Grugeon, eats up mountains of food, and Tialfa, like Lightfoot, outstrips the wind; but the one is opposed by Loge, i. e. Flame, and the other is conquered by Hugo, i. e. Thought. The meaning of the original has evaporated in the childish imitation; but it so much the more proves our point, and we do not hesitate to assert broadly and plainly that none of the old northern legends were pure inventions, but were all either borrowed from Scandinavian history or Scandinavian mythology. That in later times eastern

imitations have crept in proves nothing, or proves the truth of our assertion; and let it be understood, that if we have confined our arguments solely to Daumling, or little Thumb, it has not been from want of materials, equally decisive, on every other tale within Grimm's collection. Amongst these later popular tales may be included a variety of legends, growing out of local superstitions, or from history degraded into fable by popular fear and hatred, or popular affection. The Christian devil is himself the founder of many a fearful story; but these do not come within the scope of our discussion. At the same time we are perfectly aware, that this very Scandinavian mythology has itself considerable resemblance in many points to tales that are evidently of eastern original, as, for instance, the Boots and the Mist Cap, or Cap of Invisibility, occur in the Calmuck romance of Ssidi Kur; but the general character of oriental superstition is too much at variance with that of Odin to allow of their having originated in the same source.

These considerations have perhaps detained us too long from Baldwyn's publication; but, to say the truth, there is little attractive in it, and, without being professed antiquaries, there is always something delightful in traveling through the fairy land of other times. As far as concerns the mere circumstance of translation, nothing can be objected to this volume; but, in the more material point of selection, we can only pronounce an unqualified censure. In Grimm's two volumes much sad trash is to be found; yet still, when all this was cleared way, enough would have remained to furnish out a book of the usual dimensions, and one which would have been held in honor with the nursery till the new system, which is silently at work, shall have ruined youth by a too early developement of reason at the expense of every other faculty. As it is, the translator seems to have wavered between the very opposite designs of compiling a book for children, and an archive for antiquaries; the notes and many of the tales being avowedly given with the latter intention, while the general tenor of the volume is decidedly for the taste of the nursery: on the one principle we have three wretched Adventures of Chanticleer and Partlet, which can entertain nobody; and yet, as if with an opposite intention, the translators stop short, and do not bring forward all the tales of Daumling or Thumbling, which, in an antiquarian point of view, ought on no account to have been omitted, though, as tales to entertain, they have literally no value whatsoever. We regret this the more, as the translators are evidently well stored with legendary knowledge, and under better auspices would have erected a more substantial building. It is not too late yet; for the present volume is too trifling to stand in the way of any such project, and if ever it should be undertaken, we strongly recommend a more general collection from Arndt, Hagen, Busching, Docen, and others; bringing under one head all those tales which are evidently derived from the Edda; under a second, those which have originated in the adventures of heroes rendered fabulous by the additions of each successive narrator in the lapse of ages; under a third, those legends which have grown out of the corruptions of Christianity, in which the devil and his votaries on earth play a conspicuous part; under a fourth, fictions, borrowed and disfigured from Roman history; and under a fifth, tales that are of eastern origin. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the two last are, comparatively speaking, mere modern innovations, and indeed we have no time to argue the point; for we have yet to give some specimens from Baldwyn's publication, that our readers may be able to form their own opinions of its value.

The best story in this volume is that of the Fisherman and his Wife; for it has something more of an object than is usual with German fables. The substance of it, being compressed, is pretty nearly as follows. 'A fisherman one day caught a large plaice or flounder, which begged and obtained his life at the fisherman's hands, and on his return home h told the tale to his wife, who said the fish was an enchanted fish, and urged him to go back and ask it to give them a cottage. The fisherman did as he was bidden, and found the sea all green and yellow; but he stood at the water's edge and said,

Mannikin! mannikin! Timpe thee!
Flounder! flounder! in the sea,
Lo, my wife, the Ilsebill.
Wills not so as I would will.*

* This translation is not very poetical, but neither is the original poetical; and it has the

'Hereupon the fish arose, and, having heard his request, bade him go home, and he would find his cottage. Accordingly he went home, and saw his wife standing at the door of a cottage. 'Ah,' said he, 'how happily shall we live!' And for a week they were happy; but then the wife bade him return and ask the fish for a large stone-castle. His heart was heavy when he found the water darkened, but at his invocation the fish arose and granted his request, and on his return he saw his wife in a castle. A little time and this did not satisfy her; she would be king over all the land; and now the water was a dark-grey, and boiled up in foam; but the fish arose and granted this request too; when she was again dissatisfied, and took it into her head that she would be an emperor. This time the water was quite black and muddy, and the wind rushed over it; but the fish granted this request as he had done the former. And now the woman would be pope, and, when the fisherman again summoned the fish, the water was violently agitated, and all the sky was dark, save one little spot of blue in the middle; but the fish appeared as before, and told him his wife should be pope, and on his return he found that she really was so. This however did not satisfy her: she now wished to be lord of the sun and moon; and the poor fisherman, though with a heavy heart, was forced to revisit the sea, which now rolled in black waves, mountain high, and crowned with foam. 'What does she want now?' said the fish. 'Ah,' said he, 'she wants to be like the living God.' 'Go home,' replied the fish; 'she sits again in her hovel.' And there they sit to the present day.'

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merit of rendering the German word for word; in Baldwyn's book, the original meaning is quite lost in a vain attempt to give a poetical colour to that which is essentially prosaic.

O man of the sea!
Come listen to me;
For Alice, my wife,
The plague of my life,
Has sent me to beg a boon of thee.

The old English verb *to will*, gives the German *wollen* exactly; indeed, it is one and the same word.

This story is in the Pomeranian dialect, and reads prettily enough in the English version, though there are some slight mistakes, and some leaping over particular phrases, that seem to indicate the translators were not great proficients in the low German. It is not, however, a point of much consequence; for their substitutions, if not always in the spirit of the original, are not contemptible in diction, and harmonize sufficiently with the general character of such writing.

The story of Frederick and Catharine is evidently of eastern origin, bearing a strong resemblance to the tale of the Idiot Xailoun, and, according to our creed, is therefore of a later date. The Grateful Beasts is probably derived from a relation in the Calmuck romance of Ssidi Kur, without any claims whatever to Scandinavian origin. The Golden Goose is a story of Dummling, or Little Stupid, whom the translator always confounds with Daumling, or Little Thumb, though these heroes are as different as Ajax and Agamemnon; Daumling, a lineal descendant of Thor, is with us degraded into Tom Thumb, whereas Dummling, both in name and character, is a very insignificant being, incapable of any degradation. Mrs. Fox is one of the worst tales in the whole collection, in which Reynard plays the hero. The Jew in the Bush is an admirable nursery legend, different fragments of which have been transplanted to other soils, or else it is a happy combination: we cannot pretend to say which is the case, though we incline to the former opinion; and it has an additional value in our eyes, as having suggested one of the most pleasing incidents in Wieland's delightful poem of Oberon.

This brief account does not include all the fables in Baldwyn's volume, nor is it necessary to enter into a more minute detail. Enough has been said to show the reader the nature and value of the work; and though, as far as regards print, paper, and embellishment, it is wretchedly gotten up, there is yet within its two yellow boards sufficient to justify its purchase.

THE WIG.

A PETER-PINDARIC.

'Tis call'd a proof, by their lampooning foes,
(But I no credence lend)
That women from the naked *Picts* descend,
Because they wear so little clothes:
As well it might be said,
Their blood is *Saxon*,
Because some ancient maid
Has worn a *Caxen*.
The *rhyme* is better than the *reason*,
Of those who in these musty records dig---
But one's a naked lie---the other *treason*,
For 'tis a *secret*, when a lady wears a *wig*.
Once I have heard
The thing occurr'd,
But never was suspected---
And by the laws of good society,
'Tis quite unfit a female fallacy
Should ever be *detected*.
Nor was it here,
As 'twill appear,
By any rudeness known;
But, as the mazy dance she led,
A ringlet caught, and from her head
The luckless wig fell down.

Pope's Rape not half so much could shock,
For that was but a *single lock*,
While *Julia* might with truth be call'd,
By this mishap, quite bald.
A barren subject---food for scoff,
(Though not a thing you could take hold of.)
What was there to be done---
To stand the laughter, or to run?
Her wits were ready, and she turn'd the tables
By recollecting one of Æsop's fables:
'Why fix on me your hundred eyes,
'And stare,' said she, 'with such surprise?
'What wonder is there
'That this borrow'd hair,
'A *stranger*, should desert, and fall away,
'When I could never get *my own* to stay?'

ANCIENT DANDIES.

A CONFESSION.

The *Doctor* *, as we learn, once said
To *Mistress Thrale*,
Howe'er a man be stoutly made,
And free from ail,
In flesh and bone and colour thrive,
'He's going down at *thirty-five*.'

* Johnson.

Yet Horace could his vigor muster,
And would not, till a later *lustre* *,
One single inch of ground surrender
To any swain in Cupid's calendar.
But one I think a jot too low,
And t'other is too high I know:
No, what I 've found, I 'll freely state—
The thing may do till *thirty-eight;*
But that's a job—for then, in truth,
One's but a clumsy sort of *youth;*
And spite of looks, some evil tongue
Will say the Dandy is not *young.*
For 'mid the yellow and the sear †
Though here and there a leaf be green,
No more the *summer* of the year
It is, than when *one* swallow 's seen.
Tailors adorn a thousand ways,
And (though *Time* won't) *men* may make *stays,*
The dentist, barber, make repairs,
New teeth supply, and colour hairs;
But art cannot restore the spring—
It will not do---
A *beau*'s a very wretched thing
At *forty-two!*

* —— fuge suspicari
Cujus *octavum* trepidavit ætas
Claudere *lustrum*. Lib. ii. od. 4.

Suspect me not—at *forty years*,
My age forbids all jealous fears.

† My May of life is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf.—*Macbeth.*

THE COMPACT.—AN ANECDOTE.

Two friends, by name Ringleben and Helsen, in an hour of social intercourse entered into a solemn compact, that whichever died first should, if possible, return from the world of spirits to the survivor. The covenant was made at midnight, which seemed to set on it an irrevocable seal; and, a short time afterwards, occasion separated the two friends; Helsen returning to his native land, Westphalia, and Ringleben following his professional avocations in a distant part of Germany.

Thirty years of separation elapsed, and Ringleben ceased to think of his absent friend, or only thought of him as a being that he *had* loved: the bond of friendship was not broken, but it was almost worn out by time and the bustle of the world; and as to the *compact*, if that ever occurred to his recollection, it was only as a youthful folly, suggested by enthusiasm, and to be put off by the maturity of reason. But it should seem as if an idea, once received into the mind, is never to be expelled: it may be hidden, or may be what we call *forgotten;* yet there it really is, like some lurking disorder in the blood, ready to burst forth in all its original strength, when circumstances shall favour its developement. So too it happened with the subject of our story: his wife had been dead a twelvemonth exactly, and the anniversary of her death, by exciting his imagination and forcing his mind away from the present, made him peculiarly apt to any visionary impressions. Regret for her loss awoke in him with redoubled force, and he even found a pleasure in its indulgence, though till then he had always been anxious to repress it. He visited her grave, and for the first time thought of erecting a monument to her memory, on which he proposed to place her bust: for the last part of his project some model was requisite to the sculptor. With this view nothing better occurred to him than a miniature, made before his marriage; and, in looking for this, he stumbled on a likeness of his old friend, Helsen. At the same time he found several letters and little poems of the Westphalian, the perusal of which brought him back to the days of their early friendship. His mind, already unnerved by previous associations, became

sad and fevered, and, as the reason sank into languor, the imagination grew fearfully active, increasing the disease, to which it owed its power. The nightly compact between himself and Helsen now rose to his fancy in present and vivid form, not as a thing of doubt, but as one of probable and near fulfilment; and, when the hour of rest came, he laid himself on a sleepless pillow.

Ringleben's bed-chamber was next to his study; the curtains that divided the two apartments were let down, but he could see through them into the side of the room which was opposite the outward door. The clock struck twelve, as he turned his face to the wall in the hopeless expectation of sleep, when he perceived a pale glimmering light, spreading over the wainscot; a circumstance which surprised him the more as the shutters were closed, so that the moonlight could not enter. He instantly turned round to see if any body was in the ante-room: no one was visible, but the room was filled with a sort of twilight, that partially gleamed through the curtains into the bed-chamber, upon which he called to his servant, under the idea that it was he who came for something he had forgotten.—No answer—no footstep—no opening or shutting of the door. With increasing surprise he started up in his bed, gazing fixedly into the apartment,—and there stood his friend, Helsen, clothed in a long white garment, that seemed to wave in a magic halo. Though not so much alarmed as to lose any portion of his reasoning powers, still he was stricken with a mingled feeling of awe and terror: he again called to his servant; but the figure by signs admonished him to silence. Expectation was now wound up to the highest pitch—the vision spoke, and the voice was the voice of Helsen. A pause ensued, which to his terror was like the lapse of ages—again it spoke:—'Ringleben! after so long an absence!'—And the curtains were flung back, a light filled the chamber, and the apparition stood close beside him.

'Ringleben! Do you not know me?'

'I know you, Helsen!'

In an instant the supposed shadow embraced him with a grasp of substance, which indicated muscle and marrow; the hand that held his, held it so tightly in the fervor of the moment, that he was fain to cry out to be released, and needed no words to convince him that he was not dealing with an apparition: but when the spectral wonder had ceased, he became no less surprised to see the living friend than he had been before to see the dead one; a surprise that was readily and simply cleared up by the subsequent account of Helsen.

This event took place when the whole Austrian army was in motion, and its march brought Helsen, who was a quarter-master, into the neighbourhood of his friend, Ringleben. A desire to see the companion of his early days naturally awoke in his breast; and though his military occupations only allowed an absence of four-and-twenty hours, he immediately set off, and was admitted by the servant on the plea of an ancient intimacy. With a foolish but common love of exciting surprise, he requested the servant to bring him into his friend's chamber without introduction, and promised to be answerable for it with his master. Both crept softly into the ante-room, and had probably opened the door in the very minute that Ringleben turned himself towards the wall, and was first roused by the pale glimmer which evidently arose from a dark lantern carried by the servant, and which poured a faint light through the curtains. The strange shadowy appearance of the vision was referable to causes no less simple. It was Helsen's reflection in a mirror that he saw, not Helsen himself; and the white garment was nothing more than a mantle in the uniform of his regiment. The sign, which Ringleben had fancied addressed to himself, was, in fact, an order of silence to the servant, who threw back the curtains of the ante-room, which action was reflected in the glass: in short, all was attributable to obvious causes, that, under the circumstance of daylight and cool blood, could never have been mistaken.

THE MODERN CINDERELLA.

At the period in which the gay city of Bath had attained the zenith of its prosperity, and was the favorite haunt of that capricious goddess who has since nearly deserted the standard she had raised amid its splendid terraces, following many a peer and titled dame, the name of Albany Vallancey appeared in the pump-room book. The gentleman who owned this designation was the sole representative of an ancient and wealthy family, just entering upon that period

(previous to middle age) which is usually termed the prime of life; and, becoming a little tired of his usual pleasures and pursuits, he was beginning to ponder upon the expediency of providing himself with an elegant and rational companion, who might enliven the solitude of his country mansion. Of all places under the sun, if we except the grand mart at Constantinople, Bath appeared to be the best calculated for the accomplishment of his wishes, in presenting a boundless variety for his choice: the opportunity which public places afforded for introduction to any fair one whose person pleased his fancy, and the easy and constant intercourse which the society permitted, were also circumstances most favorable to his views.

Blessed with a handsome person, a well cultivated mind, and gentlemanlike manners, in addition to a very respectable rent-roll, Vallancey received the most flattering attention from all the matrons, and smiles of the sweetest graciousness from the majority of the single *belles* of his acquaintance. These distinctions, fanning those sparks of vanity which are inherent in every human breast, rendered him very fastidious in his taste: tolerably certain of being accepted whenever, and to whomsoever, he made his bow, and being of a steady and reflecting turn of mind, he determined upon the utmost scrupulosity in his choice; and an ankle a hair's breadth thicker than the standard of beauty permitted, the slightest tinge approximating to red that mingled with a tress of brilliant auburn, a tucker too liberally pared away, a defalcation of taste in the arrangement of colors or drapery, or a blemish discovered in the pedigree, were sufficient to destroy any prepossession which he might have entertained on a more distant survey. With regard to the endowments of the mind, he was still more particular. Every accomplishment, added to a perfect acquaintance with the *belles-lettres*, was insufficient, unless joined to sweetness of temper, strong sense, and lively spirits: the slightest indication of any unamiable feeling, or the most trifling inelegance in language, gesture, or deportment, was visited by the heavy punishment of his withdrawn admiration. Thus he vacillated amid the fairest flowers of the parterre, looking, liking, and leaving, until he was universally pronounced to be certainly not a marrying man.—Those extravagant pretensions are so common, that, though they may raise a smile, they will fail to excite astonishment.

With that self-delusion which leads men to scrutinize the qualifications and titles of others to esteem and admiration with a critic's eye, whilst they remain totally blind to their own imperfections, Vallancey was perfectly unconscious of the ridiculous arrogance that characterised his expectations; and, fancying his desires to be remarkably moderate, he hugged himself in the wisdom that secured him from becoming the dupe of *mediocre* beauty and superficial attractions. The Bath season was on the wane, and he began to be tired of lounging in the pump-room in the morning, flirting in the ball-room at night, encountering the same faces, listening to the same remarks, and meeting with the same disappointments in his search after perfection. One evening, languidly entering the assembly-rooms, without the slightest expectation of meeting with any thing more amusing than the common-places of the ball routine, he espied a young lady whom he supposed to be a new visitor. She happened to belong to the order of beauty that particularly pleased him; it was the style of countenance wherein sweetness was mingled with that nobility of feature which seemed to indicate high descent: her easy and well-proportioned figure was sufficiently above the middle height to claim the charm of dignity, yet too near it to awaken the apprehension that any accession of flesh (for Vallancey had always an eye to the probable alterations that time would make) would render it deserving the appellation of masculine. Anxious to discover whether the qualifications of her mind were in unison with the loveliness of her person, he procured, an introduction from the master of the ceremonies, and led her to the dance. Gifted with superior mental acquirements, she displayed her talents in a manner so elegant and unaffected, and supported her share in the conversation with such sportive vivacity, that his hitherto impenetrable heart was completely subdued: yet his usual habit of wariness prevented him from displaying the extent of his admiration; and his fair partner, unconscious of her conquest, laughed and chatted away apparently as free from suspicion, as she was guiltless of design. To some

pertinent questions which he put respecting her family, she replied carelessly, that her father was a merchant in Bristol, and that his name was Ravenscroft; and, when he expressed a hope that she intended to remain long at Bath, she informed him that she had only arrived in time to dress for the ball, and that a carriage was in waiting to convey her home. He left her for a moment to attend the summons of a friend, and ere his return she had vanished. He went to bed, his mind filled with her image, and whole ages gone in love; and, before morning, he had settled every thing to his own satisfaction. She was most assuredly the ninth statue of which he had been so long in search; and though the Bristol merchant did not sound so well as he could wish, still the objection which his pride suggested, his passion easily waved, as the younger branches of even noble families frequently engaged in trade. That she could boast of high extraction he could not doubt: it might be traced in every lineament of her majestic style of beauty. He thought of Venice and Genoa, of the ducal merchants of Florence, and dreamed of Tyrian purple, gold from Ophir, and bales of diamonds, and, above all, of his fascinating partner.

Unwilling to show too great eagerness in the pursuit, he constrained his inclination, and remained one day in Bath; but, the struggle only adding fuel to the flame, he left the giddy scenes of fashion, and sought out the most lonely spot in Prior-park for the indulgence of his meditations; and all the visionary ecstasies, attendant on the infant dream of love, showered down their roseate wreaths to bless his reverie. While he was seated on the moss-covered root of a tree, whose luxuriant branches, just budded into beauty, secured him from the fervid rays of a now powerful sun, every object combined to increase the luxurious sensations occasioned by profound quietude, when stealing on the senses of one lulled in the delicious slumbers of the mind, to whom fancy presented her loveliest and most delightful visions. The sloping sunbeams danced on the greensward, as the soft gale gently agitated the blossoms of the overhanging lime-trees; the wild honeysuckle wove its variegated coronets amid the snowy clusters of the hawthorn; the lurking violet betrayed its vicinity by its lavish odors, and the daisy and the primrose inlaid the emerald turf with studs of gold and silver: the distant bay of a shepherd's dog, and the cawing of a colony of rooks domiciliated in the venerable tower of Widcombe church, made wild music in the breeze; and the city of Bath lay spread at his feet, glittering in the sunshine like the palace of Aladdin. Hours flew away like minutes; and it was not until sensibly informed by a change in the atmosphere that the climate of England is not particularly favorable to such *al-fresco* enjoyments, that he thought of moving from the spot.

The next morning he mounted his horse, and took the road to Bristol. One of Fortune's spoiled children, the idea of a disappointment never entered his breast; the careless ease of Miss Ravenscroft's manners betokened a disengaged heart; and, accustomed to entertain a favorable opinion of himself, he doubted not that a little attention on his part would secure her affections. In this placid and self-satisfied state of mind, he was disposed to be pleased with every thing that met his view. When clear of the suburbs of the city, he paused to admire the gay plantations crowned with tasteful edifices, that rose crescent upon crescent like the hanging gardens of Babylon; and following the mazes of the Avon, which wound like a silver thread through luxuriant meadows, now hiding itself amid embowering alders, and now spreading into pools of liquid glass, he regretted not the absence of more prominent beauties in the scenery. On reaching the top of Keynsham-hill, a wider prospect opened to his view—an extensive tract of rich land gently undulated with verdant swells, and dotted with the sweetest feature of British landscape, the quiet sheltered village, sometimes only betrayed amid the luxuriant hedge-rows by a graceful wreath of smoke, the ruby gleams of a cottage casement reflecting the sunshine, or the simple spire of the parish church. A white vapor hanging mid-way in air plainly pointed out the hollow wherein the city of Bath is built; and on the heights of Claverton the serpentine waves of a bright yellow road, stretching upwards until it reaches the horizon, seemed a path that led to heaven. On a nearer approach to Brislington, the indications of its vicinity to a wealthy city became very apparent; stately mansions surrounded by extensive pleasure-grounds followed each other in quick succession; and, on quitting the

village, Bristol itself clothing the side of a hill, and more embellished with towers and steeples than its less ancient neighbour, formed a splendid and interesting object, presenting to the mind an idea of magnificence which its interior most cruelly disappoints. Vallancey soon became aware of many of the abominations of the place: Temple-street and all its horrors, outraging every sense, and wounding every nerve, burst upon him. The filth that darkened the old-fashioned mean-looking houses, and obscured the uneven pavement; the harsh grating of halliers loaded with bars of iron clanging with incessant dissonance; and the unsavory odors arising from the mixture of hides, tobacco, tallow, drugs, molasses, and rum, together with the sable suffocating drapery which every eddy beat down from the chimneys of glass-houses and sugar-refiners, seemed only comparable to the delectabilities of Pandemonium. Inexpressibly disgusted, he hastened through the narrow streets, anxious to escape from the contemplation of the riches of the city, so different from his previous ideas of merchandize, suggested perhaps by the description of the poet:

The freightage of the gallant argosy
Pours out its treasures on the crowded mart,
Purple, and crimson, woof of foreign looms,
The glittering carbuncle whom swarthy hands
Have dug from hidden mines in distant Ind,
The monarch of the forest's precious tusk,
Perfume, and golden dust, and tortoise-shell,
Damascus steel, and gums of Araby,
And stranger birds from tropic climes, and gems
Won from the crowns of eastern emperors.

He entered a street which properly should be denominated Broad-lane, and, pulling up his horse at the principal inn, inquired of the landlord where Mr. Ravenscroft the merchant lived. Mine host stared at the question, and promptly replied that no such person as Mr. Ravenscroft the *merchant* resided in Bristol; but that there was a very rich butcher of that name, a worthy neighbour of his in Christmas-street. Vallancey, scouting the idea which was thus insinuated, told Boniface that he must be in error; for that he was confident the name of the gentleman whom he inquired after was Ravenscroft, and that he was also a merchant. The pertinacious landlord still adhered to his assertion, called upon others to corroborate his statement, and finally produced a directory, in which only one Ravenscroft appeared, followed by the appellation of butcher. Unconvinced, yet not choosing to enter into a controversy with his host, Vallancey gave up the point, and, after ordering some refreshment, strolled towards Christmas-street, an indefinable feeling inducing him to take it in his route in a ramble for the purpose of prosecuting farther inquiries. The street was dark and dirty; and every successive story of the mean houses projected over the one beneath, until a space so narrow intervened between the opposite attics, that the inhabitants might join hands in friendly salutation. A little superior to its neighbours, Vallancey quickly espied the butcher's shop: the name of Ravenscroft, certainly not a common one, blazed over the door in gold letters, and he was a little staggered on perceiving delicate white shades to the drawing-room windows, and two rows of pots filled with choice spring flowers, supported upon shelves of green lattice. A handsome woman, about forty, stood apparently quite at home in the shop, beside a tall, stout, jolly-looking fellow, with a face as red and as broad as a round of beef. The man was of the ordinary description of butchers; but the face of the female, though less beautiful and dignified, forcibly reminded him of his Bath charmer. Impelled by the resemblance to seek instant conviction, he approached the private door: the trepidation of his frame caused him to knock slightly; a servant obeyed the summons, and replied to his question concerning Miss Ravenscroft, that she was at home, and, ignorant of the etiquette of visiting, suffered him to ascend the stairs alone. He opened the door of the drawing-room, but advanced not beyond the threshold; for, arrayed in an elegant undress, and busily employed in putting the last tints to a basket of roses, sate the identical lady with whom he had danced at the ball. Uttering a faint exclamation as she raised her head and perceived her visitor, the fair Cinderella, covered with confusion, blushed the deepest crimson, and in another second the rich suffusion deserted her cheek, and left it of a deadly paleness. Highly offended, stung at his disappointment, and mortified by the conviction that he had erred most egregiously in his judgement, Vallancey cast an indignant glance towards her, muttered almost indistinctly 'A butcher's daughter!' and, turning on his heel, made

the best of his way down stairs, nor paused for an instant, until he regained his inn. He tried to laugh at his adventure; but the joke was too serious; and, every moment becoming more angry, he began to think himself exceedingly ill used. It was impossible to get rid of the subject of his annoyance; for the image of Miss Ravenscroft in all her accomplished loveliness haunted his imagination. Accustomed to extinguish every flame kindled by bright eyes upon the slightest disgust, he was astonished at his own feelings. The tenacity with which a butcher's daughter held her place in his heart alarmed his pride. Unacquainted with the subtleties of love, he sought a remedy in resentment, which was only to be found in indifference; and, without reflecting upon the impropriety of indulging his anger, he called for pen and ink, and wrote a wrathful letter.

'Madam, I make no apology for my intrusion on your privacy this morning; but lest my visit may prove a subject of triumph, and encouragement in the practice of those deceptive arts which led me to seek the cultivation of your acquaintance under a ridiculous delusion, I briefly inform you, that, had you candidly and honestly confessed to me the trade and occupation of your father, whom you falsely represented as a Bristol merchant, I would have overlooked the disgrace of the connexion, and have raised you to a station above any hope or expectation you could reasonably entertain. • Let the knowlege that this act of moral turpitude has for ever deprived you of the affections of a gentleman and a man of honor be a lesson for the regulation of your future conduct; and I shall the less regret that you have made a dupe of Albany Vallancey.'

Dissatisfied with himself, and disgusted with others, the discomfited lover scarcely allowed his horse time to breathe ere he remounted, and commenced his journey homewards. A short interval had strangely altered the frame of his mind.

In vain the teeming earth bloomed redolent
An Eden of delight; he saw no charm
In green enamel'd meads and budding flowers;
He heard no music in the humming bee,
Felt not the purity of the soft air
Breathing delicious odors.——

The blank was in his soul; he cantered back in no very enviable mood; and the next morning he prepared to quit Bath. Calling at the post-office, he found a letter addressed to him in a female hand, bearing the Bristol post-mark. The contents ran thus.

'Placed in a very delicate situation, I am aware that you may construe my reply to your note into a continuation of those deceptive arts of which you are pleased to accuse me; yet, however painful the idea of such an imputation may be, the conscious feeling of my perfect innocence of any design save that which I avow has emboldened me to make a trifling effort to clear myself from those heavy charges which you have brought against me. Rendered by the refinements of education (the mistaken gift of a too indulgent father) unable to take pleasure in the society of my equals, I was sometimes induced to vary the monotony of an almost conventual life by occasional excursions to Bath. In these visits amusement was my sole object; and, had your manner betrayed the least symptom of any sentiment beyond common gallantry, I should have guarded my name and the place of my residence from your knowlege with the most jealous care: but, considering you in the light of a casual acquaintance, to whom no mark of confidence could be due, I answered heedlessly, and certainly without the slightest intention of inducing you to seek a second interview; neither did my vanity suggest the possibility of your making a journey to Bristol upon such vague information; nor can you reasonably condemn me for withholding a confession, that might have subjected me to the obloquy and disgrace of an immediate dismission from the ball-room, and have effectually prevented me from the future enjoyment of what I deemed an innocent gratification. The bitter censure which you have passed upon my conduct has led me to consider my intrusion into polished society in a very painful point of view; and, though I must feel that you have judged me harshly and most unmercifully, I am not too proud to receive a lesson that has taught me the folly at least of seeking to rise above the situation in which it has pleased Heaven to place me. I earnestly beg you to believe that I have not endeavoured to vindicate myself from a desire to deprecate your resentment; but if at any future period cool consideration should induce you to view my errors in a less reprehensible light, be assured that though I feel deeply

wounded by the severity of your censure, no sentiment of anger has dictated the reply of your obedient servant, Emily Ravenscroft.'

Vallancey read this letter fifty times before he could arrive at any conclusion; and then, unwilling to confess that he had formed at least an uncharitable judgement, he enclosed the paper in his pocket-book, and resolved to think no more about it,—a determination that availed him little; for every butcher's shop that he passed upon the road served as a memento, and, on his arrival in London, an accidental rencontre with a tray filled with raw meat was sufficient to revive unpleasant recollections; nor could he see one of the Bristol stage-coaches without an odd feeling at his heart; yet, notwithstanding the recurrence of these unerring symptoms, his pride would not permit him to allow that he could be in love. A restless wanderer from one place of public amusement to another, flying from his own thoughts, and unable to endure the restraints of private society, he left London in a few weeks, and sought the retirement of his country house, as a last resource; but this expedient failed to tranquillize his mind. Constantly perusing Emily Ravenscroft's mild letter, she perpetually rose before him clad in those soft and exquisite graces which he had never before beheld in such perfection; the hurried glance that he had cast round her apartment in Christmas-street, in despite of his perturbation, had revealed to him a hundred proofs of the elegance and splendor of her intellectual attainments. The walls were covered with the drawings of a masterly pencil; every place whereon a shelf could be hung was crouded with books; a harp and piano-forte likewise formed part of the decorations, and the simple and tasteful style of the furniture he had seldom seen equaled in more magnificent abodes. Though her voluntary prison, for such Emily's letter seemed to infer it would be, was thus profusely supplied with the means of beguiling numberless solitary hours, Vallancey could not help regretting that a creature so eminently gifted with the power of imparting and enjoying the pleasures of refined society should be for ever debarred from forming the bond of friendship, or claiming the courtesies of acquaintance with beings at all resembling herself; yet the indomitable pride of his disposition, mingled with an obstinate determination to subdue the inclination that had rebelled against his judgement, still prevented him from transplanting this fair flower to a more congenial soil; and, continuing to hope that change of scene would bring peace to his mind, he commenced a tour to the coast.

The feelings of Cinderella, as she was wont in sport to call herself, had undergone a complete revolution. The wealth of her father, supplying the place of the fairy talisman, had enabled her to enjoy many amusements which seemed to be beyond her reach; and, young and light-hearted, she did not sufficiently consider the consequences that would accrue from the over-refinement of her mind, and her indulgence in tastes and fancies forbidden by the customs of the world to the followers of her father's vulgar occupation. Vallancey's visit and letter opened her eyes to all the horrors of her situation. She could no longer take delight in any of those pleasures which had formerly constituted the greatest charm of her existence; and she now only desired to shut herself up for ever from the eye of the world. Too much attached to her parents to wound them by uttering complaints, and too thankful to Heaven for the blessings that she still enjoyed to encourage discontented feelings, she devoted all her time to her books, music, and drawings; but inward grief preyed upon her mind, and the depressing reflections which she suffered not to appear injured her health and wasted her frame. Her father watched with heart-felt sorrow the gradual decay of those roses which were wont to bloom so richly on her cheek; it was in vain that he selected the finest sweetbreads, and the most delicate calves'-feet, pared away all the fat from the mutton-chops, cut the choicest morsels fr[illegible] sirloin, and exhorted his wife to exhaust all her culinary art in the preparation: Emily had lost her appetite. With tears in his eyes, and declaring that if she could eat gold she should have it, he entreated the meek sufferer to tell him what he could do to make her happy. Touched by her father's distress, and anxious to leave no method untried that promised to restore the sweet serenity of her early days, she told him that she thought a visit to the sea-side, where she could better enjoy the benefits of air and exercise than in the closely built city of Bristol, would be of infinite service to

her health and spirits. Eagerly snatching at this opportunity to oblige her, the kind-hearted butcher only stipulated that during her absence from the substantial products of his shop, she should be careful not to lose the little flesh she had left by living upon fish, which he always declared to be poor unprofitable stuff. His wealth easily procured for her the society and protection of an elderly well-educated woman in reduced circumstances, and she was soon comfortably settled in a cottage in the vicinity of Tenby. Infinitely more cheerful and happy than when the ensigns of her father's trade continually presented themselves to her view, she almost lived in the open air, avoiding only the public promenade, and secluding herself at those hours which the few visitors assembled at Tenby considered most fashionable for walking exercise; yet in changing the scene, and in increasing her amusements, she was surprised to find a sentiment of melancholy still lingering at her heart. With such abundant reason to accuse Vallancey of injustice, and even the more reprehensible fault of unnecessary severity in his strictures on a female, the emotions which he raised in her breast were so nearly allied to tenderness, that, in all her reflections upon his conduct, she could not prevail upon herself to pronounce that condemnation, which in point of fact he so justly merited. Exalted in her estimation far above the rest of his sex, her excellent sense proved insufficient to repel her regret that the misfortune of her birth had deprived her for ever of the hope of engaging the affections of a gentleman, who was inclined to admire her, and whose natural endowments and acquired accomplishments realized every fanciful idea that her youthful imagination had created.

[illegible] second time to divert his thoughts by the amusements of public places, Vallancey spent the summer in migrating from the different resorts of fashion; but, bearing that within him which poisoned all his enjoyments, he suddenly withdrew from society, with the intention of making a solitary tour in South Wales. The situation of Tenby particularly pleased him; and, taking up his quarters at the principal inn, he determined to spend the remainder of the autumn there. His chief delight consisted in rambling upon the shore; and, a short time after his arrival, he observed a lady who appeared to sympathise with him in his taste for retirement; she however contrived to keep so wide a space between them in their walks, that he could only remark the superior elegance of her figure. Curiosity induced him to seek a nearer view; and, although he was repeatedly baffled, a determination to succeed excited him to fresh attempts. One morning he took his measures so well, that, in turning the corner of a projecting rock, they met on a pathway so narrow that they were both compelled to pause. Motionless with astonishment, Albany Vallancey and Emily Ravenscroft stood for a moment gazing upon each other. The gentleman, first recovering from his surprise, gently detained his fair companion, as she attempted to make a rapid retreat. 'Even though my presumption,' said he, 'should appear to be an aggravation of my offence in the eyes of Miss Ravenscroft, I cannot suffer this opportunity to escape without making an effort to apologise for the rash letter which in a moment of unjust irritation I dared to address to the loveliest and mildest of her sex. My conduct was inexcusable, and I will not attempt to palliate it. Can you, will you, generously accept my contrition, and pronounce my pardon?'—More astonished by the change in his sentiments than at his unexpected appearance, Emily replied in a tone which was scarcely audible, yet not with such coldness as to extinguish all hope of her disposition to forgive; and, more deeply in love than ever, Vallancey pleaded his passion so powerfully, that the gentle Cinderella, equally merciful with her fair prototype, rewarded the sincerity of his repentance by consenting to become his wife.

The honest butcher of Bristol, though delighted at obtaining a gentleman for his son-in-law, respected the prejudices of society too much to render the affinity a source of mortification to the husband of his darling; and, wisely imagining that his presence at Vallancey's country mansion would produce more pain than pleasure to all parties, he only stipulated for an annual visit from his daughter at his own residence in Christmas-street.

THE WINTER EVENING'S FIRE-SIDE.—A RHAPSODY.

When a lover is on the eve of returning to a mistress, from whom he has for months been separated, how quickening

and inflammable is his sensibility. How he chuckleth as the mile-posts in his path 'come like shadows, so depart,' or, like friends who have welcome news to communicate, inform him with their intelligent faces that he is about three hundred and twenty poles nearer the *summum bonum* of his existence. But when his cottage (the most orthodox tenement for your genuine inamorato) appears in sight; when he sees, for the first time, the thin blue smoke hang its domestic drapery round his chimney; when he hears his watch-dog 'bay deep-mouthed welcomes,' while he turns up the well-known path; how the heart of the wanderer leapeth within him! How his plastic fancy effaces the tedious months of separation, and shapeth its imaginings into the last well remembered embrace of his mistress! In like manner, courteous reader, do I feel when the misty twilight comes hand in hand with winter. Each lengthening day is to me a lover's milestone, and tells me that I am a day nearer heaven. As I advance towards October, I begin to indulge in the most cozy anticipations. A fire-side is the mistress to whose *ardent* embraces I consider myself as journeying, and in whose witching company I shall forget myself—the world—every thing in short—but the poker. The first cold day of October is, in consequence, the idol of my adoration. The coal-merchant is my high priest; the coal-skuttle the holy vase that contains my incense; and the stove the altar on which I sacrifice a *burnt-offering* to my deity. How I triumph when the fogs, those livery servants of winter, afford me a decent excuse for lighting up a *conflagration*, (oh! call it not fire) in my snug bachelor's parlour. How eagerly my fancy clings to the first frosts (as a pick-pocket clingeth adhesively to the coat-skirts of some witless pedestrian), and forgets in their approach the months that have elapsed since their evanishment.

In this exclusive partiality for winter I confess an unfortunate singularity of taste. Spring and summer, I well know, are your orthodox seasons, when flowers and rivulets are in fashion; when the nightingale complains by night, and poets pelt her with sonnets, and the truant darkness has run away to keep company with winter. But I am no poet, and would rather that these romantic seasons 'should live in description and look green in song,' than annoy me with their palpable realities. With respect, however, to their flowers, I must acknowlege an amiable weakness in favor of a well-dressed cauliflower; and as for rivulets, I respect them, provided they be qualified with whiskey, and baptized by the compound appellative of punch. But my complaisance will carry me no farther; for although I was once entrapped into a summer evening walk by the perusal of that arch poet and deer-stealer Master William Shakspeare, yet after being bogged, belated, benighted, and begrimed with dirt, for the apocryphal pleasure of seeing a sunset from the mountains, I purchased only an expensive rheumatism, which even now twingeth me for my picturesque indiscretion. From that day to the present, I have transferred my affections to winter; to that sociable season when the heart is open and the door is shut; when the feelings are as warm as the fire; when the musical tea-kettle (the St. Cecilia of the drawing-room) uplifteth her stave upon the stove, and every thing around us speaks of punch and pleasure, coziness and chit-chat.

Having premised thus generally upon the comforts of winter, I shall descend to more grateful particulars: I shall suppose (dramatically speaking) that the scene of enjoyment is London; time A. D. **, after dinner; season, Christmas. Well then, the cloth and its appurtenances being removed, and the wine placed upon the table, the pleasant labor of stirring an outrageous conflagration commences. To me, this is an important process; a thing whereon I display much critical acumen. The poker, I contend, should be cunningly thrust into the lower bar, and, when fairly 'emboweled' in the blazing Vesuvius of the hearth, should be lifted with progressive caution. By these means the coals are coaxed, as it were, and brightened into smiles; the dingy smoke evanisheth, and a radiant curling flame springs forth, illumining the twilight with brisk and artificial sunshine. This effected, the table is drawn towards the stove, and as the hour is too dark for reading, the mind has leisure to live over again its vanished enjoyments, and to be inoculated with the memory of the past. I know no season of the year, no time of the day, that so strongly disposes the heart to reflection as a winter twilight. Seated in an arm-chair by a brilliant fire, too lazy and luxurious for exertion,

we take refuge from the laborious present in the pleasurable past. The external aspect of the weather presents no attraction capable of diverting our attention, and the creeping dusk, while it steals with noiseless ghost-like pace athwart the horizon, induces a correspondent sentiment of gloom, which the comfort that reigns around us is sure to mellow into melancholy. Touch but one chord of an instrument, and the whole room will vibrate to the sound. In like manner our memory, when once fairly roused, comes rushing with overwhelming force upon the mind. The visions of vanished years pass in gorgeous majesty before us; youth again showers her roses upon our heads; and love, not as yet proved an illusion, sheds her mild, moonlight radiance upon the vista of the future.

Or (setting egotism apart) shall we turn our thoughts to the volume that we have been reading in the morning, and which now lies open on the table? Be it so: the shadowy twilight will serve to strengthen our illusion, and, borne on 'the unfettered wings of imagination,' we will wander with Prospero through his enchanted island, or assist with Miranda in carrying logs (most appropriate task, for our fire grows dull), while Ferdinand raves of love beside her. 'Hah! the spell works bravely;'—the very drawing-room begins to change itself into an island, and the shadowy coal-skuttle, that stands in sombre state in yon remote corner, assumes the gaunt appearance of Caliban; and see, even while we gaze with vacant earnestness on the fire (the enchanted cell, we should say) the very poker is making to itself wings, and assuming with 'tricksy tenuity' the sylphid form of Ariel. But hark! is that the din of servants below stairs? Presupposition! No—it is the stentorian voice of Caliban, as he addresses the superstitious mariners with 'Be not afraid, this isle is full of noises'—or shall our fancy, more discreet and sober in its flights, waft us to the Boar's-head, Eastcheap, where Falstaff sits sipping his sack, and weaving his corpulent and interminable falsehoods. Even while we direct our attention towards him, the wished-for transformation is effected. Then, in that high-backed, old-fashioned, leathern elbow-chair, with 'fiery snouted' Bardolph on one side, Poins on the other, and the future hero of Agincourt in busy chat with 'ancient Pistol,' sits our old tavern chum, 'sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant being as he is old Jack Falstaff.' There too, by that dark panneled door, from which you may gain a chance peep of the redoubted animal that swings so fiercely from his sign-post, stands mine hostess Quickly with tongue newly tuned and clappered for a quarrel. Behold her Amazonian wrath! see how she setteth her arms a-kimbo until the 'tun of man' himself, who 'hath lost his voice by halloing and singing of anthems,' even 'portly and plump Jack,' shrinketh abashed from her virtuous choler. Lo! she presenteth him a bill; a longitudinous sum total of unpaid items, to wit, sack, two gallons; bread, a halfpenny. She twitteth him besides for his ingratitude, she remindeth him of having bought 'twelve shirts for his back,' for which she now claims his promise of espousal. But hear how he rebutteth the charge; 'Hostess,' he exclaims, 'thou knowest in the days of innocency Adam fell, and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villany? Thou seeth I have more flesh than any other man, and consequently more frailty. But go—make ready breakfast, and thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason.'—Or, shall our fancy waft us to some retired little village, like that of Three-mile-cross, for instance, which is so prettily described in our last number, where the women never grow old, and the men are always handsome. In a thought it is done. Already we seem to behold the radical blacksmith, the shoemaker's child-loving girl,' the 'tidy red square cottage on the right hand,' and the beautiful common of Shinfield, dotted with clusters of cottages, and stretching away to an immeasurable distance. Beyond it, lies the high road to Swallowfield, where blooms a genuine exotic in the shape and likeness of a good old English yeoman. He is a miller to boot; the exact counterpart of that other vivacious miller, who 'cracked his voice' in roaring catches with Robin Hood. Without doubt, he is of the same sylvan family. 'There is a river in Macedon,' says Fluellyn, when proving the relationship of Alexander with Henry V., and there is also a river at Monmouth, and there are salmons in both.' I wish, however, that our miller had been born in Sherwood forest, if it

were only to give a greater likelihood to the descent. There he stands at the door of his little woodbine cottage, picturesquely accoutred in shooting gaiters, fishing jacket, and a hat of an apocryphal description. How bland and open-hearted he seemeth; the wayfaring beggar pauseth as he draws near to make the bow which is never made in vain. Even the clergyman treateth him with respect; for, be it known, that in his mill-head alone may be realized the apostolical and miraculous draught of fishes. These are idle reveries, gentle reader, but, in the lowly opinion of him who addresseth you, they form a pleasurable and indispensable part of a winter twilight. In that luxurious interval between dinner and tea, the fancy, though slumberously averse to the present, is always awake to the past. Then it is, that castles in the air, reared on a well-woven fabric of imagination, and lighted up with transparencies of the past, are your only substantial architecture.

But alas! even romance itself must fall, for the hour of tea approaches. Draw the curtains then, close the shutters, and heap on mountains of coals,

> 'Till of this *fire* an *Ætna* you have made,
> To o'ertop Pelion or the skyey head
> Of old Olympus.'

'Tis done; and the midnight lamp, the only genuine Aurora Borealis, already flickers with modest brilliancy athwart the room; and see our servant, the identical '*ancilla*' of Xanthus, is bringing in the goodly tea-urn. Only listen to its hosannahs. Hark! how it singeth its songs by steam, and dieth away in a flourish of demi-semi-quavers. It is a pastoral, domestic, and uncaged songster. The nightingale and the tea-urn; pleasant association! the one is the poet of summer, the other of winter, and both sing by night. Fashion, however, has contrived to discard even this innocent vocalist, and yet dares to profess an admiration of music. It listens to the quavers of Braham, yet derideth the notes of the tea-urn.

For ourselves we conceive this to be a senseless innovation of taste, and can no more do without our old friend, than we can do without our fourth cup of bohea. Inestimable however as is its company, we must now tear ourselves away from its society and return to some favorite author, until the supper hour approaches. I have not much room for a rhapsody on this brief interval. Suffice it to say, that if we are alone, it is spent in reading; but if we have a sociable friend beside us (a phenomenon in these *enlightened* times) it may be past in *nonsensical* chit-chat, the only conversation, by the by, to which it is worth while to listen. Englishmen in general are terrible pedants. If they be merchants, they are sure to entrap each stray thought into the service of commerce—if lawyers, their sentences are weighed with the accuracy of a brief; and if devoted to literature, they are apt to smell of the lamp, and to place their minds in th stocks of pedantry. This will never do for a fire-side. We require a companion in his intellectual deshabille, not tricked out in the prim starchness of learning. If his mind be in its full dress, let him show it off at some conversazione; but if he seats himself by our bachelor's fire-side, let him put up with the peculiarities of a bachelor.

I now come to the important consideration of supper; and beg leave to seat my readers once again by their blazing stove, with a sociable chum beside them. I suppose a reverential bowl of whiskey punch to be smoking on the table, and kept in countenance by a snuff-box, which, if of the right sort, is by no means to be sneezed at. I suppose also, that the watchman is bawling half-past ten o'clock; that the wind howls against the casement, and that the season is just severe enough to enable us with added relish to conclude our winter evening's fire-side. Our friend too is of the right quality, lively, versatile, communicative, and increasing in flavour in an equal ratio with the liquor. Can any thing be finer than this? There is sentiment as well as sugar in a genuine glass of whiskey; it improves both body and soul, and as we undo our mind and our shoes, and discard the reserve of intellect, we feel the full force of its inspiration. How we bandy pleasantries with each other, pile load upon load of jolly exaggerations, banter the wrinkled face of learning, and 'hold dazzling fence with care.' How the sinuous stream of our conversation windeth through the miry fields of politics, the wildernesses of criticism, the rich meads of poesy, and the subterranean *vineyards* of the 'New London Wine Company,' reflecting as it flows

the sunshine of good humour and amusement.

But hark! even in the midst of our chit-chat, the sweet voice of minstrelsy is heard. Listen! it is the good old Christmas carol, the very strain that used to warn Ben Jonson home, when with Masters Beaumont and Fletcher, and the other glorious wits of the age, morning overtook him at the Mermaid. Again—oh! how beautiful was that last long-drawn cadence; now melting in softness, and now dying away on the thin frosty air. It warns us to conclude our orgies, for the hour of midnight is past, the grey dawn already glimmers in at the shutter chinks, and the very fire seems inclined to go to sleep. Well then, one more chirruping glass (for heaven's sake, let it be a bumper), and we will take the hint and retire. By the by, what a terribly cold job is this same business of retiring. What magnanimity, what presence of mind, doth it not require to enable us to sustain the nipping inconvenience of adjourning from a warm drawing-room, to a chilly congelated chamber. Talk of the North Pole indeed! Commend me to a frosty bedroom with icicles peeping in at the window, for your only true insufferable cold;—and then the chilly sheets, innocent of the embraces of a warming-pan. Can any glacier be colder? Think you that the whaler who wintereth in Greenland suffers more than the philosopher, who, like myself for instance, goeth to bed without a warming-pan?

The sense of cold is most in apprehension,
And the poor wretch without his bed well warmed,
In corporal sufferance, feels a pang as great
As he who sails with Parry to the Pole.

Courteous reader! you and I have now spent our winter evening together; but as it is half-past three o'clock, by the old-fashioned time-piece that ticks on my sideboard, it is fit that we should both retire. My night has, I assure you, been spent much to my satisfaction, although I am somewhat afraid that the pleasure has been exclusively *selfish*, and that in the progress of this egotistical unconnected rhapsody you have found me but an indifferent companion. Be it so; I am at the best a mere bachelor; and being unused to the polished society of the Lady's Magazine, am somewhat aukward at an introduction. To say the truth, women are a cut above me both in mind and manner. My recollections are not of a 'boarding-school' nature: and I am moreover guilty of wearing a wig, to which is attached an inordinate length of queue. These, it must be confessed, are melancholy facts, and plead strangely against my admission into any female coteries.

But a truce to digression; the grey dawn wears apace, and though it be somewhat inappropriate at this hour of the morning, I must wish you, courteous reader, '*good night.*' May no ugly nightmare (yclept by the erudite an incubus) sit grinning upon your chest; but may Somnus lay his ebon wand so lightly upon your eye-lids, that you may rise on the morrow with an inclination to spend another evening with the rhapsodist, when he shall again project an invitation in the pages of the Lady's Magazine.

ENTAIL, OR THE LAIRDS OF GRIPPY.

THE unprecedented success of the Scotch novels has, of late, called forth a whole host of imitators, each of whom, according to his respective claims, follows in the train of his great master. The taste of the day now runs decidedly in favor of Scotland, for, with the magnificent exception of Anastasius, there has scarcely been one novel of any note that, for the last few years, has not had the Highlands for its scene of action. So popular is this mania, that even the periodical literature of both countries is more or less inoculated with it, and the hard, ill-favored Scotch idiom haunts the reader in every page of our leading magazines, at least as much as the lottery puffs in the newspapers. Now this, as honest Dogberry has it, 'is most tolerable, and not to be endured.' Scotland, its antiquities, and its superstitions, may be interesting enough to the clannish feelings of a native; but to cram them down the throats of an inoffensive public through the influence of puffs and advertisements, is a violation of the established laws of decorum. These animadversions are somewhat reluctantly extorted from us by the novel of the 'Entail,' a late infliction of three vols. duodecimo. More exclusively Scottish, both in its prejudices, its sentiments, and its descriptions, than any other fiction that has for years preceded it; it possesses but few incidents capable of

interesting the feelings or fancy of a dispassionate English public. What its courteous dedication may do for it we cannot pretend to say; but in the perusal of its pages we are strongly impressed with the fact, that though a loyal gentleman may probably write good books, it by no means follows that he should write them because he is a loyalist.

The principal figurantes in the 'Entail' are a romantic pedlar, Claud Walkinshaw, (who is seized with an enthusiastic whim of redeeming the mortgaged estates of his ancestors, and entailing them on his descendants); his wife, a well-meaning gentlewoman, by name Girzy Hypel; her three sons, to wit, an idiot, a knave, and a visionary; a couple of honest attorneys, (the most improbable part of the story), and the children's children of the aforesaid pedlar *in secula seculorum*. Properly speaking, the work is not so much a novel as a genealogy; not so much a pleasing fiction, as a journal of common-place occurrences. The characters contained in it are certainly described with minute attention to fidelity; yet who, (except a tailor), will feel interested in the cut of a pedlar's coat, or the arrangement of an idiot's pantaloons? We do not mean any disrespect to the author, who, by all accounts, is an amiable and intelligent man; but really this perpetual straining after the most frivolous fidelity is insufferable. How different with all its localities is the talent of the Great Unknown! His characters, to whatever country they may belong, are still formed on the broad basis of human feelings; and even his most visionary and exaggerated caricatures are framed of 'such penetrable stuff,' that the whole world may feel in unison with them. The characters in the 'Entail,' on the contrary, are the creatures not of feeling but of prejudice; and even that is of the most confined and local nature. The pedlar, for instance, has but one governing principle (in which his tenants alone can sympathise), that of redeeming his ancestral property; and his son, the idiot, has sense and feeling only for one woman, Betty Bodle, who gave him a *striking* proof of her affection, by boxing his ears on their wedding day. Even this sensibility is productive of so much shrewd selfishness in the natural, that we quit him with an unmixed feeling of disgust, respecting however his intellect more than that of any other personage in the 'Entail.'

Having animadverted thus briefly on its defects, it is time that we should proceed to notice the excellencies of the volume. These appear to consist principally in an intimate but uninviting acquaintance with the lower classes of Scotish peasantry; a spirited description of scenery, and an occasional causticity of observations. The style, where it is English, is animated and eloquent; but a translation of the crabbed *Erse dialect* would be a very appropriate appendage to a second edition. Occasionally too, there is a stroke of pathos that produces an almost electric effect upon the reader, as for instance, where the old pedlar on quitting the village church, the Sunday after his son's funeral, treads accidentally upon his grave in the chancel, and the grand-child innocently exclaims 'it's papa, dinna tramp on him.'—Oh! si sic omnia.

In addition to this simple touch of nature, we may venture to extract the passage, in which the idiot Walter reveals to his father the circumstance of his wife's death, as it is both justly and tenderly written.

'When he (Walter) arrived within a few paces of the bench, he halted, and looked, with such an open and innocent sadness, that even the heart of his father, which so shortly before was as inert to humanity as case-hardened iron, throbbed with pity, and was melted to a degree of softness and compassion, almost entirely new to its sensibilities.

'What 's the matter wi' thee, Watty?' said he, with unusual kindliness. The poor natural, however, made no reply,—but continued to gaze at him with the same inexpressible simplicity of grief.

'Hast t'ou lost ony thing, Watty?'—I dinna ken,' was the answer, followed by a burst of tears.

'Surely something dreadfu' has befallen the lad,' said Claud to himself, alarmed at the astonishment of sorrow with which his faculties seemed to be bound up.

'Can t'ou no tell me what has happened, Watty?'

In about the space of half a minute, Walter moved his eyes slowly round, as if he saw and followed something which filled him with awe and dread. He then

suddenly checked himself, and said, 'It's naething; she's no there.'

'Sit down beside me, Watty,' exclaimed his father, alarmed; 'sit down beside me, and compose thysel.'

'Walter did as he was bidden, and stretching out his feet, hung forward in such a posture of extreme listlessness and helpless despondency, that all power of action appeared to be withdrawn.

'Claud rose, and believing he was only under the influence of some of those silly passions to which he was occasionally subject, moved to go away, when he looked up, and said,—

'Father, Betty Bodle's dead!—My Betty Bodle's dead!'

'Dead!' said Claud, thunderstruck.

'Ay, father, she's dead! My Betty Bodle's dead.'

'Dost t'ou ken what t'ou's saying?' But Walter, without attending to the question, repeated, with an accent of tenderness still more simple and touching,—

'My Betty Bodle's dead! She's awa up aboon the skies yon'er, and left me a wee wee baby;' in saying which, he again burst into tears, and rising hastily from the bench, ran wildly back towards the Divethill-house, whither he was followed by the old man, where the disastrous intelligence was confirmed, that she had died in giving birth to a daughter.'

The conduct of the natural, on the morning of his wife's funeral, is conceived with the same graphic skill, though the squabble that immediately afterwards takes place between father and son is both revolting and superfluous. The first part, as being the most pleasing, we shall present to our readers.

'The sorrow of Walter, after he had returned home, assumed the appearance of a calm and settled melancholy. He sat beside the corpse with his hands folded and his head drooping. He made no answer to any question; but as often as he heard the infant's cry, he looked towards the bed, and said, with an accent of indescribable sadness, 'My Betty Bodle!'

'When the coffin arrived, his mother wished him to leave the room, apprehensive, from the profound grief in which he was plunged, that he might break out into some extravagance of passion, but he refused; and, when it was brought in, he assisted with singular tranquillity in the ceremonial of the coffining. But when the lid was lifted and placed over the body, and the carpenter was preparing to fasten it down for ever, he shuddered for a moment from head to foot; and, raising it with his left hand, he took a last look of the face, removing the veil with his right, and touching the sunken cheek as if he had hoped still to feel some ember of life; but it was cold and stiff.

'She's clay noo,' said he.—'There's nane o' my Betty Bodle here.'

'And he turned away with a careless air, as if he had no farther interest in the scene. From that moment his artless affections took another direction; he immediately quitted the death-room, and, going to the nursery where the infant lay asleep in the nurse's lap, he contemplated it for some time, and then, with a cheerful and happy look and tone, said,—'It's a wee Betty Bodle; and it's my Betty Bodle noo.' And all his time and thoughts were thenceforth devoted to this darling object, insomuch that, when the hour of the funeral was near, and he was requested to dress himself to perform the husband's customary part in the solemnity, he refused, not only to quit the child, but to have any thing to do with the burial.'

At the close of each volume, we find a long catalogue of works that the author of the 'Entail' has written, and that Mr. Blackwood either has or intends to publish. Were we in the course of this review to speculate upon the chances of their success, as the editor of Blackwood's Magazine has somewhat superfluously done in his article on Werner, as regards Mr. Murray's forthcoming publications, we should say that of the 'Entail,' he might probably sell five hundred, (with strenuous puffing, at least), and of Pen Owen, almost as many. 'The System of Chemistry' might be useful perhaps in wrapping up the articles it recommends.—'*The third edition* of Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk,'—might be limited to his relations, and 'Sir Andrew Wylie, of that Ilk,'—be read in 'that Ilk' alone. But this is an unfair mode of proceeding, and though Blackwood's Magazine has justified the example, we shall content ourselves with expressing a mild but decided dissent.

Fine Arts.

A SKETCH OF THE PROGRESS OF THE FINE ARTS IN GREAT BRITAIN DURING THE PRESENT CENTURY.

The progress of the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture, has, in all states and ages, been found nearly parallel with the march of civilization. England, it is true, during nearly two centuries, appeared an exception; for rich as our Augustan age was in warriors, statesmen, poets, and philosophers, we could not boast of an equal rank with our neighbours in the fine arts; and the Webbs and Winckelmans of the day, with equal candour and wisdom, attributed this deficiency to the state of our atmosphere; but the rapid advancement of British art during the last fifty years, will induce us to search for other and more rational causes of our former slow progress.

The fine arts can only be cherished and reach their growth in the most refined, and we fear we must add, the most luxurious state of civil society, and England was too long almost exclusively engaged in civil, religious, or foreign warfare, to foster the arts of peace, and her breathing-times were given to the cultivation of agriculture, commerce, and useful improvements. Our unfortunate monarch Charles I. was an ardent lover of the fine arts, and might, under happier circumstances, have become the Lorenzo or Leo of his day; but the infuriated fanatics, who led him to the scaffold, trampled upon all the refinements and elegancies of life. The fine collection of pictures belonging to that unhappy prince, containing many of the best works of Rubens and Vandyke, were sold by auction, and became the property of the various cabinets of Europe; and it was not till the reign of George III. that the fine arts were again fostered by a king of Great Britain: to this excellent monarch we owe the existence of the British school.

In or about the year 1767 the king communicated his gracious intention of founding the Royal Academy to the late venerable president, Mr. West, and some other leading artists of the time, and committed to them its formation and management: the illustrious Reynolds was appointed the first president, and for nearly thirty years continued, in that distinguished station, to advance the best interests of the Royal Academy, by his rare talents as a painter, his admirable lectures to the students, and the general urbanity of his manners. The late Mr. West succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds in the president's chair, and by the merit and number of his works added to the character and dignity of the academy.

The names of Reynolds, West, Wilson, and Gainsborough, some of the earliest members of the Royal Academy, will confer immortal honour on that institution *. If we are rightly informed, the academy has not received any pecuniary grant whatever from the state, and their present flourishing finances are the result of their unassisted efforts. The ministers of this country had been so long and so deeply plunged in war and politics, that they had neither means nor leisure to assist the fine arts, which were therefore left to struggle without a helping hand till the commencement of the present century, when a few patriotic noblemen and gentlemen were very anxious to give some effective assistance to the exertions of the British artists, from a conviction, that notwithstanding the Royal Academy had done so much towards the advancement of the arts, yet the public patronage and encouragement did not keep pace with, or do justice to, their efforts. Impressed with these feelings, a party of noble amateurs met, for the first time, at Mr. West's house, in Newman-street, and arranged that excellent society the British Institution.

The British Institution, for promoting the fine arts in the United Kingdom, was established June 4th, 1805, under the patronage of his present Majesty. The objects of the institution will be best understood by an extract from its by-laws.

'1st. The primary object of the institution, under his Majesty's patronage, is to encourage and reward the talents of the artists of the United Kingdom, so as to improve and extend our manu-

* Hogarth, whose high and unequaled talents (in his own walk of art) although contemporary with these artists, was not a member of the Royal Academy.

factures by that degree of taste and elegance of design which are so exclusively derived from the cultivation of the fine arts, and thereby to increase the general prosperity and resources of the empire. It is conceived that such an institution is of peculiar importance to the United Kingdom at the present moment, when efforts are making in different parts of Europe to promote the arts of painting, sculpture, and design, by great national establishments, and thereby to wrest from us those advantages which can be only retained by a pre-eminence in the fine arts.

'2d. With a view to this object, it is intended to open a public exhibition for the sale of the productions of British artists; to excite the emulation and exertion of the younger artists by premiums; by the purchase of pictures, and by laying before them some of the best works that can be selected of the old masters, and to endeavour to form a public gallery of the works of British artists, with a few select specimens of each of the great schools.

'3d. The exhibition is to be exclusively confined to the productions of artists of, or resident in, the United Kingdom; and the higher branches of painting, sculpture, and modeling, are to be considered as the preferable objects of premiums or purchase for the gallery; all other works, however, of the above-mentioned artists will be admissible if deemed worthy.

'4th. The views of this establishment are directed not only to the promotion of the fine arts, but to the increase of the honour and emolument of our own professional artists by the institution, not as a society of artists, but for their benefit. No subscription will therefore be expected from professional artists. At the same time, if any artist prefers it, he may subscribe in any one of the classes of subscription, and have the same privilege of admission and introduction to the exhibition and gallery as the other subscribers of the same class; but no one will be capable of being elected on any committee, or of voting as a governor, while he continues to be a professional artist.'

The purposes of the institution are here so well defined as to require no comment; and from this period (1805) we may date a new era in British art. The annual exhibitions of the British Gallery, have assisted those of the Royal Academy in diffusing a more general taste for the fine arts; and the school of painting, which is open to students three months in each year, and likewise an annual exhibition of the works of the old masters, have been of incalculable advantage to the younger artists, as the Royal Academy, until very recently, did not offer the advantages to be derived from a school of painting to their students.

If the British Institution has not succeeded to the extent of its hopes, in the grand object of eliciting talent in the *highest* department of art; the works of Haydon, Hilton, and Alston, will prove that much has been done; and it must be admitted, that in landscape, domestic scenes, and fancy subjects, our younger artists have made a most rapid and decided advance since the formation of the institution; as a proof we may adduce the names of Hayter, Leslie, Sharpe, the two Stephanoffs, Etty, Landseer, Newton, Samuel, Chalon, Hofland, Vincent, Starke, Dean, Linton, and many others, who have equally delighted the public by the annual exhibition of their works in the British Gallery. The degree of encouragement they have received will appear by the following statement of the awards and purchases made by the institution, from its commencement to the present time.

		Guineas.
1807.	To Mr. J. Pocock, for his picture of 'Archbishop Sharp coming to the Court to excommunicate the King' . . .	100
1809.	Mr. George Dance, for his picture of 'Imogen found in the Cave of Bellarius'	50
	Mr. W. M. Sharp, for his 'Music-Master . . .	50
	Mr. S. Gahagan, for a model, 'Samson breaking his Bonds'	50
1810.	Mr. R. B. Haydon, for his 'Dentatus' . . .	100
	Mr. Hilton, for his 'Surrender of Calais' . . .	50
1811.	Mr. Hilton, for the 'Entombment of Christ;' Mr. Joseph, for the 'Return of Priam with the Body of Hector;' and Mr. G. Dawe, for the 'Negro overpowering the Buffalo,' in equal divisions	350

		Guineas.
1812.	Mr. Joseph, for his 'Procession to Mount Calvary'	200
	For the purchase of Mr. Richter's 'Christ giving Sight to the Blind'	500
	To Mr. Bird, for his 'Chevy Chase'	300
1813.	Mr. Bird, for his 'Death of Eli'	300
	Mr. J. J. Halls, for 'Jairus's daughter raised'	200
	The purchase of Mr. Westall's picture of 'Elijah restoring Life to the Widow's Son'	400
1814.	To Mr. Alston, for the 'Dead Man restored by touching the Bones of Elisha'	200
	Mr. H. Monro, for 'The Disgrace of Wolsey'	100
	Mr. T. C. Holland, for 'A Storm off the Coast of Scarborough'	100
	Mr. Haydon, for his 'Judgment of Solomon,' exhibited in Spring-gardens	100
	Mr. Hilton's 'Mary anointing the Feet of Jesus,' purchased for	560
1815.	Mr. G. Hayter, for 'The Prophet Elijah'	200
	H. Howard, Esq., R. A., for 'The Morning'	100
	J. Wilkie, Esq., R. A., 'Distraining for Rent,' purchased for	600
1816.	J. Ward, Esq., R. A., the 'Battle of Waterloo,' a commission	1000
	Mr. G. Jones, for ditto, purchased and presented to Chelsea Hospital	600
	A. Cooper, Esq., R. A., for a Sketch of ditto	150
	Mr. L. Clennel, for ditto of ditto	150
1817.	J. Jackson, Esq., R. A., for his pictures exhibited	200
	Mr. Martin, for his 'Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still'	100
	Mr. R. Bone, for his 'Lady with her Attendants in the Bath'	100
	Mr. Stark, for his 'Fishing'	50
1818.	Mr. Alston, A., for his 'Uriel'	150
	Mr. Brockedon, for his 'Christ raising the Widow's Son'	100
1821.	Mr. Martin, for his 'Daniel interpreting to Belshazzar the Hand-writing on the Wall'	200
1822.	Mr. Edward Landseer, for his 'Larder invaded'	150
	Mr. Jones, for his 'Battle of Waterloo'	200

To these sums may be added,

To Mr. West, for his 'Christ healing the Sick' (purchased)	3000
'The Communion of St. Nicholas,' by Paul Veronese	1500

These make a total of 12,363*l.* expended since the year 1805 in purchasing pictures and awarding premiums; and we learn, from undoubted authority, that the purchase of pictures exhibited in the British Gallery for sale, amounts to sixty thousand pounds.

These results prove how deeply the British artists are indebted to the persevering exertions of the British institution in their favour. In our future numbers we intend to trace the progress of the Royal Academy during the present century, and to give some account of the formation of the Society of Painters in Water-colours; and the present state of sculpture, architecture, and engraving.

THE HOUSELESS TRAVELLER.

BY R. WESTMACOTT, ESQ., R.A.

(With an Engraving.)

'The houseless Traveller: A groupe in marble; intended to illustrate the benevolence of a lady, whose house was an asylum to necessitous travellers.

'A distressed mother with her infant, in place of the accustomed hospitality she had sought, finds the tomb of her benefactress.'

Such is the description given by the artist of a work considered by many as his chef-d'œuvre, and which has been transcribed with great truth and beauty, by the elegant pencil of Mr. Henry Cor-

bould. We understand that this fine sculpture is intended to form the monument of Mrs. Warren, the lady of the late bishop of Bangor, and to be placed in Westminster Abbey.

In contemplating the 'Distrest Mother,' under the circumstances described, we perceive that the first shock of surprise has passed away, and that severe and bewildering sorrow has taken possession of her heart.—That 'hope deferred, which maketh the soul sick,' is strongly depicted in her countenance, but the instinctive tenderness of the mother struggles with the stupor of despair, and keeps her still alive to the call of duty, and the regret of memory; and, whilst she draws her unconscious babe closer to her heart, she laments the benefactress who would have listened to its moanings, and relieved its wants.

There is much beauty, and fine expression in the features of the female, and although the general impression is that of poverty in its lowest form, yet the delicacy of the 'houseless traveller's' foot, and the loveliness of the child, tend to unlock the springs of imagination, and teach us to retrace her through better days, and brighter scenes, thence awakening more acutely the tender compassion due to her distress.

Thus to elicit intellect, and awaken sentiment, for the purpose of perpetuating our veneration for virtue, is the highest boast of genius, and the best province of art.

M. David's Picture of the Coronation of Napoleon.—We are truly thankful to M. David, for thus giving the British public an opportunity of judging, with what degree of justice, this artist (and his countrymen for him) claims the title of 'le premier peintre de l'Europe.'

We are told, in the catalogue of a single picture (sold for a shilling), 'that it is the largest known picture in the world, being three feet wider than the celebrated marriage of Cana, by Paolo Veronese,' and 'that it is the chef-d'œuvre of the artist,' so that M. David has given himself sufficient scope to astonish the British natives who have not had the happiness of worshiping French art in its grand emporium, the Luxembourg at Paris.

We strongly recommend every lover of the fine arts, but more particularly the admirers of French art, to visit this picture, and, while they stand before the garish mass of insipidity it presents, to call to the 'mind's eye' the works of West, Northcote, Haydon, and Hilton, in history; and those of Lawrence, Philips, Owen, Beechy, Jackson, Shee, and Lonsdale, in portraiture; and then determine with what pretence even French vanity can give M. David the rank of the first painter in Europe. We will not enter into any analysis of the subject, or descend to criticism; for we consider the picture (taken as a whole) utterly unworthy of either. The subject is an admirable one, and if it had been treated with skill and ability (to say nothing of the high and rare quality of genius) it would have been deeply interesting; and, in justice to M. David, we freely confess that part of the main group is not without merit. The figures of the Empress Josephine and Madame Lavalette are full of feminine grace and loveliness, and the heads of the pope and cardinals are not deficient in character and expression; but this is the highest point of praise we can reach. Poor Madame Mere, and her attendants in the back ground, would, if painted for Messrs. Flint and Gyngell, be returned upon his hands as utterly unworthy of their popular exhibition.

If we have any thing to fear from the display of this *great* picture, it is that our artists may be too well satisfied with their own attainments, and halt in their progress to the temple of fame, when comparing their own works with those of 'le premier peintre de l'Europe.'

The Works of Antonio Canova, engraven in outline by Henry Moses.—We approach any examination of the works of this truly great man, not only with that glowing emotion of the mind, which at once bends and brightens as it enters within the halo which encircles genius; but with that deeper reverence, that unmingled, uncaviling admiration, that tender, venerating submission of our faculties, which death demands for departed excellence. The glorious intelligence, the exquisite perception, the beaming eye, the wonder-working hand, which bade a new creation rise before us, and recalled the classic wonders of an older world, when gone down to the dust, partaking the common lot of mortality, or considered as the heirs of that eternity where we may yet hope to meet them;

add the endearing claims of human brotherhood to the sublime demands their extraordinary powers exact, and become not less the objects of our love, than the subjects of our eulogium.

Such are the feelings with which we gaze on the profile of the bust of Canova, the first of his works which the faithful and elegant work of Mr. Moses here offers to our attention. The work is prefaced by a letter, 'from the Countess Albrizzi to the M—— P. C. A.,' written with all that charming enthusiasm, just and elegant perception of excellence, which belong to the subject; and each print is followed by some pages from the same fair hand, descriptive of the design, or animadverting on its peculiar merits, in a manner which proves how truly the poetic attributes of sculpture imbued the mind and informed the judgment of the author.

The second design is, 'the tomb of the Chevalier Emo.' The third, 'the Graces,' of which two engravings are given: after which we have 'the goddess Concordia,' the magnificent procession, entitled 'the offering of the Trojan Matrons,' an exquisite 'Cinerary Vase to the Countess Diede de Furstenheim,' a design for a monument, &c. They are all most beautifully engraven in outline, with a truth and delicacy which leave nothing to be desired, and, together with the fine printing of the letter-press, and the general beauty of the work, become a worthy monument of the immortal sculptor they celebrate, whose fame is thus more widely circulated, and whose unrivaled productions are (in their only possible medium) thus presented to thousands capable of appreciating their beauties, to whom they were denied till now. Feeling, as we do, sincere gratitude to all whose united talents have contributed to call forth the actual pleasure, and the associating sentiments such a work cannot fail to elicit in every bosom alive to the refined and ennobling works of art, we cordially and zealously recommend it to the immediate attention of all our readers

Exhibition of Drawings and Engravings by British Artists, Soho Square.—The public in general, and particularly the amateurs of painting in water-colours and engraving, are highly indebted to Mr. Cooke for his successful exertions in collecting this splendid Exhibition of Drawings and Engravings by British Artists.

The collection consists of 204 drawings, and 447 engravings, chiefly by living artists, but the works of deceased merit are not excluded; from which the public have an opportunity of marking the progress of these beautiful branches of the fine arts. Among the works of the deceased artists, those of Girtin stand pre-eminent in excellence; his style, like that of Wilson, is grand, broad, and true; he had the rare faculty of seizing upon the essence of what constitutes grandeur and beauty in nature, without the labour of minute detail. No. 16, 'Chelsea Reach, looking towards Battersea,' is an admirable example of his style, and contains more of the poetry of art than all the laboured productions of Paul Potter and his school: 149 is another fine specimen of this lamented artist, who died in the very prime of his life, leaving proofs of a genius that might have placed him at the highest point of his profession: 117, 'Dunstanborough Castle,' in the possession of Sir J. Swinburne, bart. is one of his finest drawings, and may be classed with the epic of landscape; the scene is grand, the chiaro oscuro wild, solemn, and effective; the colour deep, and the execution broad and firm: and there are other drawings from the hand of this lamented genius, all bearing the stamp of that divine source from which he drew—nature.

The great landscape painter of the present day, J. M. W. Turner, esq R.A. has several drawings; one of which, No. 21, 'Rainbow, a view on the Rhine from Dunkholder vineyard,' &c is an exquisite specimen of his unrivaled talent in this department of his art. He has indeed dipped his magic pencil into the bow of Iris, and transfused her living light into this beautiful subject. The companion, No. 34, 'Nieuwied and Weiss Thurn, with Hoche's Monument on the Rhine, looking towards Andernach' (both in the possession of J. Slegg, esq.), is another pure and beautiful proof of his powers; but we are sorry to add, that a large drawing of Dover Cliff, No. 26, is utterly unworthy of him; we think Mr. Turner should have entitled it, 'an experiment upon the colours, blue, yellow, and green.'

This exhibition can boast of only one drawing from the pencil of Sir Thomas Lawrence, but it possesses all the charms of his fascinating talents, when employed in the portraiture of female loveliness: there are also only two small drawings

by Stothard, but they are gems that concentrate much of his unequaled imagination. Stephanoff's 'Henry VIII. and Francis I. crowned victors at the Tournament of the Cloth of Gold,' is full of those qualities called for by a representation of such a scene, brilliant, busy, and magnificent. No. 40, a fine drawing by Mr. Samuel, has a beautiful effect of light: three interiors, by Mackenzie, of the Abbey of St. Ouen at Rouen, in Normandy, enrich the collection. We also noticed a very pretty landscape and figures, by Ibbetson, in his happiest manner; a very pleasing drawing of a girl burning a love-letter, by R. Dagley, suggested by some lines that appear in the catalogue, of great beauty. Three sweet drawings in one frame, by an amateur, W. H. Harriott, esq. Some good heads by C. Landseer; and two very accurate drawings of the celebrated Portland Vase, by Baxter of Worcester; several pleasing portraits by Meyer; a very well coloured View on the Avon, by the Rev. J. Eagles; and an excellent copy from Rembrandt by Miss Hayter. But we cannot enumerate every work of merit in so numerous a collection, and shall close our remarks for the present, by observing, that the deceased artists, whose drawings are to be found here, are Reynolds, Wilson, Gainsborough, Girtin, Benwell, Sandby, Cozens, Hearne, Hamilton, Monro, Edridge, Bartolozzi, Kirk, Cipriani, Rooker, and de Loutherbourg; and in addition to the living artists already mentioned, are the highly respectable names of Prout, Pickersgill, Havell, Hill, Westall, Clint, Cook, Collins, Jackson, Fielding, and Clennell. The engravings, which are more numerous, and scarcely less attractive, demand our decided attention, and shall receive it in a future article devoted to the subject.

British Gallery, Pall Mall.—The annual exhibition of this national institution, for the sale of the works of British artists, opened to the public on Monday January 27, and will be succeeded, in May next, by an exhibition of the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the Italian and Flemish schools. In our next we shall enter into a critical examination of the pictures now offered to the public in the British Gallery. We understand there are some fine pictures by Newton, Eastlake, Brockedon, Hofland, Landseer, Linton, Davis, &c.

Music.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

A GREAT diversity of opinion prevails as to the utility of academical establishments in promoting the fine arts. While one party confidently predicts that such institutions will ultimately advance them to the same excellence that they attained in ancient Greece, another dates their declension from the moment when they were no longer left to work their way by their own energies, but were crippled by systems, and encouraged to loiter on the road by unearned largesses. The truth seems, in this dispute, as in most others, to rest between the extremes.

ACADEMIES, which dignify an art by exalting its professors, which teach by philosophical lectures, and by the exhibition of the most perfect models, and that make known to the world the works of its ingenious students, must be beneficial, because, among many other reasons, they induce youths of talent, education, and respectable connexions, to embark in studies which, without the prospect of honorary distinction, as well as pecuniary reward, would be thought beneath the ambition of persons so favourably circumstanced. Such is the Royal Academy at Somerset-house, founded by the late king, which has raised the arts of design to an eminence they never before reached, and enabled our artists to surpass all foreign rivals, in the same degree that the latter once excelled the former. But it offers no premium to mendicants; its royal founder, and his adviser, knew too well the importance and difficulty of art, to draw into its ranks, by a lure of meat, drink, and shelter, those who could do the state much more service with a spade in the hand, or a musket at the shoulder.

CONSERVATORIOS, or, in fact, musical foundling hospitals, in which children not only were instructed, but boarded and lodged gratuitously, existed upwards of two centuries in Italy. They were generally crowded with pupils, who, in most cases, were not selected on account of any great promise of musical ability, but according to the interest employed in getting them admitted. Of those received, a very small proportion manifested any proof of genius, and an im-

mense majority of them never arrived at mediocrity. Thus numbers were annually thrown on the world, with minds raised above handicraft occupations, who struggled hard to preserve a decent appearance; but who, being devoid of the means of obtaining an income equal to that of a commonly skilful artizan, were condemned to undergo all the pains of disappointment, and to fall victims to misguided charity. An effort was made, about fifty years ago, by Dr. Burney, Signor Giardini, and the celebrated Jonas Hanway, to convert our Foundling Hospital into a conservatorio; but this absurd attempt, though countenanced by many good-natured unreflecting people, was immediately discovered to be the job of a designing foreigner: and, assailed by reason and by ridicule, was soon abandoned, and is now almost utterly forgotten. In the early part of the French revolution a *conservatoire de musique* was established in Paris, which still continues open.

The essential difference, then, in the principle upon which these two species of academical institutions are founded, may be thus stated: the one, knowing that real genius must very soon dispel the obscurity in which it is shrouded, and force its way into notice, waits till it is developed, and then, with a protecting hand, leads it into the true path of improvement, watching and directing its progress towards its object, which, if pursued with zeal and perseverance, it cannot fail to attain. The other, by holding out the temptation of bed and board for a term of years, prompts many, who have a genuine and undoubted taste for wholesome food and a warm house, to fancy that nature has also richly endowed them with an appetite for art, and straightway they find some patron of the establishment who, being perhaps a rich, but incognito, relation, or probably a kind master, quickly discovers that his supplicant has a remarkably correct eye, or a wonderfully fine ear, and therefore is the properest person in the world to be nominated as a student.

Let us now inquire what the academies of music upon the conservatorio plan have produced. Have all the great composers and performers, or the larger portion of them, issued from under these roofs? We admit, that formerly Italy was supplied by many distinguished musicians from those of Naples and Venice; that Scarlatti, Pergolesi, Durante, Paesiello, Cimarosa, and others, were brought up in one of these schools: but conservatorios, or academies formed upon their principle, have now done their utmost; they are gone by, and, like the monastic institutions of the dark ages, though once useful, are become pernicious. The *Conservatoire de Paris*, which has been in full action for thirty years, and has sent into the world nearly three thousand *elèves*, most of whom are in very deplorable circumstances, can show scarcely one celebrated musician who was reared within its walls. We do not assert that it has produced none; but our recollection does not, at the moment, supply us with a single name of consequence. We will, however, appeal to memory for a list of those who have *not* been indebted to academical tuition for a knowledge of their art, and from a crowd of names that rush in upon us, we select those of Handel, the Bachs, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven; of Lully, Purcell, Gluck, Boyce, and Gretry; of Salieri, Mayer, Winter, Weigl, and Rossini; of Mara, Billington, Banti, Catalani, Colbran, Fodor, Camporese, and Salmon; of Marchesi, Viganoni, Crivelli, Garcia, Harrison, Bartleman, and Braham; of Clementi, Dussek, Woelfi, and Cramer; of Giardini, the elder Cramer, Salomon, and Viotti; of Crosdill, Lindley, and Dragonetti: and we could cite dozens of others as witnesses on the same side; but these which we have brought forward have strength enough to bear down any opposing evidence.

The Royal Academy of Music, the subject of this article, is stated to be founded upon principles similar to those of that most excellent establishment the British Institution, in Pall-mall; but after a patient comparison of the plan and laws of both, we can trace no analogy, except in the arrangements concerning the subscribers, and a few other very trifling points. It is in truth modeled after the French *conservatoire*, the laws and regulations of which have been imitated, not to say copied, in the formation of this British school of music.

The following is a brief sketch of the 'Rules and Regulations' published and distributed by the committee.

The King is the patron, and the Duke of York is the vice-patron.

Its object is to promote the cultivation of

music amongst the natives of this country, and to afford the means of studying the art to forty males and forty females.

The funds for the support of the institution are derivable from the following sources:—there will be four classes of contributors or subscribers; 1st, to the amount of a hundred guineas in one payment, or fifty and an annual subscription of five guineas; 2d, fifty-five guineas at once, or ten and an annual allowance of five; 3d, thirty-five at once, or five and an annuity of three; 4th, twelve in the first instance, or a yearly grant of three. The subscribers of the first class may not only be present at all the rehearsals and concerts, and all the public examinations of the pupils, but may introduce two friends on those occasions; and each will have three votes at the election of the students. The members of the second class are to have the same privileges as those of the first, except that they will have two votes only at the elections, and may introduce one person only to the concerts, rehearsals, and examinations. The subscribers of the third class are to have only one vote at the elections, and a free admission for themselves only to the above-mentioned performances: and those of the fourth will be entitled to a free admission to the public examinations of the pupils only.

The following is a list of the directors:

The Duke of Devonshire, *President.*

The Archbishop of York,
The Marquis of Aylesbury,
The Earl Fortescue,
The Earl of Darnley. *Vice Presidents.*

The Duke of Wellington
The Marquis of Cholmondeley
The Earl of Lonsdale
The Earl of Wilton
The Earl of Belmore
The Earl of Scarborough
The Earl of Fife
The Earl of Brownlow
The Earl of Mount Edgecumbe
The Earl of Blessington
The Earl of Morley
Lord Ravensworth
The Vice-Chancellor
Sir George Warrender, Bart.
Sir James Langham, Bart.
The Honorable John Villiers
George Watson Taylor, Esq. M. P.
William Curtis, Esq.
Francis Freeling, Esq.
John Julius Angerstein, Esq.

The general direction, as well as the financial management, will be vested in a subcommittee of nine subscribers (chosen by the directors,) who are to have the 'entire superintendence of the academy and students, and the appointment and control of all the professors and masters.' Lord Burghersh has been named chairman of this committee, and sir Gore Ouseley and count St. Antonio are among his associates. The musical education will be directed by a person of character and repute, styled the 'principal of the establishment,' or by a board consisting of three professors; and in the house will reside a master of the male school, and a mistress of the female school, to whom will 'belong the duty of attending to the discipline and conduct of the students.' The first object in the education of the pupils will consist in a strict attention to their religious and moral instruction; the next will be the study of their own and the Italian language, writing, and arithmetic, and their general instruction in the various branches of music, particularly in the art of singing, and in the study of the piano-forte and organ, of harmony, and of composition. No student shall be admitted at an earlier age than 10 or later than 15 years. They shall have received such previous instruction, as to be able to read and write with tolerable proficiency. They shall have shown some decided aptitude or disposition for music, to be ascertained by the professors and masters in council; and as the object of the institution is to bring up persons who may in after-life devote themselves to the profession of music, so where no sufficient aptitude in the student is shown, as it would not be of advantage to him to be brought up in a line of life in which he would not be likely to succeed, an examination as to the progress and attainments of each pupil, shall take place by the principal and the professors, after twelve months from their entrance, and the continuance or dismission of the student will be decided by this inquiry.

As the students will be gratified with board and lodging, each will be required to pay fifteen guineas on admission, and subsequently ten guineas *per annum*; and it is expected that all should be 'properly attired.' If any should offer themselves in addition to the eighty original pupils, they must pay twenty guineas annually, beside eighteen for board; and, from those supernumeraries who merely receive instruction, twenty guineas a year will be demanded: but it must be observed, that, in each of these three classes, the children of regular professors of music will be favored by a reduction of the annual payment to eight, thirty-three, and fifteen guineas; and if any person, of 'very conspicuous musical talents,' should apply to the society for farther education, without having the means of defraying the charges, the sub-committee may order them to be received and gratuitously instructed.

There will be one or more public concerts in each year, at which such of the students as are sufficiently advanced shall be produced; the profits of this concert will go to the benefit of the establishment, except when any of the students are retiring in that year from the academy, when so much of the profits, as the sub-committee shall direct, will be divided amongst them, as a portion which may assist their comfortable establishment in the world. Pre-

vious to each concert, there will be a rehearsal, at which all the students will appear; and, with regard to the public examinations, the sub-committee will fix the day when they are to take place, and will distribute medals and rewards among the more deserving pupils.

The high character of the accomplished and amiable nobleman to whom this academy is indebted for its origin, is an ample guaranty of the pure and excellent motives which suggested its formation; but the various published documents, whence this abstract has been drawn, show that his other avocations, particularly his important public employment, have not allowed him to devote much of his time to the developement of his plan, which has fallen, we are extremely sorry to perceive, into infinitely less able hands. If what we have advanced relative to conservatorios be allowed to have any weight, our remarks must bear rather heavily upon the Royal Academy of Music, which is altogether borrowed from those foreign, and, with a solitary exception, exploded institutions. Music, as an art, is susceptible of very considerable amelioration, much more so than is commonly supposed; and its improvement is to be sought in the enlarged intellect of its professors, who have seldom been enabled to bring sufficient mental strength, or collateral knowledge, to its aid. Hence the puerile conceits in which it so frequently abounds; hence the contemptible poetry which is often selected for setting to music; hence the eternal repetition of a few unmeaning words in a long air; and hence that neglect of sense and of prosody which renders so many learned and literary people indifferent, if not inimical, to music. These are amongst the things that require a remedy; and can it be said, that in the whole constitution of this academy, any thing like a cure is offered for such evils? In the scanty course of education proposed, does there appear to be any adequate attempt made to cultivate and strengthen the minds of those who are destined hereafter to appeal to our passions through a medium of their own creating? Is any provision made for enlarging the understandings of our future organists, in just proportion to the importance of their duties, as coadjutors in the sacred service of the church? Has any care been taken to refine the manners and purify the morals of those who are, at some, not very distant, period, to be introduced into our families as instructors, and under cover of the most insinuating of all the arts? To this last interrogatory, and to this only, an affirmative answer can be given; and it is comprised in the following highly laudable regulations.

'Chap. v. art. 1st. The first object in the education of the students will consist in a strict attention to their *religious and moral instruction.*

'Art. 2d. A fit arrangement shall be made at the opening of the academy for the *performance of divine worship,* and for the proper attendance thereon of the pupils.'

We will not quote Seneca to prove the superiority of example over precept, but we shall take the liberty to ask the committee, whether or not a person has been nominated to an influencing situation in the academy, the example of whose life is—if he be countenanced—sufficient to render nugatory the most pious and enlightened precepts that may be delivered to the pupils?

Here we must pause; and shall conclude our remarks by addressing ourselves to the bosoms of those illustrious and distinguished personages whose names appear as patrons, directors, and visitors of this establishment;—to those gentlemen of the committee, whose characters stand so unspotted, so high in society;—to all, indeed, who love virtue and hate vice; and, with the utmost deference and respect, we ask them, whether the appointment to an *important and responsible office in the establishment* of a man, who has absconded from his native land to escape the disgraceful sentence which the offended laws and the judges of his country pronounced upon him—whether the admission of such a man within the walls of a house devoted to the education of youth of both sexes, would not strangle the infant institution in its birth, expose the whole management to general and merited reprobation, and disgrace a country which holds so exalted a rank, in the opinion of surrounding nations, for its support of all that is honourable, and for its detestation of whatever is flagitious?

Drama.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

The season has commenced earlier than usual, with Mozart's grand serious opera La Clemenza di Tito, a work which is so well known, that any attempt to analyse it would be superfluous. Signora Caradori, by reason of the indisposition of Madame de Begnis, was compelled to undertake the part of Vitellia, a character which requires more declamatory and musical powers than she possesses. Her Servilia was consequently transferred to Mademoiselle Clarini, who went through it 'as with a difference.' Madame Camporese was excellent as usual in Sesto, and warbled her duets with Caradori, in the most masterly manner. The beautiful 'deh perdona al primo affetto' was enthusiastically encored. Curioni was the Tito of the evening, and we are at a loss which to admire most, the majesty of his person or the flexibility and compass of his voice. To the noble sentiment of Titus, when pronouncing the pardon of Sextus, he gave electrical effect.

'Sia noto a Roma
Ch' io son l'istesso, e ch' io
Tutto so, tutti assolvo, e tutto oblio.'

The ballet of Le Carnival de Venise, which followed, introduced many of our late favorites, such as Ronzi, Mercandotti, Varennes, and Charles Vestris. In addition to these we were presented with a fresh importation in the person of Mademoiselle Aurelie, whose talents appear to combine the distinguished excellencies of Eliza, Noblet, and Anatole. But Mercandotti was the attraction of the night. Her dancing appeared to constitute the *ne plus ultra* of agility and grace; and the unusual flexibility of her movements, together with the spirit with which she went through the most difficult evolutions, gave very sincere and general satisfaction.

La Gazza Ladra has been since played with success, for the purpose, we should presume, of introducing Signor Porto, who made his appearance as primo buffo cantante. His reception was very flattering; for his musical powers are of a superior order, and his voice, which is a bass, possesses infinite compass with almost equal flexibility. Madame Camporese was the Ninetta, and played it in that easy fascinating manner, which in a former season contributed so essentially to the success of the opera. She is a most delicious vocalist, and sang the beautiful air 'di Piacer' in the first style of excellence.

The opera was accompanied by a new divertissement entitled L'Offrande aux Graces, which report attributes to the new ballet-master M. St. Aumer. If so, it is highly creditable to his talents, and affords our favorite Mercandotti a fine opportunity of exhibiting herself to advantage.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

The recurrence of the Christmas holidays brought with them, as usual, loads of schoolboys and turkeys from the country, together with the customary gratification of pantomimes and plum-puddings. Animated with the usual cheerfulness of the season, the heroes and heroines of the new pantomime, Harlequin Gog and Magog, made their welcome appearance on the boards of this theatre on the night of the 26th of December. Their reception at first was highly flattering; the boxes smiled, the gods thundered, the pit clapped a welcome. But, alas! the grateful prospect was changed with much greater speed than any of the tricks of the pantomime; and even Robin Good-fellow himself, with that face of his, so eloquently expressive of plum-pudding, grinned to a most threatening audience. The storm commenced at an early period of the evening, and soon increased to a perfect hurricane. 'Deep called to deep,' until even the little folks in the boxes, who had been somewhat restored to quiescence by the appropriate application of a plethoric Phædrus to the sconce of a schoolmaster, joined the troubled warfare. Thus situated, the defenceless pantomime was compelled to bow like a 'lily to the violence of the tempest,' and lay itself down and die. Seriously speaking, it deserved the disappointment that it incurred. The tricks, with hardly one exception, were deficient both in number, variety, sprightliness, and novelty; and the scene-shifters, anxious to keep the whole piece in countenance, were laudably persevering in their incompetency. Even Gog and Magog, those innocent enormities of paunch, served only to hasten the damnation of the pantomime, and except from their

being somewhat thinner, it would be impossible to have distinguished them from the persons of our modern aldermen.

In consequence of this unfortunate failure, a new pantomime, entitled Harlequin and the Golden Axe, was quickly substituted. It was founded on the well-known tradition of a young peasant, who by accident dropped his implement into a river, and had it restored to him by a benevolent fairy, who makes him an offer of a golden axe, a silver one, or his own. The boy, however, (oh monstrous improbability!) prefers his own, and, in reward of such self-denial, is presented with a golden one. The mercenary father, on hearing the circumstance, drops his axe also into the water; and is forthwith turned by the same fairy into a clown, as an awful visitation on his iniquity! The punishment was accordingly attended with all due effect; for the metempsychosis appeared to have produced a most melancholy gravity on the spirits of Mr. Southby. His fate seemed to haunt him through the pantomime; his grins were of the Sardonic species; his movements of a spectral solemnity. Even when he jumped, he looked like a ghost evanishing at cock-crow; and more than once we fancied that he was slily tampering with the simplicity of his audience, and rehearsing the apparition in Macbeth. With the exception of this tame performance, the pantomime was successful. A Mr. Blanchard made an inimitable pantaloon: he hazarded his neck with the fearlessness of a highwayman, and rolled and tumbled with the native facility of a hedgehog. His legs were mere appendages to his person, and he might have pocketed them without any inconvenience; while, to countenance the rest of his claims, he was arrayed, or rather extinguished, in a wig, which even Dr. Parr himself might envy. Unlike the pantaloon, and approaching in amiable meekness to the clown, the scaramouch was pensive, grave, philosophical, and quiescent. He possessed a most Christian humility of spirit, married to a gentleness of action that was truly edifying. Was he the ghost of the dead pantomime, mourning over his untimely end, or an Indian philosopher to whom exercise and cheerfulness are interdicted? Heaven knows! he was without doubt a most reflective and melancholy scaramouch, and with this observation we shall quit the tender theme. Miss Tree made, as usual, a most vivacious Columbine, and danced through her part with inimitable dexterity. The scenery, too, deserves praise; and a lake by moonlight, whose waters are seen reposing beneath the shade of mountains, was eminently beautiful, excepting that, from some cause or another, the moon looked as if she had the yellow jaundice. Upon the whole, this pantomime deserves the success it has experienced, and reflects the highest credit upon the enterprising proprietor for the rapidity with which it was produced.

The popularity of a new petit comedy, in two acts, entitled 'Simpson & Co.' bids fair to reimburse the manager for the comparative failure of his pantomime. The plot of this lively afterpiece is as follows. Simpson, a London merchant, has a partner, Bromley, many years his junior, and who, like himself, is married. The one is an exemplary, the other a faithless husband, and, under the fictitious appellation of Captain Walsingham, commences an intrigue with a rich widow, by name Mrs. Fitzallan. This gallantry he manages with so much address, that his character stands high for constancy, while the inoffensive Mr. Simpson, from the circumstance of being detected with a pocket-book, in which was inclosed the portrait of the widow, is universally scouted as a libertine. In the second act, however, Mrs. Fitzallan, who now first makes her appearance, is recognized by Bromley's wife as an old school acquaintance. Almost instantly afterwards, the senior merchant, in the presence of Mrs. Simpson, restores the pocket-book to Bromley, who is discovered to be its right owner. An *eclaircissement* then takes place. Mr. Simpson successfully vindicates his character, while his junior partner, humbled by the detection of his guilt, makes the usual promise of amendment. The persons in this comedy are all well sustained. Mr. Terry, who performs the part of Peter Simpson, throws over it an infinity of dry and comic humor; and in one particular scene, after being baited and badgered by his jealous wife for 'a whole hour,' as Falstaff would say, 'by Shrewsbury clock,' absolutely convulses the audience with laughter. The bewildering look, the stifled laugh, half real, half affected, with which he receives her insinuations, all display an intimate acquaintance with his profession, and a cordial relish for the vivacity of his au-

thor's dialogue. The style of Mr. Terry's acting is hard and caustic, and he has here ample opportunity for luxuriating in the very plethora of his genius. Mrs. West makes her widow an interesting character; she has indeed little to do but *to look*; but even to look *well* is an object of difficulty with many. Mr. Cooper displayed an exemplary knowlege of the counting-house; and why should we refuse justice to the *full-blown* charms of Mrs. Glover, who, as the jealous wife of Bromley, was the very *beau-ideal* of modern female Othellos. Report attributes this comedy to the united workmanship of Messrs. Poole and Colman; if so, it is more creditable to their ingenuity than either the Law of Java or the far-famed Hamlet Travestie. The dialogue is spirited and humorous, free from puns, yet uniformly pertinent.

Mr. Elliston must have been *blind* to his own interest when he brought forward the maudlin melodrama of Augusta, or the Blind Girl. It is throughout a piece of dull sentimental prosing. A young lady is blind; her lover of course cures her, and of course marries her, and lives very happily afterwards. This termination, however, is more orthodox than interesting, and the amiable couple appeared to think so. Mr. Cooper, as count Hortzburg, the lover of Augusta, was as pathetic as the suitor of a blind gentlewoman would naturally be; and Mrs. West excited more commiseration for herself than for the character which she represented. At the close of the piece, where she is restored to sight by the professional and amorous dexterity of count Hortzburg, she was delivered of diverse pious passages on the beauty of the creation, many of which seem to be the illegitimate pilferings of Sturm's Reflections. The drama, throughout, was received with indifference, being too serious to be laughed at, and too somniferous to be applauded.

Young's tragedy of the Revenge has lately brought forward his namesake in Zanga, a character well suited to the pomp and stateliness of his declamation. The piece throughout is deficient in simplicity of genuine feeling; but, to atone for this imperfection, there is a never-failing profusion of sonorous speeches, to each of which Mr. Young gave uncommon effect. His majestic manner of acknowleging his guilt, though somewhat too romantic for the occasion, was highly impressive; and there are few but those who were present that can imagine the electrical spirit with which he uttered 'Know then 'twas I.'—John Kemble was great in this part; but, extraordinary to relate, he had less sustained majesty than Young. Indeed, throughout the whole of the play, we were forcibly reminded of the great sympathy of taste that appears to exist between the actor and his author. Both are deficient in simple pathos, and both are fond of the pomp and garniture of declamation —'*Arcades ambo, et cantare pares et respondere parati.*'—Mr. Cooper was the injured Alonzo, and played the character with his usual respectability.

The fine tragedy of Cymbeline has again brought forward 'those twin stars' in the histrionic hemisphere, Kean and Young; the former as Leonatus Posthumus, the latter as the wily Italian Iachimo. In addition to this attraction, a young lady, by name Williams, has appeared in the character of Imogen 'for the first time,' as the play-bills specially informed us, 'on any stage.' If so, we congratulate her on a happy independence of feeling; for the triumph of her assurance was the most successful triumph that she achieved during the whole evening. This is perhaps somewhat harsh language to apply to a *debutante*; but the plea of her inexperience (judging from the style of her performance), was so decidedly a hoax, that we cannot refrain from adverting to it. In other respects, she made a very respectable Imogen, and in the more impassioned parts of the character evinced no ordinary skill. Her acting, however, is the result of art, not of nature; and is elaborated with the most studious formality. Mr. Kean made an excellent Posthumus. His first interview with Iachimo, which, in the hands of a common-place performer,'would be nothing, or worse than nothing,' was rendered unusually prominent. But the 'triumph of the art' was evinced in the agony with which he receives the test of Imogen's infidelity. As proof after proof was given, each stronger than the last, until the shadowy fabric which his fond imagination had reared was dispelled at the touch of truth, every impulse, every feeling of his soul, seemed busily concentrated on one point—revenge. His mighty thoughts were too deep to evaporate in rant and violence; 'but they lay coiled like the boa in the wood,' awaiting in terrible silence the period of reaction. The cun-

ning, specious, and sarcastic Jachimo found an adequate representative in Young; who, in revealing his passion to Imogen, as well as in his subsequent recantation, gave the freshness and vividness of nature with more earnestness than we ever remember to have witnessed in him. He should repeat Iachimo, to show that 'he hath matter' in him, and is something beyond a mere splendid declaimer. Terry, Cooper and Co. were good in their respective parts, and Mr. Penley's grin was somewhat less capacious than usual. With all these advantages, we must candidly object to Cymbeline as an acting play. Its illusions belong to the closet, and are too delicate to bear representation. Its poetry, too, and its characters (with the exception of one or two), are mostly of an imaginative nature. Who, for instance, shall attempt to embody the 'freshness of the mountain dew,' or the abstract feeling for genuine nature that appears in every look, every word of the discarded nobleman and his sons: again, the simple pathos of 'while Summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,' together with a hundred other such passages, must of necessity evaporate on their transfer from the closet to the stage.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Mr. Grimaldi is the most intellectual and irresistible of clowns, and he never displayed his talents to more brilliant advantage than in the pantomime of Harlequin and the Sleeping Beauty. He was all grin and good-humor, and has the singular faculty of appearing younger every year. Time seems to pass harmlessly by him, except to increase the rich lubricity of his face. He is the lineal descendant of the classic Momus, and almost as immortal. What a sentiment there is in his action! what interesting pathos in his countenance, when he fails in some innocent jocularity, such as stealing an oyster, filching a dishclout, or performing any similar knaveries, which it 'is both requisite and necessary' that a clown should undertake! On these burglarious occasions he is the life and spirit of the present pantomime, of which we must now proceed to give some slight analysis. It is founded on the pleasant nursery tale of the Sleeping Beauty, who was fated to die at the age of twelve years, but is saved by a benevolent genius; and, after the trance of a century, is restored to animation by a very accommodating prince, by name Azoff. Somehow or other, however, this amorous young gentleman offends his fairy guardian, who forthwith converts him into harlequin, his princess into columbine, and Grim Gribber, their servant, into clown. The rich humor of Grimaldi here begins. With his disguise he casts off his restraints, and dates his immortality from half-past ten o'clock at night. What an encyclopædia of wit is his face! what a magazine of merriment! His tricks, too, are singularly felicitous, and his laugh is beyond all praise. Miss Bressak makes a lively and fantastic columbine—Ellar, an elastic harlequin—Barnes, a *reasonable* pantaloon, and Master Loughurst a very orthodox *fairy Bluebell*. With respect to the tricks, they are both numerous and select. The transformation of a twelfth-cake into a building, entitled twelfth-house, from which a great number of children issue, in full Christmas costume, deserves particular mention; as also the startling apparition of Mr. Hyde-Park Achilles, who promenades up and down the stage, to the visible delight and astonishment of the holiday folks. The scenery is unusually magnificent, and the panorama, representing his majesty's voyage to Scotland, a triumph of pictorial delusion. We are here shown, in succession, a view of Gravesend and the Nore. The squadron leaves Greenwich at mid-day, reaches Woolwich as the shadows of twilight are falling, and arrives at the Nore under the tempered splendor of a cloudless moon, while, in the distance, is seen the blue water, reflecting the radiance of a hundred illuminated vessels. This alone would be enough to ensure the success of the pantomime; but when followed up by the humor of Grimaldi, the agility of Ellar, and the grace of Miss Bressak, it is irresistible.

The tedious tragedy of the Earl of Essex has been awakened 'from its sleep of ages,' for the purpose of concentrating the dramatic talent of this theatre. This is all very well intended; but the play does not merit such a compliment. It is throughout exceedingly lachrymose; and to the audience particularly so, from its inordinate length and monotony. Mr. Macready was the 'Essex' of the night; and, in the scene where he converts the anger of Elizabeth into tenderness, was

deservedly applauded. His mode of delivering 'I came to clear my injured name,' and the indignant fervor with which he resigns his *baton* of office, were strikingly indicative of a proud, noble-minded, and deeply wounded favorite. Miss Lacy personated Elizabeth with propriety. Her bye-play, throughout, was excellent; and the quickness with which she marked the varied transitions of the character gave it an interest unusually impressive. Miss F. H. Kelly was the Rutland of the tragedy. Her part, which is a mere sketch, gave her little opportunity of exhibiting any great dramatic ability, although to the two scenes in which she supplicates the queen to pardon her condemned husband, and afterwards visits him in the Tower, she gave an animation and a fervor that did not originally belong to them. We must however protest against her extravagant use of the handkerchief. Her tears flow on every occasion, whether the subject does or does not demand it. This frequent tax upon our sensibility is very wearisome, and serves only to weaken the effect of more tender scenes. The perpetual variation of her voice, too, is particularly offensive to good taste. She must not attempt to serve both God and Mammon—to be a *ventriloquist* as well as a tragic actress; for, surely, one species of talent is enough for a young female, however gifted she may be. We hint this defect more 'in sorrow than in anger,' for the performance of Juliet entitles Miss Kelly to our gratitude and respect.

To the admirers of Macready the reproduction of Virginius afforded a singular treat. A theatrical critic, of deserved celebrity, has characterized this play as the best of modern tragedies; an opinion which does not much advance its credit. It has, however, far higher claims, being not merely an excellent performance, but adapted equally to the closet and the stage. Mr. Macready is the hero of the piece, and has so far identified himself with it, that when the play of Virginius is referred to, this great actor is considered its sole attraction, in the same way as Coriolanus suggests the recollection of Kemble—or Othello of Kean. His performance, indeed, is wonderfully impressive; his affection for his daughter, struggling with his pride; his love, now blinded, and now stimulated by his thirst for vengeance; his terrific denunciation, and subsequent murder of Appius, together with the fearful gleams of reason that glimmer amid the convulsions of his madness, as the electric fluid heralds the thunder, are all delineated with the skill of a master. His beautiful observation on his daughter's resemblance to her mother, 'I never saw you look so like your mother,' was given with equal effect, heightened by the contrast which his usually stern demeanor evinced to such sweet and tender feeling. The tragedy of Virginius owes every thing to Macready. He is the pillar, the fulcrum of the building. When he is not before the audience the whole drama languishes, although even Mr. Charles Kemble as Icilius, and Miss Foote as Virginia, make love to each other with exemplary solicitude.

Dr. Arne's serious opera of Artaxerxes, compressed into two acts, introduced Miss Paton (for the first time since her late indisposition) in the arduous character of Mandane. This is almost the only drama composed after the Italian mode of recitative that yet keeps its place on an English stage; a distinction which it merits from the alternate emotions of love, rage, and joy, which its music so eloquently expresses. The reappearance of Miss Paton was hailed with enthusiasm, although we are sorry to say that the traces of recent illness are still too visible both in her voice and manner. Her recitative, however, was given with all her acknowledged brilliancy; and the varying passions with which the mind of Mandane is agitated were portrayed with characteristic propriety. But the bravura of 'the Soldier tired' was her master-piece. She conquered with infinite science the almost innumerable difficulties that it presents; and was honored with as enthusiastic an encore as we ever remember to have heard. Her 'fly, soft ideas, fly,' was sung with equal management: and the difficult running passage with which it opens, together with the connected shake upon different keys which concludes it, afforded a delightful illustration of the compass and sweetness of her intonation. Mr. Pearman (tell it not in Gath) was Arbaces; and when he *vociferated* 'Unhappy, lost Arbaces,' the audience seemed to feel an extraordinary sympathy with the character. Mr. Duruset *whistled* through the part of Artaxerxes; and why should we with-hold our testimony to the

fact, that Mr. Isaacs made an execrable Artabanes?

'The School for Scandal,' if not one of the most brilliant, is at least the most finished of our modern comedies. It is full, to an overflowing, of wit, character, and sarcasm; tempered by such unvaried good-humor, that its severity is lost in its polish. But, notwithstanding such a versatility of talent, it has never, if we may give credit to lord Byron, been a very productive comedy. The 'elect' have accounted it an abomination, and the higher classes, at whom the satire is principally aimed, have been startled by its accurate resemblance to themselves. It has, however, been lately brought forward at this theatre for the purpose of introducing Miss Chester, of whose ease, and elegance, and sprightliness, we cannot speak in too high terms. We remember her, in the same part, at Drury Lane, some two seasons back; but, since that period, she has undergone some very material improvements. Her vivacity is less boisterous than formerly, and she has a more fitting consciousness of the lady; for, with all her rustic and innocent education, Lady Teazle is not only an accomplished, but a fashionable woman, whose constant aim it is to eradicate the rusticity of her youth. The assumption therefore of country manners, however slight they may be, is still erroneous. Mr. Macready made an admirable Joseph Surface, and gave the hypocritical glosing of the character with the most effective earnestness. In its general outline this part bears a close resemblance to Iago. Both are hypocrites; and both cloak their cant under the mask of affection for their victims. The actor, therefore, who can play Joseph Surface, will possess the qualifications necessary to ensure the success of Iago. Mr. Farren's Sir Peter Teazle is so well known as scarcely to require mention. If it be less rich and humorous, it is at the same time more chaste and characteristic than Munden's; although the latter leaves all competitors behind him in his rallying Charles about the little French milliner, as also in the significant shrugs and inexpressibly grotesque countenance with which the bantering is accompanied. The humor of Munden reminds us forcibly of the humor of Smollett, both in its richness, its archness, and too frequent want of appropriateness. Whoever has perused Humphrey Clinker will be struck with the resemblance. The Charles Surface of Mr. Kemble was polished and gentlemanly, but deficient in the vivacity which Elliston throws around it. On the whole, with Kemble as Charles Surface, Macready as Joseph, Miss Chester as Lady Teazle, and Farren as Sir Peter, the play was more strongly cast, and more favorably received, than it has been for years—an encouragement which we have no doubt will lead to a frequent repetition.

A lady, by name Ogilvie, has lately made her appearance as Queen Catharine in Shakspeare's tragedy of Henry VIII. The attempt was arduous, particularly as the character has been so intimately identified with the recollection of Mrs. Siddons. Her performance, however, was entitled to respect, being throughout dignified and appropriate, and, in some particular passages, indicative of commanding ability. Were we to instance any individual part for the decided excellence of its delivery, we should point out the striking recitation addressed to Wolsey, 'Lord Cardinal, to you I speak;' which was given with such fervor as to call forth the unanimous applause of the audience. Mrs. Ogilvie, too, was great in her dying scene (as it is somewhat technically called), and exhibited a highly interesting portrait of the mental vigor of the unfortunate queen, surviving even in the last mortal decay, and shooting forth a few glimmering scintillations when the temple that enshrined it is tottering with the violence of the tempest. Let her try Lady Macbeth, and we shall then be enabled to give a more critical opinion of the order and compass of her mind; for the queen, unless personated by a commanding genius, who can draw out even its slightest and most unimportant passages, is at best but a subordinate character. There is only one Queen Catharine, but she is for ever dead to us. Mr. Macready made a *judicious* Wolsey. Was Mr. Kemble only *judicious* in the cardinal? We cannot with sincerity say more of his present representative; for, throughout the whole performance, he seemed to be oppressed with a consciousness that the style of his talents was decidedly foreign to the part. Mr. Macready is a romantic and imaginative actor, and cannot embody the passions that belong to ordinary existence. To the more poetical parts of Wolsey, such as 'I have ventured for many

'summers on a sea of glory,' &c. he in consequence gave great effect; but failed in the earlier scenes, where the romance of the character lies dormant, and the cardinal is as bullying and commonplace as an orthodox cardinal should be. Charles Kemble is too well known as Cromwell to need our praise; and, perhaps, the less Mr. Egerton is known as Henry VIII. the better it will be for both of them. During the whole performance he appeared to think that boisterous vulgarity, and exceeding fatness, were alone requisite to make a King Henry: if so, our modern aldermen would assuredly make the fittest representatives, and should be bought by the pound for the occasion.

THE ADELPHI.

The length to which our notice of the winter theatres has unavoidably extended, prevents us from doing adequate justice to the minor ones. Something, however, must, in common fairness, be added, for it shall never be alleged against us as a crime, that harlequin danced, the clown grinned, or pantaloon chuckled, unnoticed in the pages of the Lady's Magazine. And, first, of the Adelphi, which, through the medium of Tom and Jerry, continues a most successful career. Mr. Wilkinson, Signor Paulo, the Mermaid, and the Tread Mill, divide the honors of this theatre, and act their respective parts, as the playbills inform us, 'with wonderful and undiminished success!' Nor is 'our verdant friend,' Green in France, to be slightly noticed. Though decidedly inferior to his predecessor, 'Life in London,' he is accompanied with so much splendor of scenery and decoration, 'et hoc genus omne,' that it is impossible to pass *untempted* by his temporary abode at the Adelphi. We say this 'more in sorrow than in anger,' for our own diminished silver will cruelly attest the depredations of this theatrical gentleman. Mrs. Waylett, however, has had considerable share in loosening our *generally useless* precaution of *purse-strings*: nor is Wrench wholly innocent of a similar charge. Wilkinson was the hero of the piece, even the redoubted James himself; and Mr. *Herring* appeared to be in a *pickle*, throughout the whole of the inappropriate character of Logic. As for the new pantomime, it is too contemptible to require notice.

THE WEST LONDON THEATRE.

Miss Brunton has been for some time 'the grace and ornament' of this little theatre. Her exertions have given it a respectability and consequence which the liberal spirit of her father, the manager, has followed up with unwearied ardour. We are great admirers of Miss Brunton's acting. She is an elegant, accomplished, and highly gifted young lady; and, when at Covent Garden, was remarkable for the uniform and modest propriety of her action. Her performance of Fanny in the Clandestine Marriage, was truly a most delicious piece of acting. But even she must bow for a season before the Christmas 'Lord of Misrule,' who, with a spirited violation of the unities, the probabilities, and the other frivolous technicalities of the drama, holds uninterrupted sway in the nondescript pantomime of the Living Statue. This piece is founded, as usual, on a fairy tale, and displays the adventures of a man who falls in love with an imaginary being; to realize whose identity, he calls in the aid of a magician, and is consequently turned, together with his friends, into the grotesque characters of clown, harlequin, and columbine. The parts were all well sustained, but to enumerate them individually would be too abstruse a task for us to attempt.

OLYMPIC.

The Tread-Mill at the Olympic is as popular as the one at Brixton; and is attended by almost equal numbers. The pantomime, too, of Harlequin and the Cygnet, or the Fairies of the Silver Lake, possesses an excellent columbine in the person of Miss Adcock; together with a judicious selection of scene-shifters. We have nothing more to observe of it; 'Come, then, expressive silence, muse its praise.'



Ball Dress

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

BALL DRESS.

Dress of Urling's patent lace over white satin; the lace dress *à la Française,* made shorter than the satin slip; at the bottom of which is a handsome folding of satin, surmounted by bouquets of roses and ears of corn. At the bottom of the lace dress is a full serpentine trimming of *chevaux de frise;* and between each wave, bouquets the same as those on the satin. Corsage of white satin and lace, trimmed with short sleeves to correspond with the skirt. The hair arranged in the style of Charles the Second's Court, and crowned with a white plume. Necklace and ear-rings of fine pearls: rich armlets of gold, white satin shoes, and white kid gloves.

OPERA DRESS.

Dress of lemon-colored gossamer satin, trimmed with white crape or gauze with *rouleaux* of white satin, in a very *unique* and elegant manner. The body of the dress simply ornamented at the bust; and the short sleeves formed of quillings of white blond, falling over each other. Head-dress *à la Clotilde,* formed of fine net, and roses without foliage. Amber necklace and ear-rings.

For the above elegant dresses we are indebted to the taste of Miss Pierpoint, Edward-street, Portman-square.

MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

The new year began with all the rigour of a severe winter; and the Polish and Russian attire has attained a high degree of favor in those dominions of fashion where, not inclosed in such icy bands, her votaries experience that diversity of weather, that seems to inspire them with those delightful changes, that taste and fancy love to pursue, and which cause the goddess to make England and France her favorite abodes.

For walking, the pelisses and mantles are not only trimmed with broad fur, but are often lined throughout with that warm material; while muffs, pelerines, and long tippets, are added to keep out the severity of the cold. The pelisses are of fine cloth, velvet, or well wadded *gros de Naples,* and the mantles, which are chiefly confined to the carriage, are of velvet, or figured *gros de Naples*—one of the latter material, worn by a young lady of title and fashion, we found truly worthy of admiration: it was chequered on a white ground, with rose-color, and on the chequer was a small white brocaded sprig; it was lined throughout with rose-colored sarsenet; while a layer of rose-colored satin, cut in bias, and headed by silk cordon, ornamented the mantle all round. The velvet mantles are trimmed in the same manner; they are, however, dark, and are lined with a bright color; but the bias trimming round is of satin, the same color as the mantle. A pelisse of puce-colored *gros de Naples* has just appeared, and will, we think, be more general as the season advances; it is lined with bright geranium-colored sarsenet, ties down the front with geranium ribbons, and is bound all round, with satin of the same lively color; this pelisse is made without a collar, and a superb frill of three rows of broad lace finishes it at the throat.

Black dresses are still prevalent for home costume, either in sarsenet, satin or velvet; when of the last material, it is only to receive dress parties. We admire the elegant costume for receiving parties, which we lately witnessed on the light and pleasing figure of the daughter of a noble duke: the dress was a rich sarsenet of the chaste and beautiful colors of the forty-second plaid, trimmed at the border with three French tucks of green satin, the color of the drake's neck: round the waist was a cestus of black velvet, with a superb clasp of fine brilliants; the head covered with a *toque* cap of fine net, blond and white satin, lightly ornamented with small white roses. Bright colors are much worn in dresses; but they rather incline to the *sombre* hue. Opera and evening dresses are of white satin, richly ornamented with broad flounces of blond; colored satins are much in favor for

evening dresses; these are trimmed with plaitings of gauze *en bouffonts;* interspersed with bouquets of flowers, or confined by chain links formed of white satin. Dresses for private balls are chiefly of crape, with embossed colored flowers, or of striped gossamer gauze, trimmed with narrow flounces of blond.

Head dresses consist chiefly of caps of various kinds; but all are costly as to materials, and when for the theatre or full dress dinner party they are profusely adorned with flowers; but the flowers, if only in sprigs, lie on the hair, just under the border of the cap. Turbans and Castilian hats are yet prevalent at the opera and evening parties; and a beautiful Scotish cap is a becoming head dress to a matronly lady, who mixes much in fashionable life; it is of the true Highland shape, and is of silk.

The favorite colours for dresses are puce, drake's neck, and mazarine blue, for half dress; for evenings, bright geranium, rose, and cerulean blue. Turbans are of gauze, striped, clouded, and for full dress, powdered with gold; when of one colour, it is generally of emerald green, hortensia, cerulean blue, or amber; but these are only for home dress, and have no ornaments: the striped white and gold gauze for turbans, with feathers, the colour of the drake's neck, are much admired for evening parties.

MODES PARISIENNES.

Mantles have taken the lead in preference to either pelisses, shawls, or spencers; they are warm by being lined with fur, but they do not seem to shield the form from the cold like the close wrapping pelisse: the present mantles are large, and descend as low as the trimming on the skirt of the dress worn underneath.

The bonnets for walking are of coloured satin, crowned with dark winter flowers, such as the clove carnation, crimson auricula, &c. Many are trimmed with a great number of small rosettes of riband, at least two, but oftener three dozen, and the ends of these rosettes are symmetrically arranged round the brim of the bonnet; other bonnets have five triangles round the crown, formed of satin rouleaux.

The *dejeuné costume* is truly deshabille; it consists of a long-skirted jacket and coat of cambric, trimmed with muslin; it is quite in the bedgown style, and is finished at the throat by an antique ruff of clear muslin *gauffré;* the cap worn with it is very close, it is of fine lace, and made *à la Beguine.*

Full dresses for the evening are of white satin, with rouleaux of gold gauze round the border and down the mancherons of the long sleeves; the corsage composed of white satin, and fine lace let in *en demi-chevrons.* Or a *ponceau* dress of *gros d'hiver,* finished down the front of the skirt and round the border with puckered diamonds surrounded by *rouleaux* of satin; the sleeves short and full, and trimmed to correspond. But the favorite full dress is of Barège silk of a flame color, ornamented with gold. The sash is sprinkled with gold spots, and the ends are terminated by a tassel in the form of an olive; the sash ties in front, and the ends descend to the knee. The ornament at the border of the dress consists in a row of cockleshells, and between every third shell is a large ornament of gold. Above the first row are three stripes of gold lace, and then another row of cockleshells. A corsage *à la Tyrolienne,* is clasped behind, but imperceptibly; the drapery is confined by a narrow gold binding.

The turbans are of gold gauze mixed with folds of ruby-coloured gauze, and the hair arranged *à l'Anglaise.* A favorite evening head-dress is a hat of white satin, made in the *Paysanne* form.

The progress of attachment for flame color, in robes and the hoods of mantles, is like a fire breaking out in a neighbourhood, which catches the dwelling of one individual after another, till every house is a blaze of red: this refulgent color was at first only seen in little *sautoirs:* then in a Barège scarf, till it spread into dresses, feathers, turbans, and into the hoods of mantles.

Celestial blue and rose color are much admired as colors for half-dress turbans, and mixed or shot colors are prevalent in bonnets. Some curious feathers are used as ornaments to carriage and dress hats; they are of flame color, edged all round with Prussian blue and yellow.

The jewellery consists chiefly of rubies; a cross dependent from the necklace is universally adopted: it is apostolic, consisting of twelve rubies. Gold bracelets of exquisite workmanship are worn over long sleeves.

THE
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OR,
MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.
A New Series.

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LITERARY CURIOSITIES.

'He had long since completed his Caxton, had three sheets of Treveris unknown to the antiquaries, and wanted to a perfect Pynson but two volumes, of which one was promised him as a legacy by its present possessor, and the other he was resolved to buy, at whatever price, when Quinquilius's library should be sold. Hirsutus had no other reason for the valuing or slighting a book, than that it was printed in the Roman or the Gothic letter, nor any ideas but such as his favorite volumes had supplied; when he was serious, he expatiated on the narratives of Johan de Treviso, and when he was merry, regaled us with quotations from 'The Shippe of Fools.'—*Johnson's Rambler, No.* 177.

QUIET your fears—be composed—*I* am not a *collector:* I have no superfluity of money, or of wisdom, which is madness, to encourage me to purchase nuts, which, after exhausting the patience of my crackers, produce no kernel, or none worth digesting. Who but must smile at a noble marquis, now a duke, for giving between two and three thousand pounds for a copy of the first edition of Boccaccio, as every body does at the Parisian, who gave 1650 francs for Voltaire's *Cane?*—which *cane*, however, he seems to have been in great need of! In speaking of *collectors*, I should say, that this race of *curiosity-mongers* may be divided, like most other races, into good, bad, and indifferent. The *good* I class under those who, by their collections, not only propose a gratification to themselves, but a benefit to the world—these attend to the admonition '*antiquam exquirite matrem,*' to a worthy purpose:—the *bad*, amongst *collectors*, are those on the *king's highway* *—*collectors of taxes*—and such as, being wealthy, load their shelves with the choice of literature, which they refuse to communicate to the wise, while, in their own exclusive possession, the books are of no more use than a sun-dial in a grave:—and, lastly, the *indifferent* may be ranked with her royal highness the princess Elizabeth, who before her marriage collected *tea-pots;* or the baronet who collects *butterflies;* or the gentleman who collects all the halters used at the Old Bailey, and tickets them; or the son of a late eloquent member of the house of commons, who collected *pocket-handkerchiefs* from all his friends, under the amiable plea of a keepsake; which last collection is certainly not without some sort of profit! I am none of these, but I like an old black-letter book, when I can beg, borrow, or, for the reading, steal one that has any pretensions to merriment, as I am fond of seeing how our fathers were entertained. So far then as purloining occasionally goes, I am a *collector;* but many a time have I been placed in the situation that any one, knowing my booty, might have honestly said—'*I pity the thief.*' Amongst the rubbish, however, I now and then pick up a pleasantry; and some of this I now mean to impart from two little works before me.

In selecting these volumes, I have been biassed by a desire to convince the

* See Grose's Slang Dictionary, word *Collector.*

lightest readers, that the stores of old English literature are not, as they may be inclined to imagine, unprovided with books suited to the fancy of the *lightest heads*, while they have not been thought unworthy of the *un*acknowleged attention of clever ones. The first, a small quarto, entitled 'Wits, Fits, and Fancies,' date 1614, may be considered as the Joe Miller of centuries past. That wits of later times have filled their urns at this source, is more easy to prove than it would, in all probability, be agreeable *. A few instances, and those, out of respect to the reader, not the most worn that could be adduced, will suffice:—

'Isabell, queen of Spaine, woonted to say, that every one's good gesture is a letter in his commendation,'—which saying lord Chesterfield, it will be remembered, has made his own.

'A vertuous gentleman seeing a malicious person looke downe on the ground, and continue gazing thereon a good space, said, Questionlesse, either some mischiefe is befallen yonder man, or some good to some other body'—is a moral observation in Swift.

'A souldiour, that had a piteous mangled face, brought his garment to a taylor to mend: the taylor, gazing earnestly on his face, at last said, You had more need be new made than mended'—is a witticism given to a hackney-coachman to play off on the deformity of Pope, on his exclaiming, 'God mend me!'

As this work is professedly a collection of jests, &c. of no very certain date, some of them might form *notes* to Shakspeare, whose pages are sadly deficient in this article! Is there not in what follows a smack of the quibbling of his *grave-digger*, when asked—'What *man* dost thou dig it for?'

'A Portugall gentleman travailing into Spayne with a civill retinue, a Spaniard met him on the way, and asked the reare man of his traine, what gentleman he was? The Portugall answered, *No gentleman.* Then he asked him what gallant he was: he answered, *No gallant.* Then he asked him what nobleman he was: he answered, *No nobleman.* At last he asked what man he was: he answered, *No man neither*, but the king of Portugall's cosin.'

I shall add two or three of the jests, and then pass on to the other work, which will occupy more time.

'One asked the great Clarke how he might doe to become wise: who answered—In sooth, friend, I can hardly resolve you; for you still goe one way, and wisedome another, that I doe not see how you can possibly meete.'

'One said to his guest, Methinkes you drinke very little wine: if all the worlde drunke no more than you, wine would

* It has been said that we are *the ancients*, because we live in the old age of the world, and that those who are called ancients must have been mere babes, as they existed in the infancy of the creation. This is all very well; and I am ready to admit that we have, in addition to our own improvements, all the discoveries which have been handed down to us from our forefathers: but an inheritance in *letters* is not like an inheritance of land or houses. They who *i' th' olden time* 'built the lofty verse,' left it to us to inherit; but we cannot, as in the case of an ancestor, who built a mansion and bequeathed it to us, call it *our own*. It is no more 'our own' than the marbles, called the *Elgin*, are the work of lord Elgin. We may admire, and try to rival; but we ought not to appropriate and take the intellectual merit to ourselves. Such freedoms have been, and are too common. Even in the lightest species of wit, this literary freebooting is constantly observable. Who does not recollect the following *jeu d'esprit*, recorded of Scipio, as a pleasantry of modern date?

Scipio Nasica, the cousin of the great Scipio, called one day on Ennius, the poet, whose servant (though his master was at home) denied him. Soon after, Ennius returned the visit, and was told by Scipio himself that he was not at home. 'Nay,' says Ennius, 'I know you are; I hear your voice.' 'You are a fine fellow, indeed,' replied Scipio: 'when I called the other day on you, I believed the maid who told me you were not at home; and now you will not believe me, although you hear my voice.'—*Macrobius*, Sat.

The *αστεια* or *facetiæ* of Hierocles show that even some of our *bulls* are not so genuine as we imagine. In Greek they may be imposing; but compare them in English with what you will find in our friend *Joseph*:—

One attempting to swim was nearly drowned, on which he swore ('by Jasus,' in the modern phrase of the sister kingdom), that he would never go into the water again, until he had learnt to swim.

One of twins having died, the other was met by a friend (as *we* are told from Ireland), who exclaimed, 'Ah! I have heard—but which of you is dead—you or your brother?'

Needham's Hier. p. 460.

be good cheape. Not so, answered the other: rather would it be deare, for I assure you *I drinke as much as I can.*'

'It was discoursed at the table of pope Alexander VI., whether physitians were necessarie in a commonwealth, yea or no? Some affirming that Rome being six hundred years and odd without them, that citizens lived in good health and lustie all that while; and therefore a kind of cattell that might verie well be spared in a common-wealth. Not so, said the pope: rather are they right necessarie in my opinion; for *without them* the world would increase so fast, that one could not live by one another!'

The next work is 'The Schoole of Slovenrie; or Cato turned wrong Side outward;' date 1605. A prefatory address commences thus:—'May it please you: To bee a foole in print is as ordinarie, as a foole at an ordinarie; and therefore 'twere no good fellowship to breake companie.' He pretends that these are *Roman manners*, written originally in Latin, and now translated in metre; which translation, it is observed, was 'begotten without my presence, borne before my wit, and published against my will.'

Dean Swift, I shall show, had very probably seen this work, and *at least* took a hint from it, when he planned his famous 'Directions for Servants.' But previously let me quote, to prevent any disappointment, as this work is in verse, the words of the author at the end—'The Muses every one were absent from my booke,' which will be found to be a confession as true as it is candid. He styles it, however, his 'little merrie booke;' and this quality may suffice to make amends. First, as it seems to have furnished ideas to Swift:

'*Advice to a Servant.*'

He recommends him to be careful to be out of the way; and, in *removing things*—

'Take all at once; a weary man ought not to stand all day:
What foole will goe about, when he can goe a nearer way?
What though perhaps out of your hands the meate doe chance to fall?
Tush, a small matter, care not for it, 'tis no fault at all.
And if your master greet you not with, Take them up, I pray,
First looke upon them a good while, and then depart away.'

The *orts* put on your master's trencher:—

'Your master oft forbid that any good thing should be lost;
Then if his chippings he should lose, 'twould put him to great cost.
Do that which they command at leisure, always be thou slow,
Lest something thou should'st hurt or lose, if thou too fast should'st go.
Be sure to frowne, and make such store of faces in that kind,
That all may know thou goest about it with no willing minde.'

In putting the *soup* on the table, spill it over the gentry:—

'For why, the spice wherewith the cooke did store the pottage well,
Besides the daintie taste, will also yield a fragrant smell.
They cannot well forget this kindnesse, if you have your due,
For always, when they smell their cloathes, they needs must think of you:
Or if the foole will needes be angry, raile as fast as he—
I hoped the foole was old enough unto his clothes to see.'

In *helping wine*—

'What though, the cup being too full, you pour some on the ground;
I think, if you should use the tricke, great fault could not be found.
Or if you dare not give it full, for feare your master brawle,
Then kindly sup off some, as if you dranke unto them all.
Or, (which is much more civill) if too much you chance to fill,
Into the flaggon emptie some, for fear you should it spill.
For if perchance some dirty drugs within the cup do lie,
By mingling it with all the wine, 'twill forthwith clarifie.'

The company being gone:—

'As for the shutting of the doores, it is thy master's right
To shut them all, if that he meanes they should be shut that night.

Let him put out the candles, and eke rake up the fire;
Thy master must go last to bed, that *Cato* doth require.
Or else take thou the candle, for I thinke that's far more fit,
When as thou go'st to bed, and for thy owne use keep thou it,
Lest in the darke thy legs or feete be hurt by any thing;
The night, before all other times, most hurt doth soonest bring.
As for thy master, he may in the darke more safely go;
Because each corner in the house he perfectly doth know.
Let him, a God's name, in the darke put off his clothes alone,
He's old enough; as for thy helpe, be sure thou give him none.
As for the pots and cups, which still are left upon the table,
To stirre them ere to-morrow morne, I thinke thou art not able:
Then let them stand, that every man may tell his fellow—Here
Was yesternight a royall banquet, stuffde with dainty cheere.
For by this meanes, of those great pleasures they may have a taste—
Tis comfortable to remember pleasures that are past.'

I take these specimens to be sufficient to make the Dean's work appear a very extraordinary coincidence, if nothing more.

In what remains of a general nature, there is much which he very justly suspects will be deemed 'base and vile,'—but when he 'speakes broad English,' as he calls it, he shall keep it to himself. Otherwise what is proposed in the preface is very laudable:—

'Those manners which unseemly are
In these decaying times,
And auncient rude simplicitie,
I checke in jesting rimes:
If this my booke will profite yield
To men of any kind,
And make them weed home-bred behaviour
Quite out of their minde,
That's all I want.'

With this recommendation, I shall proceed to 'The first Booke of antient Simplicitie of Behaviour.'

Ovid says, '*careant rubigine dentes;*' but our author, always ironical, prefers yellow teeth, and adds,—

———'thinke not that gold's perfect colour doth your teeth disgrace:
That colour, which in few men's purses, in your teeth hath place.'

Meals.

'At breakfast never use a trencher—wherefore serves your hand?
At dinner-time 'tis far more meete upon such points to stand.
In any case, see that the fat runne downe thy fingers thicke,
Which with your tongue, as downe it runs, you always ought to licke.

Attention.

'If any man do tell you newes, which ne'er before you heard,
And presently with ready words you cannot him reward,
Then 'tis a great decorum, your wide mouth forthwith to stretch,
And so stand still, as though some harmlesse flies you meant to catch.'

Dress.

'*A long gowne* wear, which all the ground may sweepe as thou dost goe,
For so no man the place whereon thou trod'st well can know.
And if a man espy the dirt, when he is far remote,
He'll thinke you wear a very rich embroyder'd garded coat.'

I may observe here, for the amusement of the reader, that by the 25th of Edward IV. it was enacted, that no person, under the condition of a lord, should wear any *mantle* or *gown*, unless of such *length* that, standing upright, it might cover his rump:—a peer only having the privilege of exposing his seat of honor. A century and a half after, about the period of this publication, all

the *sumptuary* laws were repealed by the 1st of James I., or became obsolete; and *long gowns*, it seems, were no longer worn by those who wished to appear fashionable. Farther on this subject, it was proclaimed, in the reign of Henry IV., that no man should wear shoes above *six inches broad* at the toes. See Camden,—and Chambers, who also remarks on the sumptuary laws of the Locrians, which certainly form no part of our code of usage; for they ordained that no woman should go out in the night, or wear any gold, or embroidered apparel, unless her purposes were professedly meretricious; and that men should not wear *rings*, unless they went forth with the same object.

Nails.

'Thy nailes ne'er cut, but let them grow, it is a comely sight;
Hawks with long nails do catch their meate; yet lords in them delight.
Or if thou need'st will cut thy nailes, cut them as thou dost dine,
Betweene the first and second course, for then thou hast good time.'

He much approves of cutting the table-cloth, and playing a tune with the knife on the salt-cellar, by way of pastime. When the dinner is served,

'If there be a daintie bit, 'tis good to snatch it strait:
If that some envious man do seem for to repine at this,
Love others well, but thyselfe better, say the proverbe is.'

In eating, taste before you swallow, and if you do not like it, put it back 'into the platter;' for 'there is no sense that you should eate what is not good.'

Shoes.

'What though your shoes be thicke with dirt? to purge them it is vaine—
For why, you know in dirt and dung they must be fowlde again.'

Civility.

'Since then we are like, why should some men be honor'd more?
Wherefore, whereso'ere thou art, give none the way, whatso'ere he be:
Nay, if he stand upon *such* points, then make him yield to thee.'

BOOK II. CHAP. I.

How to behave yourself, being invited.

Inquire of the servant what's for dinner—if you go, and it does not please you,

'Strait stamp and stare, fret, rage, and fume, as if that thou wert mad;
To cloake your anger in this case, I holde it very bad.
If with thy meate thou burne thy mouth, then cloake it craftily,
That others may, as well as thou, partake that miserie.
Leane with one or both thine elbows on the board—
Never cut the bread where it has been cut before.'

As Demosthenes learned to speak plainly by putting pebbles in his mouth, always speak with your mouth full.

'Chop away the dirtie crust, which on the loafe did lie;
It's prettie sport to see the chippings what a way they'll flie:
Perchance they'll fall into their eyes which at the table sit.'

Crack your nuts on the table 'with one good blow,' or put them under your foot.

When you can eat no more, look about for amusement; and if 'a maide which hath a bashful look' sit beside you,

'Use many sawcie gestures to her, many sawcie words:
In briefe, of modestie thou need'st not have too great care,
But do those things which to *thy* nature best beseeming are.'

Always talk loud; louder, if any body complains of it, or wishes to be heard; and, that you may be remembered, carve your name on the table;

'Or on the chimney, with a coal, draw forth thy picture well.

In going home, 'make great clamors,' to wake your neighbours, that they may know you've been out to dinner. Be sure to beat your wife, because

'Three things, a nut, an ass, a woman, without blowes,
Will ne'er be fit for any use, for so the proverbe goes.'

Be careful how you invite any body to your own house—you are ill;

'Or you may lay the fault upon your curst and crabbed wife.'

When you do—

'Command thy maid to sweepe the house when every man is come,
Lest they should think it is not swept, *they ought* to see it done.'

If there be a choice morsel,

——— 'thou ought'st therefore to taste a bit,
Thereby to know the better, if it for thy friend be fit.

Make your friend drink as much as *you* like, and if he be noisy,

'First beat him well, and thriftily, then thrust him out of doore;'

——— he will not 'come back again in haste.'

BOOK III.

'If any man be reading letters, which were to him sent,
Although to tell the secrets unto you he never meant,
To stande behind the reader's backe, you ought to have a care,
And read them o're as well as he, before he be aware.'

Old Tully wrote a number of far better letters to his friends, and *he* did not refuse to publish them.

Imitate nature, and let your garments be like *the rainbow.*

'Unto what place so'ere you come, it is a mighty grace
To have a frowning countenance, and eke a crabbed face.'—

You will be thought to ponder on 'weighty matters:'—never laugh but at some doleful sight.

The Use of Mustachios.

————' 'Tis a grace
To have a beard beset with bristles hiding halfe your face;
Or let upon thine upper lip a great mustachoe bide,
Which oft will hinder you from op'ning of your chaps too wide.'

Write unintelligibly, and blot all the books that are lent to you. When you help yourself to fowl, take

———' both wings, which in the platter lay,
Lest, leaving them behind you, they might chance to flie away.'

Chapter VIII. 'concerns fitting virgins, both at home and abroad in banquets, and divers other places,' which may well be spared, though he speaks thus generally:—

'The rudest things, which in my book I can repeat or tell,
At sundry times, in sundry places, have befell.'

A single verse amidst all this 'rugged cadence,' that deserves notice, for at least prettiness, is on a subject the most inspiring—and this it is:—

'Life-breathing kisses, in her rose-excelling lips, are found.'

Nevertheless, our poet, like others now numbered with their fathers, speaks of *immortality;* and '*non omnis moriar,*' I shall not wholly perish, was not so vain a prediction in him (witness the celebrity he here enjoys!) as it is in some of

our modern bards of equal presumption, whose poems are longer, and their metre more smooth; with whom it will be well, if they substantially survive one quarter of his date, and are not, in two perfect centuries, remembered only in some poetical nomenclature, as birds of passage, whose notes were heard at the time, and ever after utterly forgotten.

GRUB.

THE NIGHT IN TERRACINA.

THE young count Walden was the last child of a noble house: his father, in the vain pursuit of alchemy, had deserted wife and home, and, after having ruined his health and fortune, perished miserably at Marseilles, and his mother dying of grief, he became the care of a rich uncle, who resolved to educate him for the state. His horror of the slightest approach to enthusiasm led him to the adoption of a rigid system, in which the heart was nothing and the head was every thing. Guido was not, indeed, a good subject for such an experiment; but though the system did not in reality change his nature, it appeared to do so, and both the uncle and nephew were deceived.

Thus had passed twenty years, when Guido set out on his travels to Rome, not to purify his taste or exalt his mind by the monuments of other times, but to perfect him in the little arts of diplomacy. The heat of a southern spring, and the dust of the roads, made him resolve to rest a night at Terracina, the last town on the line of the Roman boundaries. Having nothing better to do, while his servants prepared his chamber, he took a ramble towards the ocean; and the sight of its magnificent waters, now seen by him for the first time, awoke those feelings which education, like the fairy's rod in the tale, had laid to sleep for so many years. There was just wind enough to swell, though not to break, the wide expanse of sea, into which the sun was sinking, with a wreath of bright amber clouds above it like a canopy of gold. In the east, the shadows of twilight were already visible in the dark blue heavens, while the laurels and orange and citron-trees, as they gently waved to and fro at the breath of the wind, scattered about the rain-drops that a few hours before had left upon them, and filled the air with their fragrance.

Guido was angry with himself for yielding to the influence of such feelings; it seemed to him like a degradation of the statesman, that he was not master of his fancy; and he was fain to seek a refuge from himself in sleep, which, however, did not come at his invocation. It was in vain he closed his eyes; he did not the more sleep or shut out the influence of imagination, that increased in power with every moment, building up fairy gardens, and palaces of cloud, while the most delicious music seemed to be ringing in his ears. After having struggled with these feelings for two or three long hours, he rose again, and resumed his former walk by moonlight; and now it appeared that the music had not altogether been sounded by his fancy. In the lower room of a near building a maiden was playing on the lute, while at a table not far from her there sate a man of gigantic stature, whose features, as he looked up, appeared to Guido of more than human ugliness, with something terrible in their distortion. He seemed to be writing at her dictation, and now paused as if waiting for farther matter: the singer took no notice of him. He addressed her angrily in a language which the count did not understand;—all to no purpose. His tones grew louder;—the maiden, with a smile of ineffable contempt, turned her back upon him, on which he started up, seised a light, collected his papers, and rushed out of the room with many bitter execrations. The singer now laid aside her instrument, and, taking a handful of coins from a writing-desk, carelessly folded them in paper: she then amused herself for a few moments with gazing on a diamond necklace, which, as it glittered in the lamp-light, appeared of immense value, and, having returned it to its case, withdrew to an inner chamber. Till now Guido had gazed as if rooted to the spot by some charm; but the absence of the lovely singer awoke him to a sense of his peril, and he hastened to retire, when, at a sudden turning of the building, the strange writer stood close before him, the lamp in his left hand, the sabre in his right, and pistols in his girdle. Both seemed surprised. There was a moment's pause, in which the stranger measured Guido from head to foot, and then, with a half-muttered excuse, he strode away into the interior of the building. No sooner was he gone

than the count became ashamed of his own weakness: he tried to reason with his fancy; but fancy is deaf to reasoning, and it was not till after many days of dissipation at Naples that he could think of the adventure with any tolerable degree of composure. There, indeed, he led a life of pride and pleasure, which left no time for the workings of the imagination. His own rank and talents, and still more the name and recommendation of his uncle, obtained for him a place in the first society of Naples; and fancy, like the spectres from the other world, is no friend to the light and noise of festivals. While the women loved him for the youthful charms of his person, the old admired in him the cold and cautious prudence, the utter disdain of all romance, which gave excellent promise of the future statesman. The passions of the heart were with him confined to their proper home, the heart: there was nothing in his pale yet handsome features that could indicate the existence of any passion; and his voice was tuned to the same pitch of equality, from which it never deviated by any accident. That all this was education and not his real nature was as much a secret to himself as to those about him: the day of revelation, however, was not far off.

The ——— minister gave a splendid dinner. Guido of course was present. The rank and talents of the company made him exert every nerve to gain the general approbation, and in this he fully succeeded, for it was one of his lucky moments, and every man has his lucky moments, when, either from health, temper, or some accidental circumstance of excitement, the fountain of knowlege flows more freely than at others. All joined in his praise; the old because they could not envy one so much below them in years, and the young because they would not seem to envy an equal, and thus allow his superiority. Guido's triumph was complete, till a voice joined in his praise that brought with it any thing rather than pleasant recollections. His attention was called to the speaker, who, notwithstanding the difference in his dress and general appearance, bore a striking resemblance to him of Terracina, though how he came into such company, and at such a time, was a thing past all conjecture: the likeness of the features, notwithstanding the well-powdered wig and the corpulent body, puzzled Guido; and the stranger, with a smile that seemed to mock his doubts, protested that the sovereign would be fortunate who could engage in his service a young man of such uncommon capacity. The count stammered out his thanks for this favorable opinion, adding that he thought they must have met before. To this the stranger replied in a flattering tone—'Such a meeting I could never have forgotten; but you are mistaken: I am the baron Passarez, formerly in the service of the ——— republic; but for several years past, on account of a testamentary lawsuit, I have resided here in Naples, where the chief tribunal holds its sittings.'—This statement, however plausible, did not quite convince Guido. There was something peculiar in the tones of the voice that could never be mistaken; and he thought, by artfully connecting their discourse with Terracina, and the singular events of that night, to draw from him some unguarded expression which might give him a clew to the mystery. But the baron was an older politician than Guido, and, if indeed he were the stranger of Terracina, he was yet too wary to be entrapped into any thing like a confession. What was still worse, all those of whom Guido subsequently inquired respecting the baron confirmed the statement he had given of himself and his late dwelling in Naples, so that at length he was forced to give up the idea of the baron and the stranger being the same person under different semblances. Still there was a sense of mystery clinging to him that he could not shake off, an ever-recurring idea of something painful yet undefined which mingled itself with all his thoughts and occupations. Sometimes he was inclined to laugh at his own weakness; at others he burned with anger against the cause of his torment; but the result was a firm purpose of forcing the baron to an explanation if ever he met with him again; and soon after a fair opportunity seemed to offer itself in an invitation from the duchess of L——— to join an evening-party, where it was more than probable that he would find his antagonist.

The necessity of answering several important letters without delay employed him far beyond the hour appointed for the duchess's party, and, when he got there, he found the card-tables already occupied, while the younger part of the

society were collected about a female, whom they were all earnestly entreating to sing and accompany herself on the piano-forte. Well knowing the usual result of such solicitations, Guido remained at a distance to hear as little of it as possible; but the singer more than deceived his expectations: her voice, in sweetness and pathos, surpassed all that he had ever heard or imagined; and he remained fixed to the spot, almost fearing to breathe, lest he should lose a single sound. On a sudden he recollected the tones: they were the same he had heard in the night at Terracina; even the words of the song, too, were the same, and it glowed in his brain like fire at the recollection. What could such a creature, so highly gifted, of such noble connexions, have in common with the monstrous stranger, or with his semblance Passarez? At this moment the baron went out through an opposite door, and Guido, boiling with contending passions, was about to rush after him, when the singer arose from the piano, and by the action calmed him at once, like a spell passing over the roughness of the waters. To see her was to love her, and he lost no time in making the usual inquiries about her birth and fortune. In answer he heard that she was the marchioness Fleury, a young widow, foreign to Naples, but residing in one of the finest quarters of the city, in a style that betokened a splendid fortune. Upon this he requested to be introduced to her, and, after the first compliments, noticed, as if casually, that he had heard her sing the same song before at Terracina.

'That may be,' replied the marchioness; 'for this is a favorite national air of my own Provence: but I do not recollect having——'

'Oh yes!' exclaimed Guido, interrupting her with warmth—'it was the very same melody—the very same. I never shall forget it,—never *can* forget it.'

The marchioness raised her large black eyes, gazing at him for a few seconds with a melancholy look, that showed no resentment at the warmth of his manner; but she made no reply, and avoided all farther discussion by hastily mixing with the company, nor had he a second opportunity of conversing with her alone till the moment of the party breaking up, when he handed her to her carriage. Even then there was only time for the interchange of a few unimportant phrases; but, like Mercutio's wound, they were enough: the building, that his uncle had laboriously erected through the course of many years, was overturned by a pair of brilliant eyes in a single evening. Guido was in love, passionately in love; and where love is, romance will always be. It was in this dangerous crisis that his uncle wrote to say, he had contracted a marriage for him with the daughter of the prime minister, a negotiation on which the old politician not a little prided himself. Guido felt that the day of decision was not far off; but, before he gave an answer to his uncle, it was requisite to know for certain in what degree of favor he stood with the marchioness, and whether, if he sacrificed all for her, she was willing to requite it with her affection. This, however, was no easy task, though he met her frequently; for whenever he got upon the chapter of love, she always contrived to turn the conversation to politics, so that weeks passed without coming to any determination.

The Carnival was now over; praying and fasting succeeded to the sound of revelry, the churches being as much the fashion as the theatres had been for the last four weeks. In this amusement (for with the Italians even the church is an amusement) Guido could not participate. To a strict Lutheran there was something unpleasant in the very pomp of Catholic worship,—a feeling altogether opposite to his ideas of religion; and, though he did not venture to condemn a custom so contrary to that of his own land, yet he soon ceased to be present at a ceremony with which he could not sympathise. At such times it was his ordinary habit to wander along the sea-coast, and in one of these walks he was fortunate enough to meet the marchioness. She was sitting alone in a deep meditation, which even the hurry of his steps did not interrupt, nor did she seem aware of his presence till his voice awakened her, as if out of a profound sleep. In the usual tone of compliment, he said that he had sought for her at church, and was delighted with this accidental meeting when he least expected it; but the common-place of flattery failed him, when by chance he lifted up his eyes to hers; he exclaimed with involuntary emotion and almost unconsciously,—'How beautiful!—How heavenly beautiful!'—This was something more than flattery, and the marchioness felt that it was; and, after a

moment's enjoyment of his confusion, she offered her arm to him, that he might conduct her home. The walk was not long; but Guido employed the time so well, that, on arriving at her palace, she invited him to rest a few minutes, and with a sort of holy feeling he entered the chamber which she used as a study, and which he almost looked on as the temple of a goddess. A fitter opportunity to declare himself could not have been offered; the marchioness, too, seemed to be in a cheerful humor, that promised a favorable audience, and at last, with a beating heart, and in broken phrases, he ventured to tell her that he loved her. At this declaration a sudden change passed over her beautiful face, and it was not easy to tell whether pain or love was its predominant expression; but there was no mixture of joy with it. A tear trembled in her dark eye as she said, almost in a whisper—'I have been taught to believe there is no such thing as love, except in the idle tales of poets, or the idler dreams of the young and simple; and if I could ——' But she stopped, as if she had already gone too far, while Guido, whose expectation was wound up to the highest pitch by the shadow of hope held out to him in the last imperfect sentence, besought her to continue, if she would save him from utter madness. For a few minutes she seemed to be struggling with herself, wishing and yet afraid to communicate some dreadful mystery, till at last she flung herself in tears upon his bosom, exclaiming—'I do indeed love you; but you know not what a serpent you are taking to your breast.—Leave me—it were best that you should leave me. It cannot end well!—Oh, if you knew all!'

But the passion of Guido was too strong to listen to these ominous phrases, and his feelings and his language grew warmer with every moment. He produced his uncle's letter, stated his readiness to give up the minister's daughter, his uncle, his own country, and every thing, so that she would consent to become his wife in any land, no matter where, the more distant the better.

During this the marchioness had remained as if in deep meditation; but now she started up, exclaiming—'There is yet one hope! If you can make these sacrifices for me, I will give up to you myself and my fatal mystery, though at the peril of my life,—and there is a peril that might daunt the heart of one who does not love as I do. The moment is not yet come. To-morrow, or the day after, as I can manage it, I will send for you;—but do not leave Naples for a single hour: above all, the profoundest secrecy is requisite till we are beyond the power of our enemies: the hands of those enemies are long and mighty, and reach even to ——. But I have said enough to put you on your guard, and more would be superfluous. Now leave me: it is necessary for both our safeties:—only do not,—I conjure you, do not—judge of me from appearances. I am the victim of circumstance—and—' breaking off a rose that grew in a marble vase—'take this, that you may not forget Rosa Fleury.'

Guido could not speak, but he pressed the rose to his bosom as he left the room, and the silence of his action was more expressive than words. The fresh air, which at first seemed to add to the ferment of his brain, in the short course of an hour had restored him to the full possession of his senses, as much as a man in love can be said to possess the faculty of understanding. He resolved, if possible, to win over his uncle, with a mental reservation to follow his own course in the event of not succeeding, and with this object sate down to write, without noticing, or rather without choosing to notice, a packet of papers that lay upon his table: the fact was, he did not wish to interrupt the chain of ideas floating in his mind with respect to this business, on which all the happiness of his future life depended; and he worked long and diligently at the letter, weighing every syllable with the nicest care, writing and re-writing, so that, when it was finished, he felt no power for any farther toil, but was glad to go to bed.

In his dreams, if indeed they were dreams, he was still haunted by André, the formidable stranger of Terracina. It was as if he crept softly into the room, and came up to Guido's bed-side, where he stood for several minutes with his head bent over him, gazing with fierce and penetrating looks, that seemed to read his inmost soul; then he walked up to his writing-table, opened every drawer, rummaged the papers, at last unfolded the packet of letters, read them, and, darting a furious glance at Guido, disappeared as mysteriously as he had entered. This whole scene was almost too vivid and too coherent for a dream;

yet, upon his waking in the morning, he found the packet on the table unbroken, or at least apparently unbroken. But his reflections on this event were speedily turned into another channel by a letter from Rosa, requesting his presence on the evening of the following day; and his very impatience at the distance of the summons served to dissipate all unpleasant considerations, so that when he was visited by a young Neapolitan, who wished for his company at the fencing-room, he made no difficulty in complying.

The Italian fencing-schools are not much frequented except in Lent, when they become a place of general resort for the youth of fashion, and on these occasions the fencing-masters not only match their scholars, but are ready to try their own skill against any foreign professors who may chance to visit their academy. Indeed, it is considered to be a great want of breeding in any one to refuse a challenge of this sort, unless utter ignorance of the weapon can be pleaded in excuse. The masters have a costume peculiar to themselves—white jackets with red bindings, blue hose, large cocked hats, and fencing-gloves of buffalo's skin, which reach up to their elbows, and are fringed with gold or silver edging. Their foils have long, straight, unbending blades with heavy guards, and their play is either thrust or cut; and sometimes, not to lose the old art entirely, they fence with sword and dagger. Instead of the upright mode of the Spaniard, they bend low, with the body thrown back, and the foot thrust forward, the left hand sometimes before the eyes, and sometimes before the breast. In addition to this, they roar like wounded bulls, invoking Heaven and hell, or cursing their antagonist, or leaping from side to side, or, in short, practising any and every artifice to ensure the victory.

Amongst those of the present assembly were many skilful masters in the art. While the usual compliments were mutually exchanged, the door was flung open, and the long-expected French professor, Monsieur Cassistrong, as the Italians called him, swaggered into the apartment. All the terrors of the past night revived in Guido's soul at this strange apparition. The fencing-master was the very image of André and the baron Passarez, or at least their features were the same, though corpulence of body, sallowness of complexion, and darker hair, might seem to indicate a difference of person. The Frenchman began to excuse his late appearance with the volubility so natural to his country, protesting that he had been detained by the necessity of chastising a wretched pretender, who had dared to doubt his skill, and whom he had left in a state that more needed the confessor than the surgeon. This empty bluster excited the warmest indignation in Guido, who now began to look upon him as a political spy, and burned with desire to measure his strength with him, in the hope of punishing such insolence. But Cassistrong was beforehand with him: he did not wait to be summoned to a trial of his skill, but came up to the count at once, and begged to have the honor of entering the lists with him; an offer which the other was not slow to accept. The assault began, and Guido, himself an excellent fencer, soon perceived that he had to do with a skilful antagonist, whose vigor and celerity threw him almost altogether upon the defensive. At last he found, as he imagined, a fair opportunity, and endeavoured, by dexterously binding his adversary's blade, to disarm him; but Cassistrong, with one violent blow, broke his foil asunder as if it had been glass, and the fragment, striking against his forehead, covered him in an instant with his blood. There was a general rush towards him directly, and in the confusion of the moment Cassistrong, coming up close to him, as if to express his regret for the accident, whispered, in a tone that none but himself could hear—'My next thrust shall be to your heart—to your heart,—if you do not give up Rosa Fleury.' Before the count could wash the blood from his eyes, and free himself from the hands of those that held him, Cassistrong was gone, and nothing was left to him but to hasten home and write to the marchioness an account of what had passed, at the same time conjuring her to put a speedy end to all this doubt and mystery. The servant who took this note brought back word that she had been long from home; and when afterwards many hours had elapsed without an answer, Guido became too impatient for any farther delay, and went himself to her palace. To his earnest inquiries, rendered still more urgent by a few gold coins, the porter replied that his mistress had been gone out ever since daybreak, though he

could not say whither. More than this the count could not learn, and he returned home with a heavy heart, full of evil forebodings, when he received this note from the marchioness:—

'Instant flight!—To you, I bring myself:—to your uncle, news that, if he were a stone, would move him. Send a carriage and horses to Aversa without delay: there I will expect you at the gate of the hospital for maniacs. Speed and secrecy are recommended to you.'—A weight of lead fell from Guido's heart at the reading of this letter: nothing more was requisite to flight than gold, friends, and resolution, and he had all these. In less than half an hour his traveling carriage was on the road to Aversa, and indeed some miles nearer the place of its destination, while he himself was following at a short distance on horseback. Every part of their plan seemed to prosper; he met Rosa at the appointed place by the hospital, and they now recommenced their flight together at the utmost speed of their horses. But the marchioness still trembled from head to foot, as she partially unveiled to him her situation. She was the emissary of a foreign state, and André, who could assume all shapes and all names, whether it was that of the baron Passarez or the fencing-master Cassistrong, was set over her as a spy upon her fidelity. What else she had to discover was of the highest importance; and the communication of it, she felt sure, would persuade his uncle to allow their union. This, however, she deferred till their arrival at the German frontiers, at the same time urging him to accelerate their flight as much as possible, for her life was on the stake: one minute too late might be her death. Guido needed not any such incitement from the fears of his companion; for, though he was too brave to feel any personal apprehensions, he had an indistinct dread of some near peril to the marchioness. It was therefore with infinite regret that he found himself obliged to stop at Terracina, by the breaking-down of his carriage, and Rosa was almost beside herself at the necessity of passing the night there. 'I am lost!' she exclaimed:—'My evil destiny pursues me, and my death is close at hand.'—It was with difficulty Guido could pacify her by the assurance that he and his people would watch in arms throughout the night before the door of her chamber.

A still, warm night was upon the country: not a leaf moved; not a breath of wind was stirring; and the stars shone out dimly through the thick and sultry air. Exhausted by the journey, and still more by the agitation of her mind, Rosa lay in a death-like slumber, while Guido paced up and down before her room, with a drawn sword in his hand, and a brace of loaded pistols in his girdle. One hour slowly followed another without any disturbance. Midnight came; it passed, when suddenly he heared a loud shriek from Rosa's chamber. In an instant he is at the door: it is barred within; he calls, but receives no answer; and by a discharge of his pistol summons his attendant, and the door is burst open by their united efforts, when he enters, and finds the marchioness floating in her blood. All the skill of the surgeon, who was now hastily called in, was unable to bring her back to life; and Guido was at last forced away from the body in a state of madness, while the police in their turn began to investigate the business. Beneath the bed they found a trap-door, and drops of blood plainly marked that this had been the way of the assassin's flight. The host of the inn was next interrogated; but he protested that he had received no other stranger into his house in the course of the preceding day, and that he knew nothing of the trap-door, or of the extensive vaults below it. But what will not a Neapolitan scoundrel swear to, or what will not a Neapolitan judge listen to, when gold is to be gained? Guido's servants, whose chief object was the exculpation of their master, were glad to let the affair rest, since the marchioness could not be restored to life, and now turned all their attention to the count himself. With difficulty they succeeded in bringing him out of a long, deep swoon; but his senses were gone; he had lost all recollection of those about him; and in his madness accused himself of Rosa's murder, rubbing an imaginary spot from his hand, and listening to every sound, as if he feared the pursuit of justice. In this state he was carried back to his uncle, who had now full leisure to mourn over his perverted system of education.

Many months had elapsed before Guido was restored to the full possession of his senses, and then it was evident that he was dying. In the mean time, his uncle had been earnest in his in-

quiries respecting Andre and his victim, and the result was such as to make it a subject of doubt whether Rosa's death had not been the best thing that could happen for herself no less than Guido. In the hope of softening the count's regret for her loss, his uncle ventured to communicate the intelligence, though with every precaution that prudence and affection could suggest. After having explained her connexion with André as the political emissary of a state, which, in the fear of a revolution, had adopted this wretched system, he concluded by saying—'Rosa Fleury, though born out of wedlock, was your father's child—was your natural sister.'

A cold shudder thrilled through Guido at this declaration: he lifted up his eyes to Heaven, bowed his head in token of submission, and—died.

THE VALENTINE; A TALE.

Joseph Surface, in his insidious advice to Lady Teazle, displays an intimate knowlege of the human mind. The young and the inexperienced act according to the impulse of the moment, and, proud of integrity, too often set the opinion of the world at defiance; but the world judges only by what is apparent, and gives no credit for that which is not visible; and the consciousness of innocence has been frequently the cause of ruin to the reputation. Indiscretion is sometimes, amid weak and erring mortals, more fatal than crime, and many of the purest-hearted of the softer sex have been driven from society, or stricken to the grave, by the consequences of an act of thoughtless levity; whilst the guilty one who has had prudence enough to assume the appearance of propriety, has been held up as a model and a pattern. Let us take lessons of wisdom from the counsels of the wicked, and extract honey even from the flower whose perfume is poisonous. The accomplished libertine inculcated his cautious maxims only to destroy; but all that run may read, and derive benefit from that extensive knowlege of the world which is perhaps only to be acquired by those who mix freely with the most unprincipled portion of society. Impressed with the conviction that virtue will not produce happiness, unless it be accompanied by prudence, and aware that dry strictures and musty morals are generally disregarded, and that those who will yawn over a sermon will listen delightedly to a tale, we offer an illustration of the foregoing remarks in that dress which is calculated to please, as well as to admonish; and, if any of our fair readers, alarmed, should inquire with Desdemona,

'Indeed is 't true?'

we answer, in the words of Othello,

'Most veritable; then look to 't well.'

On a fine frosty day immediately after the Christmas holidays, a troop of light dragoons trotted into the village of *****, situated about eight miles to the north of York. It is the fate of cavalry regiments to be scattered over the country; and two officers who were attached to the squadron considered themselves particularly fortunate in being stationed within a pleasant ride from the capital of a flourishing county. The whole regiment did not afford a finer specimen of masculine beauty than captain Edward Morland, who commanded the troop; the uniform, admirably calculated to set off his fine person to advantage, rendered him perfectly irresistible; and, when mounted upon a spirited charger, he could not fail to draw the regards of every eye, and claim the award of every tongue. A too apparent consciousness of his superiority detracted a little from his merit in the estimation of the discerning; but the multitude readily allowed great latitude to such striking perfections, and the captain was accustomed to receive more proofs of admiration than his vanity could endure, without betraying its triumph. His companion was not equally remarkable for personal attraction, but was a generous, high-spirited, noble fellow. The countenance of Godfrey Herbert was an index of his mind; and both were calculated to win for him golden opinions from those whose judgement was not entirely influenced by exterior qualifications.

The young men were friends; and, taking lodgings in the best house that the village afforded, they agreed to form one establishment, and lived together for some time in perfect unanimity. Captain Morland's chief pleasure consisted in showing off his fine person in York, where he found more gazers than he could command in the village; and he very soon became the chief ornament of all the private balls and parties in the most fashionable circle of the city. Her-

bert's engagements carried him away from the scene of his companion's glory. He spent the greater portion of his time with a family of his particular friends, who resided near the village; but, when they repaired to Bath, he returned from a visit of a week to his quarters. He found the captain flushed with conquest, and highly elated by the receipt of several Valentines which lay exposed to view upon his table. Herbert, unacquainted with any of the belles of York, and unwilling to administer incense to such puerile vanity, did not feel interested in the discovery of the fair authors, and read them, and threw them aside, without gratifying his friend by making those inquiries which he was very ready to answer, or by asking, after he had been favored with the perusal, why all were destroyed save one, which occupied a distinguished place upon the chimney-piece. They rode together into York, where they met a gentleman who was celebrated for his hospitality to the military, and he invited them both to dinner. This was the first invitation that Herbert had received; but his brother officer had been a frequent guest. As a prior engagement prevented the latter from joining the party, his friend went to Mr. Preston's house alone; it was one of the handsomest in the city. He was ushered into an elegant drawing-room, and introduced to Mrs. Preston and three of her daughters. All the splendor which an union of wealth and taste could purchase was displayed in the establishment: the decorations of the apartment spoke the accomplishments of its owners; and Herbert's heart was susceptible of all the enjoyment which a social party in the freezing season of winter, and a luxuriously furnished saloon, blazing with light and heat, grouped with lovely women and well-informed men, are so highly calculated to bestow. Though there were several prettier girls among the visitors, he was particularly pleased with Julia Preston, the eldest daughter of his host. She was not strictly handsome; but an air of languor, and a melancholy smile, rendered her excessively interesting in his eyes. He thought himself fortunate in being permitted to hand her down to dinner, and he eagerly obeyed the summons to coffee, in the hope of enjoying a renewal of that conversation which the too rapid retreat of the ladies had interrupted. He was not disappointed; Julia seemed pleased with his attention, and he presented her tea-cup, turned over the leaves of her music-book, put on her shawl when the room was cold, and took it off again when it became warmer. In short, he retired to the inn where he was to sleep, not exactly in love, but very ready to wear that soft silken chain, which he felt assured would be the only fetter that the tender Julia's fair hands could frame.

The next morning being Sunday, Herbert went to church in York; but Julia was not amid the congregation. Debating in his mind whether it would be strictly proper to call so soon after his dinner visit, he strolled down the street which contained her residence, and looked up at the drawing-room windows. A faint tap from an apartment on the ground-floor arrested his attention; his eye sought the direction whence it proceeded, and caught a glimpse of Miss Preston. In a moment he crossed the street, and ascended the steps; but, ere his hand could reach the knocker, the door was cautiously opened by one of her sisters, who, making a sign of silence, led him through the hall and into the library, where Julia, pale, agitated, and in tears, was standing. His conductress instantly closed the door; and the trembling girl, throwing herself at the feet of her amazed guest, articulated, 'Oh Mr. Herbert, can I trust you?'—Raising her from the ground, and supporting her in a chair, he entreated her to be calm, and to rest assured that he would sacrifice his life in her service. Half suffocated with weeping, shaking in every limb, and interrupted by frequent exclamations, of 'What must you think of me? Oh do not judge me too harshly! I am more unfortunate than criminal!'—it was long ere she could tell her story. Alarmed by the excessive agony which she betrayed, he was apprehensive that she might expire in his arms. Bewildered and astonished at the singularity of his situation, unable to guess what was to ensue, he could only endeavour to soothe her by oaths and protestations of inviolable secrecy, friendship, and assistance. Re-assured by the enthusiasm of his manner, Julia began to recover from the distraction of her mind. 'The extreme cruelty of my situation (said she) must plead my excuse for thus abruptly putting you into my confidence; but my reputation is at stake, all that is dear to me in the affec-

tion of my mother, in whose eyes I shall be dishonored, if I fail in interesting you to exert yourself, and save me from a discovery which I dread worse than death. In an unfortunate moment I wrote a Valentine to your friend. Indeed, Mr. Herbert, I entreat you to believe, that it was not dictated by any desire to win his affections, or to disclose to him the state of mine. I do not love him; I never even admired him; but, perceiving his vanity, I was merely desirous of playing with it for my own amusement. It was very silly, perhaps culpable; but I had no other motive, I am guiltless of any other design. Unfortunately I did not take sufficient pains to disguise my hand-writing, and imprudently confessed that my mother employed me as her secretary, and that all the notes of invitation which he had received were of my writing: he compared them together; they have betrayed me as the author, and he has been ungenerous enough to proclaim his discovery, and to boast of my supposed attachment. You may, perhaps, have heard that I am engaged to be married to Mr. Charles Baynard. Captain Morland's assertion has been repeated to him; he has taxed me with it in a very cruel manner; I have denied all knowlege of the Valentine, have even given my word to my mother that I am innocent of the charge. I had no other way to save myself; it is dreadful—but I was obliged to stake my honor on a falsehood. Your friend, in an unmanly desire to triumph at the expense of all that is most valuable to me, has promised to show Mr. Baynard the letter, in order that he may convince himself of the correctness of the accusation: if he should see it I am ruined for ever, sunk in the estimation of my friends, deprived of my mother's confidence, and blasted in the opinion of the world. It is not with the wish to retain a lover, who has so readily given ear to the report of my enemies, that I make the request, for I am determined never to be his wife; but it is to clear my character, to preserve the love of my parents, to prevent my father (who is at present ignorant of this unhappy circumstance) from being wounded through me, that I entreat and conjure you to obtain possession of that letter, in order that I may destroy the evidence of my folly, and disappoint the malice of those who are too ready to hold me up to ridicule and contempt.'

Herbert was inexpressibly affected by her narrative: her youth, her extreme distress, and the idea that it was in his power to remove her apprehensions, and restore her to tranquillity, touched him deeply. No knight-errant of old times could have been more strongly imbued with a spirit of chivalry. 'Fear nothing,' he exclaimed; 'if I am compelled to set fire to the house, and burn it with its inhabitants, that letter shall be destroyed. I am ready to incur any risk, to pay any penalty; no lock shall be sacred, no difficulty deter me: this night I will put the paper into your hands, let the consequence be what it may.' She then entreated him to come to the garden-gate if he should be successful; and, instructing him in a signal, promised to be in waiting to receive it. The younger sister now interfered, and begged him to be gone: she said that the servants were all at dinner, but that in a few minutes they might be spread over the house, and his visit become the subject of animadversion amongst them.

Herbert began to feel that he was very aukwardly situated; it was absolutely necessary for him to retire unobserved; for, if the slightest collusion should be suspected between him and Miss Preston, in the event of any difficulty occurring in his endeavour to seize the letter, her character would inevitably suffer. He had only a few steps to traverse across the hall; but those were replete with difficulty and danger: should he be obliged to conceal himself until night, much valuable time would be lost. One of the girls went out to reconnoitre: fortunately the coast was clear, and, stealing along like a thief, he left the house in the same clandestine manner in which he had entered it. He mounted his horse, and galloped back to his quarters without a moment's delay. He found the drawing-room unoccupied, and the letter on the chimney-piece. He seized it with avidity, and in a few minutes the captain entered, accompanied by a friend. Herbert's conscious spirit apprehended that the Valentine would be mentioned; his companions rallied him upon his taciturnity, and he feigned illness to avoid conversation: for, young and ingenuous, he could not command the appearance of ease whilst engaged in a transaction, which, though he gloried in the performance, was attended with circumstances not altogether open and honor-

able. As soon as he could decently withdraw after dinner, he pretended to go to bed. Cautiously leaving the house, he got into a post-chaise, and traveled back to York. With a breast glowing with pleasure, he knocked at the garden-door; it was immediately opened, and without a word he put the letter into Julia's hands. Overwhelmed by the full tide of joy which rushed to her heart, with the sudden relief from the apprehension of a misfortune which, much as she had suffered, seemed magnified at the moment that it no longer existed, she tried vainly to articulate her thanks, and fainted. Godfrey supported her whilst her sister chafed her hands and forehead: he felt that he had bestowed the greatest blessing, the highest boon that man could give to woman, upon the inanimate creature he held in his arms; and she became so strongly endeared to him, that it was with the greatest difficulty he refrained from expressing his tenderness as she revived; but delicacy withheld him, and he parted from her only as a friend. The next day captain Morland missed the letter, and was eager in his inquiries. All the servants were examined; the whole house searched. 'Did you take it, Herbert?' said he at length—'we found you in the room yesterday.' Godfrey answered unhesitatingly, that he had it not, and for the moment he escaped farther question: but, after the lapse of a few days, the gentleman who was with Morland at the time instigated him to a more inquisitorial examination. Herbert affected great surprise that a foolish Valentine, which was thrown about the house, read by all the servants, and most probably drawn into the fire by the draught from the door, should be the object of so much interest. 'It matters not,' replied Morland, 'why I am anxious about it. The letter is mine, and I insist upon your telling me whether you know what has become of it.' 'Sir,' replied Godfrey, 'I shall not answer questions which I consider as impertinent. Morland angrily withdrew from the house, and in the course of an hour wrote a challenge to his friend. They met, and at a given signal were to fire together. The captain presented his weapon; the ball luckily missed its aim, and Godfrey discharged his pistol in the air. 'Then,' said the former, 'you acknowlege that you had the Valentine.' 'I make no acknowlegement,' replied Herbert;—'if you are not satisfied, fire again; I will not endure to be questioned.' The seconds now interfered, and the combatants separated; for Morland, though exceedingly annoyed at being baffled, could not continue his attack upon a man whose death under the circumstances would be murder. Godfrey nobly fulfilled his promise; but what became of Julia? High-principled, virtuous, and keenly sensitive, the falsehood, the artifice, and the exposure to which she had been betrayed by an act of indiscretion, preyed upon her mind: and when she learned that a human life had been nearly sacrificed, to shield her from the effects of her thoughtless folly, her remorse became so violent, that she fell a martyr to her self-upbraiding. She triumphed over her enemies; she convicted her lover of intemperate jealousy; and she defied captain Morland to prove his ungenerous boast: but the shaft had penetrated her breast, the blight had fallen on the flower, and in eight months Julia Preston was consigned to the grave.

ON A TOPER.

In vino veritas.

FAIR Truth, they say, lies in a well,
Yet who has seen her none can tell;
But *Truth's in wine!* then nought can save her-
So great Jack's search, he's sure to have her!

LOVE.

From Owen.

Principium dulce est, at finis amoris amarus.

SWEET the beginning, bitter in the end,
With smiles the Loves approach, but weeping go;
Thus to the sea the rivers sweet descend,
Meet Neptune's fond embrace, then bitter flow!

THE VILLAGE BELLS.

How sweet the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence soft, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again and louder still,
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on.
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where memory slept: wherever I have heard
A kindred melody, the scene returns,
And with it all its pleasures and its pains.
Such comprehensive views the spirit takes,
That in a few short moments I retrace,
As in a map the voyager his course,
The windings of my way through many years.

COWPER.

THERE is no music on earth that for softness and sweetness of expression, or for the power of exciting the feelings, can compare with the simple harmony of village bells. The most melancholy and grateful associations are connected with them. They are the same inanimate vocalists that welcomed in our birth, that woke a merry peal at our marriage, and will toll a funeral anthem when the church-yard grass waves darkling above us. As we listen to their thrilling chimes, a crowd of recollections come thronging upon our minds. Years perhaps may have elapsed since many of us listened to their music; seas may have separated us from the native village where we first heard them; but when, after the lapse of ages, their simple melody once more enchains our attention, we enter as it were into the shadowy palaces of the past; we see ranged on each side the pictures and memorials of friends who have since gone to their long home; and though our steps return a lonely echo as we traverse the now desolate halls, yet still we love to linger there, from gratitude to the youthful associates who adorned them.

This at least is my case. After an absence of twenty long years, spent for the most part in the cares and occupations incident to manhood, I lately returned to the same spot where, when a boy, I loved to listen to the music of the village bells. Seated in the same beautiful little cottage, which formerly my father's presence enlivened, I once more hear their pensive chimes, as, stealing with a softened swell across the Severn, they 'breathe the language of days that are past, pleasant, yet mournful to the soul.' What a host of melancholy reflections they excite! what a throng of spectral remembrances, whose substance has been long buried in the grave of dead ages, does their voice awaken from the sepulchre! When last I listened to their melody, I was a youth in the village of S———. My family was of some consideration in the neighbourhood, and when I quitted it to reside in a foreign land, the same bells to which I am now listening paid me the equivocal compliment of ringing a peal in honor of my departure. Oh! how distinctly can I retrace each connecting circumstance! The carriage that was to convey me from home stood at our cottage-door, and my mother, turning to the window to conceal the tears that almost blinded her, sobbed a mute farewell. There too was my father, with a few grey hairs straggling over his venerable forehead, and with eyes cast up to heaven, as if imploring a benediction on his child. Well can I recall his countenance: he knew that I was bound to a far-off land, and that the same sun which was rising in the east for me was setting in the west for him. But, alive or dead, he bade me sometimes remember him, walked with me to the door, shook me warmly by the hand, and quitted my sight for ever. I was then in the spring of my days, and, if I wept on leaving home, my tears were like the summer night-dew, which morning kisses from the blue-bell.

As the carriage drove me from the door, I listened to the village bells, whose music was for years to be denied to me, with a spirit of the most buoyant anticipation. Life was then gay and glittering with sunshine; hope threw her rainbow hues athwart the cloudless horizon of the future; and youth wore the aspect of a long summer day, whose twilight would be brilliant as its dawn. Where now are the sunbeams and the rainbows of my fancy? Where are the gaudy prospects of the future, and the parents whom my infancy adored? They have gone down into the narrow house, and lie buried in the village churchyard, not two hundred paces distant from the cottage wherein this is written. The winds of many winters have sighed over their remains, and a plain slab, worn like myself with age, records on its mouldering tablet their virtues and their faith.

In its power of thus awakening the feelings through the simple medium of music, poetry, or any other such excitement, the past has to me more reality and life than the present. It is tangible:

I can feel it, as it were, with my mind, and, like Procrustes with his victims, can distort it, until it suits the immediate fancy of the moment. I can recall, for instance, just as much of it as I please; and if the remembrance of the whole is of an ungrateful cast, I can strain it through the sieve of ages, until its roughness is softened down into something like refinement. Over the present I have no such control. Like a wife, I must receive it for better or for worse, with 'all *its* imperfections on *its* head.' Onward it glides, uninterrupted by complaint or praise, but neglected from its utter destitution of romantic interest. It wants the zest, the gusto of other times, and must die before my fancy will condescend to embalm it in remembrance. I am naturally of a contemplative disposition, and consider every occurrence of the present as but an index to the volume of the past. The village bells, for instance, have pointed out that particular page where the interesting episode of my departure from home is recorded. I look back, and find the delineation faithful. The dust of ages that obscured its surface is removed, and, like some favorite volume, it is re-perused with satisfaction, and remembered with distinctness. It is never antiquated or out of fashion. Its most eloquent passages still retain their eloquence, its sensibility is still fresh, its incidents are still embalmed in the sepulchral palaces of thought. So correct an index is the present to the past, that every hour attests its truth. The most trivial incident will recall the most eventful recollections. The little garden-pot that stands at the window of the cottage wherein I write, is to me the same garden-pot that my mother was wont to tend; and I can even now see her rearing the drooping geraniums, while I stood a wondering child beside her. Yon pleasant pathway that leads through the church-yard, which I now see from my lattice, is the same tidy little walk, newly graveled at my father's expense, up which I used to saunter on a Sabbath morning, proud of my bright yellow gloves, my best blue jacket, that buttoned so splendidly in front, and my substantial family prayer-book. Even the wild heath-rose, which blossoms in our village hedges, is the same flower which I used to pluck for my pretty playmate Fanny H——, when together we wandered through the woods, to mock the song of the cuckoo, to chase the inviting butterfly, or scramble among the sweet-smelling hay-cocks, while the sun looked down from heaven on faces as smiling as his own.

But to return to my subject: independently of their connexion with the past, the village bells are more immediately interesting from the soothing reflections they excite. As their sweet and plaintive tones come stealing on the gale, images of gentleness and peace, of rural quiet and connubial happiness, accompany them. They are, as Coleridge beautifully observes, 'the poor man's only music;' the same to which he danc on the green, or listens delightedly in the hour of his toil. They wake him to his morning's task, recall him homeward in the grey twilight, and ring his child to slumber while the mother sits beside its cradle. They are the vocal newspapers of the parish; a daily (not monthly) magazine of music, which announces to the alehouse-gossips the most recent intelligence of the neighbourhood. Does a great man make his appearance in the vicinity? the editor of the village bells is sure to announce the fashionable arrival: or should a birth, death, or marriage, take place within any reasonable circumference, even the Gentleman's Magazine itself is less scrupulous in recording the incident. To the wanderer who has lost his road, and is compelled to proceed step by step in timid and painful uncertainty, they are the vocal 'indicators' that point out to him where refreshment and accommodation may be obtained. Guided by their sound, he hastens merrily onward, anxious to recruit his jaded frame in the snug parlour of the village alehouse. With what unfeigned rapture he listens, when, in crossing the brow of some barren hill, or of some wide uncultivated waste, their simple melody just strikes upon his ear! How he rejoices as he beholds the straggling lights streaming faintly from the distant village, and hears the evening chimes swell louder and louder upon the gale! On the Sabbath morning their music is peculiarly grateful. To the poor it speaks of holiness and peace; and, like the star of Bethlehem that led the eastern shepherds to their infant Saviour, allures them to the temple of their God. But hark! even while I descant upon them, their last chimes are dying away on my

ear. One by one the ringers are retiring from the belfry, and the church-yard already blackens in the sombre twilight. It is time to close my lattice; the night dews are falling; the bat has commenced her flight, and the whole village seems immersed in silence and in slumber.

Ye sweetest and simplest of inanimate vocalists, whose music charmed my youth and interests my age, awhile farewell! Though the parents who first taught me to appreciate your melody are cold in the grave, their memory, linked with each chime that vibrates from your church, is still green within my soul. Attracted by your witching influence, they have this day burst the cerements of the sepulchre, and stood revealed to my 'mind's eye,' robed in their spectral grandeur. The past, too, laden with all its sunshine and its gloom, has again thrown its rainbow hues athwart the vista of my fancy. Oh! would that, with its unsubstantial pageantry, ye could restore its real joys, its tangible and positive gratifications! But on this side of the grave such change must never be; for the nearer I advance towards my journey's end, the more lonely does the prospect appear. Ring on then, ye melodious remembrancers of my youth!—ye records of my life and of my death! Ye welcomed in my entrance to the world, and in a few years ye shall hymn a requiem above my grave.

PARTY SPIRIT, A FABLE.

It was on a lovely summer's day that two parties of children were playing by the side of a river, till the evening came and found them satiate, rather than weary of their sports. From mere *ennui*, the one party rolled forward a great stone, with intent to fling it into the water, when the other cried out in alarm—'What is it you are doing? For Heaven's sake, let the stone remain where it is! we are all lost if you fling it into the river, for its stream will immediately overflow and drown us in its waters.'—'Not a jot,' replied the others:—'the waves will, indeed, swell over the banks by the impulse of the stone, but that is precisely what we wish; they will soon flow back again, after having cast upon the shore the pearls and other rarities that have lain for years in the ooze below, and we shall then see brighter and fairer things than the day-light ever looked upon.'

But these excellent arguments did not satisfy the children of the other party; they fled, while their rivals rolled forward the huge fragment into the river—and what happened? First, there was a great noise, then followed immense waves, which subsided into swelling circles, and these again became less and less, till the river rested clearly and tranquilly as ever.—Does the fable need an explanation of its moral?

SONNET,

from the Portuguese.

Apollo e as nove Musas, &c.—Camoens.

The God of song and sister-Muses nine
Attuned their lyres to harmonize with mine
In strains more sweet than e'er from planets sprang,
When thus the trembling chords I struck and sang:—
'May that bright day, that moment happy prove,
When, from thine eyes, I drank large draughts of love!
Blest be those feelings, by no fears alloy'd,
When perfect bliss my rapt'rous soul enjoy'd!'
So I, till love, ah! with malignant eye
Beheld my joyous minutes rapid fly
Thus light, thus imperceptibly away,
And, cruel, turn'd to night so fair a day!
Ah me! if now there aught of hope remain,
'Tis, if 'twere possible, increase of pain!

THE INNKEEPER'S ALBUM, ARRANGED FOR PUBLICATION BY W. F. DEACON.

This volume, which is of a miscellaneous nature, consisting for the most part of essays, sketches, and tales, possesses considerable interest and novelty. It purports to be the unconnected contents of an author's album, which has been deposited with a grasping innkeeper of South Wales, in lieu of payment for board and lodging, and is supposed to be edited by a Welsh schoolmaster, by name Deacon, at the express instigation of the publican. The volume is accordingly introduced to our notice by a remarkably quaint preface, in the course of which the pedagogue simply informs us that he has left his pupils under the tuition of the landlord, who is described as being 'cunning in the art of dot and go one,' for the apocryphal chance of making 'a hit' with the public. This is but a sorry reed to lean on; for from our own experience we may assert, that Mr. Deacon would be more likely to make '*a hit*' with his refractory pupils than with literature, which of all mundane professions is the most precarious, humiliating, and ungrateful. We do not, however, say this by way of discouragement to the author of the 'Innkeeper's Album,' for it possesses promise sufficient to enable us to predict the future success of its writer. In reality, it is a very pleasant publication. Its style, though occasionally diffuse, is remarkable for its elegance and vivacity; its humor is poignant, its pathos genuine and unobtrusive.

The tale of Rosalie, which is the first paper we shall proceed to notice, records the melancholy catastrophe of a beautiful young girl, who is condemned for the murder of her child. At the moment when the judge is passing sentence of death upon her, the person who had spirited it away, struck by sudden remorse, restores the infant, and thus proves the innocence of its mother. The shock, however, is too much for her agitated frame, and she dies brokenhearted on the bosom of her father. Her last letter to the parent of her child, when imprisoned for its supposed murder, is deeply pathetic.

'I mean not, Mortimer, to upbraid you with my ruin: this letter, the last you will ever receive, is merely intended to convey my forgiveness, and to request that, from respect to my memory, you will make every exertion to recover our lost child. Should he ever be found, be kind to him when I am gone, for he has now no protector but yourself; and should his pretty smiles recall the image of Rosalie in her happier days of innocence, teach him sometimes to lisp her name, and dwell on her memory with fondness.

'Show him the haunts I loved; and when, warmed with filial piety, he climbs a parent's knee, pray that he may be happier than his mother. My father too, be a son to his old age, and amid the woods of Carrick Southey talk sometimes to him of his child. But tell him not to weep—tell him that we are separated to be again united, in a land 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.' For myself, I am dying, Mortimer; but you! oh, may you be happy, when the heart that loved you is cold, and when all that remains of Rosalie is the memory of her sufferings! But I can say no more: the prison-clock has just tolled the hour of midnight; and, as to-morrow is appointed for my trial, I must offer up my last orisons to my Maker, in whose presence I am so shortly to appear. Farewell! 'Rosalie.'

'From my dungeon, Reading.'

The Essay 'on Falling in Love' proceeds evidently from the pen of a connoisseur in that delicate species of the 'fine arts,' and is consequently entitled to the respect of those valetudinarians who are ever afflicted with this dangerous malady. After enumerating the symptoms of the disease, a sovereign recipe is given, and the success of it attested by such respectable authorities, that, in the event of any amorous visitation befalling us, we shall not hesitate to try it. The author judiciously observes, that 'love is like the small-pox, for a man never has it a second time,' and that it should be treated in a similar manner. He accordingly recommends that the patient should be vaccinated by marriage, as being the safer disorder of the two; and confidently predicts that in the space of a few weeks every symptom of the original distemper will abate. This is an admirable discovery, and well deserves the consideration of the college of physicians.

In the 'Religious and Moral Propriety

of being drunk,' we are much amused with the ironical gravity of the language. But the sketches relative to Wales, and more especially the tale of 'Twm John Catty, the Welsh Rob Roy,' are our decided favorites; for there is an air of freshness and originality about them that we shall be glad to recognize in any future publication by the same author. Having said thus much in merited commendation of the 'Innkeeper's Album,' we shall close our review with an extract from 'Llansaddon Church-yard,' premising that the author is supposed to be wandering among the tombs in busy reflection upon those who moulder beneath them. This will serve as a clew to what follows.

'How beautiful is the spot where I am seated,—how still the landscape that sleeps beneath me! There is hardly breath enough to stir yon grove of elms, for even the rank nettle stands unshaken on the sod. That small mound of earth which chequers the western quarter of the church-yard records the decease of some lowly village maiden. What was her simple tale? she died perhaps of a broken heart, that malady of young and susceptible females. I can image her gradual decay. It was peaceful as the death of summer, noiseless as the expiring whisper of the breeze. She stole from the world as from a revel, and bade good night to her friends in the hopes of a happier morrow. The stages of her decline were tardy—dejected spirits, timid shyness, tenderness almost infantine, a fading eye, and a sunken cheek, all conspired to snap the slender ligaments which bound her to the world. At length her cares are ended:—

> 'After life's fitful fever she sleeps well:
> Sorrow hath done her worst—nothing
> Can touch her farther.'

'In yon westernmost corner of the grove I perceive another little tomb, erected to the memory of a parent and an orphan. Who was he that sleeps beneath it? A father perhaps who had survived his children, and stood like a leafless tree alone in the autumn of his days. His end naturally engenders a serious train of musing, but the death of the young girl extorts a bitterer pang. When age sinks into the tomb, although we mourn we are easily appeased, for grey hairs are associated with the sepulchre. But there is something inexpressibly awful, when innocence, love, and beauty, are thus wrenched from the world. In vain we strive to connect the irrelevant ideas of youth and death; 'for when doth winter come ere yet sweet spring has flown?'

'For myself, I can pass by the tomb of a man with somewhat of a calm indifference; but, when I survey the grave of a female, a sigh involuntarily escapes me. With the holy name of woman I associate every soft, tender, and delicate affection. I think of her as the young and bashful virgin, with eyes sparkling, and cheeks crimsoned with each impassioned feeling of her heart; as the kind and affectionate wife, absorbed in the exercise of her domestic duties; as the chaste and virtuous matron, tired with the follies of the world, and preparing for that grave into which she must so soon descend. Oh! there is something in contemplating the character of a woman, that raises the soul far, far above the vulgar level of society. She is formed to adorn and humanize mankind, to soothe his cares, and strew his path with flowers. In the hour of distress she is the rock on which he leans for support, and when fate calls him from existence, her tears bedew his grave. Can I look down upon her tomb then without emotion? Man has always justice done to his memory—woman, never. The pages of history lie open to the one; but the meek and unobtrusive excellencies of the other sleep with her, unnoticed in the grave. Such perhaps was the case with this village maiden. In her may have shone the genius of the poet, with the virtues of the saint—the energy of the man, with the tender softness of the woman. She too may have passed unheeded along the sterile pathway of her existence, and felt for others as I now feel for her.'

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.

4 vols. 1823.

We fully intended to adorn our last number, the first of our improved series, with a notice of this the newest romance of all which the facile writer of the north has poured forth; but the frost baffled us. The intervention of this barbarous enemy produced an eclipse in the literary world; a strange opposition of light and shadow; for, while all Scotland was basking in the glory of the novel, London sate in darkness. As we are now spoiled

for all ordinary works of fiction; as no monthly apparition stalks from the Minerva press to chill our blood with a pleasing horror; as no coarse-spun mystery has charms to fascinate; as, in short, there is nothing worth reading except the Scotch novels, and two or three magazines, this delay was hardly to be borne. To think what bales of pleasure lay close packed and tossing on the merciless waves; what rich characters were 'cribbed and cabined in' on board of the devoted smacks, whom we might hospitably entertain without fear of ingratitude, quarrel, or charge; what a store of pathos was compressed in vile boxes, which might suffuse thousands of fair eyes; was tantalizing in the extreme! The moanings of agricultural patriotism were merged in that literary distress, which was widely felt by all classes, and for which it would have been hard to devise a remedy. At last the cargoes arrived; the famishing readers were appeased; the young ladies vied in their exertions to obtain the precious volumes; lawyers secreted them in their bags; the judges came into court with 'Well! have you read Peveril?' and critics began to polish up again their old periods about 'the Great Unknown,' and to prepare their asseverations, that his power was as wonder-working and as delightful as ever.

Our own anticipations of Peveril have not, however, been realized. Genius is a tricksome spirit, and delights to confound the reasonable hopes of its admirers. We can form a tolerably fair guess at Mr. Campbell's next lecture, except that it may never come at all; but we cannot predicate the next wise vagary of the delicate and philosophic Elia: we can criticise Mr. Young as well before he acts as afterwards; but Mr. Kean confounds us. It was only last night that we went to his performance of the genuine last act of Lear, which Doctor Johnson thought could not be endured on the stage; when, instead of the terrific acting we anticipated, he played in a quiet, heart-touching style, which we felt at once to be right, and which upset the favorite prejudice of more than half a century. So does the Scotch novelist love to confound our prophecies; for he who can turn a court of justice into a theatre for the loveliest affections and the most awful heroism, can also leave the romantic fastnesses of Derbyshire as uninteresting as the turnpike road from Hounslow to Colnbrooke, now that the heath is enclosed, and the highwaymen are hanged or taught to read. We expected that he would steep the fair hills in an imaginative glory; that he would make the jagged caverns and their wild inhabitants live before our eyes 'of the earth earthy;' that he would afford us glimpses of sweet solitudes in the deep seclusion of narrow valleys; that he would make the clear and rocky streams gleam on us as if they were well remembered companions of our youth; and would impart to all his characters an impress of those scenes by which they are encircled. But there is none of this;—no keen mountain air is felt breathing through the work; no rich painting is interwoven with the narrative; no castellated pile is redeemed from the silent touches of time; no interest is imparted to the old hills which did not belong to their own colors and forms. He has not subdued the Peak as he did the domain of Jonathan Oldbuck, the neighbourhood of Ellangowan Castle, or the country of Rob Roy—*why*, it is hard to say, except in the waywardness of genius, or perhaps that *he was never there*. Certain, however, it is, that in Peveril the charm of incidental description—the hints of magnificent scenery so admirably interspersed in many of his productions—are almost entirely wanting.

It is the fashion, we believe, to prefer Peveril to Nigel; but we cannot agree with, or scarcely understand, the opinion. There is nothing in the first at all comparable in the way of historical delineation to king James; in point of lively sketching to the picture of the London Apprentices; in the way of female loveliness and delicacy to Margaret pettishly replying to the guesses of dame Suttlechops; or in tragic power to the old usurer's intense watchings of the gold, his midnight murder, and the terrible awakening of his daughter's passion and energy. Is it that there is more appearance kept up of connected narrative, more of the *humbug* of novel-writing in Peveril? There may, perhaps, be something in this; and yet, with all its pretensions, never perhaps was a story worse imagined, or more clumsily told. It is like one of the plots of Titus Oates, to which it alludes;—beginning in something like verisimilitude and probability, but becoming more complicated and extensive as the author acquires boldness, until it embraces improbabilities so astounding,

and fixes on persons so far removed from its natural current, that the most willing dupes can believe no longer. The author seems to have fallen in love with confusion for its own sake; for he gains nothing by his prodigies—except from the booksellers. His wonders do not interest, but bewilder; we forget them long before they are solved, and despise them when they are. The transformations are as marvellous and as little to the purpose as those of a pantomime. A wretched elfish creature is changed into a Moorish princess, whom Buckingham might wish to enchain; French cookery rises up in village alehouses, like the repasts which spring up before the Spirit of the Lamp; a cutler's shop is the entrance to a secret assembly of three hundred armed fanatics; the walls of Newgate are pierced by a girl who comes to play the part of a spirit; and a dwarf is carried to court in a fiddle to unravel a plot! The explanations of these and other mysteries equally puzzling are tiresome in the extreme, and more incredible a thousand times than a genuine machinery of ghosts and fairies. The chief agents of the wonders are a deep deviser of bloody revenge, who is at the same time greedy after pleasure, and who masks his ferocity and his levity under the garb of religion, and his daughter, who has derived her agility from an education as a common rope-dancer and tumbler, who plays a deaf and dumb girl for years, dances the hero into a conference with the king, and perplexes, worries, and delivers all the persons of the novel in her own good time. Poor Mrs. Radcliffe, who died the other day in obscurity, after living unnoticed for years, had more reason in the mightier magic which she was accustomed to wield! She too had an unfortunate desire to undeceive her readers at the end of her novels, and 'pluck out the heart of her mystery;' but her spells produced an effect which no explanation could destroy. Terrific as her romances are, it is astonishing how sparingly she has employed the ordinary means of terror; a drop of blood, a low whisper, a bit of old armour rusted, excite more eager curiosity and breathless fear, than a world of slaughter and superstition would produce in common hands. There are a few scenes in the Mysteries of Udolpho and the Romance of the Forest which we would not resign for a whole wilderness of Peveril!

We do not think the author has added largely to his stock of excellent characters in this novel. Major Bridgenorth is the most ambitious attempt; but he is feebly drawn; and, at last, becomes a mere agent to wind up a plot not worth pursuing, and marry a young couple whom no one cares for. Christian is a monster as incredible as any giant in a child's tale, and Fenella is an unpleasant absurdity. Dangerfield, Chiffinch, and their associates, are absolutely loathsome; the luxurious and cowardly betrayers, whose infamy is beyond all human estimate. Old sir Geoffrey is a tolerable sketch; lady Derby is revolting; but there is a mild dignity and kindness about lady Peveril which is among the best reliefs of the volume. The beauty of the heroine is insisted on till we take it on trust, but we do not seem to witness it; and of the hero we know nothing, but that he is six feet high!

The most interesting scenes in the work are those laid in the Isle of Man;—that little sovereignty 'placed far amidst the melancholy main,' over which the countess of Derby presided. The fishing excursion of Julian, in which he meets with Alice; the interposition and unexpected behaviour of Bridgenorth; the preparations for defending the isle, and the attempt of Fenella to prevent the meeting of the lovers, raise expectation to a higher pitch than any other part of the novel. There is great life and spirit in many of the scenes, though they are not redeemed by those touches of humanity which so reconcile us to our nature in his writings. The following scene, where Julian meets Christian and Chiffinch at an alehouse in Derbyshire, is, however, executed in a masterly style.

'The person who appeared at the door of the little inn to receive Ganlesse, as we mentioned in our last chapter, sung, as he came forward, this scrap of an old ballad,—

'Good even to you, Diccon;
And how have you sped?
Bring you the bonny bride
To banquet and bed?'

'To which Ganlesse answered, in the same tone and tune,—

'Content thee, kind Robin;
He need little care,
Who brings home a fat buck
Instead of a hare.'

"'You have missed your blow, then,' said the other in reply.

"'I tell you I have not,' answered Ganlesse; 'but you will think of nought but your own thriving occupation—May the plague that belongs to it stick to it, though it hath been the making of thee!'

"'A man must live, Diccon Ganlesse,' said the other.'

"'Well, well,' said Ganlesse, 'bid my friend welcome, for my sake. Hast thou got any supper?'

"'Reeking like a sacrifice—Chaubert has done his best. That fellow is a treasure! give him a farthing candle, and he will cook a good supper with it.—Come in, sir. My friend's friend is welcome, as we say in my country.'

"'We must have our horses looked to first,' said Peveril, who began to be considerably uncertain about the character of his companions—'that done, I am for you.'

'Ganlesse gave a second whistle; a groom appeared, who took charge of both their horses, and they themselves entered the inn.

'The ordinary room of a poor inn seemed to have undergone some alterations, to render it fit for company of a higher description. There were a beaufet, a couch, and one or two other pieces of furniture, of a style inconsistent with the appearance of the place. The tablecloth, which was ready laid, was of the finest damask; and the spoons, forks, &c. were of silver. Peveril looked at this apparatus with some surprise; and again turning his eyes attentively upon his traveling companion Ganlesse, he could not help discovering, (by the aid of imagination, perhaps,) that though insignificant in person, plain in features, and dressed like one in indigence, there lurked still, about his person and manners, that indefinable ease of manner which belongs only to men of birth and quality, or to those who are in the constant habit of frequenting the best company. His companion, whom he called Will Smith, although tall, and rather good-looking, besides being much better dressed, had not, nevertheless, exactly the same ease of demeanour; and was obliged to make up for the want, by an additional proportion of assurance. Who these two persons could be, Peveril could not attempt even to form a guess. There was nothing for it, but to watch their manner and conversation.

'After speaking a moment in whispers, Smith said to his companion, 'We must go look after our nags for ten minutes, and allow Chaubert to do his office

"'Will he not appear, and minister before us, then?' said Ganlesse.

'What, he?—he shift a trencher—he hand a cup?—no, you forget whom you speak of. Such an order were enough to make him fall on his own sword—he is already on the borders of despair, because no crawfish are to be had.'

"'Alack-a-day!' replied Ganlesse.—'Heaven forbid I should add to such a calamity! To stable, then, and see we how our steeds eat their provender, while ours is getting ready.'

'They adjourned to the stable accordingly, which, though a poor one, had been hastily supplied with whatever was necessary for the accommodation of four excellent horses; one of which, that from which Ganlesse was just dismounted, the groom we have mentioned was cleaning and dressing by the light of a huge wax-candle.

"'I am still so far catholic,' said Ganlesse, laughing, as he saw that Peveril noticed this piece of extravagance. 'My horse is my saint, and I dedicate a candle to him.'

"'Without asking so great a favor for mine, which I see standing behind yonder old hen-coop,' replied Peveril, 'I will at least relieve him of his saddle and bridle.'

"'Leave him to the lad of the inn, said Smith; 'he is not worthy any other person's handling; and I promise you, if you slip a single buckle, you will so flavour of that stable duty, that you might as well eat roast-beef as ragouts, for any relish you will have of them.'

"'I love roast-beef as well as ragouts, at any time,' said Peveril, adjusting himself to a task which every young man should know how to perform when need is; 'and my horse, though it be but a sorry jade, will champ better on hay and corn than on an iron bit.'

'While he was unsaddling his horse, and shaking down some litter for the poor wearied animal, he heard Smith observe to Ganlesse,—'By my faith. Dick, thou hast fallen into poor Slender's blunder; missed Anne Page, and brought us a great lubberly post-master's boy.'

"'Hush, he will hear thee,' answered Ganlesse; 'there are reasons for all things—it is well as it is. But, prithee, tell thy fellow to help the youngster.'

"'What,' replied Smith, d'ye think I

am mad?—Ask Tom Beacon—Tom of Newmarket—Tom of ten thousand, to touch such a four-legged brute as that?—Why, he would turn me away on the spot—discard me, i'faith. It was all he would do to take in hand your own, my good friend; and if you consider him not the better, you are like to stand groom to him yourself to-morrow.'

''Well, Will,' answered Ganlesse, 'I will say that for thee, thou hast a set of the most useless, scoundrelly, insolent vermin about thee, that ever eat up a poor gentleman's revenues.'

''Useless? I deny it,' replied Smith. 'Every one of my fellows does something or other, so exquisitely, that it were sin to make him do any thing else—it is your jacks-of-all-trades who are masters of none.—But hark to Chaubert's signal! The coxcomb is twangling it on the lute, to the tune of *Eveillez vous, belle endormie.*—Come, Master What d'ye call, (addressing Peveril,)—get ye some water, and wash this filthy witness from your hand, as Betterton says in the play; for Chaubert's cookery is like friar Bacon's head—time is—time was—time will soon be no more.'

'So saying, and scarce allowing Julian time to dip his hands in a bucket, and dry them on a horse-cloth, he hurried him from the stable back to the supper chamber.

'Here all was prepared for their meal, with an epicurean delicacy, which rather belonged to the saloon of a palace than the cabin in which it was displayed. Four dishes of silver, with covers of the same metal, smoked on the table; and three seats were placed for the company. Beside the lower end of the board was a small side-table, to answer the purpose of what is now called a dumb waiter; on which several flasks reared their tall, stately, and swan-like crests, above glasses and rummers. Clean covers were also placed within reach; and a small travelling-case of morocco, hooped with silver, displayed a number of bottles, containing the most approved sauces that culinary ingenuity had then invented.

'Smith, who occupied the lower seat, and seemed to act as president of the feast, motioned the two travellers to take their places and begin. 'I would not stay a grace-time,' he said, 'to save a whole nation from perdition. We could bring no chauffettes with any convenience; and even Chaubert is nothing, unless his dishes are tasted in the very moment of projection. Come, uncover, and let us see what he has done for us.—Hum!—ha!—ay—squab-pigeons—wild-fowl—young chickens—venison cutlets—and a space in the centre, wet, alas, by a gentle tear from Chaubert's eye, where should have been the *soupe d'ecrevisses!* The zeal of that poor fellow is ill repaid by his paltry ten louis per month.'

''A mere trifle,' said Ganlesse; 'but like yourself, Will, he serves a generous master.'

'The repast now commenced; and Julian, though he had seen his young friend the earl of Derby, and other gallants, affect a considerable degree of interest and skill in the science of the kitchen, and was not himself either an enemy or a stranger to the pleasures of a good table, found, that, on the present occasion, he was a mere novice. Both his companions, but Smith in especial, seemed to consider that they were now engaged in the only true and real business of life; and weighed all its minutiæ with a proportional degree of accuracy. To carve the morsel in the most delicate manner—and to apportion the proper seasoning with the accuracy of a chemist—to be aware, exactly, of the order in which one dish should succeed another, and to do plentiful justice to all—was a minuteness of science to which Julian had hitherto been a stranger.

'At length Ganlesse paused, and declared the supper exquisite. 'But, my friend Smith,' he added, 'are your wines curious? When you brought all that trash of plates and trumpery into Derbyshire, I hope you did not leave us at the mercy of the strong ale of the shire, as thick and muddy as the squires who drink it?'

''Did I not know that *you* were to meet me, Dick Ganlesse?' answered their host. 'And can you suspect me of such an omission? It is true, you must make Champagne and claret serve, for my Burgundy would not bear travelling. But if you have a fancy for sherry, or Vin de Cahors, I have a notion Chaubert and Tom Beacon have brought some for their own drinking.'

''Perhaps the gentlemen would not care to impart,' said Ganlesse.

''Oh, fie!—any thing in the way of civility,' replied Smith. 'They are, in truth, the best-natured lads alive, when treated respectfully; so that if you would prefer——'

"'By no means,' said Ganlesse—'a glass of Champagne will serve in a scarcity of better.'

"'The cork shall start obsequious to my thumb,'

said Smith; and as he spoke, he untwisted the wire, and the cork struck the roof of the cabin. Each guest took a large rummer glass of the sparkling beverage, which Peveril had judgment and experience enough to pronounce exquisite.

"'Give me your hand, sir,' said Smith; 'it is the first word of sense you have spoken this evening.'

"'Wisdom, sir,' replied Peveril, 'is like the best ware in the pedlar's pack, which he never produces till he knows his customer.'

"'Sharp as mustard,' returned the *bon vivant;* 'but be wise, most noble pedlar, and take another rummer of this same flask, which you see I have held in an oblique position for your service—not permitting it to retrograde to the perpendicular. Nay, take it off before the bubble bursts on the rim, and the zest is gone.'

"'You do me honor, sir,' said Peveril, taking the second glass. 'I wish you a better office than that of my cup-bearer.'

"'You cannot wish Will Smith one more congenial to his nature,' said Ganlesse. 'Others have a selfish delight in the objects of sense. Will thrives, and is happy, by imparting them to others.'

"'Better help men to pleasures than to pains, Master Ganlesse,' answered Smith, somewhat angrily.

"'Nay, wrath thee not, Will,' said Ganlesse: 'and speak no words in haste, lest you may have cause to repent at leisure. Do I blame thy social concern for the pleasures of others? Why, man, thou doest therein most philosophically multiply thine own. A man has but one throat, and can but eat, with his best efforts, some five or six times a-day; but thou dinest with every friend that cuts up a capon, and art quaffing wine in other men's gullets, from morning to night—*et sic de cæteris.*'

"'Friend Ganlesse,' returned Smith, 'I prithee beware—thou knowest I can cut gullets as well as tickle them.'

"'Ay, Will,' answered Ganlesse, carelessly; 'I think I have seen thee wave thy whinyard at the throat of a Hogan-Mogan—a Netherlandish weasand, which expanded only on thy natural and mortal objects of aversion—Dutch cheese, rye-bread, pickled-herring, onions, and Geneva.'

"'For pity's sake, forbear the description!' said Smith; 'thy words overpower the perfumes, and flavour the apartment like a dish of salmagundi!'

"'But for an epiglottis like mine,' continued Ganlesse, 'down which the most delicate morsels are washed by such claret as thou art now pouring out, thou couldst not, in thy bitterest mood, wish a worse fate than to be necklaced somewhat tight by a pair of white arms?'

"'By a tenpenny cord,' answered Smith; 'but not till you were dead; that thereafter you be presently disembowelled, you being yet alive; that your head be then severed from your body, and your body divided into quarters, to be disposed of at his majesty's pleasure.—How like you that, Master Richard Ganlesse?'

"'E'en as you like the thoughts of dining on bran-bread and milk-porridge—an extremity which you trust never to be reduced to. But all this shall not prevent me from pledging you in a cup of sound claret.'

'As the claret circulated, the glee of the company increased; and Smith, placing the dishes which had been made use of upon the side-table, stamped with his foot on the floor, and the table, sinking down a trap, again arose loaded with olives, sliced neat's tongue, caviare, and other provocatives for the circulation of the bottle.'

"'Why, Will,' said Ganlesse, 'thou art a more complete mechanist than I suspected; thou hast brought thy scene-shifting inventions to Derbyshire in marvellously short time.'

"'A rope and pulleys can be easily come by,' answered Will; 'and with a saw and a plane, I can manage that business in half a day. I love that knack of clean and secret conveyance—thou knowest it was the foundation of my fortunes.'

"'It may be the wreck of them too, Will,' replied his friend.

"'True, Diccon,' answered Will; 'but *vivamus dum vivimus,* that is my motto; and herewith I present you a brimmer to the health of the fair lady you wot of.'

"'Let it come, Will,' replied his friend, and the flask circulated briskly from hand to hand.'

The picture of Charles the Second seems done to the life.

'The person whom he looked upon was past the middle age of life, of a dark complexion, corresponding with the long, black, full-bottomed periwig, which he wore instead of his own hair. His dress was plain black velvet, with a diamond star, however, on his cloak, which hung carelessly over one shoulder. His features, strongly lined, even to harshness, had yet an expression of dignified good humor; he was well and strongly built, walked upright and yet easily, and had upon the whole the air of a person of the highest consideration. He kept rather in advance of his companions, but turned and spoke to them, from time to time, with much affability, and probably with some liveliness, judging by the smiles, and sometimes the scarce restrained laughter, by which some of his sallies were received by his attendants. They also wore only morning dresses; but their looks and manner were those of men of rank, in presence of one in station still more elevated. They shared the attention of their principal in common with seven or eight little black curl-haired spaniels, or rather, as they are now called, cockers, which attended their master as closely, and perhaps with as deep sentiments of attachment, as the bipeds of the group; and whose gambols, which seemed to afford him much amusement, he sometimes regulated, and sometimes encouraged. In addition to this pastime, a lacquey, or groom, was also in attendance, with one or two little baskets and bags, from which the gentleman we have described took, from time to time, a handful of seeds, and amused himself with throwing them to the water-fowl.

'This, the king's favorite occupation, together with his remarkable countenance, and the deportment of the rest of the company towards him, satisfied Julian Peveril that he was approaching, perhaps indecorously, near the person of Charles Stuart, the second of that unhappy name.

'While he hesitated to follow his dumb guide any nearer, and felt the embarrassment of being unable to communicate to her his repugnance to further intrusion, a person in the royal retinue touched a light and lively air on the flageolet, at a signal from the king, who desired to have some tune repeated which had struck him in the theatre on the preceding evening. While the good-natured monarch marked time with his foot, and with the motion of his hand, Fenella continued to approach him, and threw into her manner the appearance of one who was attracted, as it were in spite of herself, by the sounds of the instrument.'

There is a fineness of touch about the description of Buckingham's levee which reminds us of the best parts of Kenilworth, and we regret that our limits will not permit us to quote it.

On the whole, however, we think this the most signal of all our author's declensions. In the Monastery, the Abbot, and the Pirate, there was no lack of good materials, though they were carelessly put together; but Peveril is an elaborate failure. It is, however, worth more than the successes of ordinary novelists.

EPIGRAM,

To assist to prove what is very much believed by many young ladies, namely, that in marriage is every thing that can be wished.

'Leave *me alone!* deuce take the man!'
Once cried the maid, and shook her fan:
But married now, no more can *Joan*
Say, *Ranger* leaves her *not* alone!

THE DOCTOR TO HIS PATIENT.

Of rheumatics and gout you complain,
And ask me to give my advice;
Then I promise to ease all your pain,
And cure you of both in a trice.

Now 'tis done:—why deny it, I pray?
O ho! I see what you 'd be at.—
Your complaint is—not liking to pay;
But faith, sir, I 'll *cure* you of that!

WALKS IN THE COUNTRY,

NO. I.

Frost.

January 23d.—At noon to-day I and my white greyhound, May-flower, set out for a walk into a very beautiful world,—a sort of silent fairy-land,—a creation of that matchless magician the hoar-frost. There had been just snow enough to cover the earth and all its colors with one sheet of pure and uniform white, and just time enough since the snow had fallen to allow the hedges to be freed of their fleecy load, and clothed with a delicate coating of rime. The atmosphere was deliciously calm; soft, almost mild, in spite of the thermometer; no perceptible air, but a stillness that might almost be felt; the sky, rather grey than blue, throwing out in bold relief the snow-covered roofs of our village, and the rimy trees that rise above them; and the sun shining dimly as through a veil, giving a pale fair light, like the moon, only brighter. There was a silence, too, that might become the moon, as we stood at our little gate looking up the quiet street; a sabbath-like pause of work and play, rare on a work-day: nothing was audible but that pleasant hum of frost, that low monotonous sound, which is perhaps the nearest approach that life and nature can make to silence. The very waggons, as they come down the hill along the beaten track of crisp yellowish frost-dust, glide along like shadows; even May's bounding footsteps, at her height of glee and of speed, fall like snow upon snow.

But we shall have noise enough presently: May has stopped at Lizzy's door; and Lizzy, as she sate on the window-sill, with her bright rosy-face laughing through the casement, has seen her and disappeared. She is coming. No! The key is turning in the door, and sounds of evil omen issue through the key-hole—sturdy 'let-me-out—s,' and 'I will-go—s,' mixed with shrill cries on May and on me from Lizzy, piercing through a low continuous harangue, of which the prominent parts are apologies, chilblains, sliding, broken bones, lollypops, rods, and gingerbread, from Lizzy's careful mother. 'Don't scratch the door, May! Don't roar so, my Lizzy!' 'We'll call for you as we come back.'—'I'll go now! Let me out! I will go!' are the last words of Miss Lizzy. Mem. Not to spoil that child—if I can help it. But I do think her mother might have let the poor little soul walk with us to-day. Nothing worse for children than coddling. Nothing better for chilblains than exercise. Besides, I don't believe she has any—and as to breaking her bones in sliding, I don't suppose there's a slide on the common. These murmuring cogitations have brought us up the hill, and halfway across the light and airy common, with its bright expanse of snow and its clusters of cottages, whose turf fires send such wreaths of smoke sailing up the air, and diffusing such aromatic fragrance around. And now comes the delightful sound of childish voices, singing with glee and merriment almost from beneath our feet. Ah, Lizzy, your mother was right! They are shouting from that deep irregular pool, all glass now, where, on two long, smooth, liny slides, half a dozen ragged urchins are slipping along in tottering triumph. Half a dozen steps bring us to the bank right above them. May can hardly resist the temptation of joining her friends, for most of the varlets are of her acquaintance, especially the rogue who leads the slide,—he with the brimless hat, whose bronzed complexion and white flaxen hair, reversing the usual lights and shadows of the human countenance, give so strange and foreign a look to his flat comic features. This hobgoblin, Jack Rapley by name, is May's great crony; and she stands on the brink of the steep irregular descent, her black eyes fixed full upon him, as if she intended him the favor of jumping on his head. She does: she is down, and upon him; but Jack Rapley is not easily to be knocked off his feet. He saw her coming, and in the moment of her leap sprang dexterously off the slide on the rough ice, steadying himself by the shoulder of the next in the file, which unlucky follower, thus unexpectedly checked in his career, fell plump backwards, knocking down the rest of the line like a nest of card-houses. There is no harm done; but there they lie roaring, kicking, sprawling, in every attitude of comic distress, whilst Jack Rapley and Mayflower, the authors of the calamity, stand apart from the throng, fondling, and coquetting, and complimenting each other, and very visibly laughing, May in her black eyes, Jack in his wide close-shut mouth, and his whole monkey-face, at their comrades'

mischances. I think, Miss May, you may as well come up again, and leave master Rapley to fight your battles. He'll get out of the scrape. He is a rustic wit——a sort of Robin Goodfellow——the sauciest, idlest, cleverest, best-natured boy in the parish; always foremost in mischief, and always ready to do a good turn. The sages of our village predict sad things of Jack Rapley, so that I am sometimes a little ashamed to confess, before wise people, that I have a lurking predilection for him, (in common with other naughty ones), and that I like to hear him talk to May almost as well as she does. 'Come, May!' and up she springs, as light as a bird. The road is gay now; carts and post-chaises, and girls in red cloaks, and, afar off, looking almost like a toy, the coach. It meets us fast and soon. How much happier the walkers look than the riders—especially the frost-bitten gentleman, and the shivering lady with the invisible face, sole passengers of that commodious machine! Hooded, veiled, and bonneted as she is, one sees from her attitude how miserable she would look uncovered.

Another pond, and another noise of children. More sliding? Oh! no. This is a sport of higher pretension. Our good neighbour, the lieutenant, skaiting, and his own pretty little boys, and two or three other four-year-old elves, standing on the brink in an ecstasy of joy and wonder! Oh what happy spectators! And what a happy performer! They admiring, he admired, with an ardor and sincerity never excited by all the quadrilles and the spread eagles of the Seine and the Serpentine. He really skaits well though, and I am glad I came this way; for, with all the father's feelings sitting gaily at his heart, it must still gratify the pride of skill to have one spectator at that solitary pond who has seen skaiting before.

Now we have reached the trees,—the beautiful trees!—never so beautiful as today. Imagine the effect of a straight and regular double avenue of oaks, nearly a mile long, arching over head, and closing into perspective like the roof and columns of a cathedral, every tree and branch encrusted with the bright and delicate congelation of hoar-frost, white and pure as snow, delicate and defined as carved ivory. How beautiful it is, how uniform, how various, how filling, how satiating to he eye and to the mind—above all, how melancholy! There is a thrilling awfulness, an intense feeling of simple power in that naked and colorless beauty, which falls on the heart like the thought of death—death pure, and glorious, and smiling,—but still death. Sculpture has always the same effect on my imagination, and painting never. Color is life.—We are now at the end of this magnificent avenue, and at the top of a steep eminence commanding a wide view over four counties—a landscape of snow. A deep lane leads abruptly down the hill; a mere narrow cart-track, sinking between high banks clothed with fern and furze and low broom, crowned with luxuriant hedgerows, and famous for their summer smell of thyme. How lovely these banks are now—the tall weeds and the gorse fixed and stiffened in the hoar frost, which fringes round the bright prickly holly, the pendent foliage of the bramble, and the deep orange leaves of the pollard oaks! Oh, this is rime in its loveliest form! And there is still a berry here and there on the holly, 'blushing in its natural coral' through the delicate tracery, still a stray hip or haw for the small birds, who abound here always. The poor birds, how tame they are, how sadly tame! There is the beautiful and rare crested wren, 'that shadow of a bird,' as White of Selborne calls it, perched in the middle of the hedge, nestling as it were amongst the cold bare boughs, seeking, poor pretty thing, for the warmth it will not find. And there, farther on, just under the bank, by the slender runlet, which still trickles between its transparent fantastic margin of thin ice, as if it were a thing of life,—there, with a swift scudding motion, flits, in short low flights, the gorgeous kingfisher, its magnificent plumage of scarlet blue flashing in the sun, like the glories of some tropical bird. He is come for water to this little spring by the hill side,—water which even his long bill and slender head can hardly reach, so nearly do the fantastic forms of those garland-like icy margins meet over the tiny stream beneath. It is rarely that one sees the shy beauty so close or so long; and it is pleasant to see him in the grace and beauty of his natural liberty, the only way to look at a bird. We used, before we lived in a street, to fix a little board outside the parlor-window, and cover it with bread-crumbs in the hard weather. It was quite delightful to see the pretty

things come and feed, to conquer their shyness, and do away their mistrust. First came the more social tribes, 'the robin red-breast and the wren,' cautiously, suspiciously, picking up a crumb on the wing, with the little keen bright eye fixed on the window; then they would stop for two pecks; then stay till they were satisfied. The shyer birds, tamed by their example, came next; and at last one saucy fellow of a blackbird—a sad glutton; he would clear the board in two minutes,—used to tap his yellow bill against the window for more. How we loved the fearless confidence of that fine, frank-hearted creature! And surely he loved us. I wonder the practice is not more general.—'May! May! naughty May!' She has frightened away the kingfisher; and now, in her coaxing penitence, she is covering me with snow. 'Come, pretty May! it is time to go home.'

Thaw.

January 28th.—We have had rain, and snow, and frost, and rain again; four days of absolute confinement. Now it is a thaw and a flood; but our light gravelly soil, and country boots, and country hardihood, will carry us through. What a dripping comfortless day it is! just like the last days of November: no sun, no sky, grey or blue; one low, overhanging, dark, dismal cloud, like London smoke: May-flower is out coursing too, and Lizzy gone to school. Never mind. Up the hill again! Walk we must. Oh what a watery world to look back upon! Thames, Kennet, Loddon—all overflowed; one famous town, inland once, turned into a sort of Venice; C.park converted into an island; and the long range of meadows from B. to W. one huge unnatural lake, with trees growing out of it. Oh what a watery world!—I will look at it no longer. I will walk on. The road is alive again. Noise is reborn. Waggons creak, horses plash, carts rattle, and pattens paddle through the dirt with more than their usual clink. The common has its old fine tints of green and brown, and its old variety of inhabitants, horses, cows, sheep, pigs, and donkeys. The ponds are unfrozen, except where some melancholy piece of melting ice floats sullenly upon the water; and cackling geese and gabbling ducks have replaced the lieutenant and Jack Rapley. The avenue is chill and dark, the hedges are dripping, the lanes knee-deep, and all nature is in a state of 'dissolution and thaw.'

I wanted to see Anne's new cottage; but it will not do: without a boat it would be impossible to get there—Anne, our little, trim, smart handmaiden, who, educated in a national school, and brought out in the millener's shop of a country town, is as pretty a mincing gentlewoman as eye shall see. She is going to be married, poor simpleton, and has made a choice as discordant as if Ariel were to be mated with Caliban. Of a verity, love plays strange gambols. Anne's spouse elect is a drover, a vender of pigs and sheep, as uncouth, and rough, and dirty, as one of his own hogs; a rude, roistering, roaring mate, who talks in cant phrases like a pickpocket, and goes by a nick-name like a highwayman. For the rest, I know no harm of him, and am rather inclined to think him better than he looks. They have taken a cottage deep in a labyrinth of shady lanes, with a lane of its own leading to a deep clear pool before the door, and a pretty garden behind. I wanted to get thither to-day, but the mud is unfordable; and that walk must be left to some summer afternoon, when the honeysuckles are blossoming round the window, and Anne sitting at work in the porch, with the sun glancing in upon her through the down-dropping elms.

M.

THE AMOURS OF AN OLD BACHELOR,

by a Sexagenarian.

PART I.

At an age when love, divested of enthusiasm, has sobered into reason, and the flowers of hope which Hymen had twined round his temple in my heart have all passed away, I sit down to relate the love adventures of a romantic and combustible youth. In earlier days I might perhaps have blushed at the idea of disclosing, what all are so anxious to conceal, the unvaried ill-luck that has attended each successive amour; but now when, seated by my fire-side, a sexagenarian in years, and a philosopher in temperament, I look back upon the past, its poignant reality is blunted. All the petty vexations and minute disappointments, that in the ardent pursuit of love once annoyed me with their frequent occurrence, have now lost their sting, and I can even recur to them with indifference. The fact is, that between

my youth and age a line of circumvallation appears to be drawn, and my feelings are unable to stray beyond it. They belong exclusively to the present day, and have little time left for retrospection. Upon this principle, I shall beg leave to recount my misfortunes with the laudable *sang-froid* of a philosopher; but if in the detail I imbibe an occasional warmth from the spirit of the past, if a transient shade of sorrow, or a quick spark of liveliness, steals over my pages, it will serve to corroborate the earnestness with which I have once felt. Independently of my amours, I have little of interest to communicate. The lives of some men are entertaining from their variety of incident, but mine is monotony itself. In the prosecution of amusement I have rarely strayed beyond the temple of Venus, and, except on the subject of woman, am innocence and simplicity personified. I have been a methodist only in love. The lamp of my devotion was lighted in earliest youth at the black eyes of a ball-room beauty; and even now, when faint and expiring, gives token of the splendor that once illumined it.

From my father I inherited an inflammable disposition, to which was superadded a most delicate and fastidious refinement of taste, the usual accompaniment of a romantic temper. The high-toned enthusiasm of our popular novelists, of whom I was always an errant worshiper, had inspired me in earlier life with exaggerated notions of chivalry, and to woman, as the orthodox attraction of their pages, I looked for exclusive sympathy. I expected her to realize the charms which had bedecked her in the most outrageous romances, and the farther she was removed from common life, the higher she rose in my estimation. A worldly female I even now dislike; I then abhorred her. I would not allow her to know an addition sum by sight; the deeper she was versed in subtraction, the more her knowlege subtracted from my love; and her acquaintance with multiplication, multiplied only the causes of my indifference. With respect to her constitution, I was equally fastidious. A lusty state of health was my abomination. I could scarcely endure even a tolerable substance of waist, and would as soon think of paying my addresses to a Dutch cabbage, as to a woman with a red face. Consumption, that ornamental appendage of romance, was the idol of my youthful devotion. Oh! the raptures that I used to anticipate in making love to some interesting virgin, who was far gone in a galloping decline. How I chuckled at the idea of sighing over her hectic countenance, with one hand fondly clasped round a waist invisible to a short-sighted man, while the wind coughed an echo to that which was wearing her to the grave! How I gloated over the idea of living alone for her in some sequestered cottage, where she might watch the dying day, and illustrate her similar decline. We would retire, I thought, to some Arcadian valley, Llangollen, for instance, the Tempe of North Wales, where we would wander heart-linked among superannuated mountains, or moralize by the side of rivulets, on whose banks disported innumerable lambkins, beautiful as the herbage that they masticated. And when day broke upon the summits of these same superannuated mountains, we would ascend their alpine ridges to see the landscape slumbering beneath us, and revealing, as the mists of night slowly dispersed, its varied attractions of wood and water, hill and dale, flushed with the hues of morning, and alive with the pastoral melody of birds and bumpkins. And then in the grey twilight—when the innocent Welsh muttons, summoned by their tinkling supper-bell, came bleating to the fold, we would return, methought, to our sequestered cottage, and, lulled by the music of the nightingale, sink to sleep in each other's arms, as the butterfly on the bosom of the butter-cup. And if my (what shall I call her?) Fidele wept, I would weep too, and, if she smiled, I would smile with sympathetic distention of muscle; and if by any unlucky accident she departed this life, I, to use a military phrase, would 'pack up my traps,' and depart too.

These, gentle reader, were the rhapsodies of a romantic boy, on whom life was opening with the vivid splendor of an Indian dawn, and whose fancy, unblighted as yet by the frosts of a cold and wintry world, was ever rearing its fairy fabrics in the air, and peopling them with tenants as visionary as itself.

With this disposition confirmed by a long residence in the country, I first accompanied my father to a race-ball at the town of R—, and, as I was then to make my *début* at the early age of fifteen,

the reader may form some idea of my rapturous anticipations. All the morning was spent in studying graces and sentiments; not, however, so much from personal vanity, as from an overweening love of romance. The hour overtook me in the midst of these important considerations, and very few minutes sufficed to bring me to the scene of festivity. It was held at the town-hall of R—: the streets, I well remember, were alive with the clattering of horses and carriages, the radiance of torches, and the obstreperous vociferations of lacqueys and link-boys. By the time that I had gained the top of the grand staircase, the folding doors were thrown open, and I stood in the full blaze of beauty and fashion. For a moment I was stupefied with delight, until the appearance of a mutual friend with a partner for the ensuing dance restored me to comparative serenity. I had always been a good dancer, and though I had received my education at home, where I had few opportunities of display, yet I rarely suffered what I had once acquired to be lost from want of practice. On this occasion I was particularly desirous of exerting myself, both for my own credit, and for the sake of doing justice to the fair partner who stood beside me. I shall not easily forget her. She was tall and slim, with bright black eyes, a Grecian nose, and a countenance expressive of every varying emotion. Her age might perhaps be twenty-five or six; a time in my mind most auspicious to a female; when the somewhat aukward, but interesting bashfulness of the girl has sobered into the graceful modesty of the woman, and the heart is steadied, not blunted, by experience. Such was my first love—the fascinating Fanny A—, who now, in a distant quarter of the globe, and at an age rarely attained by woman, achieves again in remembrance the triumphs of her beauty and her youth. As we went down the dance together, she perceived my eyes fixed on her with an earnestness that elicited a smile even in the midst of the confusion it excited; for in manœuvring what is technically termed *houpette*, I was sure to be unusually long in detaining her hand, and once, apprehensive of mistake, actually requested her to do the figure over again. When the dance was finished, I contented myself with the *proud* permission to look upon her; for, if I attempted to address a few words to her, my voice, from excess of emotion, became suddenly trembling and inarticulate.

To an amiable and beautiful woman there is something ennobling in the enthusiasm with which a young heart bows itself down before her. The adulation of man experience may lead her to distrust; but the reverential worship of boyhood, when the mantling cheek, the glistening eye, the timid and faltering voice, attest its perfect sincerity, can never be mistaken. This appeared to be the case with Fanny; for she evidently marked my embarrassment, and, with a smile of the most feminine sweetness, beckoned me to a seat beside her. She then drew me into conversation, and, perceiving the romantic tenor of my mind, slily encouraged the foible, until, by styling me her 'little suitor,' with other playful epithets, of which a woman knows so well the use, she confirmed me her decided slave. To the rest of the assembly I lent not the least attention; I had eyes but for one alone; and when the ball broke up, and the room became deserted, I went away as completely infatuated as any poor fellow from the time of Samson to the present day. During the whole of the next morning I was restless and melancholy, and kept hovering in the neighbourhood of the town-hall, and of the house where Fanny resided, in order, if possible, to catch one glimpse of her countenance. At night her vision danced before my eyes, and once, I remember, we were specially married in my dreams; an accident which I may in part attribute to the imaginative properties of a hot supper. On the Sunday following the race-ball, I unexpectedly met her at church, and the refreshment which the sight of her beautiful person afforded me was attended with the most edifying consequences. I was, in fact, the most devout of the whole congregation. I beat the clerk (albeit he had the melodious assistance of his nose) hollow; set the pew-opener blushing, from a sense of comparative irreligion; and had got the thanksgivings so completely by heart, that I never once looked in my prayer-book, but piously fixed my eyes on an altar-piece, beneath which Fanny was seated. Oh! these women—these women!—a day's skaiting on the Serpentine is not half so attractive*

* The old gentleman evidently means this as a superlative compliment to the fair sex;

This love-fit lasted, on a liberal calculation, about two calendar months, during which time I turned a desperate versifier, committed the most atrocious cruelties on rhyme and reason, and, like an unprincipled highwayman, robbed the poets of their choicest epithets, in order to lay them at the feet of my fair enslaver. Never was there seen such a thorough-bred inamorato. I was all over love; a complete vaccination of sentiment. It was love in the morning, love in the evening;—I breakfasted, I dined, I supped, and slept on love. But, notwithstanding the delicate flavor of the diet, I soon became marvellously thin. My pantaloons, originally tight, began to float about me with the most grotesque undulations; my spirits faded; my love of solitude became quite anchoretical. My father perceived my altered condition, but, attributing it to any rather than its right cause, prescribed change of scene as an infallible specific. I was accordingly despatched to the house of an uncle at Portsmouth, where in the novelty of other attractions (for the world was then new to me) the enamoured boy of fifteen soon forgot that his Fanny had ever existed. She has since that time, I am told, married a gentleman of respectability in India; but often, when past times are the subjects of conversation, talks with kindness and affection of her 'little suitor,' and his romantic and puerile attachment.

My next amour was of very brief duration. I had resided about two months at Portsmouth, when the actors of a neighbouring town, attracted by the arrival of a convoy at Spithead, announced a series of performances at the theatre. As I had never yet been to the play, my relation agreed to take me to see 'Venice Preserved;' and accordingly a fine Wednesday evening, (I remember the date as well as if it were only yesterday) found our little party, consisting of my uncle, my two cousins, and myself, seated in the front row of one of the dress-boxes. The play had commenced on our arrival, and Belvidera, the interesting Belvidera, was applying the first pocket-handkerchief to her eyes. As the tragedy proceeded, her part deepened in interest; and the affection which she displayed to Jaffier, the modesty with which she detailed the infamy of Renault, together with her closing fit of insanity, completely won my heart. It was with me then as before and ever since, 'Love at first sight,' and even the audience appeared to sympathise with equal fervor; for throughout the whole piece they did nothing but smile and *laugh* a delighted approval. With regard to myself, I returned home, as my readers will naturally conclude, filled with strange ardor for Belvidera, and anxious to become acquainted with her scarcely less charming representative. The rest of the tragedy kept this high tone of romance in countenance; for indeed there is something in its sentiment and garniture that is peculiarly captivating to a youth. From the passionate interviews between Jaffier and his wife, in the earlier scenes, to the mysterious gong-bell, the fatal wheel, the black scaffold, the white executioner in the last act, all is stately, solemn, and impressive. I felt the full force of these attractions, in the midst of which rose the image of Belvidera, beautiful as a Houri of Paradise.

The next night she appeared as Ophelia, in the philosophical tragedy of Hamlet, and my enthusiasm was, if possible, increased. I surveyed her through an excellent glass, and behold! I saw that she was good. Her face had the same delicate bloom, her movements the same elegance, and her voice the same sweet intonation. How it struck to my heart, in the plaintive ditties of the insane girl, and particularly in that exquisite passage, 'I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my poor father died!' The fact is, I was rapidly getting on in the old way, and had such an amazing facility of loving, that if I had run the gauntlet through all the towns in England, I should have had the same chance of dying from sheer affection. Oh! this amorous epidemic! I was thrice given over by the faculty, (to which I partly attribute my restoration); and even now, when my heart is scorched to a cinder, I tremble while I recall its paroxysms.

But to the point. On quitting the theatre, I was accosted by a young naval

for we have heard him occasionally observe—(it was at our own supper table, after the second bottle), that he had been an enthusiastic skaiter in his days. We are sorry to object to his comparison;—our own genius, however multifarious it may be, is not of such a *slippery* nature as to coincide with so peculiar a compliment.—Ed.

friend of my father, whom I had known at the town of R—, and who was now stationed with his vessel at Portsmouth. After a few uninteresting family inquiries, our conversation turned on the play, which we had just witnessed. 'Well,' said he, 'what do you think of our new Ophelia?' 'Beautiful,' I replied with animation, 'beautiful as an angel! How happy must he be who can win the heart of such a seraph!' My friend replied only with a smile, at what he was pleased to term my romance, and then, in a half-serious, half-joking manner, offered to introduce me to the actress, with whom he had been long acquainted. 'And believe me,' he added, winking his eye with an expression of unaccountable archness, 'one interview will do more towards the restoration of your senses, my boy, than all my lectures on the subject, were I to argue from now till doomsday.' An acquaintance with 'the fair Ophelia' was what I had coveted for twenty-four hours, as the *summum bonum* of my existence; and we accordingly agreed that on the ensuing evening I should meet my friend at the Blue-Posts tavern, when we should both adjourn to the domicile of the actress. We then separated: he rowed off to his ship, which lay at anchor in the offing, and I returned home, to dream of theatrical seraphs, and blue-eyed Belvideras.

The wished-for night arrived, and as the evening gun thundered from the ramparts, I found myself standing opposite the Blue-Posts, in deep meditation on the mind and manners of the angel I was going to visit. From her appearance on the stage, she must be young, accomplished, and graceful, I thought; and if I can but make an impression on her too susceptible heart, I shall be the most fortunate of men. Oh! what rapture to transplant her beauties to some secluded village—to feel that I reclined upon a bosom which man had never yet profaned;—to hear her lisp my name in accents of the tenderest affection—and to see her eyes glisten with delight as the evening bells warned me home to her embrace. I was roused from this delicious reverie by the sound of footsteps, and on turning round discovered my friend hastening from the hall of the hotel. He recognized me in an instant, and, putting his arm through mine, led me in silence towards the hallowed temple of my idol. When we reached her abode he made a sudden halt, and then telling me with a most suspicious chuckle that the mere mention of his name would be a sufficient introduction, was out of sight in an instant. On the moment of his departure I instinctively applied my hand to the knocker, and *insinuated* what is called a true lover's rap—palpitating, mysterious, and intermittent.—A little sandy-haired girl appeared at the summons.—'Is Belvidera at home?' I falteringly exclaimed; for in the confusion of my senses I had forgotten to ask her real name. The wench looked at me with alarm. 'Belvidera!' she screamed out, with a fearful vigor of lungs: 'I know nothing of Belvidera; but if you mean the player, *Miss Esther Muggins*, she is up stairs with her mother.' 'Esther Muggins!' I replied: 'what an odious misnomer! However, show me the way up, girl;' and as I ascended, the consoling lines of Shakspeare came promptly to my recollection, 'What's in a name? a rose by any other name will smell as sweet,' and so, I continued, with a slight shudder, may Esther Muggins be equally harmonious with Belvidera.

On reaching the head of the stairs I involuntarily halted, overcome by a pleasing palpitation, arising from the consciousness that I was now going to see all that earth yet retained of heaven. My conductress, however, made no allowance for the amiable susceptibility of a lover, but threw aside a little dark dingy door, that opened into a most author-like and aerial garret, with 'a gentleman come to see Miss Esther.' In an instant I was in the midst of the room, with my hat dangling idly in my hand, and my nose (innocent sufferer!) inhaling the fumes of Geneva. My situation was irresistibly picturesque. There stood the Muggins, and her mama, advancing with measured steps towards me, as if to punish my presumption: by their side was a little pug-dog, fat, frisky, and belligerent; and to the right, in the distance, flanked by an impregnable coal-scuttle, towered the dorsal enormity of a black tom cat, in a high state of wrath and animation. Where then, the reader will say, was 'the fair Ophelia,' she who would have given me 'some violets, only they withered all when her poor father died?' God knows! she seemed likely to give me nothing now but a smart box on the ear; for some perverse enchanter, the same doubtless who transformed Don

Quixote's Dulcinea into a kitchen-wench, had metamorphosed the delicate Ophelia into the gaunt, lank, quadrangular, and spinsterial apparition of Miss Esther Muggins. To make the matter worse, this sentimental spouse of Jaffier, this insane daughter of Polonius, who drowned herself for love of Hamlet, was actually (tell it not in Gath) frying sausages for supper. Eternal powers! Do I live to record the damning fact? *Ophelia frying sausages!!* Had it been lamb, the emblem of innocence—beef, respectable from its knighthood,—or even a Michaelmas goose, (provided there were no onions) sacred from its connexion with queen Elizabeth,—I might possibly have gulped down the abomination; but sausages—horrible sausages —odious sausages—unprincipled sausages, which have committed adultery with every deleterious compound, in the shape of fish, flesh, or fowl, and are related by marriage to the plebeian family of the Polonis.—Oh God! the very thought was torture: it drove me to the verge of madness, and, without saying one word in explanation of my visit, I hastily seized my hat, rushed down stairs, and never once halted till I reached the sea-side. There I stood awhile, inhaling the sibilant breeze as it came whistling across the ramparts, although, by some mysterious sympathy, it seemed to hiss the letter S in sausage. At night 'I supped full of horrors.' The apparitions of these roasted innocents passed in savory succession before me, and a spectral hand, the property of Esther Muggins, dropped showers of ghostly gravy upon my face. Sausages instead of nightmares sat grinning upon my chest. First came a swarthy gigantic Poloni, leading in his hand a good-for-nothing Black Pudding, from whose bowels issued a visionary troop of knives and forks. Then appeared the Muggins, laying her shroud for a table-cloth upon a coffin, and inviting me to supper in a voice eloquent of Geneva.—From that horrid night, 'for aye accursed in the calendar,' to the present, I have never been able to look a sausage in the face without blushing; and whenever I think of Portsmouth and its theatre, I invariably recall the memory of the Blue-Posts and the blue ruin of Miss Muggins.

(To be continued.)

STANZAS

by Bernard Barton.

I KNEW thee in thy prouder days;
 And still my memory clings
To social hours, whose brighter rays
 Seem quivering o'er thy strings.
For yet upon those wires there dwells,
 To fancy's kindling eye,
A silent charm, which wakens spells
 Of moments long gone by—

When, 'mid the festive, friendly ring,
 Which hail'd stern winter's night,
Those chords would round the circle fling
 The tapers' mimic light;
And with that mimic light, and thee,
 Would thoughts of song combine,
Which made me vow, in minstrel glee,
 A wreath for thee to twine.

That dream is past! thy beauties now
 Are dimm'd,—thy chords are broken;
And I, who should redeem that vow,
 Mourn o'er the faithful token.
As *Time* and *Chance*, relentless pair!
 Thy fairy form have shatter'd,
So has *the world*, or *worldly care*,
 Thy poet's visions scatter'd!

ANCIENT AND MODERN COACHES AND COACHMEN.

THERE is no description of persons, perhaps, so much changed, within our memory, as the drivers of stage-coaches; and, indeed, the vehicles which they drive have been improved till it seems to be almost impossible to carry improvement to a greater extent. When I speak of *ancient* coachmen, I shall not refer to any thing older than about half a century, or perhaps less, and therefore shall not say any thing about Phaeton, who drove the chariot of the Sun so violently and aukwardly that he *set the world on fire*—(I suppose the brightest of our modern *whips* would not wish to attempt more than *setting the Thames on fire*);—nor shall I enter into the history of the great Jehu, who gave a name to the tribe; or speak of the Olympic games, though all these might very properly be mentioned in a history of coachmanship; but what I am about to write is not a history, nor even an essay;—it is a mere sketch.

The four-in-hand stage-coachman of half a century ago, or only thirty years, was generally an old or a middle-aged man,—for a *young* man would not have been trusted. He was usually clad in a stout drab-colored coat and a red waistcoat, with a pair of boots whose *tops* were nearly as black as their lower parts, and which boots were generally 'a world too wide,' and patched in every direction. His gloves were of stout leather; but, as to the original color, it could only be guessed at, hidden as it was by the accumulated grease of years. His hat was a thick coarse felt one, and long worn and well thumbed in making the accustomed bow at the end of his journey. His great coat, like all his other appendages, was an old servant, and generally threadbare; it looked as though it had 'seen a little *survice*;' for your ancient coachman cared not for fashion. On very cold or wet days he tied round his throat a chocolate-colored India handkerchief, and this completed his *toggery*, as the modern flash has it, or (as one would say in plain English) his dress.

Then for his countenance; it seemed to set all foul weather at defiance; it was neither red, nor white, nor black, nor blue, but a compound of all; it looked as having been painted with all the colors of all the cordials at all the public-houses on the road, at which it was one of his inevitable customs to stop, let angry passengers say what they would, under some pretence or other, either for a mouthful of hay or a drop of water for the horses, or to alter the harness in some particular; to leave or to take up a parcel, a letter, or a message: all, or any of these practices used to detain him from ten to twenty minutes, which time was consumed in a chat with the landlord or landlady, the chambermaid or bar-maid, or, as a *dernier ressort*, the hostler or his helper; never forgetting the comforting drop of *summut* to fill up the intervals of gossip, with a little left at the bottom of the glass or jug, for Tom, or Dick, or Jack the hostler. He was always very particular in loading and unloading the coach himself, so as to know where every thing was, and how it would ride. Then the coach itself!—what a concern! The youthful part of the present generation would hardly believe that their forefathers could have gone on for an immense number of years as they had done, and not have improved their traveling vehicles more. It consisted of three distinct parts, all having separate interests as it were, and, like the members of an unhappy family, all pulling different ways. First, the box and its boot, unconscious of the luxury of springs, bolting and jumping along over and through all the impediments of the road; woe be to the unlucky wight who had a box seat! box seats were not at a premium then as now. The coachman, indeed, used to take care of *his side* by having a good extra cushion or two strapped on the box, and sundry coats laid on these; and this, it must be allowed, was a great saving of bumps. Then the body of the coach came swinging along after the box, with its precious cargo of *six insides;* on springs certainly; but then it sprang about at such acute and aukward angles, as to be any thing but pleasant. Last, but not *least* (for it was generally about as big as the coach itself,) came the luggage-bearing basket, about which the Irishman asked, in the old song,

'If the coach goes at six,
Pray when goes the basket?'

Sometimes an extra passenger was *accommodated* with a place upon the loose luggage piled in this basket,—or *rumble-tumble*, as it was facetiously called—and

a delicious piece of accommodation it must have been to ride upon the top of bundles, baskets, and boxes, with all their sharp angles piercing you at every jolt of the carriage. The last of these coaches with baskets that I recollect to have seen in use, was at Portsmouth, just at the time they were paying off vast numbers of seamen during the period of the short and treacherous peace made with France. The men were nearly all *bound for London*, as they called it, and I saw, at one time, thirty of them stowed outside, about a dozen of them contriving to *stand* in the basket, from which the luggage was excluded on that occasion. Think of a journey of seventy-two miles, all night, and in a *standing* position! Surely it might be called a journey *on foot*.

But to return to our coaches and coachmen. These *heavy coaches*, as they were very properly styled, used to travel, while on the move, at about the rate of four miles and a half or five miles in an hour, which, including the various stoppages, necessary and *unnecessary*, reduced the average of progression for the whole journey to about three miles and a half in an hour: true it is, there was plenty of time for breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper, and even for an intervening meal; but *then* a journey of eighty or one hundred miles was quite an undertaking; it was like going to America or the Indies; such farewells, such hopes, and fears, and good wishes; and such making of wills; it was quite melancholy!

Now look at the opposite picture. A man in the present day talks of going eighty or one hundred miles with as much indifference as he would of taking a hackney-coach from St. Paul's to Charing-cross. He breakfasts with his friend in London, and talks with perfect certainty of dining at Dover the same day, if not—by the help of steam—at Calais.

As to our modern stage-coaches, their ease, their elegance, their lightness, their every thing, in short, that art can do for them, I need not describe; we all know them, and see them perpetually: they are glancing past us at every corner, with their beautiful glossy cattle, their handsome and well-cleaned harness, and their dashing, dandy coachmen. On him, indeed, we must bestow a few words. How opposite he is in all things to the ancient one whom we have been contemplating! The tops of his boots rival those of any fox-hunting squire in appearance, and the lower parts of them glow with all the best gloss of *Day and Martin*; his waistcoat is of some neat stripe, or perhaps buff, and his coat brown or bottle-green, of the very first frock cut,—quite a *Jerry Hawthorn's*;—or, probably, a striped black silk waistcoat, and superfine black coat. Then he shows infinite taste in his neckcloth; it is either striped, or spotted, or *shawlified*, or something quite out of the common way; and, for a cold day, he has a white lamb's-wool comforter to tie over it—*red* is too vulgar. Then his hat is generally low-crowned, and rather broad-brimmed than not, or probably a white one, if it is summer-time, but in either case glossy and good. But the pride of the whole is his white great coat, with large mother-of-pearl buttons, quite *unique* in its way. I had almost forgotten his white buckskin gloves, which are kept as clean as a light-horseman's.

Your modern four-in-hand stage-coachman scorns to *follow* a fashion; he sets it; and all your dashing young fellows are to be seen with an *upper Benjamin* like Bob's, or Jem's, or Harry's, the Brighton coachman. His manners, too, are imitated as well as his dress; his language is a sort of genteel *slang* (if such a thing can be genteel), quite as good as Pierce Egan's; indeed, whether that gentleman learns his flash terms of coachmen, or coachmen of him, is a matter not yet decided. He is vastly polite and attentive, after his own fashion, to every pretty young woman who happens to travel outside, and it is said that the females are very partial to Coachy. He drinks a little, but not in the style of his predecessors; malt liquors and spirits are vulgar things: if you ask him, he *takes wine*, a glass of port generally, and is indeed a *connoisseur* in such matters, and can always tell you at what house to find a good glass; but then he has hardly time to stop and drink it. He drives from fifty to one hundred miles in a day (while the old stagers used to go about twenty-five or thirty), in all which time only twenty minutes are allowed for dinner; you therefore observe Mr. Coachman popping into the bar, during the three minutes allowed for changing horses, and see him come out with a bit of biscuit in his fingers, and smacking his lips after his glass of wine. Sometimes

he does not leave the box even during a change of horses, so quickly are these things now managed. As to loading or unloading the coach, he scarcely ever attempts it; he does not like to soil his gloves, and has always plenty of helpers at hand. At the end of his journey he looks for half-a-crown from the inside passengers, and at least a shilling from the *outs*, and more from his box-companion, I suppose in return for his anecdotes, and quips, and cranks, and songs; if any one who looks as if he had any pretensions to respectability should offer him sixpence, he will look at the paltry coin with ineffable scorn, and perhaps give it to the horse-keeper to get himself a pot of beer: such is a modern stage-coachman.

In my opinion, there has been less improvement in the London hackney-coachmen than in any of the tribe. Their vehicles are certainly better than formerly; but, with few exceptions, the drivers are the same sordid, dirty, drunken, unshaven, and ill-behaved set of beings they always were. Much might be said about these men, their uses, and abuses; but, as I hear some yawning reader cry 'hold! enough!' I have done.

J. M. Lacey.

A GREAT FARM-HOUSE.

These are bad times for farmers. I am sorry for it. Independently of all questions of policy, as a mere matter of taste and of old association, it was a fine thing to witness the hearty hospitality, and to think of the solid happiness of a great farm-house. No situation in life seemed so richly privileged; none had so much power for good and so little for evil; it seemed a place where pride could not live, and poverty could not enter. These thoughts pressed on my mind the other day, in passing the green sheltered lane, overhung with trees like an avenue, that leads to the great farm at B., where, ten or twelve years ago, I used to spend so many pleasant days. I could not help advancing a few paces up the lane, and then turning to lean over the gate, seemingly gazing on the rich undulating valley, crowned with woody hills, which, as I stood under that dark and shady arch, lay bathed in the sunshine before me, but really absorbed in thoughts of other times, in recollections of the old delights of that delightful place, and of the admirable qualities of its owners. How often I had opened that gate, and how gaily—certain of meeting a smiling welcome—and what a picture of comfort it was!

Passing up the lane, we used first to encounter a thick solid suburb of ricks, of all sorts, shapes, and dimensions. Then came the farm, like a town; a magnificent series of buildings, stables, cart-houses, cow-houses, granaries, and barns, that might hold half the corn of the parish, placed at all angles towards each other, and mixed with smaller habitations for pigs, dogs, and poultry. They formed, together with the old substantial farm-house, a sort of amphitheatre, looking over a beautiful meadow, which swept greenly and abruptly down into fertile inclosures, richly set with hedge-row timber, oak, and ash, and elm. Both the meadow and the farm-yard swarmed with inhabitants of the earth and of the air; horses, oxen, cows, calves, heifers, sheep, and pigs; beautiful greyhounds, all manner of poultry, a tame goat, and a pet donkey.

The master of this land of plenty was well fitted to preside over it; a thick, stout man, of middle height, and middle age, with a healthy, ruddy, square face, all alive with intelligence and good-humor. There was a lurking jest in his eye, and a smile about the corners of his firmly-closed lips, that gave assurance of good fellowship. His voice was loud enough to have hailed a ship at sea, without the assistance of a speaking-trumpet, wonderfully rich and round in its tones, and harmonizing admirably with his bluff, jovial visage. He wore his dark shining hair combed straight over his forehead, and had a trick, when particularly merry, of stroking it down with his hand. The moment his right hand approached his head, out flew a jest.

Besides his own great farm, the business of which seemed to go on like machinery, always regular, prosperous, and unfailing,—besides this and two or three constant stewardships, and a perpetual succession of arbitrations, in which, such was the influence of his acuteness, his temper, and his sturdy justice, that he was often named by both parties, and left to decide alone,—in addition to these occupations, he was a sort of standing overseer and church-warden; he ruled his own hamlet like a despotic monarch, and took a prime minister's share in the government of the large parish to which it was attached; and

one of the gentlemen whose estates he managed being the independent member for an independent borough, he had every now and then a contested election on his shoulders. Even that did not discompose him. He had always leisure to receive his friends at home, or to visit them abroad; to take journeys to London, or make excursions to the sea-side; was as punctual in pleasure as in business, and thought being happy and making happy as much the purpose of his life as getting rich. His great amusement was coursing. He kept several brace of capital greyhounds, so high-blooded, that I remember when five of them were confined in five different kennels on account of their ferocity. The greatest of living painters once called a greyhound 'the line of beauty in perpetual motion.' Our friend's large dogs were a fine illustration of this remark. His old dog, Hector, for instance, for whom he refused a hundred guineas,—what a superb dog was Hector!—a model of grace and symmetry, necked and crested like an Arabian, and bearing himself with a stateliness and gallantry that showed some 'conscience of his worth.' He was the largest dog I ever saw; but so finely proportioned, that the most determined fault-finder could call him neither too long nor too heavy. There was not an inch too much of him. His color was the purest white, entirely unspotted, except that his head was very regularly and richly marked with black. Hector was certainly a perfect beauty. But the little bitches, on which his master piqued himself still more, were not in my poor judgement so admirable. They were pretty little round, graceful things, sleek and glossy, and for the most part milk-white, with the smallest heads, and the most dove-like eyes that were ever seen. There was a peculiar sort of innocent beauty about them, like that of a roly-poly child. They were as gentle as lambs too: all the evil spirit of the family evaporated in the gentlemen. But, to my thinking, these pretty creatures were fitter for the parlor than the field. They were strong, certainly, excellently loined, cat-footed, and chested like a war-horse; but there was a want of length about them—a want of room, as the coursers say; something a little, a very little inclining to the clumsy; a dumpiness, a pointer-look. They went off like an arrow from a bow; for the first hundred yards nothing could stand against them: then they began to flag, to find their weight too much for their speed, and to lose ground from the shortness of the stroke. Up hill, however, they were capital. There their compactness told. They turned with the hare, and lost neither wind nor way in the sharpest ascent. I shall never forget one single-handed course of our good friend's favorite little bitch Helen, on W. Hill. All the coursers were in the valley below, looking up to the hill side as on a moving picture. I suppose she turned the hare twenty times on a piece of green-sward not much bigger than an acre, and as steep as the roof of a house. It was an old hare, a famous hare, one that had baffled half the dogs in the county; but she killed him; and then, though almost as large as herself, took it up in her mouth, brought it to her master, and laid it down at his feet. Oh how pleased he was! and what a pleasure it was to see his triumph! He did not always find W. Hill so fortunate. It is a high steep hill, of a conical shape, encircled by a mountain road winding up to the summit like a cork-screw,—a deep road dug out of the chalk, and fenced by high mounds on either side. The hares always make for this hollow way, as it is called, because it is too wide for a leap, and the dogs lose much time in mounting and descending the sharp acclivities. Very eager dogs will sometimes dare the leap, and two of our good friend's favorite greyhounds perished in the attempt in two following years. They were found dead in the hollow way. After this he took a dislike to distant coursing meetings, and sported chiefly on his own beautiful farm.

His wife was like her husband, with a difference, as they say in heraldry. Like him in looks, only thinner and paler; like him in voice and phrase, only not so loud; like him in merriment and good-humor; like him in her talent of welcoming and making happy, and being kind; like him in cherishing an abundance of pets, and in getting through with marvellous facility an astounding quantity of business and pleasure. Perhaps the quality in which they resembled each other most completely, was the happy ease and serenity of behaviour, so seldom found amongst people of the middle rank, who have usually a best manner and a worst, and whose best (that is the studied, the company manner) is

so very much the worst. She was frankness itself; entirely free from prickly defiance, or bristling self-love. She never took offence or gave it; never thought of herself or of what others would think of her; had never been afflicted with the besetting sins of her station, a dread of the vulgar, or an aspiration after the genteel. Those 'words of fear' had never disturbed her delightful heartiness.

Her pets were her cows, her poultry, her bees, and her flowers; chiefly her poultry, almost as numerous as the bees, and as various as the flowers. The farm-yard swarmed with peacocks, turkeys, geese, tame and wild-ducks, fowls, guinea-hens, and pigeons; besides a brood or two of favorite bantams in the green court before the door, with a little ridiculous strutter of a cock at their head, who imitated the magnificent demeanor of the great Tom of the barn-yard, just as Tom in his turn copied the fierce bearing of that warlike and terrible biped the he-turkey. I am the least in the world afraid of a turkey-cock, and used to steer clear of the turkey as often as I could. Commend me to the peaceable vanity of that jewel of a bird the peacock, sweeping his gorgeous tail along the grass, or dropping it gracefully from some low-boughed tree, whilst he turns round his crested head with the air of a birth-day belle, to see who admires him. What a glorious creature it is! How thoroughly content with himself and with all the world!

Next to her poultry our good farmer's wife loved her flower-garden; and indeed it was of the very first water, the only thing about the place that was fine. She was a real genuine florist; valued pinks, tulips, and auriculas, for certain qualities of shape and color, with which beauty has nothing to do; preferred black ranunculuses, and gave into all those obliquities of a triple-refined taste by which the professed florist contrives to keep pace with the vagaries of the Bibliomaniac. Of all odd fashions that of dark, gloomy, dingy flowers, appears to me the oddest. Your true *connoisseur* now, shall prefer a deep puce hollyhock, to the gay pink blossoms which cluster round that splendid plant like a pyramid of roses. So did she. The nomenclature of her garden was more distressing still. One is never thoroughly sociable with flowers till they are naturalized as it were, christened, provided with decent, homely, well-wearing English names. Now her plants had all sorts of heathenish appellations, which,—no offence to her learning,—always sounded wrong. I liked the bees' garden best; the plot of ground immediately round their hives, filled with common flowers for their use, and literally 'redolent of sweets.' Bees are insects of great taste in every way, and seem often to select for beauty as much as for flavor. They have a better eye for color than the florist. The butterfly is also a *dilettante*. Rover though he be, he generally prefers the blossoms that become him best. What a pretty picture it is, in a sunshiny autumn day, to see a bright spotted butterfly, made up of gold and purple and splendid brown, swinging on the rich flower of the china aster!

To come back to our farm. Within doors every thing went as well as without. There were no fine misses sitting before the piano, and mixing the alloy of their new-fangled tinsel with the old sterling metal; nothing but an only son excellently brought up, a fair slim youth, whose extraordinary and somewhat pensive elegance of mind and manner was thrown into fine relief by his father's loud hilarity, and harmonised delightfully with the smiling kindness of his mother. His Spensers and Thomsons, too, looked well amongst the hyacinths and geraniums that filled the windows of the little snug room in which they usually sate; a sort of afterthought, built at an angle from the house, and looking into the farm-yard. It was closely packed with favorite arm-chairs, favorite sofas, favorite tables, and a sideboard decorated with the prize-cups and collars of the greyhounds, and generally loaded with substantial work-baskets, jars of flowers, great pyramids of home-made cakes, and sparkling bottles of gooseberry-wine, famous all over the country. The walls were covered with portraits of half a dozen greyhounds, a brace of spaniels, as large as life, an old pony, and the master and mistress of the house in half-length. She as unlike as possible, prim, mincing, delicate, in lace and satin; he so staringly and ridiculously like, that when the picture fixed its good-humored eyes upon you as you entered the room, you were almost tempted to say—How d'ye do?——Alas! the portraits are gone now, and the originals. Death and distance



have despoiled that pleasant home. The garden has lost its smiling mistress; the greyhounds their kind master; and new people, new manners, and new cares, have taken possession of the old abode of peace and plenty—the great farm-house.

MOORE'S LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

FIRST ILLUSTRATION.

The first angel, introduced by this popular poet, gives a pleasing narrative of his adventures with a fascinating female, whom, in an excursion toward the earth, he saw 'shrined in the clear crystal of a brook.' From that hour passion exercised such a sway over him, that he was content to lose his station in the upper world for a woman's smiles. His sense of honor and of dignity, as may be supposed, prompted him to struggle with his rising love; but he was overpowered by the blaze of terrestrial beauty. The annexed engraving represents the scene in the bower, where the lady obtains from him the spell which lifts her to the skies, while he is degraded and ruined. It is unnecessary to say more on this occasion, as the long extract from this part of the poem, given in our last Number (pages 21 and 22), will forcibly illustrate the subject of the plate; but we may add, that it is engraven on steel, hardened by a new process, for which Messrs. Perkins and Heath have deservedly obtained a patent. By this extraordinary and ingenious mode, the plate is so little affected by the multiplicity of copies, that even the last of 50,000 will be as good as the first.

CHARMS OF IMAGINATION.

Animum picturâ pascit inani. Æn. 1.

Nor wide awake, nor fast asleep, he gapes,
And feeds his mind on empty forms and shapes.

MR. EDITOR,

I was quite struck—'struck all of a heap,' as the saying is—on perusing '*The Winter Evening's Fire-side,*' in your last number. *Ed io anzi son pittore*—I also am an imaginative creature; but your correspondent goes far, far beyond me—

——'vivida vis animi pervicit, et extra
Processit longe flammantia mœnia mundi.

He dreams, and far his ardent fancy's hurl'd
Beyond the flaming confines of the world.

Shakspeare speaks of a being 'of imagination all compact;' but never, till the present moment, had I the pleasure of meeting with this gentleman. When the poor untutored Indian

'Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the
wind,'

I feel the sublimity of the idea, and know that it owes its grandeur, and weight, and beauty, to this circumstance, that, like Virgil's Fame, whose head is in the clouds, and feet on earth, it is founded in truth; but when your friend, in his musings by his fire-side, however much they may be in the shadowy twilight, fancies the *poker* Ariel, I am lost in wonderment at the boundless expanse of his imagination. Supposing it red-hot, and he had fancied it a salamander or the devil, I could have let it pass (as I should always wish to do on meeting with either); but I am dull, and cannot conceive how any possible reduction of the poker, by the most constant and unfair usage, could make it so poke the imagination as to stir up such a conception. Finding a similarity between things remote and apparently the most opposite, is said to be wit; and, if this be universally true, the likeness discovered between the poker and Ariel treads on all the fame acquired by all former wits. Humble as I am in imagination, or, as Mercutio has it, 'affecting phantasticoes,' compared to him, I am still inferior in wit, as you will perceive, when I confess that the only cue I can find to this extraordinary resemblance, or to account for his making the assertion, is, that the poker being iron, he must be taken as speaking ironically*. I should have no doubt of this, but that he is far too serious in what he terms his '*well-woven* fabric of imagination,' to be suspected of such pleasantries.

When he tells us that while he is indulging his unfettered wings, 'the *coal-scuttle,* that stands in sombre state in yon remote corner, assumes the gaunt appearance of Caliban,' I am not quite so much astounded; for what has happened, as the lawyers say, may happen again. I recollect an old lady calling on a friend some time after her accouchement, when, of course, the nurse was desired to bring in the child. In the intermediate time, between her going

* Others may, but the gentleman himself will surely not, accuse me of dealing in the *far-fetched.*

and returning, and while the visitor was full of expectation, and doubtless due preparation, the footman opened the door, bringing in the coal-scuttle—upon which the old lady immediately exclaimed—'La! bless it! how like it is to its papa!' There is not much then to be surprised at, in this working of your friend's imagination—(it has happened to other old ladies); but still I should, according to the slow working of mine, have rather wished that he, representing himself as he does with *a wig and a long queue*, had mistaken himself for Ariel; or, what would have satisfied even the most sober, Caliban.

That profoundly metaphysical saying of my lord Grizzle—'all my eye, Betty Martin,' is repeated by the vulgar, as if it were understood as a matter of course; but, as his lordship was 'a deep one,' and never, as I have heard, condescended to explain his meaning, it may very reasonably be questioned what that 'all' is:—daily something new of *this* character appears, and amongst other things, that have great pretensions to rank in the all of 'all my eye,' we may safely place the *poker* that looked like Ariel. But I am still unable to say what class of imagination your correspondent's belongs to: certainly not the poetical, for it is the task of the poet to make, and

—— give to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name:—

but his imagination is clearly not of this sort; for, instead of making something of nothing, he makes an airy nothing (Ariel) of a very substantial something, the *poker*. I am rather inclined to think that he is of the unnumbered throngs, through which Umbriel, the gnome, passes, in the Rape of the Lock.

'Unnumber'd throngs on every side are seen
Of bodies changed to various forms by spleen.
Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks;
Here sighs a jar, and there *a goose-pie talks*:'
And now the spleen (that morbid wit-provoker)
Sees sylph-like Ariel in the kitchen poker *.

* I have taken this liberty with Pope's rhyme 'works, corks,' to save him from the disgrace of having taken a much greater liberty with decency. He was evidently at a loss for another case of hypochondriasis, and would, had he lived to this hour, have probably left the couplet as it now stands.

'If I could meet this fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel,' says *Rosalind*, and so say I; but if I might in the mean time prescribe in such a case, I would advise the friends of your correspondent not to suffer him to overload his stomach at dinner; and, if this cannot be prevented, by no means to leave him *alone* by the fire-side—unless the house is insured! * *

THE CAMBRIDGE DECAMERON.

ONE July evening in the summer of 182— two students in the University of Cambridge were leaning with listless air, and melancholy looks, over the new bridge in front of King's College, sometimes casting their eyes over the smooth stream which glided in tranquil dulness below their feet, then glancing at the noble college, and the unrivaled chapel, whence 'holy Henry' will be ever honored, or at the fine buildings of Clare Hall, and the gardens and avenues which encircle it. But neither the fragrance of the limes, the fading brilliance of a summer sun, descending in softened glory, nor the Gothic pinnacles of 'antique towers,' whose light tracery shone in his parting beams, elicited a smile or a word from either; and they continued to ruminate until the brisk step of a fellow-commoner, who was known to both, broke in upon the universal stillness, which characterised a scene of singular and solemn beauty in itself, but, to them, dull and monotonous.

The new comer (whom we shall call Benedict) began in a voice of lively raillery to condole with the melancholy looks and *distrait* air they wore, observing, 'that although the place was now nearly empty, and must be so for above three months, yet for his own part having resolved to pass the long vacation there, he was determined to make the best of his situation, and thought life might be endured very well, where there were enchanting walks, magnificent buildings, and extensive libraries.'

'It is easy for you to say this,' replied Alexis, whom he had addressed, 'you who have a companion that would make 'all seasons and their change' alike charming; but you stand alone as a married man, and have no right whatever to compare yourself with *us*, who with only three or four more (slightly acquainted with each other) constitute the sole inhabitants of the university, at

a season of the year when our brethren are flying about in every direction, in search of recreation or pleasure.'

'True,' said Philanthus (the third), 'I am acquainted with one party on the way to Paris; another hastening to Keswick and the lakes; a third traveling to Wales, and a fourth wandering over the Highlands,—but here come Euphronius and Sophron, looking quite as woe-begone as ourselves; and, if I mistake not, Eugenius is turning the corner.—I question if the silk gown he has just attained will ward off his *ennui* any more than ours for above a week; for the fact is, every man needs society, and most of all, perhaps, the man who, in abandoning it for the purposes of close application, yet looks to it as the reward of his exertions, the charm by which he is at once to solace and restore the energies of his mind.'

'Well!' exclaimed Benedict gaily, as he capped those who approached, 'it is most happy for me, that I am either intimately or slightly acquainted with every one of this 'sacred band,' this 'forlorn hope' of the long vacation, by which means I still trust my dear Camilla as well as myself may get over the summer very rationally, more especially as we are to be favoured with the society of my aunt Honoria, and her daughter Alicia, together with a cousin of ours, little Marian.—Ah! I see you all envy me this galaxy of fair stars, like the queen in Tom Thumb, who exclaims at the 'glorious privilege of giantesses;' so think you of the mighty privilege of Cambridge husbands.'

'And can we think too much,' said Philanthus, 'of the charms of that society which is ever held as the brightest ruby in the crown of life, and more endeared to *us* as the one which we very rarely partake. To men whose lives are passed in these cloisters, woman is a kind of queen to be reverenced, an idol to be gazed at; yet not less a friend to be loved and confided in. Like heaven, she is ever distant, but ever desired; the rich reward to which we all look, and for which, like the patriarch, we are willing to wait and to labor year after year.'

'Very true,' replied Benedict smiling; 'this is indeed the general course of collegiate life; but, to prove to you that I am no churl in the blessings which my singular good fortune offers, I will make a proposal tending to sociability. For the next ten weeks, when the labors of the long day are over, let us meet at each other's rooms, when every one shall by turns contribute to the amusement of the rest, either by relating such anecdotes or stories as his own observation may have furnished, or giving accounts of interesting works. We shall consequently be glad if any one will present us with a new poem, translation, or other literary work, within the province of the ladies; and the letters of our friends may, with their permission, be also pressed into our service, since they can hardly fail to be productive of such amusement as is consistent with that gentle exercise of the mind, that stimulus of the benevolent affections, which soothes and restores the spirits, and, in dissipating our cares, confirms our virtues.'

The gentlemen eagerly accepted the proposal of the kind-hearted and elegant Benedict; and some of them, more at liberty than the rest, volunteered the office of preserving the conversations and documents likely to be produced at these meetings, as the means of contributing, in after-life, to those pleasures of memory, which are ever dear, and frequently beneficial, to the heart. They were all persons of distinct character in manners and attainments. Eugenius, the solitary rambler, was a man of such slow speech and retired habits, so mere a book-worm, that he could hardly be expected to join in such a scheme; and Sophron, who was very young, extremely diffident, and totally unaccustomed to female society, appeared equally unlikely to take a share in it; but there was a charm in the frankness of Benedict's proposal, which operated like electricity in the ready concurrence which all accorded. In the hour of retirement, doubtless, many fears and doubts arose, for such are often felt by the wisest and worthiest, since knowlege does not bestow fluency, nor conscious rectitude inspire easy manners. Whatever might be felt, however, nothing was said on the subject, except perhaps in soliloquy. Far different was the scene in the house of Benedict, when the engagement was explained to his visitors, as they all declared their utter inability to *speak*, especially before gownsmen, in every variety of tone, phrase, and lamentation, of which the subject was susceptible; until the gentle but lively Camilla took up the subject by asserting her own knowlege of the parties, her sincere regard for them, her two years' expe-

rience of the perfect harmlessness of that strange animal yclept 'a learned man,' of which the most alarming part was in truth the outside. She assured them, that although in past times, when rotundity and full-bottomed wigs, as outward and visible signs of professors, doctors, &c. might be coupled with pride, conceit, formality, and aukwardness, and the solemnity of owls be mingled with the bashfulness of rustics, yet all that was over now—real learning had put pedantry quite out of fashion amongst the great body, and the multitude of stars (however small the light of each might be) yet so far eclipsed the glory even of planets, that at present no one thought of presuming upon it; and she concluded by warbling Sheridan's sweet air:—

'Then, ladies, never fear deceit,
Nor dread to suffer wrong;
Here friends in all the aged you'll meet,
And brothers in the young.'

'Well,' said Marian, 'to be sure if they should all be like my cousin Charles here, who looks so easy and happy, and wears his gown with a military air, and looks at Camilla as if he were still her lover, I cannot say there is any thing terrible in *that*; but tell us truly, are they like him?'

'Not in the least, Marian,' replied Camilla. 'I will give a slight sketch of each; but remember I am not equal either to finished portraits or striking touches. I am no Geoffrey Crayon, but a mere dauber, and only engage in the work to save *you* from those terrors which might impede your powers of prattling, which is the more necessary, because I see by a sign from Charles, alias Benedict (for he must have a new name in our little society, as well as the rest), that the lot of first speaker has fallen upon you; so now listen with all your might.

'Alexis is handsome, sprightly, and so young, as to be a kind of prodigy, as he is already a fellow, and tutor, of a very grave and ancient college; he is 'of the north countrie,' and seems, in the genuine hilarity of his spirits, and the piercing, powerful character of his mind, to be born of the mountain gale that rocked his cradle: he is the pride and delight—but I must pass on, for if I begin to praise there will be no end.

'Philanthus is also very young, singularly graceful in his person, and of a mild, fine expression of countenance. His complexion is so fair, that you seem to read the thoughts of his heart in it, and see only what is noble and pure, connected with deep thinking and great mental power. He is a 'scholar' in more senses of the word than one, and already known—don't start—as an author.

'Euphronius is also a northern Englishman, but not exactly from the lakes and the mountains. He is one of our professors, and will be therefore a kind of giant in your eyes, and is so *literally* almost in mine, for his athletic form belongs not to these 'degenerate days;' but he is the last man in the world to wound a distressed damsel, and I am certain that in the urbanity of his manners, the playfulness of his imagination, and even the pleasantness of his voice, you will become more easily acquainted with him than either of the preceding.

'Sophron is almost a freshman—he is a man of family and great promise, I believe, and there is a kind of timidity about him, which in so young a man is rather graceful than aukward, since it implies respect to those whom he deems superior in knowlege, and knows to be inferior in minor advantages.—I hope to be better acquainted with him.

'Eugenius is one of those persons commonly termed 'quite a character,' and really is a slip of 'the old university school:'—nothing can be more constrained than his gait, untidy than his person, or *bizarre* than his whole appearance; but he is like some instruments in music, which are disagreeable in themselves, yet contribute to make harmony in concert; for, when his fits of absence really give way, and his first nasal enunciations and prelusory hems are despatched, never do you fail to gain from his multifarious knowlege, his never-ending stock, that information which you require. He is not merely a walking dictionary, but a portable library, out of which you may reach volumes in all languages and on all subjects. Ah! how happy it would be for him, if his drawers were in half so good a condition as his brains are,—that he could seize a clean shirt with the same facility that he finds in discussing a mathematical question, or that he had the faculty of seeing a ragged cravat as clearly as he descries a grammatical error! He is a poet too; and to look at him you would say he is of the true

Grub-street breed. In fact, he has great talents, great industry—is a diamond well polished, but vilely set.'

'But, my dear niece,' interrupted Honoria, 'perhaps we may be able to improve him; besides, as you made your first sketches slight, on very agreeable subjects, do not finish your present one with too accurate a pencil, since it is evidently one of a very valuable, though singular man.'

Camilla admitted the mild maternal correction with a smile; and in a short time the parties were introduced to each other. In the acquaintance which then took place all reserves were soon banished; and little Marian considered, that perhaps it was even an advantage for her to make the first essay, as she felt an honest conviction that it would be the worst. She was really a simple-hearted, lovely, unaffected little girl, whose sweetness of temper and desire of contributing to every one's pleasure could alone contend with her genuine modesty and humility in this case: but, aided by a reliance on the same qualities in her hearers, she began to relate the story of her 'Grandfather.'

*** This narrative, and nine other stories, will be given in the succeeding numbers of our miscellany, and will, we hope, form an interesting series.

COCKNEY CORRESPONDENCE, OR PISAN EPISTOLIZERS;

BY A LIBERAL.

Letter I.—Leigh Hunt to William Hazlitt.

Dear Hazlitt, you, and Webb, and all
The squad whom we can cockney call,
Must now be mad to hear about me—
(Pray, how do you get on without me?)
A letter, therefore, penn'd from France,
And fraught with humor, will enhance
My value; for, though still a rover,
Unlike yourself, but *half*-seas over,
I 've yet so much to write, concerning
Myself, my travels, and my learning,
That God knows who but you, my friend,
Will read me to my journey's end.—
You've heard, perhaps, of Psalmanazar,
Whose wit was keen as any razor,
And who, despite his simple diction,
Boldly ran off from fact to fiction.
Now doom'd at the same oar to pull—
(So says the organ in my skull *.)

* The organ of ideality, I suppose, he means.—Ed.

I 've equal marvels to relate
Of Frenchmen born without a pate.
Enough of politics; 'tis time
To quit the Frenchman and his clime,
And rhapsodize concerning thee
And thine, dear land of Italy:
But, ere I rave of classic Pisa,
I 'll send, per foreign post from Nice, a
Few hints, which, shaped, you may transfer
To Sunday next's Examiner.

Paris, May 3.

Arrived in Paris: met Tom Moore;
Dined with him, and presented your
Last Table-talks, which set him sleeping—
Tom, by the bye, 's no knack at weeping:
So laugh'd at each attempt pathetic,
Which, verily, he call'd bathetic.—
Went with him to a barber's shop;
Alter'd my ringlets to a crop;
Bought a new flowing dress, a hat,
A mantle, and a black cravat;
And strutted on the gay Boulevards
In my new Paris suit, which floats
Round me like Gray's Pindaric Bard'
Or Mother Goose's petticoats.

On the road, May 4, 5.

Sick of its sights, so quitted Paris,
Which one gay and unvaried fair is.
The month was May, the weather mild,
The landscape *clipsome* as a child,
And varied with delicious dales,
Heaths, woods, and rivers, hills and vales,
While animated legs of mutton,
As yet unbutcher'd for the glutton,
Frisk'd bleating o'er the meadow grass,
As, for example, some young lass
Trips homeward o'er the twilight dew,
In hopes her love will follow too.—
Oh! when I paus'd to pluck a pansy
From these sweet scenes, pedestrian fancy
Walk'd back again to Primrose-hill,
Where you and I, impimpled Will!
So oft enjoy'd our Table-talk
At the suburban farm of Chalk,
And saw the young moon smile athwart
Thy gas-lit road, oh! Tottenham-court,
And glimmering from her Latmian hill,
Make Mother Red-Cap redder still *.

Nice, May 7.

Arrived at Nice; beheld a building
Brocaded o'er with tarnish'd gilding,
And fancied it (how buildings lie!)
Some ruin of antiquity;

* The name of a celebrated public-house at the end of Tottenham Court-Road.

So fired a *crisp* Italian sonnet
Of fourteen jaunty lines upon it,
And read it to the *maître d'hôtel*;
Who told me, 'with a voice of wail,'
The building might be very well,
But (hang it!) 'twas the county jail.

On the road, May 10.

Beheld the Alps! oh, Lord! how high
They tower towards green Italy!
So proud, so grand, I see them still—
They're loftier far than Primrose-hill:
With glens down which in thunder slips
The glacier, 'with his sidelong hips,'
Like Paolo, of whose person I
Wrote charming things in Rimini.
E'en as I gaze, the eve enshrouds
Their summits in a veil of clouds;
The shadows lengthen on the hill,
And *darkle* o'er the mountain rill,
Where, slowly winding on, it treads,
Like Beauty o'er Italian meads,
And wafts along its crystal waters
The music of the Roman daughters.
Oh! William Hazlitt, not one wreath
Of poesy at Hampstead-heath
Will I e'er pelt again; for though,
With sonneteering Webb and Co.,
I've made it classic as the Cam,
Believe me—'tis not worth a d—n.

Mount Cenis, May 12.

My date explains, I'm gaining now
Mount Cenis, where eternal snow,
The winter of uncounted time,
Reigns in its solitude sublime.
Yet even here the summer gales,
Ascending from Italian vales,
Temper the Alpine frosts intense
With rare and slight beneficence.
So soft each breeze comes fluttering by,
I welcome it with ecstasy:
My wife too hails its warmth, and glows
With transport, for it thaws her nose.
While little John (you know my Johnny)
Chants forth again his 'heigho nonny,'
With divers other songs, which were
Frozen to death by the keen air.—
You recollect the story well
Of those bold tars who, strange to tell,
Had their best conversation whol-
ly frozen at the Northern Pole,
Till spring produced a quick reaction
On each syllabic petrifaction,
When three months' winter chit-chat, thaw'd,
Tattled in dissonance abroad,
Till, from the main-mast to the mizen,
Each man had nought to do but listen.
How strange were spring to do the same
In this severest atmosphere,
And loosen every word and name
And oath that has been spoken here!
What chattering thaws would drown the sense!—
What flights of words, gay, dull, and dense,
(Fine speculation for Reviews!)
Would clack amid these wintry views!
Here noisy notes of admiration,
Of intellect the signal posts,
Unchill'd, would speak again, like ghosts
Of former frozen conversation.
Here words such as, 'the scene how bold!'
Would run against, 'oh! curse the cold!'
While babbling winds would scatter round
Each sentence, syllable, and sound;
And men (it could not make them sadder)
Might buy their small-talk by the bladder.

Susa, May 14.

'Tis pass'd:—Mount Cenis' steep hangs o'er me,
And Italy lies stretch'd before me.—
Oh! for the sights that I shall see
Within its clime of minstrelsy.
Oh! for its dancing maids and loves,
And satyrs piping in the groves.
Oh! for its dells where beauty treads—
Oh! for its gifted few with heads.
E'en now in thought I view its tree gods,
Its mountain fountain, and its sea gods;
Cupid with fair and *clipsome* throat,
Venus without her petticoat,
Apollo, who in beauty rich is,
And Saturn guiltless of knee-breeches.
Yes! William, yes, I see them all,
Both God and mortal, great and small,
Revealing to my fancy's eye
The eloquence of days gone by.
But halt, my Muse, for, while I dress
My thoughts in language bold and glowing,
A keen stomachic emptiness
Informs me that my dinner's growing
As cold as he whom dread attacks
In likeness of the Income Tax.
Adieu then, Will, (as I was wont)
With kindest wishes,—yours,
Leigh Hunt.

SITTING UP ALL NIGHT.

"*Jusqu'ici je n'ai rien trouvé qui vaille le sommeil*" was the remark of Madame de Staël; and who ever was up all night without assenting in thought, if not in words, to the truth of the ejacu-

lation? A ball has perhaps detained you from 'nature's soft nurse' till you see the morning dawn, and till the morning sees you, which is worse, if you are a lady; for gladly indeed would you hide 'from day's garish eye' your hair, like 'snakes uncurled,' and soiled with dust,—your face, where perhaps, from late hours and rouge, ' yellow strives with dirty red,' your gloves and shoes rivaling the under garment of Isabella of Castile, which, forgetting the female maxim, that 'cleanliness is next to godliness,' she vowed never to change till the city of Zaragoza should be taken, and the siege lasted two years! I do not know, however, that this story rests on any other authority than that of Isaac Walton. And for what is all this? In the beginning of the evening, perhaps, you danced with very pleasant partners, or men of fashion, or, in short, you were gratified one way or other, and, utterly disregarding the moral of Cinderella, that sage nursery allegory on the folly of supposing that pleasure may be prolonged at will, you outstayed admiration, and, silent and peevish, waited with the sickness of deferred hope to be again 'the observed of all observers' Or you have been neglected, perhaps, in the crowd that filled the room in earlier hours, and you linger on, and 'hope pleasure from what may yet remain.' You may even then be disappointed; but if you are at last 'courted and caressed,' will the wound heal? But even supposing you 'so great, so happy, so beloved,' that you have nothing to fear from neglect, how weary, how very weary you are! and how uneasy will be that nondescript thing between to-day and tomorrow, which begins with heated sleep, and proceeds in lassitude and head-ache, when you feel, as it is emphatically called, 'good for nothing.' Is the roaring revelry of a midnight tavern, the feverish intoxication of wine, and noise, and riot, the defiance of all order public and private, with the languor which will follow it, "*Jusqu'ici je n'ai rien trouvé qui vaille le sommeil*?" There is a case, when sleep is relinquished in order to watch beside the bed of pain and sickness,—when with sad and dreary heart you hear the last retiring member of the household shut and bolt his door—when, by degrees, the last faint sounds of raked-out fires and rushing curtain-rings die away on your ear, nervously alive to every sound. Sir Isaac Newton was of opinion that the principle of vitality dwells in no one part of the human frame, but flies to whatever region happens to be strongly affected by any external object: how often is it in the ear! Perhaps the sick person falls into a doze holding your hand, or resting on a pillow supported by your arms: meantime you see the fire gradually dying away, and you are yet afraid to move, almost to breathe; it grows duller still, and the long black wick of the candle threatens to shake off its burning crest: then you venture slowly, and at intervals, 'short and far between,' to regain your liberty, and guard against the opposite evils which menace you, too much fire, and none at all. Returning to the bed, you sit listening to the ticking watch, as if 'death and inattention were the same,' till the faint grey light and cold searching breath of morning make you feel most keenly that your 'raveled sleeve' is raveled still. At last some distant door opens, some sounds of life are heard, and gradually increase till the world is no longer left to you alone, and some one enters with a renewed look that seems to press on your weariness the reflection, '*Jusqu'ici je n'ai rien trouvé qui vaille le sommeil.*' There is one exception. Mr. Wordsworth, when he produced that poetic morsel, his 'sonnet, written on Westminster-bridge,' must have been up all night. He could not have had the intense feeling of stillness,—a feeling that conveys an idea of the time ere yet 'the well balanced world on hinges hung,'—if he had risen by candle-light, and come down stairs softly, and let himself out, fearful the while of waking the other inhabitants of the house. No, no. 'All this mighty world was lying still to his imagination; 'the full tide of human existence' slept unruffled. Three years ago there was hung high up in a corner of the British Gallery a view of St. Paul's taken at early morning from the river. This was inspired by the same feeling: the artist had made the images of the poet tangible, given them 'a local habitation.' There was the same 'languor of repose,' with the same clear sharp outlines, the same vivid representation of outward objects, with the same 'divine oblivion of low-thoughted care.' These two, and perhaps these alone, have found something, '*qui vaille le sommeil.*' *Filicaja* in his exquisite poem, *Al Sonno*, says—

'Io solo, ahi lasso, nel comun riposo
Chi fia che 'l creda? io sol nella comune

Alta posa e quiete ancor non poso.
Già quattro soli, col altrettante lune
Fatto han ritorno, e queste mie meschine
Luci di te son tuttavia digiune.'

But had he been thus wakeful, could he thus have written? No: 'the wakeful bird sings darkling;' but even Young's Night Thoughts were no doubt day thoughts; it is a palpable misnomer. There are, indeed, 'sleepless woes impassioned spirits feel;'—sad remembrances, and sadder anticipations, which throb in the heart and the brain, and 'shake us nightly:' when all the world seems quiet, and we are like 'dark Orion hung'ring for the morn:' but who writes verses on the rack? Who would not at such dreary seasons exchange all the laurels of Parnassus for the poppy, all the waters of Helicon for 'the drowsy syrups of the East.' There is a Spanish proverb which says, 'Let him who sleeps too much, borrow the pillow of a debtor.' Is it then possible, in 'this worky day world,' to sleep too much? Who would not desire to prolong the moments of bright visions, or of perfect unconsciousness?—visions that bring back

'The cold, the faithless, and the dead,
As warm each hand, each brow as gay,
As if they parted yesterday!'—

visions which 'paint the lost on earth revived in heaven,'—or who has not cares and sorrows to forget? Some cold heavy thought weighs on every heart, and, though we are continually calling up some other idea, still this is there, and we know and feel that it is, always except when we are asleep. Professor Stewart says, that persons of the strongest minds do not dream; perhaps not, as in them imagination, the parent of dreams, is under the constant control of judgement; but surely this is not a very enviable privilege; for, as Zimmermann feelingly exclaims, 'Who, alas! has ever been so happy in reality as he has been in idea?' Still, still then let me sleep: let me never take any pleasures, however specious, in exchange for repose. '*Jusqu'ici je n'ai rien trouvé qui vaille le sommeil.*'

Y. E. S.

STANZAS,

by Bernard Barton.

The flowret's bloom is faded,
Its glossy leaf grown sere;
The landscape round is shaded
By winter's frown austere.

The dew, once sparkling lightly
On grass of freshest green,
In heavier drops unsightly,
On matted weeds is seen.

No songs of joy to gladden
From leafy woods emerge;
But winds, in tones that sadden,
Breathe Nature's mournful dirge.

All sights and sounds appealing,
Through merely outward sense,
To joyful thought and feeling,
Seem now departed hence.

But not, with such, is banish'd
The bliss that life can lend;
Nor with such things hath vanish'd
Its truest, noblest end!

The toys that charm and leave us,
Are fancy's fleeting elves;
All that should glad or grieve us
Exists within ourselves!

Enjoyment's genuine essence
Is virtue's godlike dower;
Its most triumphant presence
Illumes the darkest hour.

ANECDOTES OF WOMAN.
(From the Percy Anecdotes.)

The Maiden's Leap.—A daughter of the first earl of Gowrie was courted by a young gentleman, much her inferior in rank and fortune. Her family, though they gave no encouragement to the match, permitted him to visit them at their castle of Ruthven in Perthshire; and on such occasions, the chamber assigned him was in a tower, near another tower, in which the young lady slept. On one of his visits, the young lady, before the doors were shut, got into her lover's apartment; but some one of the family having discovered it, told her mother, who cutting off, as she thought, all possibility of retreat, hastened to surprise them; the young lady, however, hearing the well known steps of her mother hobbling up stairs, ran to the leads, and took a desperate leap of nine feet four inches, over a chasm of sixty feet from the ground, alighted on the battlements of the other tower, whence descending into her own chamber, she crept into bed. Her mother having in vain sought her in her lover's chamber, came into her room, where finding her seemingly asleep, she apologized for her unjust suspicion. The young lady eloped the following night, and was married. The chasm between the towers is still shown under the appellation of the Maiden's Leap.

Sappho.—Sappho's chief favourite, after the death of her husband, Cercolas, was the accomplished Phaon, a young man of Lesbos; who is said to have been a kind of ferryman, and thence fabled to have carried Venus over the stream in his boat, and to have received from her, as a reward, the favour of becoming the most beautiful man in the world. Sappho fell desperately in love with him; but Phaon, so far from returning her passion, is said to have fled into Sicily, on purpose to avoid her. To Sicily she hastened after him, and while there, composed her celebrated hymn to Venus. Phaon, however, was still obdurate; and Sappho was so transported with the violence of her passion, that she resolved, by a perilous expedient, to put an end to her sufferings and mortification, or perish in the attempt. For this purpose, she repaired to a promontory in Acarnania, called Leucate, or the Lover's Leap, which is fabled to have been resorted to by despairing lovers, under a belief, that on throwing themselves from the top of the precipice into the sea, they were sure to be cured of their passion, if taken up alive. The unhappy Sappho is said to have been the first woman who tried the dangerous experiment, and perished in the trial.

According to Ovid, Phaon had first been kind, and then faithless; and it was in endeavouring to reclaim, and not gain, a lover, that Sappho sunk into despair.

Alcæus, a contemporary poet, conceived a passion for Sappho; he wrote to her: 'I wish to explain myself,' said he; 'but shame restrains me.' 'Your countenance would not blush,' replied she, 'if your heart were not culpable.' Sappho professed to reconcile the love of pleasure and the love of virtue. 'Without virtue,' said she, 'nothing is so dangerous as riches; happiness consists in the union of both.'

It seems probable that the licentiousness ordinarily imputed to Sappho may be a calumny. The extreme sensibility of the Greeks, and the animated language in which they were on all occasions accustomed to express their feelings, may mislead a modern reader. Persons of licentious manners are seldom capable of the strong individual attachment which proved fatal to Sappho.

Husband and Wife.—Among some who have read Blackstone, and more who have not, an opinion prevails, that a husband may chastise his wife, provided the weapon be not thicker than his little finger. For the honour of England, we wish we could pronounce this opinion as legally erroneous as it is ungallant and barbarous. It is much to the credit of our descendants on the other side of the Atlantic, that they have not carried with them this relic of the once savage state of their forefathers. In a case which came before the Supreme Court of South Carolina, some years ago, the presiding judge summed up an admirable view of the law of the republic on the matrimonial relation, by quoting these lines from the 'Honey Moon,' which may be said to contain also the law of humanity on the subject:

'The man that lays his hand upon a woman,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch
Whom 'twere gross flattery *to name a coward.*'

Fine Arts.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE PROGRESS OF THE FINE ARTS DURING THE PRESENT CENTURY.

(*Continued from* p. 49.)

The Royal Academy, at the commencement of the present century, had lost three of its brightest ornaments in Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Wilson.

Although Reynolds did not leave any immediate pupil as heritor of his talents and fame, yet it is certain that the most able portrait-painters of the present day owe a great portion of their skill and celebrity to the study of his pictures. It has been truly said of this illustrious artist, that his treatment of portraiture had raised it to the rank of history. In the manly, noble, expressive dignity of his men, the exquisite grace and beauty of his women, and in the arch expression of frolic youth, or dimpled infancy, he remains unrivaled.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was a colorist of the first order, and appears to have studied the Venetian and Flemish schools with infinite success; but, perhaps, had he felt less intensely the beauty of color (which sensibility led him into endless experiments with the materials of his art), we should not at this time have to deplore the almost total decay of many of his finest works.

Gainsborough, the pupil of nature, has a charm in all his works; but it is chiefly in his landscapes and pastoral figures that we worship the inspirations of his muse. The deep solitude of his woods imparts 'a sacred terror, a severe delight;' and the bright sunny spots where his cattle rest and ruminate, fill the heart with joy and peace. The very mannered style of execution, in many of his works, has been condemned, and justly; but we have seen pictures, by this ornament of our school, that left nothing for the most fastidious critic to wish. We could instance, amongst many others, a large woody landscape and cattle, in the possession of Sir Charles Long—the Girl and Broken Pitcher—the portrait commonly called the Blue Boy, and two small coast scenes, in the possession of Sir John Leicester and lord Grosvenor.

Wilson is the polar star of our present landscape painters, and they may safely depend upon his steady unerring light. The compositions of Wilson are simple and grand; his light and shade always broad and admirably adapted to his subject; and in colour he is inimitably true and beautiful. If our English Claude has not the refinement or exquisite finish of Lorraine, his works display a higher gusto, and possess a more evident stamp of genius; above all, it is in the freshness, beauty, and truth of colour, that he rivals that prince of landscape painters.

Notwithstanding the loss of these great names, the Royal Academy, at the commencement of the present century, could boast of many distinguished artists. In the historical department we find West, Barry, Fuseli, Northcote, Stothard, Westall, and Opie, giving their powerful support to the annual exhibitions at Somerset House; and in portraiture, Lawrence, Beechy, Hopner, and Shee, and, subsequently, Owen, Philips, and Jackson, justly held a distinguished rank in public estimation. In the year 1800, J. W. M. Turner was enrolled a member of the Academy; an artist whose genius has raised landscape painting to a rank it never before held in any age or country. To his name we may add that of de Loutherbourg, a landscape painter of considerable talent, but whose glaring and meretricious style greatly deteriorated his works.

In sculpture, Banks, Flaxman, and Nollekens, enjoyed a reputation that posterity will not deprive them of; and in architecture, the works of Dance, Wyat, and Soane, are too well known to the public to need any eulogium. This brief notice of some of the principal members of the Academy in 1800 will at one glance show the great mass of talent belonging to the institution at that period; but we fear that in history very little progress has been made during the last twenty years; nor has the Royal Academy added any great names to our former list of portrait painters. But, in justice to those already named, we can without fear of contradiction say, that their improvement has been progressive from year to year up to the present time, and that they stand unrivaled by any school in Europe.

Barry, Bacon, Opie, Hoppner, de Lutherbourg, Wyat, and West, are now no more, but they are remembered with

gratitude by every artist and lover of the fine arts. The chasm made by the loss of these able pillars of the academy has been filled by high talent in their several departments of art; but it is in landscape, poetical subjects, and domestic scenes, that our painters have made the most rapid and marked advance during the present century. The beautiful landscapes of Calcot, R. R. Reinagle, Collins, and Constable—the inimitable domestic scenes of Wilkie and Mulready—the animals of Ward and Cooper—and the fine vein of poetic feeling in the pictures of Thomson, Howard, Hilton, and Leslie, will bear us out in the assertion. In sculpture we are so fortunate as still to possess a Nollekens and a Flaxman, and the present century has added unwonted strength in this department of the fine arts, in the rare genius and talents of Chantrey, Westmacott, and Bailey.

This cursory view of some of the leading members of the Royal Academy is by no means intended to comprise all the talent of that institution, as we have referred to those artists only whose works were most familiar to us, or might best answer our purpose of illustration. Having hitherto confined our remarks to the Royal Academy, we wish now to call the attention of our readers to the merits of a numerous body of artists, in every department, who have not been admitted members of the Royal Academy, mentioning first the deceased artists of distinction who never received that honour.

Wright of Derby was an eminent landscape painter in his day, and was celebrated for his effects of moonlight and firelight; he also painted portraits and other subjects; his 'Dead Soldier,' engraven by Heath, is full of sentiment and deep pathos: he died in 1798, and we believe never received the honours of the Academy.

Romney, the celebrated contemporary and rival of Sir Joshua Reynolds, whom a writer of their day describes as 'dividing the town with him,' died in the year 1802, without the title of R. A. And G. Morland, a painter whose works and eccentricities are better known to the public than those of any other British artist, died in 1804, without academic honours. The rapid depreciation in the value of his works within the last ten years is a decisive proof of the improvement in public taste. Few men of talent have been so much over-rated in their own time as the late Morland; his pictures were caviare to the multitude; the most familiar, not to say vulgar, subjects, treated with considerable skill, were better understood by the million, than the classic scenes of Wilson, or the poetry of Gainsborough; but a more generally diffused and refined taste in the fine arts is now perceptible among us, in consequence of which the character of Morland as a painter holds its proper level; as a man, we would willingly forget him. It may to some appear invidious to select names from the number of able artists that have sprung up during the last twenty years, and who have not obtained the honours of the Royal Academy; but we cannot refrain from quoting the following as a proof of the truth of our assertion, that the fine arts have materially advanced during the present century.

Haydon, Richter, Cristall, Lonsdale, Havel, Hofland, Stark, Fielding, Vincent, Hayter, Sharp, Etty, Newton, Geddes, Nasmith, Witherington, Bennes, and many others of distinguished talents, produce works which are annually displayed to the public and justify our praise; but we fear the increased number of artists, and the consequent want of room at Somerset House for the fair exhibition of their works, are seriously injurious to the reputation and interest of those artists who are not of the academy.

This inconvenience was more especially felt some years since by the painters in water-colors, a branch of the fine arts, which, during the short space of twenty years, has risen to perfection. The professors in this beautiful manner of painting were so dissatisfied with the rooms in Somerset House devoted to their works, that, in the year 1804, a Society of Painters in Water-colors was formed on the ostensible grounds, 'that the indiscriminate mixture of oil and water-color pictures was mutually injurious, and that the rooms in Somerset House were unfit for the exhibition of water-color drawings.' Their first exhibition was in Brook-street, and the novelty and talents displayed in it rendered it very attractive to the public. The annual exhibitions were subsequently removed to Bond-street, afterwards to the great rooms in Spring-gardens, where a new feature was added, by the introduction of oil pictures, by which innovation they rendered nugatory their former reason for seceding from the academy; but, after

trying this experiment a few years, they ultimately returned to their original plan, and their exhibitions are now confined exclusively to paintings in water-colors. Another change has taken place in the situation of their room, which is now in Pall-Mall East. The annual display of the works of this society is a great treat to the amateurs of this style of painting. The exhibition is unique, and is a proud display of British superiority in this department. Glover, Havel, Varley, Barrett, Smith, Nicholson, R. R. Reinagle, Fielding, Richter, Robson, Prout, Dewint, and many other admirable artists, who are, or have been, contributors, account for the deserved reputation and high success of this society. In a future number we shall offer some remarks on sculpture and architecture.

Cooke's Exhibition of Drawings and Engravings by British Artists, Soho-Square. (*Concluded from page 52*)— After repeating our visit to this exhibition, we find no reason to alter our previously formed opinion of its merits. A part of the diurnal press has spoken with much severity and injustice of the exhibition in general, and has displayed equal illiberality and ignorance in its criticisms upon drawings that in fact do honour to the British school. It is one of the great evils of the present day, that a number of young men, who, because they possess the power of writing with tolerable grammatical precision, and in pretty good language, when they relate an anecdote or convey a report, conclude themselves, therefore, equal to writing on subjects of art, to which, in a great measure, they may be justly considered strangers. It may be thought, that upon an object offered to every man's sight, every man can have an opinion; but it is certain that it is only the man who has made the subjects, and the power of representing them by the process of painting, matters of serious study, and who is also assisted by nature herself with that property which may be termed, 'a painter's eye,' in the same way that we technically speak of 'an ear' in music, who can *really* judge of the merits of a picture. We regret that the cultivation of this branch of knowlege is neglected at a period of such general intelligence as that which renders the present age illustrious, and more especially, because we consider the press as the great instrument of disseminating that love for the fine arts, and exciting that interest for their professors, which is necessary to their advancement. We fear, however, that the remarks to which we allude have arisen rather out of vindictive feeling than misconception in some disappointed individuals, as we have heard of another exhibition for the sale of engravings being now upon the tapis. However this may be, we repeat our sense of obligation to Mr. Cooke for the intellectual treat he has afforded us.

The light in the two rooms allotted to the engravings is not favorable to their display, and the skill evinced in the management of the burin is lost in several well-known prints of great excellence. We shall not enter into detailed criticisms, but content ourselves with pointing out to our readers some of those works which most forcibly arrested our attention, taking the order of the catalogue.

Our first note of admiration commenced with the excellent engraving of the 'Holy Family,' after Reynolds, by Sharpe. We were much pleased with a mezzotinto by Watson, of Lady Townsend, Mrs. Gardener, and Mrs. Beresford, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and also with several fine specimens of the landscapes of Vivares and Woollet, and delighted with the spirited transcripts of the two Cookes from J. M. W. Turner. The assassination of L. J. Dentatus, engraven on wood by W. Harvey, from a picture by R. B. Haydon, is a wonderful specimen of this art; and we were equally surprised and charmed with the spirited, and yet minute and delicate finish of some engravings on wood by Thompson, after designs by F. L. Chantrey, R. A., A. Cooper, R. A., H. Corbould, and L. Clennell. Earl Temple, by W. Dickinson, after a picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is a very fine specimen of the old school of mezzotinto, and conveys an admirable idea of the color and peculiar characteristics of that great painter. The interview of Charles I. with his family in the presence of Oliver Cromwell, by W. Sharp, after a picture by S. Woodford, R. A., will not add to the fame of this veteran in art; but we must, in justice to Mr. Sharpe, ascribe the tameness and inanity of this print rather to the painter than the engraver. J. Scott has some beautiful examples of his peculiar talent in the portraiture of animals. Landseer, Ward, Heath, Golding, Byrne, Turner, Pye, Bromley, Lowry, Say, and many other artists of celebrity, contribute towards this very

gratifying exhibition of British engravings.

British Gallery, Pall Mall.—The venerable professor of painting in the Royal Academy has asserted, 'that there is no *mediocrity* in art,' and 'that which is not good, is *bad;*' but to this sweeping clause (highly as we esteem the talents of Mr. Fuseli) we have never given our assent. We are fully aware that the perfection of which art in itself is capable is not only of rare and difficult, but slow attainment, and that as judgement and knowlege are insufficient to the production of an excellent work without that higher principle, that living soul we term Genius; so is that great inspirer inadequate without their assistance; and, as they can be gained only by degrees, there must be a period in the life of every artist when he is mounting the ladder. A pretty accurate opinion may, probably, be formed of the progress he will make, and, perhaps, of the point where he will rest (for on the temple of fame are many pinnacles, which differ from each other in honour); but in the mean time it is but an act of justice to consider him in the light of a traveller, whose advance we should rejoice to praise, and whose backslidings we should honestly deprecate.

Yet even under this ameliorating view, and with a cheering sense of the pleasure excited by a few good and many half-good pictures, we are yet constrained to admit the unwelcome fact, that there is a manifest falling off in this exhibition, although its first impression is attractive in show and number. It is evident that the pictures here presented to the public have, in numerous instances, had little labour either of mind or hand, thereby indicating in the painter either self-sufficiency, or the indifference which arises from despair—the temperament of artists ever leads them to extremes, and either of these errors will prove alike detrimental to improvement. In a case of so much importance, we consider it desirable to inquire into the probable cause.

Looking at the situation which art and artists occupy in this country, when contrasted with the degree of importance given to them on the continent, we cannot for a moment believe that vanity and self-satisfaction lead them astray. As Englishmen (even if proud) they are modest, reflecting, more inclined to earn the laurel than assume it—have no encouragement from the government of the country, and very little from the suffrages of general society, the fashions of polished life being in London directly the reverse of Paris and other great cities, from which we are led to conclude that, although individual patronage may, in some cases, lead an individual into the former error, our rising artists have little to fear from indulgence, but are, in fact, likely to 'perish for lack of it.' Their infantine troubles have never been soothed by one sugar-plum from the state—their blandishments are rarely permitted amongst those 'Corinthian pillars,' which in other countries have delighted to transplant this gifted race into the sunny regions which might ripen the fruits of their genius, and give that immortal bloom which at this time reflects honor on their own illustrious names.

To this institution alone could the younger class of British artists look for the patronage and assistance they required, and it has unquestionably been the 'fostering mother' of much talent: but when we recollect the exhibitions we have seen here, at a time when art was by no means in the advanced state it is at present, and compare them with the one before us, we are obliged to refer to the second cause assigned, and conclude that our artists again languish for want of stimulus,—they sink into apathy from deficiency of encouragement.

The principal cause is, we apprehend, the circumstances of the times, which certainly tie the hands of that class in the highest ranks of life most likely to appreciate and reward the labors of the artist; but as this is an evil which may be lamented, but cannot be removed, would it not be advisable for the directors of this most excellent institution to consider how far a change in their own administration may not contribute to this end? Would it not be advisable again to offer certain prizes to be certainly awarded, by which competition would be excited, and emulation look to a given object? Might it not be desirable to open the exhibition for the works of the old masters first, in which case they would form a study for the artists, whilst their own were on the easel, and be seen by those higher classes, who could relish them most highly, and leave that time when country gentlemen visit London, and might be inclined to encourage native talent by the purchase of pictures, to the benefit they so much want? In this case acquaintances would be formed, and

commissions given, from which, in consequence of the early closing of these rooms, artists are now completely excluded, and many of the great advantages offered in the institution are rendered nugatory. Perhaps this might clash with the preparations they are then making for the Royal Academy. In this case they might open as at present, but be allowed to remain a longer period:—at any rate, it should be remembered, that the works of departed greatness are shown to excite admiration and imitation; the works of living artists to acquire not only fame, but existence.

Having merely offered these suggestions from sincere good-will to a body of men in whom we are much interested, we proceed to examine the pictures in the order of the catalogue.

No. 1, a Group of Cattle—J. Ward, R. A. Those who beheld the Louvre in Paris before it was stripped of its borrowed plumes will, in the contemplation of this *chef-d'œuvre* of our first animal painter, bring it into comparison with the celebrated Bull of Paul Potter, and as Englishmen we ought to be proud of the comparison. In general effect it is more like nature, has greater truth and richness of color, and has a more vivid appearance of daylight and sunshine than even the elaborate and excellent picture by P. Potter. A view of this masterly performance from the top of the gallery stairs seems to open a window on nature, so true and bright are the tints of this extraordinary work.

No. 5, a Landscape, by J. Stark, is a repetition of the many pleasing woodscenes painted by this artist. We could wish his talent would take a wider range in art.

Nos 9, 12, 36, 45, and 138, are pictures by C. Eastlake, an English artist, who has been some time resident in Rome. Mr. Eastlake is one of the few instances of an English painter improving in his art in consequence of taking up his abode in the queen of cities. The Roman school of painting is at its lowest ebb, and it requires no common power to resist the baleful influence of bad example; but he has passed the ordeal with infinite credit. No. 9, a Banditti Chief asleep, watched by a Woman, is full of character and feeling: the ferocious brigand is strongly characterized, even in sleep; the intense devoted watchfulness of the female well expressed, and the wild romantic scenery perfectly adapted to the subject. The coloring and execution, although slightly tinged by the Roman style, are good. All the pictures are nearly similar subjects, and were painted in Rome.

Nos. 21, 56, 127, 133, 136, are Landscapes by J. Wilson, and they accord with his well-known feeling for nature, and his generally successful treatment of coast scenery.

Nos. 14 and 156, by J. Burnett, are clever cabinet specimens. Few men, who divide their strength between the easel and the burin, are so powerful.

21. Interior of the Gallery at Castle Howard, by J. Jackson, R. A. is a charming deviation from the usual style of this artist. It forcibly reminds us of the very best interiors of the Dutch and Flemish schools. The admission of light from the windows is truly magical. Mr Jackson has introduced the earl of Carlisle and a friend in the act of admiring some precious work of art placed upon an easel, and we confess that we wish to turn the easel round, that we may partake their pleasure. The excellent likeness given of the earl will increase the interest of the picture to all those who have the honor of knowing his lordship. We believe this nobleman was the early, and we know him to be the constant and steady patron, of this meritorious artist.

Nos. 23 and 95, Landscapes by T. R. Lee. This artist is a new candidate for pictorial fame, and if he continues to devote himself to the study of nature, as he has evidently hitherto done, his ultimate success is not doubtful. In one of his pictures he has divided his imitative powers between Collins and nature; in the other he has studied nature alone.

35. Landscape, J. Constable, A. R. A. We think this fine transcript of nature has lost some of its freshness since it was exhibited at the Royal Academy.

No. 37, Prospero releasing Ariel; one of the beautiful poetical subjects so often and always so successfully treated by Mr. Howard, whose genius combines the poet and the painter.

42. The Royal Banquet at the Coronation of his most excellent Majesty George the Fourth, by George Jones. The dazzling splendour of this gorgeous festival exactly suits the pencil of Mr. Jones, who was ever remarkable for the bright hues and sparkling cheerfulness of light which he threw upon simple subjects. Here he revels in the riches of rainbow tints, and glowing radiance, yet never goes beyond the true character of

the scene, which he has given with elegant exactitude. His drawing is good, his lights beautiful, and particular circumstance as well as general effect accurately attended to.

No. 49, Morning, after a Storm—a scene near Linton, on the north Devon coast, by N. Linton.

We view the rapid strides this young artist is making with pleasure. This picture is a great improvement upon any thing he has yet produced:—he has felt the poetry of art in his treatment of a wild and magnificent scene. Nos. 275, and 287, are scenes in the grounds of lord Northwick, at Harrow, by this artist, and are a genuine impression of nature.

Nos. 58 and 64, H. P. Briggs.

These clever pictures are scenes from two of the finest tragedies of our immortal Shakspeare, Lear and Othello. In the first we consider the expression of Goneril to be given with singular felicity; for never did the features of a handsome woman convey more distinctly a comment on her words. Cold-hearted scorn, determined renunciation of duty and feeling, are read distinctly, and the wild anger and astonishment of Lear bespeak the advance of total insanity. This picture has not so much good coloring to boast as the other, in which we admire the fine open countenance and soldier-like bearing of Cassio much, but consider Desdemona, though beautiful, as not young enough. In fact, Mr. Briggs' females are all too tall: they overtop the men, which is unnatural; and, though it may be characteristic in that majestic demon Goneril, suits not the 'gentle Desdemona.' This artist has great abilities, and must do justice to them, by considering every point in his subject, for he can equally do justice to all.

66, Death of the Woodcock, by E. Landseer. This is the best specimen of the precocious talents of this young artist (of which the exhibition offers four other very pleasing ones): he has here succeeded in adding sentiment to beauty in the mere portraiture of a dying bird.

Nos. 72, 109, 168, 187, are Landscapes, by T. C. Hofland. Of these, 72, Acqua-Pendente, we recollect seeing in the Royal Academy; but neither there, nor in the present exhibition, could this fine classical scene be viewed to advantage. 168, Moonlight, Windsor, is a beautiful picture, and conveys all the charm of that hour, when 'the moon, rising in the crimson'd east, unveils her peerless light.' 187, Knaresborough, Yorkshire, by the same artist, is a scene of great beauty, and reminds us of the classic subjects of Italy.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Music.

MONTHLY REPORT.

So great is the prevailing zeal for music, that a neglect of that subject would, in the opinion of many of our readers, be an unpardonable omission. As a science, it is highly gratifying to the higher ranks; and, as an art, it captivates the middle class, and even persons of the lowest station.

With regard to the oratorios of the season, we may observe, that they are performed at the two great theatres with talent and spirit. On the 30th of January, Drury-lane was filled to an overflow by the attractions of a pompous bill, and the performances gave general satisfaction. The first act was a selection from the Messiah, the imposing harmony of which was strengthened by some accompaniments from Mozart.—Mrs. Salmon sang the air 'Rejoice greatly' most delightfully: this lady still takes the lead among the female vocalists of this country: her voice is exquisitely musical and mellifluent; her intonation makes near approaches to perfection; and her skill and expression are admirable. Braham gave 'Comfort ye my people' with his usual science and energy; but we disapprove his multiplicity of tricks and ornaments, particularly when they are applied to the severe style of Handel.—Miss M. Tree sang 'I know that my Redeemer liveth' with a tameness and languor which did not please us; but she regained our good opinion by giving 'Bid me discourse,' in her best manner. The second act consisted of a selection from 'Cyrus in Babylon,' which ought rather to be called an heroic opera than an oratorio. It contains some fine passages; and the chorus 'Rely not' is particularly striking; but the piece is not composed in the best style. In the miscellaneous act Sapio sang 'In native worth,' from Haydn's Creation, with his usual taste; and Miss Goodall's charming voice was

exercised with pleasing effect, although her shakes were unreasonably prolonged.

On the first Friday in Lent, M. Bochsa produced, at the same house, another 'selection of ancient and modern music.' Cyrus was then repeated with increased effect; the best parts of Acis and Galatea were ably performed; and a chorus by Beethoven, descriptive of a calm and sea-breeze, was greatly admired. On the following Wednesday, the manager transferred his company to Covent-Garden. General harmony is the proper effect of a musical performance; but the harmony of the company was for a time seriously disturbed by the substitution of the music of Haydn for that of Rossini,—which, we might suppose, would not be deemed a heinous offence. The illness of Miss Tree was alleged as the reason of the alteration; yet this apology did not satisfy the mal-contents. 'Do you hiss the music of Haydn?' said the indignant Braham—a remark which did not immediately allay the resentment of those who insisted upon being treated with the specific contents of the bill. But the performance, being suffered to proceed, was endured, if not applauded. A new singer appeared for the first time on this evening. Her name is Bulgari: her voice is not without power; but she has no great degree of taste, and still less expression; and she ought not to have ventured upon *vittima sventurata*, one of the most popular songs of Catalani. She was encored, however, on this occasion; and the repetition was preferable to her first attempt. A duet by this lady and Mr. Braham, composed by Cianchettini, pleased the audience, as did also a harp duet, played by Bochsa and Miss Dibdin.

For the benefit of the Choral Fund, a grand concert was offered to the public at the English Opera-house. The selections were judicious and exceedingly well arranged, and the performances were of the most pleasing description. Mrs. Salmon gave 'Cease your Funning,' with some difficult and fanciful variations by Bochsa, which she executed in a brilliant style, and afterwards took part with Braham, Terrail, and Bellamy, in 'the Rose of the Valley.' Miss M. Tree sang 'Mary, I believe thee true,' with a depth of feeling and powerfully-touching expression, that reached the hearts of the audience. She also gave Rossini's exquisite *cavatina, Di Piacer*, with delightful buoyancy of tone, finely expressive of the rapturous flow of spirits in which the air is conceived, and sang a part in Bishop's Gipsy Glee, which was executed with admirable spirit. Miss Paton delighted the audience with the sweetness and brilliancy of her execution of *Di tanti palpiti*, and gave 'Mary of Castle Cary' with that truth and chasteness of expression which acquired for her so just a celebrity at the Haymarket Theatre. Miss Venes also obtained justly-merited approbation for her song 'What, though I trace,' as did Mrs. Austin in 'Let the bright Seraphim,' and the duet 'Together let us range the Fields.' Madame Vestris gave 'In Infancy,' and the duet *M'abbraccia, Argirio*, with Sapio, in her best manner. And Miss Povey sang Bishop's echo song, 'What airy sounds,' and the duet 'I love thee,' with her accustomed sweetness. In addition to these pieces, Sapio's 'See from the silent grove,' with Lindley's unequaled violoncello accompaniment; Braham's 'Sound an alarm,' from *Judas Maccabæus*, and Mr. Bellamy's *Angel of life*, gave great satisfaction. A new bass singer, named Atkins, pupil of Mr. Bellamy, with a pleasing and tolerably deep-toned voice, made his first appearance in public, and sang 'Lo! opening her fertile stores,' and 'The Lord is a man of war,' (with Mr. Bellamy), in a highly pleasing and tasteful style.

Public concerts have been recently given in some of the great towns with considerable effect: at Bath and Bristol in particular they have been well attended, under the direction of sir George Smart and Mr. Loder. In the metropolis, a scheme is in agitation for the establishment of concerts peculiarly British, that the talents of native singers and performers may be more effectually called forth; and it forcibly demands encouragement from all who are disgusted at the domineering influence of foreign musicians.

Of the recent musical compositions some notice must now be taken.

Moschelles has favored the public with an *Introduction and Rondo for the Piano-forte*. The former is pleasing, and the chromatic passages have a very good effect; and the latter is full of sweet and graceful melody, heightened and contrasted by the peculiar strength of this composer's style.

Mr. Purkis's *fourth Fantasia* merely consists of an arrangement of several of Mozart's favorite airs in Figaro, with an introduction and flute accompaniment. The intrinsic merit of the airs will sufficiently recommend the piece.

Mr. Rimbault's *Variations to Partant pour la Syrie* are very easy, and will be admired by beginners.

He has arranged *Mozart's grand Symphony, No. 4, Jupiter*, for the piano-forte, with accompaniments for the flute, violin, and violoncello. He has also printed Rossini's lively overture to Il Turco in Italia in the same form.

Mr. Sola has adapted Rossini's *Per Piacer alla Signora, Di Piacer*, and *Occhi miei*, for the piano-forte and flute. They make very pretty duets; the part for the latter instrument is rather difficult.

A series of moral songs, the words by Mr. W. Collard, and the music (with the exception of one melody) by Mr. Clifton, are light, pretty, and easy vocal exercises. In this case an amateur seems to equal, if he does not exceed, many professors in melody.

Carafa's favorite cavatina, *O cara Memoria*, has been arranged as a Divertimento for the piano-forte, by Francesco Lanza. The introduction in the style of a prelude is in good taste, and the allegro movement elegant; many of the passages are, however, so much crowded with notes, as to cause confusion, particularly in respect to rhythm.

Mr. Watts has arranged, as duets, for the same instrument, Haydn's symphony, *La Chasse*, and four favorite airs from Rossini's Opera of *Tioraldo e Dorliska*.

Nos. 5 and 6 of Mr. Nicholson's *Fantasias, for the flute and piano-forte*, are elegant productions, and calculated to give great facility.

Bolivar's Triumphant March, for the piano-forte, by T. Cooke, is bold and spirited, the melody agreeable and effective. *The Sun in Clouds of rosy Hue*, a notturno for two voices, by Sola, is very smooth and sweet music, simple and soothing.

Of the *Three Glees for three, four, and five voices, by J. C. Clifton*, the first is Bacchanalian, but not so good as the second, which is pastoral, and in a sweet madrigal style. The third is termed epic, being a few lines from Gray, *on a Rock, whose haughty Brow*, &c.

A Rondo for the piano-forte, in which is introduced a duet from the opera of Maid Marian, by Kalkbrenner, has the usual glitter and spirit of that ingenious composer; and *Rhyban Morfydd*, a favorite Welsh air, with variations and an introduction for the piano-forte, by Mr. Richard Sharp, will receive commendation from the candid critic.

A Capriccio for the piano-forte, by Cramer, containing some of Mozart's favorite airs, may be deemed worthy of praise. It consists of a prelude, in the style of his celebrated Exercises, an andantino, which evinces his taste and skill, and a lively air and chorus from Don Giovanni, converted into a brilliant and engaging rondo.

The *Portrait Charmant*, a popular French air, arranged as a rondo by the same composer, will suit performers even of an inferior class, as it is comparatively easy, and is therefore an useful addition to the amusements of private circles.

A Fantasia for the piano-forte, on the favorite Cavatina, *Chi dice mal d'amore*, by C. Potter, is not entitled to our praise, as it exhibits little skill or elegance, and is deformed by various errors.

The *Preludes* of Dr. Crotch, with rudiments prefixed, form a good elementary book for players on the above-mentioned instrument. A want of perspicuity, indeed, is sometimes apparent; but that is the usual fault of the most skilful musicians.

Three songs may also be noticed. Mr. Webbe the younger has set to music the *Farewell to Northmaven* from the Pirate, in imitation of some modern Scottish airs. Mr. Knyvett has published *Bid me not forget thy smile*, and calls it a Persian melody; but, we doubt whether its origin be really oriental. The song displays tenderness and feeling, and the accompaniment is in true keeping with the poetry. Mr. Knapton has composed *Mark the sad Hours* in the Italian style. A pleasing recitative is prefixed: the melody is natural, yet not common, and the accompaniment is judiciously applied.

Drama.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

WHETHER the zeal and spirit which actuated the manager in the last season, continue to influence his operations, may reasonably be doubted; yet he contrives to amuse and interest the fashionable world by varied exhibitions, and displays of talent.

The revival of *Il Tancredi* afforded an opportunity for the *debut* of Madame Borgondio. This lady is no longer young; but she has the remains of a good voice, which, however, is not fully subject to her control; for both her execution and her intonation occasionally fail her. It is of that quality which does not blend well either with the orchestra or the other voices, so that the true effect of the harmony is rarely produced. In her embellishments are to be discovered traces of what, many years ago, would have been called taste, particularly in the more subdued style of concert or church music; but of a dramatic style, as distinguished from both, Madame Borgondio does not seem to have formed any conception, although it is a talent so well understood here, from the succession of excellent singers that have appeared on this stage, from the days of Banti and Billington, that none can be attractive without it. Her only chance of getting through the season with any degree of credit is to divest herself of her present tameness and insipidity, and adapt herself, as far as she is able, to the prevailing taste. Signor Reina, who also made his first appearance on this occasion, seems a modest unpretending performer, but with little voice or talent. Madame Ronzi de Begnis sustained the part of Amenaide; and, though not in complete health, performed it with admirable effect. She was, indeed, the chief support of the opera.

The new opera, styled *La Donna del Lago*, is founded on the well-known poem of the Lady of the Lake. Madame de Begnis performed the heroine with no other failure than that which arose from evident indisposition. Madame Vestris caught the spirit and poetry of Malcolm, and warbled the tenderness and fond complaints of youth in tones full of the eloquence of love, inspired by melody. Curioni's fine voice was heard to great advantage, but particularly in a sweetly-flowing air in the sixth scene of the second act, which discovers him to Ellen. Reina sang better than in Tancredi; but the character of Roderic Dhu, whose proud and fierce bearing is capable of adding so deeply to the dramatic interest, in his hands became a weak and disregarded personage. Signor Porto displayed the style to which he is properly suited. The deep tones of his bass voice came out fully rounded, and with an energy arising from feeling and unaffected expression. He was successful in a song in which the severity and fondness of a father are displayed, and, in a verse which breathes martial ardor, he poured forth the full volume of his voice, and brought down an unanimous encore. The music of this opera is rather distinct from the other compositions of Rossini, and a strain of pastoral simplicity is preserved throughout. Its chief beauty consists in the numerous and brilliant choruses, which have all a fine sylvan character in their arrangement, and a wildness appropriate to the local scenery in which they are introduced. They appear to us the chief novelty at which he has aimed; but unfortunately they were inefficiently filled up. The grouping is not well managed, and the scene where Roderic Dhu discovers his clansmen, is thus deprived of its scenic effect and interest. The scenery is new and creditable to the theatre. A view of Lough Katrine is highly picturesque and beautiful. The entrance to the Hall of the Throne is well painted, and the Presence Chamber itself is a finished specimen of talent.

A new ballet has been produced, by M. Aumer, of which the title (*la Nôce du Village*) tells the whole story. It is nothing more than a collection of dances, in which the *seigneur* of the village and his lady, a pair of rustics and their fair ones, appear; a fool and a magistrate making the *burlesque* of this simple exhibition. The single scene is a village green, backed with a rising ground, on which stands a farm house; the extreme distance being filled with woods, a cataract, and a *chateau*. This scene is prettily conceived, and skilfully executed. Vestris was the chief dancer, and he performed with his usual alertness and vigor; and the younger Coulon and Des Forges, with Mademoiselle Mercandotti, danced with elastic grace.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Of the recent performances of this house little can be said at present, unless we dwell on old topics and standard plays; for the spirit of novelty has not been very active during this month.

Mr. Kean's desire of quitting the beaten track induced him to propose the restoration of that part of the fifth act of King Lear which had been altered by Tate from a melancholy to a happy termination. His proposal, and his consequent performance, seemed to please the judicious portion of the audience, if not the majority, who, in every theatrical assembly, are more pleased with turbulent passion than with genuine feeling. His Lear, though not his best part, has some of his greatest touches, and his theatrical talent is as apparent in it as in his Othello. He has not, perhaps, that mind which can grapple with the whole of this great character, and there is a coarse thread running through the texture of his representation of it; but there are several such masterly and redeeming passages, that it is impossible to see and hear them without admiration of the irregular genius by which they are conceived, and the affecting truth with which they are executed. Mrs. West was a very pleasing Cordelia, and Mrs. Glover ably personated the haughty Goneril; but Mr. Cooper did not shine in Edgar.

A farce, bearing the ludicrous title of *Deaf as a Post*, was brought forward with that hope of success which the favourable reception of Simpson and Co. (by the same author) seemed to authorise. The plot is simple: yet it was at first spun out to three acts. Some parts are amusing; but, upon the whole, it did not give satisfaction, and, even when reduced to two acts, it still dragged its weight heavily along.

A new *divertissement*, in the form of a pastoral ballet, was produced under the appellation of the *Swiss Villagers*. The scenery was beautiful, and the dancing excellent, particularly a *pas de trois* by Mr. and Mrs. Noble and Miss Tree, and a *pas de deux* by Mr. and Mrs. Byrne.

The re-appearance of Miss Stephens and of Liston, after their return from Ireland, gave great pleasure to the admirers of vocal skill and comic humor: but, as they have not performed any new characters, it is sufficient to remark that their respective excellencies are undiminished. While this actress delighted the audience in Lucy Bertram, and her friend Dominie Sampson excited 'prodigious' mirth, Mr. Sherwin, from the York theatre, attempted the part of Dandie Dinmont, and, though unequal to Emery, gave the humor of the part with some breadth of coloring, and occasionally with some force of delineation: but his voice is deficient in strength and flexibility, and his action is grotesque and redundant.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

The great exertions of Mr. Charles Kemble, and his generally judicious choice of pieces, have lately procured for this house a more thronged attendance than the spirited rivalry of Drury-lane for some time allowed. He has been compared to a skilful general, who, when he seems to retreat, is only preparing to make a stronger impression.

The story of Nigel has been dramatised, but without that close adherence to the novel which marked the transfer of some other works of the author of Waverley from the closet to the stage. The piece is styled *Nigel, or the Crown Jewels*. The time is near the close of James's reign, when the feebleness of the government, as evinced in the impunity of Overbury's murderers and other great offenders, had relaxed the morals of the higher classes, many of whom, for purposes of lewd intrigue, ambition, and even lucre, retained as dependents, and otherwise leagued with, the desperate adventurers that frequented the chief places of public resort. Dalgarno, a gay nobleman subservient to the duke of Buckingham, is the hero of this play: and his tools are, the bully Peppercole, and Skourlie, a scrivener, who, though of middle age, has conceived a passion for Margaret, the object also of Dalgarno's lawless desire. Her preference for Nigel, and the circumstance of his being assisted by the king, who was his father's debtor, with jewels, to raise a sum for paying off a mortgage of his estates (pledged greatly below their value, nominally to Skourlie, but in secret for Dalgarno's use), are considerations which irritate the resentful peer against Nigel, who, for having drawn his sword within the royal precincts in rescue of Margaret from an attempt to force her off, is glad to take sanctuary in Whitefriars (alias Alsatia), at the

house of Trapbois, the usurer who is to raise the money on the jewels. To prevent the completion of the payment within the few remaining hours of the mortgage-term, Dalgarno, who on failure of redemption would become sole lord of Nigel's fortune, breaks, masked and cloked, with Peppercole, into the usurer's house, with a view of seizing and secreting the jewels till the expiration of the time. Trapbois is gagged with a scarf, which, in his struggle, becomes so entangled round his throat, as to take away his life. The peer is wounded by Nigel in the wrist, but escapes with the jewels. The play now deviates still farther from the course of the novel. Nigel, being proved to have suddenly quitted the fatal scene with the old man's daughter and some valuable property, is, at Dalgarno's suggestion, charged with the murder;—a charge corroborated by the non-appearance of the daughter at the coroner's inquest. A few minutes only before the expiration of the term, the mortgage is paid off to Skourlie by Strappet from a secret source: while Nigel is brought from the tower, and examined by the king in the presence of Margaret: she having claimed, under suspicious circumstances, and in the disguise of a Scotish page, a promise, which James, when she had sung before him in that dress, had made that he would grant the page a boon; which boon she wishes to receive in the shape of Nigel's pardon. The evidence of the murder being apparently strong, Skourlie, who has before unsuccessfully sought the hand of Margaret, promises that, if she will bestow it upon him, he will procure an acquittal. She, in agony, is yielding, when the daughter of the deceased usurer arrives; accounts for her absence from the inquest, and proves the guilt of Dalgarno. Margaret is thus rescued from Skourlie, and united to Nigel. The comic scenes are chiefly incidental: they turn on the humors of James and the Alsatians; Heriot's and Strappet's suspicions of Nigel as to Margaret and Bridget; the expedition of these two young women to the king, and the chastisement given by them to the bully.

It must be allowed that the novel in question is not calculated to make an interesting drama, as it has not a 'theatric plot:' yet the play, by the exercise of talent and judgment, might have been rendered more pleasing and attractive than it now is. The omissions are in various respects injudicious, the alterations almost entirely for the worse, and the additions altogether in bad taste. The characters, too, with the exception of the gay, dashing, showy villain Dalgarno, of his tool Skourlie, who is brought into much greater prominence than in the novel, and of the usurer's daughter, are drawn with a feeble and spiritless pencil.

The performers strained every nerve for the support of the piece. Kemble's Dalgarno was a most animated and able personification. Farren, in Skourlie, gave a correct portrait of a man whose eager thirst for gain holds divided sway over every impulse of his soul with one fond, foolish, and preposterous passion. Nothing could be finer than the vehemence of his warning in the scene where he avowed his passion to Margaret, and denounced vengeance for her rejection of his solicitations. Miss Lacy, in Martha Trapbois, added greatly to her well-established fame. Her delineation of the sensible and naturally feeling woman, whose temper had become morose from misfortunes, and the frowns and scoffs of an unfeeling world, the intenseness of her grief approaching to delirium for the death of her father, and the firmness of her determination to pursue his murderers to justice, were chaste and touching, and powerfully true to nature. Blanchard as Trapbois, Fawcett as Strappet, Miss Foote as Margaret, and Mrs. Chatterley as Bridget, did ample justice to their respective parts. Bartley personated the king, with a considerable resemblance to the recorded manners of the original. A critic says, that he ought to have infused a greater share of dignity into the part; but let it be remembered, that James had no dignity in his demeanour. To relieve the dullness of one of the scenes, a ballad was assigned to Miss Foote, with the old tune of 'I've kissed and I've prattled with fifty fair maids.' Could not a new tune have been devised for the occasion?

Strong disapprobation was expressed in the progress of the piece; and, although it has since been occasionally performed, there is no prospect of its frequent repetition.

A new farce, produced at the same house, has been more successful. The author is Mr. Peake, who has given to his literary offering the designation of the *Duel, or my Two Nephews*. The plot turns on the visit of two nephews to

an uncle in a remote part of the country, one of whom is a sentimental lieutenant, concealing himself after a duel, and the other an amateur in prize-fighting and other elegant recreations of London. The hero of 'the fancy' (Jones) passes himself off as the lieutenant, and makes an Irish bruiser (Connor) personate the surgeon of the vessel; and the old gentleman (Farren), bred in the school of lord Chesterfield, is disgusted at their jargon, which he takes for naval slang, and shocked at the manner in which they speak of a recent fight, which he mistakes for the fatal duel. The humor of this scene is excellently kept up; but perhaps it is less original and racy than the scenes in which a little cockney tailor figures with a bailiff's follower, whom he has brought down to arrest the blustering nephew for his bill, and who commands him at his pleasure. Keeley's performance of this part is excellent. At length all mistakes are cleared up; the lieutenant escapes a prosecution, and is made happy by a marriage with his uncle's ward. The farce abounds with puns and *equivoques*, some of which are neither new nor good, while others are of a superior description. The dialogue is characteristic, and sometimes neat; and the whole forms one of the most amusing pieces that we have witnessed for many years.

Miss Paton has appeared to advantage in two additional characters. It was reported that the jealousy of competition had produced a misunderstanding between this lady and a singer who has been much longer on the stage (Miss M. Tree), and that they consequently refused to act together: but they have since joined with apparent cordiality in the Comedy of Errors. Miss Paton's Adriana was applauded, and that sensitive expression which accompanies the harmony of her voice was particularly admired. Her performance of Rosetta, in Love in a Village, was also noticed with high approbation. She sang with great taste, gave her highest tones with remarkable clearness, and acted with the most pleasing vivacity. On the same evening, Mr. Larkin appeared for the first time as Young Meadows. His voice, which is a tenor, has great melody, but it is deficient in swell and volume. He has profited by the instructions of Mr. Bishop, but does not appear to have yet formed his style, except that it is now marked by that simplicity which is more particularly desirable where ornament cannot be guided by pure taste and scientific skill. He has since performed the part of Macheath; and, in both characters, his acting is not contemptible.

A bold attempt has been made to shine in the arduous character of Richard the Third. Mr. Bennet, from the Bath theatre, lately presented himself as a rival of Kean. He is evidently conversant in the business of the stage, and possesses those qualifications which long practice in his art supplies. He has received from nature the advantages of a good person, and a face not unsuited to tragedy, with an intelligent, expressive eye. In addition to these requisites, he has a great deal of self-possession, and no small share of confidence in his talents. His reception, by a respectable company, was very flattering; and, thus encouraged, he delivered with well-placed emphasis, and with propriety of gesture, Richard's soliloquy, and reflections on his own deformities. The scene with Lady Anne, likewise, was a tolerable piece of acting His self-congratulations on the success of his suit, and his sarcastic exclamations on the mutability of woman's humor, were also decently given; but in no part did he rise to excellence, and in few above mediocrity. His principal merit was in sustaining the character equably, and with something of royal dignity, from the commencement to the close. The last scene, in Bosworth field, did him least credit; his fencing was wretchedly languid, after all his vaunting, and his fall was rather ludicrous than dignified. He was too confident, or too ill-advised, in venturing upon such a character. As he cannot soar like the eagle, let him be content to take a moderate and humble flight.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

MORNING DRESS.

Levantine round dress of *tourterelle*-color, with two rows of trimming at the border, *en demi chaines*, of *gros de Naples*. The *corsage* made full at the bottom of the waist in the *blouse* style, where it is girt with a satin belt of bright geranium-color. In front of the bust, a foliage trimming of *gros de Naples*. The dress partially high, and at the back a full quilling of lace, brought narrower from the shoulders, till it slopes off, and terminates in front. A French *cornette* of Urling's patent lace, with puffings of the same material round the head-piece: the caul has three drawings of riband, crosswise. The slippers worn with this dress are of *tourterelle* kid: the necklace, cornelian or coral.

EVENING DRESS.

Over a pink satin slip a dress of fine net, trimmed with blond of a vandyke pattern; the border above the flounce of blond richly ornamented with white satin in points, between each of which are puffs of net; a row of white satin foliage at the base of these points, surmounted by a row of puffing of *tulle*, which finishes the border. The body made plain, with a falling tucker of vandyke blond, and the sleeves trimmed with the same material. The hair arranged in short curls above the ears. Head-dress, a plume of white feathers. Pearl ear-pendants, and necklace with a relique ornament of gold and vermillion enamel. White satin shoes, and carved ivory fan.

For the above elegant dresses we are indebted to the taste of Miss Pierpoint, Edward-street, Portman-square.

MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

Our metropolis is now beginning to fill with those families that class high in fashionable life; and from our numerous resources, but particularly from the select and elegant party, we are enabled to lay the following authentic information before our readers

The pelisses still continue of fine cloth or figured *gros de Naples* of a dark hue; but fur trimmings are rather on the decline: layers of satin, finished by chain wire guimp, are preferred. When the weather is cold, long fur tippets of ermine or swansdown are preferred to the mantelet pelerine of sable and lynx, so prevalent during the most rigorous part of the winter. The shawls, both long and square, are superb, as to richness of pattern and color, and are of Cachemire.

Black velvet bonnets yet continue in great request, with very superb plumes of black feathers, or a large branch of holly-oak blossoms of different colors: the most distinguished females have no other lining to their black bonnets than white or black; and the latter, however unbecoming, is at present most prevalent. A few white velvet bonnets have been sported in the carriage, lined with rose-color, and ornamented with auriculas, with white feathers tipped with the color of the auricula; these bonnets have a superior appearance, and bespeak the lady of high fashion.

Home dresses are of fine cloth, poplin, or *gros de Naples*; the poplin are trimmed with rouleaux in festoons, each festoon finished by a rosette. The cloth dresses have a broad border of vandyked satin, and the *gros de Naples*, three narrow flounces hanging over each other. Evening dresses for middle-aged ladies consist of figured *gros de Naples*, chiefly in stripes; the stripe is of satin, and is about two shades darker than the ground, which is generally of a light color. Many ladies wear dresses of black velvet; the sleeves short, with Spanish slashes of pink satin; the bust ornamented with pink gauze *en bouffonts*, and fastened in front with a diamond brooch: the border is trimmed with a deep layer of fawn-colored velvet, painted with green vine leaves and their tendrils, on which, at equal distances, are placed small full-

blown roses without foliage: this dress has a charming effect on a lady of an animated complexion. Colored crapes, or gauze dresses over white satin, are much worn by young ladies, with two broad flounces.

Toque caps of fine net and blond, crowned with wintry-colored flowers, colored turbans with a bandeau of pearls, and turbans composed of white satin and rich striped gauze with a plume of short feathers, are favorite head-dresses for matronly ladies. The hair is arranged in a profusion of small curls, but not too many over the forehead; from whence the ringlets are divided, and confined by a very narrow bandeau of black velvet, or a row of jet beads; and crowned by a pearl diadem. For an oval countenance, long corkscrew ringlets on each side of the throat have been adopted with a becoming effect. A round face looks best with the curls short at the ears, because it is seldom accompanied with a long neck. We wish much that every lady would wear that which best suits her peculiar loveliness, and thereby render it more attractive.

The jewellery consists of topazes set round with brilliants, and long pear pearl ear-pendants. Bracelets worn just above that which encircles the wrist are now the mode: they are of hair, fastened by an enameled clasp of purple and gold, curious mosaic, or gold filagree: very young ladies wear coral.

The colors for ribands, turbans, and trimmings, are amber and light fawn-color. Cerulean blue and pink are much in estimation for evening dresses: feathers are of various colors, and depend wholly on that of the dress.

MODES PARISIENNES.

Pelisses, warm mantles, and high dresses of Merino cloth, are yet seen in the promenades of Paris, during a season as severe as that experienced in England. They are of colors not very striking, between light and dark; but are relieved by a scarf of a hue more *eclatante*, with a border variegated with all the colors of the rainbow, on a white ground. A few spencers have appeared over dresses of light colored levantine, but the spencer is of a wintry tint and material.

Satin hats have, however, succeeded to velvet: they are somewhat large, but of a becoming shape: yellow satin is much in favor for this part of dress for the promenade, and white satin for the carriage. The walking hats are simply ornamented with corn poppies and ears of corn—the carriage hats with feathers, white or colored: white feathers tipped with flame-color, are much admired. A fashionable bonnet for the public promenade is of primrose-colored satin, trimmed at the edge with blond, and bound with flame-color; the crown trimmed with blond-net and flame-colored satin *en dents de loup*: between each interstice are bunches of small scarlet field poppies. A beautiful simple bonnet of spotted satin of slate-color, lined with white, has been lately introduced with good effect; it is of a sweet and becoming size and shape, in the village style.

The dresses are made of a moderate length, to discover the shoe and instep: this is as it should be; for the ball-room the dress is very short. The materials for dresses are levantine, barêge silk, and white gauze, trimmed with colored satin, flowers and pearls, for the ball-room. All trimmings at the borders of gowns are much lighter than formerly. Chenille ornaments on full dress are much in favor. The waists begin to shorten.

There has been little alteration in the caps since we received our last accounts. Small dress hats are worn at parties, by married ladies, with superb plumes of feathers—vulture, ostrich, or marabouts: the latter has of late been confined to turbans. Young ladies have their hair arranged high on the summit of the crown, and ornamented with bows of colored riband, like the Swiss peasantry; though it is termed a *Milanese* head-dress: the riband is always of a color that forms a striking contrast to that of the hair.

The favorite colors for scarfs and shawls are gold-color, and bright ruby; for ribands, flame-color, and light blue. Turbans, if not white, are much variegated, and often of gold gauze.

Rubies and pearls form the favorite articles in jewellery. Two bracelets are worn; that next the wrist of rubies; and one just above it, of pearls.

The Letter-Box.

An authentic memoir of the late Mrs. Radcliffe, from one of her literary friends, would be very acceptable.

We would gladly oblige Laura by the insertion of her essay, if she had made a better choice of a subject.

We have been favored with two very sensible letters signed R., and dated Liverpool. We agree with the writer in some of his criticisms, but think him upon the whole rather too fastidious and severe. We are much gratified with his approbation of our labors, and we inform him that it is not our intention to confine ourselves to any particular mode of enbellishment: as our work proceeds, we trust that the plan we have laid down for its management will develop itself to the satisfaction of R. and the rest of our readers.

We cannot give any answer to J. P., unless we had the whole of his "Letters" before us.

We are pleased with the translation from *De Segur*, by V., and will endeavour to find room for it in some future Number.

An acrostic by S. A. M. is rejected.

A prologue by H. G. must share the same fate.

W—— St—n's parcel of poetry, which would fill several numbers of our Magazine, shall do no such thing, but be returned to him whenever he pleases to send for it. As a taste of his quality, however, we give the following exquisite *epigram:*

"My friend did desire
To warm at my fire
His toes, before he went home;
But, said I to him, 'No,'
If you put fire and *toe*
Together, you 'll burn the room."

'*The Midnight* Bell, a romance,' is very badly *told*. It is frequently written thus:—'*The Midnight* Belle —very improper company for us.

'The Antiquary' explains several curious customs, but he gives no authority for his conclusions. What will *the profession* think of his reason for lawyers wearing *black?* 'It originated,' says he, 'with the Old Bailey practitioners, who deemed it but decent to appear *in mourning* for *their* clients.' This is, perhaps, presuming too much on their skill in *hanging them*. The same reason for wearing *black*, might, with at least equal propriety, be applied to *physicians* and *apothecaries*.

Sir Roger de Coverley thought fit to celebrate his great grandmother's *receipt* as 'the best in England for making a *hasty-pudding*,' and we cannot say that we have *no stomach* for '*Mrs. Glasse's*' communication; but we really cannot indulge her by printing a whole string of '*family receipts*' for cooking.

To 'N. O.' we say *No*—we mind our *p*'s and *q*'s better than to insert such trash.

Urban's article is more fit for a pamphlet. That *London*, from its population, contains more good and wise men than any *country town*, may be safely admitted; but what says *Cowley:*

'Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee so,
E'en thou, who dost thy millions boast,
A village less than *Islington* wilt grow,
A solitude almost.'

The 'Sketch from Nature' came too late for insertion.

'Almack' has our decided negative. Common sense *might* have told him that—but, perhaps, *they* are not on such intimate terms!

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE;
OR,
MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.
A New Series.
MARCH 31, 1823.

ROMANCE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

It has been long allowed, that the French poetry of romance, from the twelfth to the fifteenth century, essentially contributed to the revival of general taste and learning. That species of composition, with all its rudeness, extravagance, and incongruity, was not, however, destitute of ingenuity, spirit, and entertainment; but its chief merit consisted in a description of the customs and manners of the times in which the poets lived, who must have been unconscious, that, in this respect, their productions would be best entitled to the attention and esteem of posterity. In almost every other regard, probability was sacrificed, common sense violated, and regularity despised. With the marvellous and incredible for their theme, the religion, morality, usages, and sentiments of their heroes and heroines, were reduced to the standard of the period in which they wrote. Their archetypes are mostly amazing, unspotted, terrific, and invincible; history is of no value, geography too troublesome, and chronology a ridiculous curb to the glorious flights of a chivalrous imagination. Pagans and infidels of every age and country are all Saracens, and the impious worshipers of the God of Mohammed are represented listening to the mass celebrated by cardinals in mosques, and believing in the mysteries of the Catholic church*. Pontius Pilate defies Christ to single combat, and Alexander, by the advice of Aristotle, provides himself with a grand constable, chamberlains, and twelve peers†. Julius Cæsar is enamoured of a fairy queen, and, dying, is interred with all the rites of the church. The requiem is sung, and his grave sprinkled with holy water‡. The cells and dormitories of monasteries and abbeys, the ceremonies and festivities of the baronial castle, are transplanted to Paradise, and angels are invited to beat time to the music of a shepherd's pipe. The Virgin Mary herself leads off the dance, and sings '*Ambracez-vous, de par amor, ambracez-vous*,' while the evangelists, stationed in the four corners of the ball-room, play jigs on the French horn §. *Sacra miscere profanis* was the peculiar delight of the poets of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Mars and Jesus, Venus and Mary Magdalen, the martyred saints and Bacchus, are introduced in their turns in the same production, or all together in the same canto. A procession of priests and friars, with Cupid in the centre, decorated with the attributes of the God of Love, moves on to witness, in a tournament, the valor and prowess of Christian knights. The charms of the magician, the conjurations of the necromancer, and the plaintive tales of the lady of the enchanted castle, are all mixed up and huddled together with

* Le Grand d'Aussy, Fabliaux. † Fabliaux de Way.
‡ Roquefort sur l'Etat de la Poesie Française, 12 et 13 siècles.
§ La Cour de Paradis parmi les Fabliaux de Barbazan.—Le Grand sur la Cour de Paradis.

the lives of saints, with miracles, anthems, temptations, and fastings *. The prowess of the champion is irresistible. The giant, the ogre, or the knotted oak, is cleft asunder. He may, indeed, occasionally hesitate; he may encounter difficulties apparently insurmountable, and dangers that would appal even a bold heart; but the recollection of the virtues and beauties of his mistress inspires new ardor, infuses redoubled vigor. The crisis is at hand, the *nodus vindice dignus* presents itself, and the thunderbolt is less fatal than his uplifted arm.

Among the extraordinary achievements thus celebrated, it is no uncommon adventure for a single knight to undertake and accomplish the conquest of a kingdom, and the conversion of a whole nation to Christianity. The subjugation of the empire of Trebisond, and the reduction of a number of cities on the banks of the Euphrates, are effected with the loss of a few broken lances †. Another Paladin, no less enterprising, accepts, with eagerness and delight, the task of proceeding to Babylon, and exacting from the monarch, as trophies of love and devotion, four of his grinders, and a handful of his grey beard ‡.

For nearly four centuries these productions constituted the delight of France. They were considered the best standards of honor, courage, gallantry, and refined manners, during no inconsiderable part of that long period. The Troubadours and Trouveres, the Menestriers and Jongleurs, were bound to possess a thorough knowlege of all the favorite romances, and to repeat, either with or without musical accompaniment, any particular passage that might be required. They were sung in the palaces of kings, in the courts of princes, and in the halls of the great barons of the kingdom. They were not only recited in society, but many of them were explained and illustrated by critics and commentators in public schools. The three grand sources of romance §, without including the poetry of Provence, for that, both in its subjects and strains, was essentially different, were the Chronicle of the False Turpin, the Brutus of Britain by Wace, and Amadis of Gaul. An account of each, as well as of the succeeding compositions, will not, perhaps, be deemed altogether destitute of instruction and entertainment.

It would not have been at all surprising had the memory of Charlemagne, even unaided by regular history, and resting solely on traditionary report, been held, for centuries after his death, in the highest veneration. Of the princes of the different dynasties that have governed France he is unquestionably the most illustrious. He was endowed, in an eminent degree, with the genius of ruling a nation, and contributing to its civilization, happiness, and celebrity, by the wisdom of his laws and institutions. Upon his accession to the throne, he found his subjects plunged in the grossest ignorance and superstition. His father, Pepin, too busily employed in establishing his own dominion, and transmitting it to his family, to superintend and regulate the civil, religious, and political foundations of the state, had left them in disorder and confusion. Out of this chaos Charlemagne created order and symmetry. He excited national spirit by combining national strength and union, and under his reign glory, pre-eminence, pride, and distinction, belonged, for the first time, to the French name ||. The learned of all countries found protection and patronage at his court; the communication of their various acquirements was rewarded with noble and princely munificence, and several were honored with his personal friendship ¶. The

* Chronique de Jehan de Saintré,—Partonopex de Bloys,—and others.

† Roman de Gerard de Roussillon.

‡ Bibliotheque Universelle des Romans—'Quatre de ses dents mâchelières et une poignée de sa barbe grise.'

§ So called, not in the common acceptation of the word, as treating of the fanciful and marvellous, and being the work of poetic fiction, but from this species of productions being written in Romans, or Lingua Romana Rustica, which was the common language of the country, and was also known by the names of Rustica, Gallica, Gallicana, Vulgaris, Plebeia. The word was indeed afterwards very properly applied to those wild and extraordinary sallies of imagination which characterized the productions of the Troubadours and Trouveres, and which we call, in English, romance, or romantic.

|| Caroli magni ætate pro magnifico accipiebatur Francum esse. *Baluz. Præfat. Capit.*

¶ Two of the most distinguished were Alcuin, an Englishman, and Peter of Pisa, an Italian. The former was celebrated for his attainments in the study of scripture and astronomy; the

expiring arts and sciences were snatched from a yawning grave; restored at least to a temporary vigor, and cherished in the bosom of his court *. He founded public schools †. He collected, at great pains and expense, the Greek and Latin authors that had been saved from the general wreck of the barbarians in the fifth century. In his taste for literature he was unconfined by bigotry and prejudice. He preserved with equal care the canticles of David, the hymns of the church, and the warlike songs of the Celts. The lyres of Homer and Virgil, the harp of the prophet-king, anthems in praise of the Redeemer, and the battle strains of the bards of Gaul, and the fatists of the Franks, might be alternately heard in the royal residence. Some of his panegyrists have gone so far as to attribute to him, or rather to his institutions, the origin of the University of Paris, and of the French Academy; but this opinion is unsupported by any satisfactory proofs ‡. His qualifications to command an army were evinced by a long series of triumphs, obtained under the most arduous difficulties and the most perilous trials, and his personal strength and courage had become proverbial before he retired from the fatigues and dangers of the field. He extended his conquests to Spain, Italy, Germany, Hungary, Transylvania, Dalmatia, and Poland. In the same year he was seen giving laws to an assembly of the nation, presiding over a council of three hundred prelates, and leading his victorious standards over the Alps and the Pyrenees. His greatest glory was, however, derived from the excellence of his legislation. His Capitularies embrace the whole of the social system, as it then existed. His jurisprudence keeps pace with the progress of civilization, and, while he regulates provinces, and partitions conquered countries, he carefully superintends, with the œconomy of the father of a family, the expenses of his own household §. He was at all times accessible to the complaints of the people, and considered himself honored in being the first judge of the nation ||. He suppressed many superstitious ceremonies, which had usurped the place of true devotion, and reformed the monasteries, which had been long defiled by licentiousness and debauchery; but he cheerfully increased the splendor of religious worship, and consecrated to the Lord of hosts some of the richest trophies of his numerous victories and conquests ¶.

With all these facts recorded by undoubted authorities, with all these just claims to the gratitude and veneration of posterity, so rapid was the decline of learning, of taste, and of common sense, that, in little more than a single century, the memory of this great monarch was celebrated only for his prodigious stature, matchless strength, and irresistible valor. His real life had been written in vain by his secretary Eginhard **. It lay in the cathedrals and monasteries of the tenth century, neglected and confounded with the legends and necrologies of priests and monks. Other documents, and of these there were many, equally authentic, and affording a variety of interesting details respecting his public and private conduct, were overlooked, and his Capitularies, the best proofs of his talents for legislation, seemed totally forgotten. He was swelled, by the spirit of romance, to the size of a giant ††; he had the voracity of Garagantua, and de-

latter for his philological knowlege. Alcuin had been a disciple of the venerable Bede, and was sent to Rome by Egbert, archbishop of York, to receive the pallium in his name from the hands of the sovereign pontiff. He became known at Parma to Charlemagne, who was delighted with his conversation, and prevailed on him to settle in France, where he was gratified with several rich abbeys, particularly that of St. Martin.

* Eginh. in Vita Car. Mag.—Alcuni Epist. † Baluz. Capitular.

‡ Pasquier's Recherches—D. Rivet.

§ Montesquieu seems to have taken a masterly view of the political and legislative monuments left by Charlemagne, as peculiarly suited to the age in which he lived.—*L'Esprit des Loix.* His panegyric by Bossuet, in his *Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle*, is equally worthy of the historian and the monarch. He has been but partially considered by Voltaire and Gibbon.

|| Eginh. in Vit. Car. L. 3.—Hincmar de Ord. Pal.

¶ Bonif. Epist.—Labbé Bibl. Nov.—Mabil. Act. Benedic.

** Eginhard's Latinity is allowed to be purer than that of his contemporaries, and he is thought by Joseph Scaliger and other eminent critics to have imitated the style of Suetonius.

†† The height of Charlemagne did not exceed six feet three inches of English measure; but the romance writers raised it to between eight and nine feet. *Gaillard, Histoire Romanesque.*

voured, in one meal, a quarter of a sheep, and a large goose, with a proportionate quantity of bread and vegetables. The force of his arm was so prodigious, that, with his famous sword *Joyeuse*, he used to cleave in two a knight, armed at all points, and the steed on which he was mounted.

[*To be concluded in our next number.*]

HENRY TALBOT;

A Dramatic Scene.

CHARACTERS.

Henry Talbot.
Sir Francis Mordaunt.
Eleanor, Talbot's Sister.
Louisa, his Ward.

[THEY who are acquainted with the neighbourhood of Marlow, may perhaps recognise Seymour Court as the scene of this little drama. It is scarcely necessary to say that the characters and the story are altogether fictitious.]

Scene—*An elegant drawing-room, with windows to the ground, opening on a terrace, ornamented with roses, &c.*

Eleanor and Mordaunt, entering.

Elean. Sir Francis Mordaunt, to a mournful house
I bid you welcome! But you bring no comfort—
His truest friend, his dearest! only you
Would he rejoice to see. When I first heard
Your late return from Italy, there rush'd
Over my heart a gladness, a strange feeling,
That glow'd like hope.
Mor. This is a sad, sweet welcome.
He is no better, then?
Elean. Oh, no!
Mor. And what
Is his disease?
Elean. A settled melancholy,
That doth consume his body; a decay
Even at the noble heart.
Mor. The cause?
Elean. I know not.
Mor. Oh, it must be some rooted malady
That works thus in him! Never can I join
Sadness and Henry Talbot. When we parted,
One little year ago, I gazed on him
As he stood on the sea beach, in all the pride
Of youth and manly beauty, his bright glance
Pursuing the swift vessel, and I thought,
If ever happiness find rest on earth,
She dwells in that fine form. High birth, high fortune,
High talent, high pursuit, the general praise,
The general love,—for his sweet graciousness
Commanded hearts,—and, better still than this,
Domestic bliss, affection, friendship, love,
And such a power to feel and give delight;
Such deep humanity, such a fine sense
Of beauty and of virtue! Set aside
His one infirmity of sudden anger,
As suddenly forgotten, and redeem'd
By instant penitence and generous shame,
And he might be the ideal of a man,
The standard all look up to.

Elean. Such he was:
You paint him to the life. How proud was I—
Too proud—of that dear brother! You will find
A sadly alter'd man.
Mor. He used to be
The very model of true cheerfulness;
A gay and open spirit, which did feed
Upon its own pure thoughts. All mirth, all smiles!
Elean. He hath forgot to smile.
Mor. Withal so kind—
So exquisitely kind!
Elean. That he is still;
Kindness and he are so incorporate,
That death alone can part them. My dear brother!
Mor. Such love as thine would once have soothed all ills.
How long hath this change been?
Elean. Oh, many months!
Ever since that summer evening on the Thames—
That fatal August evening,—when their boat
Upset, and Lionel Grey, his foster-brother,
Was most unhappily drown'd. My brother, too,
Striving in vain to save him, almost lost
His life. He dived for the corse, and with the corse
Was brought out motionless. A fever follow'd—
A fever on the brain:—O the black horrors
Of that long dream! Those horrors pass'd away;
But a dark cloud remains.
Mor. The consequence
Of a long fever. He must change the scene;
Must woo the sweet breath of the south; must go
To lovely Italy. I will return
With him, with you.
Elean. Nought can persuade him hence;
And surely—(it is terrible to say,
To think, to feel!)—too surely this disease
Is of the mind, the heart. Something doth weigh—
Thou art my brother's friend, and I to thee
Speak as a brother—something—oh, it breaks
My heart to think of it!
Mor. I'd stake my life
That he is blameless.
Elean. Just so have I felt
A thousand times. But then he speaks wild words,
And my wild fear—oh, free me from that fear,
And I will worship thee! And comfort him,
I do beseech thee, comfort him, whate'er—
Do not desert him, even—I cannot speak:
But love him! Comfort him! Forsake him not!
Mor. Never. But his best comforters must be
His sister—and one other. Dare I ask,
Was there not one still dearer, whose true love,
Whose faith, whose sympathy—I mean his ward,
His orphan cousin, his betrothed bride?
Elean. Poor, poor Louisa! Yes, she still is here.
Poor, poor, Louisa!
Mor. Eighteen months have pass'd
Since I last saw her. Never did I see
A maid so sweet, so fair, so delicate,
Or so devoted—living in his smiles,
As the butterfly in the sunbeam. And so young,
So made for peace and rest and happiness,

As if she were herself some airy creature,
Whom the first storm would shatter. Through this grief
What hath sustain'd her?
Elean. The deceiver, hope.
She watches Henry's cheek, and if a flush
Of the bright treacherous hectic chance to cross it,
Then is she happy; hangs upon his words;
And if one flash burst from the clouded spirit—
One tone of the old love—poor, poor Louisa!
Would that she were afraid! When it does come,
The stroke will kill her.
Mor. Have you then no hope?
Elean. Hark! That's his step. Nay, do not rush to meet him;
He cannot bear surprise.—Hark to that step,
So slow, so feeble! He is pausing now
For breath. Alas! alas! is not that step
The very knell of hope?

Enter Talbot.

Here is our friend,
Brother!
Mor. Dear Talbot!
Tal. Mordaunt, this is kind—
Too kind!
Elean. First let us place you on your couch;
Then will we join to thank this kind, kind friend
For his kind visit. Henry, he is come
To nurse you, to usurp my office, Henry.
Mor. Rather to share it with you. Dearest Talbot,
You must be well.
Tal. Oh this is kind, too kind!
I am not worthy, I was never worthy
Of such a friend. And now—oh go! go! go!
Fly me!
Mor. And wherefore?
Tal. Why, to have thee stay
Would be a joy—and joy is not for me.
Forgive me, Mordaunt; I am sick and wayward—
Sick at my soul—but it will soon be o'er.
Elean. I will not have thee talk so: good my brother,
This is no gentle welcome—[*Advancing towards the window with Mordaunt, and speaking to him apart.*]—For a while
Seem not to observe him. This strong passion then
Will pass away.
Mor. Is't frequent?
Elean. Yes. (*aloud.*) Sir Francis,
Your coming is well timed. Do you remember
When you last honor'd us, 'twas at the close
Of a most glorious autumn. Our beech woods
Own'd every tint of gold, from deepest red
To palest yellow. Often would you praise
Their woodland beauty, and as often I
With a proud boastful spirit bade you come
And gaze on them in May, and see the sunbeams
Wandering across them, with such wondrous charm
Of light and shadow, bringing into life
The unspeakable beauty of their fresh green tops.
This is the very height and prime of May:—
Said the proud boaster sooth? Go to yon window—
Look on the distant woods.
Mor. To me this view

Is always lovely; loveliest as it is,
Whate'er the season. This smooth sloping lawn,
Sprinkled with odorous shrubs, suddenly sinking
Into a steepness so abrupt; the hills
Sweeping away so finely; and between,
Deep in the bottom, the gay pretty town,
Mingled with trees and gardens; the church spire
Lifting its white and taper head amidst
The woody heights that bound the various scene;
And underneath those woods, round that fair town,
Between those hills, the ever winding Thames—
Tal. Ah!
Mor. Glides, like a glittering snake,—
Tal. Oh true! true! true!
Mor. Coyly, by snatches, at rare intervals
Seen, but diffusing a perpetual sense
Of his bright presence—prince of streams!
Tal. Oh fatal!
Mor. to Elean. Alas! is that the grief?
Tal. Oh fatal! fatal!
Fatal as man's wild passions, as the worm
That never dies! The mirror where black thoughts
And blacker deeds—What have I said?
Elean. My Henry,
Art thou in pain? Did'st call me? Would'st thou aught?
No, did'st thou say? Well, I will leave thee, Henry!
[*Apart to Mor.*] Approach him not:—alone he will o'ermaster
The pang that shakes him. Make as though you heard
Nought that he says. Talk on.
Mor. My heart is full.
Elean. And mine—Oh God! But I have learnt this sad
Hypocrisy, this necessary hardness.
See, he is calmer! I beseech you, talk—
He listens—[*Aloud.*] Then you grant that May is fair
Even as October in our prospect here?
Mor. The picture is as bright. And yet I miss
The autumnal beauty of this arching roof
Of trellis, richly hung with clustering vines,
Tendrils and leaves and fruit, a gorgeous frame
For the fair picture. Sweet it was to gaze—
And sweet it is. You look down on the world
From this calm seat, as from her lofty nest
The ring-dove.
Tal. Ay, it is an apt resemblance,
My own sweet sister bird.
Elean. Nay, dearest brother,
My nest should be more lowly; I would build
On the ground, and look still upward. There's a farm
Close by—oh we must show it you, sir Francis!—
Which is almost my envy. And it is
The prettiest walk! Through a beech-wood the path,
A wild, rude copse-wood, winds, beneath the light
And feathery stems of the young trees, so fresh
In their new delicate green, and so contrasting
With their slim, flexile forms, that almost seem
To bend as the wind passes, with the firm
Deep-rooted vigor of those older trees,
And nobler,—those grey giants of the woods,
That stir not at the tempest. Oh! that path
Is pleasant, with its beds of richest moss,
And tufts of fairest flowers, fragrant woodroof

So silver white, wood-sorrel elegant,
Or light anemone. A pleasant path
Is that; with such a sense of freshness round us,
Of cool and lovely light; the very air
Has the hue of the young leaves. Downward the road
Winds till beneath a beech, whose slender stem
Seems toss'd across the path, all suddenly
The close wood ceases, and a steep descent
Leads to a valley, whose opposing side
Is crown'd with answering woods; a narrow valley
Of richest meadow land, which creeps half up
The opposite hill; and in the midst a farm,
With its old ample orchard, now one flush
Of fragrant bloom; and just beneath the wood,
Close by the house, a rude deserted chalk-pit,
Half full of rank and creeping plants, with briers
And pendent roots of trees half covered o'er,
Like some wild shaggy ruin. Beautiful
To me is that lone farm. There is a peace,
A deep repose, a silent harmony
Of nature and of man. The circling woods
Shut out all human eyes; and the gay orchard
Spreads its sweet world of blossoms, all unseen,
Save by the smiling sky. That were a spot
To live and die in.

Mor. Beautiful it must be;
But fancy makes the charms she tells, as the sunbeams,
Tenderly wandering o'er those distant woods,
Bring out their exquisite tints.

Elean. Nay, if you doubt—
Brother, the sun and air to-day are join'd
In a rare compact: 'tis the warmth of June,
With April's balmy breath. Come forth, dear Henry!
We'll put my pony in the garden-chair,
And soon convert this unbeliever. Come!
It will revive you. Let us lead him thither.
You will enjoy this air.

Tal. I am not worthy
To breathe it, Eleanor. That innocent joy
Belongs to the innocent.

Elean. Nay, you must come.
I'll call Louisa, and prepare the chaise.
You will not fail us, Henry? [*Exit Eleanor.*

Mor. Beautiful
Is sisterly love; divinely beautiful
In yonder noble maid. How firm, how gentle,
How like the purity of some old marble
Is she in form and mind! Even her young beauty,
The very language of her lofty brow,
Is queen-like, till she bends to speak to thee,
With such affectionate softness, and a look
So touchingly sweet. Alas! I have no sister.
How blest ye are together!

Tal. Blest we were;
But now—the word is mockery; yet we were
Once blest. You know that we were twins and orphans
Alone in the wide world, and all the world
To one another. I so proud of her!
And she so fond of me!

Mor. You still so proud;
She still so fond.

Tal. Ay; but the joy is gone.
Once we were call'd alike:—look on me now,
And look on her. A red and withering hand
Hath past over my youth, and turn'd my blood
To fire. Her care, her grief, her misery,
Am I. 'Twill soon be past.
Mor. Nay, you must live
For that twin sister's sake; to pay her care;
To bless her love.
Tal. I have no right to love;
I am infected. That which was my bliss
Is now my punishment. I have no right
To kindness, hers or yours; or that of one
Whose deeper tenderness doth pierce my heart
As with a dagger. One so patiently,
So exquisitely true; so trusting, yet
So fearful; all made up of the fond hope
That trembling sits and smiles. What agony
To look upon that smile, and watch that hope,
And know how false, how hollow!—I've deserved
Even that bitterest drop.
Mor. This is indeed
A sickness of the soul. Henry, we two
Have been, from boy to youth, from youth to man,
Friends; not of such as borrow friendship's name
To gild the flimsy band that knits gay striplings
In light companionship, or the politic league
Of subtle, selfish man; but friends of the old
Heroic cast, such as forbear, and bear,
And serve, and love, and die, and trust their lives
To the proved faith of friendship.
Tal. Such we were;
And if a spirit so fallen—
Mor. Such we are:
And being such, I do conjure thee, Henry,
By that old friendship, by the gushing tears
Which fill'd our eyes at meeting, by the love
Which even now is working in our breasts,
Confide in me. Disclose the fatal secret
Which weighs upon your soul.
Tal. What! cast the shade
Of guilt on thy white honor? Tell to thee,
To thee that deadly——Never! never! never!
Here let it die!—Here! here! Even though it swell
My heart to bursting.
Mor. Henry, you are ill;
And your sick fancy, in the wayward mood,
Turns error into crime. A purer mind,
A nobler heart, and, set aside the rare
And momentary flash of sudden wrath,
A kinder temper——
Tal. Momentary! Ay,
So is the thunderbolt.
Mor. I do implore,
Even as I would sue for present life,
Brood not upon this tale. Or tell it me,
Or chase it from thy memory.
Tal. Listen, then,
Since thou wilt share the load,—since thou wilt wrest
The murderer's story—listen.
Mor. Murderer!

Tal. Why, I have said it. Didst thou think that I
Was dying for some trivial larceny—
Some poor man's common crime? Sir, thou shalt find
I am a braver villain!
Mor. Talk not thus.
I pray you, talk not thus. Be calm! Be calm!
Tal. And he would still a breaking heart with words,
As Canute talk'd—He weeps! Forgive me, friend!
Truest and best, and dearest, pardon me!
For I am near bestraught with misery,
And know not what I say. Forgive me, Mordaunt,
And listen. Didst thou e'er——First reach that water,
And sit down here by me; for I must speak
Names that will shake my very soul, and then
The voice may falter. Interrupt me not;
For I have now a passing hour of strength,
A gleam of parting light, and I would fain
Pour into thy kind bosom my remorse,
My agony. So! Did you ever see
Lionel Grey?
Mor. Never.
Tal. Nor his dear mother,
The widow Grey?
Mor. Your nurse? That kindest woman!
Often.
Tal. She was, indeed, the kindest woman,
The simplest, gentlest, sweetest-spirited woman
That ever trod the earth;—my foster-mother,
Who look'd around on all her little world
With the indulgent softness that she felt
For the infant at her breast; for me, whom most
She loved; for me who most loved her; my refuge
In every childish grief, the joyful sharer
Of every childish joy! Oh how I loved
That dear and smiling face, made beautiful
By the warm heart, and the soft pleasant voice
That never spake but true and gentle words!
That never——She is dead. And I—nay, fear not—
This pang will pass away. She had a son,
An only child;—the milk which nourish'd me
Was stolen from him.—Poor Lionel! so soon
Did I——He was a lovely youth; most richly
Deck'd with all lighter graces, music, painting,
And poesy; and, as he grew to manhood,
His talent grew finer and stronger. Proud
Was his dear mother of his pretty songs,
When Ellen Talbot sang them.
Mor. I have heard her.
A queen might have been proud had such lips sung
The lays of her king-son.
Tal. Poor Lionel
Was with us long and often. In our house
And in our hearts he held a brother's place,
Till he at length forgot the unequal rank
Which we would not remember. Rash and vain,
And most presumptuous in his love!—Alas!
And dare I blame him?—I!—My sister saw
His passion for Louisa, and she strove
To check his hopes; but I saw nought, till all
Fatally—fatally——It was a day
Of sultry August, Lionel and I

At sunset sought the river, and embark'd
Alone upon the waters. Oh how calm,
How beautiful they were! How made for peace!
The golden clouds shone into them, and there
The soft and bright blue sky, fringed in by trees.
My soul was lapp'd in the calm loveliness,
The balmy silence. When, all suddenly,
Lionel, heated as I think by wine,
Demanded my Louisa's hand. Louisa!
My ward! my cousin! my affianced bride!
My own in heart and faith! I told him this
Calmly and soothingly; and he replied
That I might force her hand, but that her heart
Was his. Then the strong frenzy master'd me,
And with the oar I dash'd him overboard,
Stunn'd, stupefied! I too stood motionless,
Stunn'd, stupefied, till I saw the drowning wretch
Rise on the waters. Then the sense return'd;
The fear, the hope, the breathless agony,
The desperate struggle. How I toil'd to save
Whom I had murder'd! How I row'd and swam,
And dived, and all but died! We were drawn out
Together; he a breathless corse, and I
A wretch that could not die, doom'd to live on,
With the new, aching, gnawing consciousness
Of deadly crime here at my heart—here! here!—
Now, am I not a murderer?

Mor. Surely, no.
It was a frenzied impulse; an unhappy,
But unintended homicide. Thy will
Was innocent of the deed.

Tal. Oft have I tried
To think so; but I recollect too well
I had a murderer's feelings when I raised——
Seek not to palliate.

Mor. Yet be comforted
Whate'er the crime, surely the penalty
May expiate; thy bitter sufferings,
Thy deep and true repentance!

Tal. Oh, if tears
Could wash out blood, no day hath pass'd but I
Have thus embalm'd his memory! Grievously
Have I been punish'd; here, in my heart's core;
In undeserved respect; in praise; in love;
In poor Louisa; in my noble sister;
In all the tears I cause. All lovely things
Combine to punish me; the golden evening,
The sunny waters, and the calm blue sky,
They are my scourges! Oh the agony
That I have felt at kindness! Most at hers,
The mother's. After that most wretched night,
My mind and body sank, alike subdued,
For many weeks. A merciful pause it was
Of misery! I woke again to suffer,
And the first person by my couch was she,
In her deep mourning habit; her pale face
Cover'd with tears, yet trying for a smile;
And that voice, once so pleasant, low and hoarse,
Yet striving still, in sweet and gentle words,
To speak of love, and care, and gratitude
To me—Great God! to me!—for all I dared

To save her son! She thank'd me, and she bless'd me!
She bless'd me! Never-curse struck to the soul
Like that kind woman's blessing!
Mor. And she died?
Tal. She died. For many weeks I watch'd her bed,
And then I closed her eyes, and follow'd her,
And saw her laid by him! That was my death-stroke.
Then, when the earth fell cold on both my victims,
My doom was seal'd.
Mor. Oh say not so, dear Henry!
Live for us all. For poor Louisa, live!—
For thy own Eleanor!—for me!
Tal. My heart
Is lighter. When I die, if Eleanor
Should grieve, as well I think she will, oh! tell her
My story; she will then be comforted
That I am in my grave. Poor, poor Louisa!
When the oak falls, the ivy dies with it:
And she——But I am better, lighter, easier
In body and in soul. There is no balm
So healing as a good man's pity.
Mor. Say
His love, his deep respect. Thou hast well practised
The painfullest and noblest of all virtues—
Repentance. Comfort thee! Look forward, onward:
Think in thy being how much happiness
Is lapt.
Tal. Oh, my true friend! Hark! She comes here!
I know her tread afar,—her nymph-like tread,
So light and quick. The graceful greyhound scarce
Can match her graceful speed.

Enter Eleanor and Louisa.

Louisa. Sir Francis, welcome!
This is indeed a happiness.—How well
He looks! How much revived!
Elean. His face is flush'd;
But that—
Louisa. Look at his eye! and see! see! see!
He smiles again! Oh blessings on his head
Whose coming caused that smile!
Mor. Why such a blessing
Might draw a man from Afric.
Louisa. I could chide him
That he did not come sooner, the dear friend,
Bringer of health and comfort.
Tal. My Louisa,
I do begin to hope.
Louisa. Oh blessed sound!
Talbot. When shall we forth into the woods, fair Ellen?
Elean. First, dearest brother, rest a while. The sun
Is overcast. Wait till the clouds disperse.
Rest thee. Ay, so. Now, shall I read to thee?
Tal. No. All this day, an old and favorite strain
Hath echoed in mine ear. Wilt thou not sing it
For me, Louisa?
Louisa. Yes! oh yes!
Elean. But listening
To her sweet voice is not repose.
Mor. What then?
Elean. Pleasure, exciting, searching, rapturous pleasure!

Yet sing to him, Louisa! See how pale,
How shivering—Henry, thou art ill again?
Tal. No; 'twill pass off. Dearest and kindest sister,
Believe, 'twill pass away. Now sing.
Louisa. What song?
Tal. That which is ringing in mine ears. The strain,
Which, by the old tradition of our house,
Was wont to usher in the nuptial morn
Of all the Talbots—which I used to call
Our bridal song, Louisa. I would fain
Hear that song once again.
Louisa. Not that! not that!
Elean. Yes. 'Tis a pleasant and a ringing air,
And suits thee well; thy springy form, thy voice,
Young, lively, clear, thy blushing smile. Thou seem'st
At once the quaint musician, the light nymph,
Strewer of flowers, and the fair bride. Sing! sing!
Let's hear that pleasant strain.—Still paler!—Sing!

Louisa sings.

Forth the lovely bride ye bring:
Gayest flowers before her fling,
From your high-piled baskets spread,
Maidens of the fairy tread!
Strew them far, and wide, and high,
A rosy shower 'twixt earth and sky!
Strew about! Strew about!
Bright jonquil, in golden pride,
Fair carnation, peak'd and dyed,
Strew about! Strew about!
Dark-eyed pinks, with fringes light,
Rich geraniums, clustering bright,
Strew about! Strew about!
Flaunting pea, and harebell blue,
And damask rose of deepest hue,
And purest lilies, maidens, strew!
Strew about! Strew about!

Home the lovely bride ye bring:
Choicest flowers before her fling,
Till dizzying streams of rich perfume
Fill the lofty banquet-room!
Strew the tender citron there,
The crush'd magnolia proud and fair,
Strew about! Strew about!
Orange blossoms, newly dropp'd,
Chains from high acacia cropp'd,
Strew about! Strew about!
Pale musk-rose, so light and fine,
Cloves, and stars of jessamine,
Strew about! Strew about!
Tops of myrtle, wet with dew,
Nipp'd where the leaflets sprout anew,
Fragrant bay-leaves, maidens, strew!
Strew about* !——

* For the burthen of this song 'Strew about! Strew about!' I am indebted to a song in Thomas Campion's 'Memorable Masque.'

Elean. Oh help! he faints! Help! help! His breath is gone.
Mor. Alas! alas! he ne'er——I cannot find
A pulse—alas! he's dead!
Louisa. Dead! Dare not say it!
'Tis but a swoon. He's better. He'll be well.
Did he not say so,—he whose voice was truth?
And dost thou dare—Oh rouse thee, my own Henry,
And I will sing to thee——
Elean. Oh hush! hush! hush!
Louisa. Will sing to thee the song thou lov'st so well.

[*Sings.*] Pale musk-rose so light and fine,
Cloves, and stars of jessamine—

Elean. Cease! cease! Oh this is horrible! Weep, weep!
Weep for thy Henry! He is gone! the kindest,
The tenderest, the best!—Her brain is wandering.

Louisa [*sings.*] Home the lovely bride ye bring—

I cannot sing. I have no breath. I tremble
At my own voice. And he—he listens not.
Henry! He hears me not. He's dead! he's dead!
Eleanor, he is dead!
Elean. She, too, will die;
That other dearest thing! And I alone,
And desolate—
Mor. No, Ellen, not alone!
Elean. Oh tell me, thou his friend, what load of grief—
Mor. He died a penitent.
Elean. For that, thank Heaven!
All else may be endured. My kindest brother!
My tenderest! my best! Farewell! Farewell!

M.

MODERN ANTIQUES.

Early in the present century there lived in the ancient town of B. two complete and remarkable specimens of the ladies of eighty years ago—ladies cased inwardly and outwardly in Addison and whalebone. How they had been preserved in this entireness, amidst the collision and ridicule of a country town, seemed as puzzling a question as the preservation of bees in amber, or mummies in pyramids, or any other riddle that serves to amuse the naturalist or the antiquarian. But so it was. They were old maids and sisters, and so alike in their difference from all other women, that they may be best described together; any little non-resemblance may be noted afterwards; it was no more than nature, prodigal of variety, would make in two leaves from the same oak-tree.

Both, then, were as short as women well could be without being entitled to the name of dwarf, or carried about to fairs for a show;—both were made considerably shorter by the highest of all high heels, and the tallest of all tall caps, each of which artificial elevations was as ostentatiously conspicuous as the legs and cover of a pipkin, and served equally to add to the squatness of the real machine; both were lean, wrinkled, withered, and old; both enveloped their aged persons in the richest silks, displayed over large hoops, and stays the tightest and stiffest that ever pinched in a beauty of George the Second's reign. The gown was of that make formerly, I believe, called a sacque, and of a pattern so enormous, that one flower, with its stalk and leaves, would nearly cover the three quarters of a yard in length, of which the tail might, at a moderate computation, consist. Over this they wore a gorgeously figured apron, whose flourishing white embroidery vied in size with the plants on the robe; a showy muslin neckkerchief, rigidly pinned down; and over that a black lace tippet of the same shape, parting at the middle, to display a gay breast-knot. The riband of which this last decoration was composed was generally the same which adorned the towering lappeted cap, a sort of poppy colour, which they called Pompadour.

The sleeves were cut off below the elbows with triple ruffles of portentous length. Brown leather mittens, with peaks turned back, and lined with blue satin, and a variety of tall rings in an odd, out-of-fashion variety of enameling, and figures of hair, completed the decoration of their hands and arms. The carriage of these useful members was at least equally singular; they had adapted themselves in a remarkable manner to the little taper wasp-like point in which the waist ended, to which the elbows, ruffles and all, adhered as closely as if they had been glued, whilst the ringed and mittened hands, when not employed in knitting, were crossed saltier-wise, in front of the apron. The other termination of their figure was adorned with black stuff shoes, very peaked, and with points upwards, and massive silver buckles. Their walking costume was, in winter, a black silk cloak, lined with rabbet-skins, with holes for the arms; in summer, another tippet and a calash,—no bonnet could hold the turreted cap. Their motion out of doors was indescribable; it most nearly resembled sailing. They seemed influenced by the wind in a way incidental to no moving thing, except a ship or a shuttlecock; and, indeed, one boisterous blowing night, about the equinox, when standing on some high stone steps, waiting for a carriage to take her home from a party, the wind did catch one of them, and, but for the intervention of a tall footman, who seized her as one would seize a fly-away umbrella, and held her down by main force, the poor little lady would have been carried up like an air-balloon. Her feelings must have been pretty much similar to those of Gulliver in Brobdignag, when flown away with by the eagle. Half a minute later, and she was gone.

So far they were exact counterparts. The chief variation lay in the face. Amidst the general hue of age and wrinkles, you could just distinguish that Mrs. Theodosia had been brown, and Mrs. Frances fair. There was a yellow shine here and there amongst the white hairs, curiously rolled over a cushion high above the forehead, that told of Fanny's golden locks; whilst the purely grey rouleau of Mrs. Theodosia showed its mixture of black and white still plainer. Mrs. Frances, too, had the blue eye, with a laughing light, which so often retains its flash to extreme age; whilst Mrs. Theodosia's orbs, bright no longer, had once been hazel. Mrs. Theodosia's aquiline nose, and long sociable chin, evinced that disposition to meet which is commonly known by the name of a pair of nut-crackers; Mrs. Frances' features, on the other hand, were rather terse and sharp. Still there was, in spite of these material differences, that look of kindred, that inexplicable and indefinable family likeness, which is so frequently found in sisters; greatly increased in the present case by a similarity in the voice that was quite startling. Both tongues were quick and clear, and high and rattling, to a degree that seemed rather to belong to machinery than to human articulation; and when welcomes and how-d'ye-dos were pouring both at once on either side, a stranger was apt to gaze in ludicrous perplexity, as if beset by a ventriloquist, or haunted by strange echoes. When the immediate cackle subsided, they were easily distinguished. Mrs. Theodosia was good, and kind, and hospitable, and social; Mrs. Frances was all that, and was besides shrewd, and clever, and literary, to a degree not very common in her day, though not approaching to the pitch of a blue-stocking lady of the present. Accident was partly the cause of this unusual love of letters. They had known Richardson; had been admitted amongst his flower-garden of young ladies; and still talked familiarly of Miss Highmore, Miss Fielding, Miss Collier, and Miss Mulso.—they had never learned to call her Mrs. Chapone. Latterly the taste had been renewed and quickened, by their having the honor of a distant relationship to one of the most amiable and unfortunate of modern poets. So Mrs. Frances studied novels and poetry, in addition to her sister's sermons and cookery-books; though (as she used to boast) without doing a stitch the less of knitting, or playing a pool the fewer in the course of the year. Their usual occupations were those of other useful old ladies; superintending the endowed girls' school of the town with a vigilance and a jealousy of abuses that might have done honor to Mr. Hume; taking an active part in the more private charities, donations of flannel petticoats, or the loan of baby-things; visiting in a quiet way; and going to church whenever the church door was open.

Their abode was a dwelling ancient and respectable, like themselves, that looked as if it had never undergone the slightest variation, inside or out, since

they had been born in it. The rooms were many, low and small; full of little windows with little panes, and chimneys stuck perversely in the corners. The furniture was exactly to correspond; little patches of carpets in the middle of the slippery, dry-rubbed floors; tables and chairs of mahogany, black with age, but exceedingly neat and bright; and Japan cabinets and old China, which Mr. Beckford might have envied—treasures which had either never gone out of fashion, or had come in again. The garden was beautiful and beautifully placed; a series of terraces descending to rich and finely timbered meadows, through which the slow magnificent Thames rolled under the fine chalky hills of the pretty village of C. It was bounded on one side by the remains of an old friary, the end wall of a chapel with a Gothic window of open tracery in high preservation, as rich as point lace. It was full too of old-fashioned durable flowers, jessamine, honeysuckle, and the high-scented fraxinella; I never saw that delicious plant in such profusion. The garden-walks were almost as smooth as the floors, thanks to the two assiduous serving maidens (nothing like a man servant ever entered this maidenly abode) who attended it. One, the under damsel, was a stout strapping country wench, changed from time to time as it happened; the other was as much a fixture as her mistresses. She had lived with them for forty years, and, except being twice as big and twice as tall, might have passed for another sister. She wore their gowns, (the two just made her one) caps, ruffles, and aprons; talked with their voices and their phrases; followed them to church, and school, and market; scolded the school-mistress; heard the children their catechism; cut out flannel petticoats, and knit stockings to give away. Never was so complete an instance of assimilation! She had even become like them in face.

Having a brother who resided at a beautiful seat in the neighbourhood, and being to all intents and purposes of the patrician order, their visitors were very select, and rather more from the country than the town. Six formed the general number,—one table—a rubber or a pool—seldom more. As the only child of a very favorite friend, I used, during the holidays, to be admitted as a supernumerary; at first out of compliment to mama; latterly I stood on my own merits. I was found to be a quiet little girl; an excellent hander of muffins and cake; a connoisseur in green tea; an amateur of quadrille—the most entertaining of all games to a looker-on; and, lastly and chiefly, a great lover and admirer of certain books, which filled two little shelves at cross corners with the chimney—namely, that volume of Cowper's Poems which contained John Gilpin, and the whole seven volumes of sir Charles Grandison. With what delight I used to take down those dear books! It was an old edition;—perhaps that very first edition which, as Mrs. Barbauld says, the fine ladies used to hold up to one another at Ranelagh,—and adorned with prints, not certainly of the highest merit as works of art, but which served exceedingly to realise the story, and to make us, as it were, personally acquainted with the characters. The costume was pretty much that of my worthy hostesses, especially that of the two Miss Selbys; there was even in Miss Nancy's face a certain likeness to Mrs. Frances. I remember I used to wonder whether she carried her elbows in the same way. How I read and believed, and believed and read; and liked lady G. though I thought her naughty; and gave all my wishes to Harriet, though I thought her silly; and loved Emily with my whole heart! Clementina I did not quite understand; nor (I am half afraid to say so) do I now; and sir Charles I positively disliked. He was the only thing in the book that I disbelieved. Those bowings seemed incredible. At last, however, I extended my faith even to him; partly influenced by the irresistibility of the author, partly by the appearance of a real living beau, who in the matter of bowing might almost have competed with sir Charles himself. This beau was no other than the town member, who, with his brother, was, when in the country, the constant attendant at these chosen parties.

Our member was a man of seventy, or thereabout, but wonderfully young looking and well preserved. It was said, indeed, that no fading belle was better versed in cosmetic secrets, or more devoted to the duties of the toilet. Fresh, upright, unwrinkled, pearly-teethed, and point device in his accoutrements, he might have passed for fifty; and doubtless often did pass for such when apart from his old-looking younger brother; who, tall, lanky, shambling, long-vi-

saged, and loosely dressed, gave a very vivid idea of Don Quixote, when stripped of his armour. Never was so consummate a courtier as our member! Of good family and small fortune, he had early in life been seized with the desire of representing the town in which he resided; and canvassing, sheer canvassing, without eloquence, without talent, without bribery, had brought him in and kept him in. There his ambition stopped. To be a member of parliament was with him not the means but the end of advancement. For forty years he represented an independent borough, and, though regularly voting with every successive ministry, was at the end of his career as poor as when he began. He never sold himself, or stood suspected of selling himself—perhaps he might sometimes give himself away. But that he could not help. It was almost impossible for him to say No to any body,—quite so to a minister, or a constituent, or a constituent's wife or daughter. So he passed bowing and smiling through the world, the most disinterested of courtiers, the most subservient of upright men, with little other annoyance than a septennial alarm,—for sometimes an opposition was threatened, and sometimes it came; but then he went through a double course of smirks and hand-shakings, and all was well again. The great grievance of his life must have been the limitation in the number of franks. His apologies when he happened to be full were such as a man would make for a great fault; his lamentations such as might become a great misfortune. Of course there was something ludicrous in this courtliness, but it was not contemptible; it only wanted to be obviously disinterested to become respectable. The expression might be exaggerated; but the feeling was real. He was always ready to show kindness to the utmost of his power to any human being. He would have been just as civil and supple if he had not been M. P. It was his vocation. He could not help it.

This excellent person was an old bachelor; and there was a rumor, some forty or fifty years old, that, in the days of their bloom, there had been a little love affair, an attachment, some even said an engagement, how broken none could tell, between him and Mrs. Frances. Certain it is, that there were symptoms of flirtation still. His courtesy, always gallant to every female, had something more real and more tender towards 'Fanny,' as he was wont to call her; and Fanny on her side was as conscious as heart could desire. She blushed and bridled; fidgeted with her mittens or her apron; flirted a fan nearly as tall as herself, and held her head on one side with that peculiar air which I have noted in shy birds, and ladies in love. She manœuvred to get him next her at the tea-table; liked to be his partner at whist; loved to talk of him in his absence; knew to an hour the time of his return; and she did not even dislike a little gentle raillery on the subject—even I—But, traitress to my sex, how can I jest with such feelings? Rather let me sigh over the world of woe, that in fifty years of hopeless constancy must have passed through that maiden heart! The timid hope; the sickening suspense; the slow, slow fear; the bitter disappointment; the powerless anger; the relenting; the forgiveness; and then again, that interest, kinder, truer, more unchanging than friendship, that lingering woman's love—Oh how can I jest over such feelings? They are past away—for she is gone, and he—but they clung by her to the last, and ceased only in death.

M.

THE CAMBRIDGE DECAMERON.

FIRST TALE.

MY GRANDFATHER.

My grandfather was the 'squire of the parish in which he resided; and although there were perhaps many wiser, and certainly several within a little distance who were richer than he, yet, as he was really a worthy possessor of a fine old family mansion, displayed very handsome arms upon a handsome carriage, gave smart liveries, and occupied the best pew in the church, he was generally considered as the first man in the parish. He was a well-looking fattish gentleman, of a ruddy complexion, always exceedingly well dressed; and his head, powdered as white as snow, formed a perfect contrast to the shining black of his shoes or boots. Every thing in his house accorded with his person; and it was so perfectly regulated, that it appeared to go by a kind of machinery, which, I conclude, was set in motion by a joint consultation between him and the respectable woman who, for twenty-three years, had, in the joint offices of housekeeper and ladies' maid, been his prime

engineer. How it was done I know not; but certainly every thing seemed to go upon wheels; the dinners were always good and plentiful, yet, except on days of invitation, no expensive luxury was ever visible; for my grandfather was so situated, that, in keeping up his establishment, as times grew harder, it was necessary to count the cost. It was the business of his life; he did it well; nothing was wanting, nothing was superfluous; and his servants knew his ways so well, and had lived with him so long, that they were, with few exceptions, willing to contribute their share to an effect of which they were proud: they knew that to have lived at 'Squire Middleton's was a character for all the virtues required in their station.

My grandfather was content with the praise of being the best carver, and giving the best dinners, in the country; he never pretended to do more. He read the newspapers, but nothing else, save the Bible on Sunday evenings. He never talked even on politics, except when be wished to express his high respect for the good old king. He always said, 'the marrow of a newspaper lay in a small compass.' I remember being much puzzled to find out 'grandpapa's marrow,' and was not less so, when told, it was 'the price of stocks,' with which it was said he had a great deal to do, for he had put the greater part of his property into them.

My grandmother was a very different person from him in every respect; yet they agreed admirably. She was very pretty, and set up for being, by turns, very musical, and very literary; sometimes she had robust health, and piqued herself on being the most fearless horsewoman in the country; but, as time advanced, she became most remarkable as a great invalid. Happily for both, she never once adopted the idea of being the 'most notable or managing lady' in the parish: if she had, all connubial felicity must have been at an end; for, although the 'squire really loved her fondly, and was very proud of her attainments, and has been heard to say, many a time, 'she has ten times more sense than I have,' yet it is certain he never would have allowed her to infringe on his department. She dwelt in her house as a visitant, and of course received all her guests with the courteousness of an unembarrassed mind, and she played off her accomplishments so long as she was able, I dare say in a very entertaining style; but this was before my time. Sickness seized her in the prime of her days (for she was much younger than her husband), and in consequence of her being confined to her apartment, which many people were ready to condemn as affected, all visiting was contracted to a few friends. My grandfather's occupations and amusements continued the same; those of his lady centred in writing letters and reading novels and books of medicine, from which she was happily not incapacitated.

They had two sons, between whose birth nearly seven years elapsed, during which a girl had been born, who just peeped into the world and left it, yet never failed to be lamented by the old gentleman as if the want of her was a very sensible one in all his enjoyments of life; and though few people ever gave my dear grandfather credit for any imagination, yet I am sure from this circumstance that he had one (though he seldom used it), and had exercised it in the hope of what his girl would have been to him. He married my grandmother, a pretty school-girl and an orphan heiress, when he was a steady young man of twenty-eight, with whom a prudent guardian could trust so delicate a charge; and he ever kept her in his eye as a choice ornament, a piece of *virtu*, which it was his duty to guard at *all* times, and exhibit at *proper* times; as one over whom his power was absolute as a husband, but whom he was bound to treat kindly as a gentleman (I must own, dearly as I love him, I would rather not be married to such a sort of person): and I think he wanted a daughter for a *companion*.

My papa was in person very like his father, whilst Edward greatly resembled his mother; and these parents showed their affection for each other, by feeling a decided partiality for the child like their partner. My grandmama justified herself by speaking of the elder son, who bore her maiden name of Waller, 'as the representative of her family,' and the 'squire loved Edward, 'because he bore his own name—because he had not a girl to be fond of, and because he was the prettiest child to his mind that ever his eyes looked upon.'

I believe all these *becauses* had something to do with the stocks and money; for his whole heart was given to making

Edward a man of the world; and, as my papa obtained a fine house and a good estate on the mother's side, it was all very well: he also married the person his mother wished when he was twenty-two, and settled on the Waller estate, with all the very circumstances of dress, etiquette, and splendid connexions, which my dear little grandmama loved most dearly. The whole matter was arranged in *her* dressing-room, according to *her* wishes; for the first time in her life she was not only nominally, but actually mistress of her house, and of all things therein or connected therewith; a blight seemed to pervade the faculties of my grandfather, who, although pleased with the marriage, took so little interest in it, that the power of his lady rose day by day, till some thought she would even order the wedding dinner; and it is certain that she did venture to say something one day about a 'a turbot,' but she was prudent, and, as soon as she saw a frown gathering, retreated like Catharine Parr, and said, 'that she thought she could eat a little turbot heself,'—all was well—my grandfather's genius shone conspicuous and triumphant; there was almost every good thing, but no turbot.

But why had the mind of the good 'squire been thus involved in gloom? Edward, his darling, had some months before returned home from a distant seminary, to the joy of his heart, and the delight of his eyes. All the village had been loud in his praise; for, in every youthful party, he was the 'flower of the flock:' his grace, his beauty, the gentleness and the spirit of his manners, won the hearts of the young, and the elder spoke of 'his learning and knowlege, his modesty and good sense.' If my grandmother had not been so deeply engaged with my father's wedding, her predilection in his favor would certainly have been shaken;—as it was, she was proud of Edward, and almost doubted the justice of her own *wishes*, which had decreed, 'that, as Edward had been pronounced an excellent scholar, he should be brought up to the bar, and not only gain high honors, but great wealth, which in due time should descend to the children of Waller, as it was a favorite maxim with her, that 'younger brothers ought never to think of marrying.'

At this time there was a public house at the end of the village, the landlord of which had two daughters so remarkably handsome as to attract inevitable attention. They could not exactly be called 'twin rose-buds,' for they were different in their style of beauty, the elder being more strikingly handsome, the younger (then under fifteen) being singularly delicate, and so modest and retiring, that it was difficult to obtain a fair view of her exquisite countenance, one of those rare works in which nature forms a model for art.—Her complexion was perfectly fair, enlivened by the tints of the rose; her eyes blue, and the form of her mouth inimitable; and, indeed, her face greatly resembled that of Edward Middleton, except that the clustering brown curls on his forehead were several shades darker than her ringlets—that his features were all larger, and his great height, and high brow, divested him, at the age of seventeen, of any improper share of effeminacy.

Whether it was a whisper of this likeness, or of the general admiration excited by Mary and Betsy at 'the Globe,' I know not; but it is certain, that from the very first Sunday of Edward's return, he placed himself in such a corner of the pew at church, that he could see these girls come in, and that he looked very near as often at them as at his prayer-book—but who did not look at them? even the young vicar took that liberty: the girls were looked at to be always admired, and sometimes pitied; for their mother dressed them like ladies, and so took them out of their sphere; but her anxiety to place them in a better, certainly preserved them from the vulgarity and the temptations which appertained to their own.

Edward naturally had some degree of pride: he inherited it from his mother; nor was his father devoid of that which is distinguished as 'necessary pride;' and, though he looked often and long, he certainly thought not of stepping out of his way: but there is a fatality in these things. With a large acquaintance, he had yet no companion; and in the evenings, when he took a stroll, his favorite walk was over the common. He passed the back of the Globe, which had a long garden, where the girls often sat with their sewing, or gathered the peas and strawberries. It was said 'that he used to converse over the hedge.' At first he spoke to *both*; but he soon attached himself to *one*. The elder sister had met with a lover, and was not sorry when Betsy was drawn aside.

Whether Edward spoke of *love* is not known, but it is certain, that a poetical volume belonging to him was continually in Betsy's hands, and became the cause of such a scolding from her mother, that it reached the guests in the Globe, from whom it traveled to the servants at the hall, and in due time (and from kind and proper feelings only) was revealed to the mistress of the mansion.

My grandmother was fully engaged in my father's affairs, and could have listened to nothing of less moment—she was alarmed, distressed, and very angry; but her general good temper, and her habitual obedience, prevented her from addressing Edward in the language of passion; she remonstrated with him wisely, she awakened his family pride and his parental attachment, and promised to guard his secret from his father if he would amend his ways. He promised, and for a time fulfilled his promise; but the roses forsook his cheeks, his appetite failed, and all the good things of the housekeeper failed to tempt it. Accident, however, produced another temptation to acquaintance. Mary was married (very well married) at a distance; Betsy sometimes might be found alone, and there was a long narrow lane, with a straggling coppice, in which 'so fair a thing should not travel alone.' Edward guarded the treasure, was seen, had broken his word, and was denounced by his mother with severity as 'unworthy of his family.'

'Mr. Middleton,' said she, with a firmness she seldom assumed, 'either this young man must be removed, or he will ruin himself or the girl; in *either* case we must disown him—exert yourself and save him from error.'

The 'squire's heart ached to its core, and he spoke to his son with a tenderness which so touched poor Edward, that he eagerly expressed a wish for the purchase of a commission, saying 'that absence and a busy life would doubtless cure him,' and protesting (truly I doubt not) 'that whatever his manners might have implied, his lips had not spoken of love to his rustic chosen one, whom he declared to be the most modest and artless of human beings, and one who would grace the most exalted station!'

He departed, to the satisfaction of his mother, and in some sort of his father, who said to himself many times, 'I have saved my boy!' But yet his heart was heavy; the charm of his house had fled; and he again adverted to the loss of the baby, and spoke of himself as a bereaved father.

Edward went abroad, but his ardent spirit was not gratified in its desire of seeing much service. Restless and uneasy, he plunged into dissipation; and the liberality of his father, who was ever willing to strip himself to the utmost for the accommodation of his darling, contributed to this evil. Five years of absence had introduced into the family a most amiable daughter-in-law, a girl (myself) who was taken at the end of three years to supply the want of a female and a little heir, who was the joy of my grandmother's heart; but alas! all of us put together could hardly supply the want of Edward.

The following spring his return was announced by a superior officer, who spoke of him as only slightly wounded, but yet in a state of great weakness; we had scarcely received the letter, when the invalid arrived.

'Ah! how must he be changed!' the first sight of him seemed to add twenty years to the age of my grandfather; but, as he was advanced in rank, his mother took comfort.—I believe he was in what is called the last stage of a decline, but his wound was healed, and he spoke much of milk and country air; and I well remember he said 'he would take me many pretty walks,' and he asked after every person in the village—'who was married? who was dead? and whose was the new house near the church?'

'There are three new houses—that at the end with the smart shop belongs to a baker, who, I believe, sets up as a kind of confectioner too. He married a few months since an old acquaintance of yours—a very *proper* match! he is a very well-looking young man, and has a little money—indeed Hawkesworth says he is a very careful, prudent person.'

'I think,' said Edward, 'I will go to Matlock. Will you go with me, father?'

'I will go with thee any where,' said the 'squire, struggling against the suffocation in his throat, which rose from seeing the violent hectic that came and went in the cheek of his son during those words from his wife, which referred to Betsy's present situation. He had been on the point of adding to the information given, 'that pretty Betsy had been said to have refused a whole string of lovers, and was at last compelled by her

parents to marry the present, who, though not disagreeable in his person, was thought to be of a morose temper, a covetous disposition, and much given to resent the coldness of his wife's conduct in the days of courtship;' but he thought that, on Edward's starting from the subject, it was better let alone.

Captain Middleton drove out every day for a week over the common; but he said, 'the air was not what it used to be.' He went once to church, and placed himself in his own corner; but the 'squire could not bear the sad sight he presented. When he left the church, he saw the baker going out with his young wife for air:—she sat down upon a tombstone, and looked as pale and beautiful as a sculptured angel. My grandfather retreated to the church, hid his face, and sought comfort in prayer.

The next day he set out with his son to Matlock; they traveled slowly;—but I cannot trace their steps—I feel that I have undertaken a task above me; it is sufficient to say, that in three weeks my grandfather returned, with his 'brave, his beautiful' Edward, in a hearse, and that all the villagers were weeping round, when they saw him stand at the grave-side of that gay, spirited, lovely lad, whom they *expected to see returning with the glories* of a hero.—I will not attempt to describe the deep sorrow in which my grandfather seemed almost to indulge, nor the cold way in which my grandmother affected to reason—I say *affected;* for, though she loved my papa best, and was so fond of his young family, that her heart seemed to have room for nothing else; yet I am certain she assumed resignation in order to induce my grandfather to exertion. In her calmness she became thinner, and looked much worse than even he did; and her beauty, which had hitherto been remarkable, faded like a withered flower.

Many weeks passed before my grandfather could be prevailed on to go out; but at length the occupations of summer led him into his fields, and, though he seldom could speak to an old tenant, yet he could clap the back of his horse, and permit the gambols of a greyhound. It was hoped that coursing would do much for him; before that time came, however, he began again to walk out, but never moved without taking me by the hand. Our walks were various, and one night we came home through the village, and passed the shop of the young baker, in whose windows were spread many sweet things—I am not aware that I looked at them; but my grandpapa suddenly turned in, and asked 'for some cakes for the child.'

Child as I was, the image of the beautiful young woman who served me is present to my mind at this moment—her countenance was scarce earthly, and she was so thin as to give the idea of transparency; her arms were whiter than her apron, and the fine plain lawn border of her little round cap seemed less delicate than the skin it shaded. With a silent curtsy, she placed the cakes before us, but was disturbed by a cough.'

'You have a sad cold, Mrs. Allen,'—'have you been poorly long?' said my grandfather.—'Yes, sir, I have been unwell for some time; I believe our business does not suit me—but I have not been right since—since April.'

At the word 'April' all the 'pure and eloquent' blood of her attenuated form rushed to her cheeks, and for a moment showed her to the good old man, as she had been in the eyes of his youthful Edward. He remembered her 'April' face, in the church-yard, and he doubtless said in his heart, 'the girl was struck with death'—all the way home he talked in low and broken accents about her, and on our return he related the circumstance to my grandmother with a feeling, and even eloquence, totally different from his usual brevity, repeatedly declaring 'that Betsy was born to be a lady, at least to grace the station of one.' She shed tears often during this narrative, but advised him to 'spare his own feelings and Betsy's too, by going there no more, as it might give the poor young woman afflicting remembrances.' But we went again, and again, and every time the mistress seemed weaker; yet we frequently found her employed in things above her strength. My grandfather's notice of this evidently shamed the husband, and he went out to send a servant. The poor young creature felt the fatherly attention of this conduct, and said, in a low faltering voice, 'I thank you, sir,' while tears sprang to her eyes; and, in the innocence of her heart, she put out her hand. My grandfather took that thin, pale hand, which was the counterpart (so lately) of his beloved Edward's—that hand perhaps Edward had once pressed—he put it to his lips—situation in life, difference in rank and age, were at that

moment banished; two mourners had but one idea, and it bound them to each other. My grandfather could not talk of his feelings; but he said hastily, with that tone of kindness which goes to the heart, 'my *dear*, can I do any thing for you?—I have some fine old hock that perhaps might'—'If that is wine, sir, I must not touch it: the doctor says that fruit is good for me, and that grapes'—'Yes,' said the husband, who then re-entered, 'Mr. Sanderson says grapes *is* a very fine thing for her; but then, *says* I, grapes *is* a very fine price,' adding, in a lower tone, 'I wish they *was n't*, for I should be very glad to get her some certainly.' 'Come to the hall every morning at eight, and we will see what can be done for her.'

And every morning, for many days, were the best grapes, and the ripest peaches plucked, and nosegays of the choicest flowers, sent to Betsy, with pots of marmalade from the housekeeper, and even pretty books from my grandmama.—Twice did I accompany these presents even to the couch where Betsy lay, and from which she never rose. The second time I went she neither looked at me, nor inquired as she was wont after the good 'squire Middleton, and madam. I was grieved at this, and I well remember her mother wept and said, 'poor Betsy was delirious.' I then looked, and listened, to see or hear what 'delirious' meant; and heard her, in a sweet low voice, sing something about 'poor lord Derwentwater,' and then say repeatedly, 'my *dear*, can I do any thing for you?' as if the words were as musical in her ear, as her voice made them in mine.

One thing more he did for her. Returning from our walk a fortnight afterwards, we passed the house of the mason, who had been many years a kind of factotum at the hall. 'William,' said the 'squire in a low voice, 'look to it that the very handsomest stone you have be laid on that poor girl (Allen's wife that was)'—the deep, *deep* sigh that followed, seemed to add, 'my Edward's that should have been.'

MANNERS.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary pains which have been bestowed upon the present generation, we still find a lamentable deficiency in manners, even among those who have been blessed with the advantages of birth and education. It is not often that we feel the delight which is produced by urbanity, by a courteous demeanor, and a gracious mode of expression. Vulgarity, indeed, has become a sin of too great magnitude to be tolerated, and we are seldom shocked with its display; but the millions who make up society are equally distant from those models of perfection which all should endeavour to imitate. In a worldly point of view, highly-finished manners are superior to every other attainment; even beauty of person cannot compete with elegance of deportment and behaviour; for the eye soon becomes weary when the mind shares not the gratification. Integrity and virtue are frequently little valued, when unaccompanied by the graces which give a brighter polish to the most sublime qualities; and, as the cultivation of the manners is not at all incompatible with the welfare of the soul, but rather tends to the fulfilment of many of the divine principles of holy writ, we need not make any apology if we exalt it into an object of importance, secondary only to those religious duties which prepare us for a better world.

The factions and the cabals of former times, the insecurity of the government, the prevalence of party spirit, when each man distrusted his neighbour, and all were intent upon the means of preserving their own property, or of appropriating that of another, were circumstances very inimical to the formation of the manners; and even long after the convulsions which distracted the country had subsided, the tone of the mind and the deportment remained the same: like the coin which issued embossed into roughness from the mint, it required a series of years to smooth the whole into one polished mass. True elegance was wholly confined to the court; and every *caste* had its particular technicalities, which distinguished it from the rest of the world. The merchants were dull, plodding men, whose heads seemed always buried in a sugar-cask or a bale; the young lawyers were pert and priggish, the elders grave and pedantic; sea-captains (as naval officers were usually styled) were wild and boisterous as the element which they ploughed; and military men depended more upon their red coats and the superficial knowlege which they acquired in their peregrinations over the world, than upon any solid attainments of education. The

clergy, divided into two classes, the rich and the poor, were either proud and luxurious, or humble and depressed: there were the high-fed rectors, and the lean curates, the one carousing with the 'squire, the other glad of a corner by the fire-side of an ale-house, and not too fastidious to accept refreshment in my lord's kitchen; authors were known by their dress, not exactly the 'fools-cap uniforms turned up with ink,' by which, at present, we may discern the 'mob of gentlemen who write with ease,' from those who are content merely to read; but by coats, rusty, threadbare, and out at the elbows, or of a fashion of antiquated date, or as ill-assorted as poor Goldsmith's famous suit, which occasioned so much jocularity from Boswell at the poet's expense. The country gentlemen were a race distinct from the rest of their species; their whole souls were engrossed by hunting, racing, fishing, cock-fighting, and sports of the same description: books were an abomination to them; and the learned portion of the house of commons generally translated their Latin quotations for the benefit of the county members. In short, society was like a carnival,—so different were the habits, manners, and feelings, of those who made up the crowd.

The writers of comedies in those times had nothing to do, but to select half a dozen characters, and, by merely drawing after nature, they could not fail to render them entertaining on the stage. In Farquhar's Trip to the Jubilee, for instance, we have nearly a specimen from all the different classes. Sir Harry Wildair was the town-bred gentleman, polished by travel, freakish, gay, and whimsical; his constant employment was a search after pleasure, his only pursuit the conquest of female hearts, his sole consideration the most becoming articles of dress. He fluttered about, attended by a crowd of lacqueys, whom he chiefly employed in carrying perfumed billets to the ladies, and challenges to the gentlemen to a match of Burgundy, or a pool at piquet. Colonel Standard was the blunt soldier, who, though he might have acted Lothario in country quarters, was easily duped by the town coquette, and not at all qualified to enter the lists with so pretty a gentleman as Sir Harry. Vizard was the Templar, suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, between the city and the court, and partaking a little of the nature of both, his inclination leading him to the one, his occupation dragging him to the other. Beau Clincher was the ape of the men of fashion, the jay in borrowed plumes, whose flimsy pretensions were easily discovered, and who, destitute of the birth, the early habits, and the elaborate education, necessary for the formation of a fine gentleman, could never hope to accomplish even its exterior, and was sure to be detected by his second-hand airs whenever he was associated with the thorough-bred. His brother from the country is an excellent specimen of the ignorant, prejudiced rustic, marveling at the wickedness of London, yet ready to imitate it upon the slightest temptation. We have, also, the narrow-minded, avaricious, overreaching citizen, who has made money his god, until he scruples not to immolate every principle of integrity at the shrine. In the Trip to Scarborough, also, we have an admirable contrast between the manners of town and country, in the brutality of sir Tunbelly, and the elegant indifference of lord Foppington to the uncourtly usage he met with in the knight's mansion. Even when he is designated as a swindler, with his hands tied behind him, his gentlemanly demeanor never forsakes him; he breaks not out into passion, but surveys the party with quiet contempt, and considers the whole affair as an aukward circumstance, justly merited as a punishment for the folly which prompted him to leave London, the only fit residence for a beau, to dwell among savages.

The difference of manners was equally perceptible in the fair sex, with the exception of a few blues, whose attainments were, perhaps, more solid than any of the feminine acquirements in this educated age. Women were like flowers, which, according to the nature of the soil on which they were reared, were delicate, or hardy. A fine, town-bred lady was, indeed, a wonderful creature; she gloried in her ignorance, yet led the wisest and most learned as captives in her train, opposing to their solid arguments brilliant nonsense, which admitted no refutation, and delighted to make them confess that her opinion was paramount to all science. Bent upon diversion, devoted to dress, she existed only to follow the dictates of her own inclination; and to accomplish her wishes she would sacrifice friends, fortune, reputation, every thing that women should hold dear in the world; sometimes flat-

tering her lover with a show of favor, at times lavishing all her attention upon a lap-dog, or even a meaner species of the animal creation, an ape. She was known in public by the train of her suitors, who crowded round her like courtiers encompassing a throne. Every eye was directed to her box in the theatre; and, as she queened it down the mall, she was followed by a host of admirers, all eager to catch a word, or a glance. The richest wine was flavorless unless her name preceded the libation; and, though she was arrogant and overbearing, deeming her whims a sufficient reason for the most ridiculous conduct, thoughtless and extravagant, spending a fortune upon a set of brittle china, or losing one at basset, regardless of all the domestic virtues, the incense of flattery being her food and her delight, preferring the silly compliments of a fop to the kind attentions of a husband,—yet her manners were so fascinating, her wit so bright, her beauty so artfully heightened by the adventitious aid of dress, that, whilst the soul and the reason were loud in her condemnation, the heart and the senses were subdued by her charms. What pains she took to ensnare! and, if a citadel held out against her allurements, how regularly she sate down before it, until the surrender was complete! Then commenced her triumph; the heart she had won she despised; and now the gratification of showing her power superseded her former desire to please; to worry and to torment was her sole aim, or she deluded the poor wretch into a fool's paradise, whilst she carried on an active flirtation with four or five of his rivals; the language of the eye and the tongue, however expressive, did not suffice, and she resorted to other methods of communication with her lovers; a patch gave a hint to one, the flutter of a fan conveyed a volume of information to a second, and a third received signals from the arrangement of flowers in a *bouquet*. So long as youth and beauty lasted, she carried on this system, and then either sank into oblivion, or fell a sacrifice to a libertine more insidious, heartless, and unprincipled than herself.

This character is now as obsolete as the country miss, whose accomplishments were confined to the erection of castles and towers in pastry, the manufacture of oceans of soup, and the conversion of so many dozen yards of canvas into coverings for chairs and sofas, worked in tent-stitch, with grim patterns of monsters and chimeras dire. These ladies knew nothing of the diversions or the vices of the metropolis, except by report, until the Spectator set the fashion of periodicals, which enlivened the parlour of a Cornish 'squire with the account of the movements of the great world in London; but the Bible and the cookery-book were the only publications which the generality of country gentlewomen patronized; the cultivation of the mind they considered an unprofitable waste of hours, which might be much better employed in the important object of metamorphosing a piece of muslin into the appearance of a piece of lace, at a vast expenditure of time and eye-sight. All these things have passed away; the inhabitants of town and country are no longer characterised by singularities which stamped their birth-place; and the strict rules of decorum now established prevent even the highest orders from transgressing these immutable decrees, upon pain of exclusion from good society; but though, among this class, politeness has become the order of the day, still the court usurps, with too few exceptions, an exclusive right to the title of true elegance. Sheer vulgarity, as we have before observed, is rarely to be met with: sometimes in public places we are amused by the ignorance, the forward airs, and under-breeding of a party, which give us some idea of a class that we have no opportunity of meeting elsewhere; but it is also seldom that, in the common course of society, we are particularly struck with the manners of a new acquaintance, and the strong admiration which such a circumstance elicits when it does happen, is a convincing proof of its rarity. We still want the happy medium between too rigid a system of etiquette, the formal bendings and smirkings, and the almost brutal indifference of modern dandyism. There are comparatively few gentlemen who know how to enter a room with grace and ease, and the round hat is almost as great a stumbling-block to the attainment of true style, as the sword in former days. The *chapeau de bras* was an implement infinitely more easy to manœuvre; as its best position was under the arm, few could fail in making the proper use of it; but the round hat requires fashion and elegance in the ma-

nagement, or it becomes an unseemly and aukward appendage, which ought to be consigned, as soon as possible, to the care of the servants.

Slight circumstances, it may be said, mark the perfect gentleman. An easy address, a graceful manner, and an elegant deportment, command at once admiration, attention, and respect; but these, perhaps, are not to be acquired by every one who may desire and endeavour to possess them. Some mal-formation in the person, not amounting to deformity, a hesitation in speech, or an unconquerable bashfulness, may present, even to men of the highest birth and education, insurmountable barriers to their attainment; but the urbane, placid, gracious demeanor, which is produced by gentlemanly feeling, will be nearly as attractive as the more showy accomplishments; and the highest degree of talent or genius will fail to please, if accompanied by arrogance and an implied contempt for the intellects of those whom nature has placed a step lower in the scale.

Society, as it now exists, is less picturesque than in former times, when the privileged few might enact a thousand wild follies with impunity: yet it is said that modern education, in females, is wholly calculated to enable them to show off in public. The present system may be defective, and capable of great and necessary improvement; but there can be no doubt that it has tended to make women more rational companions, by opening new sources of mental cultivation to the inhabitants of town and country. Dress and dissipation no longer entirely absorb the ideas of the one, and the vulgar detail of household œconomy, the ingredients necessary to make a pudding, and the quilting of a counterpane, are not permitted to engross the minds of females bred in retirement; and most assuredly even the leaders of fashion are infinitely more guarded in their conduct and behaviour than the belles of former times, who, if we may form a judgement from the novels and comedies of their day, were insatiate in their endeavours to obtain notoriety. Ladies in this æra are usually so quiet and circumspect, that they pass without remark; they dare not, as heretofore, set scandal openly at defiance; and, though slander finds an equal number of victims, the frailty of the human heart in the weak, and the malice of the envious, which will discover spots in the purest, are the food upon which this foul pest is sustained. With less pains and preparation than are usual with the other sex, women attain a certain degree of ease and elegance of manner, so as to be fitted for any circle to which an exalted marriage or any similar circumstance may introduce them.

In mixed societies the difference of rank is scarcely distinguishable, and we are still more puzzled to trace the professions. A military man, unless he happens to have lost a limb in the service, is liable to be disregarded, whilst the mustachioed beau, whose campaigns have never extended farther than Bond-street, is mistaken for the hero of many battles in the Peninsula—Barristers leave all the dust of the courts with their wigs and gowns; and authors, no longer hanging to the skirts of a patron, are frequently pointed out enacting *le cavalier seul* in the centre of a quadrille. It is still the fashion to assume a *nom de guerre;* but the grave designations of Bickerstaff and Ironside are as completely cast aside as powder and periwigs. We have the more romantic assumptions of Barry Cornwall and St. John Dorset; and the fancy, upon reading poetry thus undersigned, pictures the charms and graces of youth. The fraternity are likewise grown bold: as half of the world read, the other half necessarily write; and, without the ceremony of preface or dedication, we boldly commit our lucubrations to the press, and periodical works have become so plentiful, that we can scarcely go to a rout without stumbling upon a popular editor, or, at the least, a contributor. But the general knowlege of polite literature, which is absolutely necessary to fit us for companions to our equals, ought to have a stronger effect upon our manners than is perceptible. We have still much to learn and to unlearn; the art of conversation, the means of pleasing, are not sufficiently studied. We are too selfish, too apt to pride ourselves upon the advantages of birth, fortune, or education, and fancy that we may *command* attention when we should endeavour to *win* it; whilst those whom some fortuitous circumstances have advanced in the world, and who have imbibed their early ideas from the mean habits of low parents, unconscious of their deficiencies,

will betray their origin at the very moment when they fancy that they are showing off to the greatest advantage.

In a commercial country like England, where every honor is open to the fortunate adventurer, whom his career has preserved any thing like a character, it may seem perhaps illiberal to deny the power of such a person to assume the appearance and the manners of a gentleman. To a mild temper, and an uncorrupted heart, the task may not be difficult, because the frame of such a mind cannot suggest any thing offensive, and quiet unassuming manners must always pass uncensured; but, when the disposition is violent, and the heart malevolent, the best imitator of elegance, he who is most cautious and pains-taking in his endeavours to pass for a man of polish and breeding, will be betrayed into the disclosure of a base sentiment, or into the performance of a degrading action, whenever he is thrown off his guard by a sudden impulse or a powerful temptation. The color of the mind will show itself; and, though a gentleman may be equally a villain with a plebeian, the acts, or the manner in which each performs them, will be widely contrasted.

RICH FOLK.

Stertinius. Omnis enim res,
Virtus, fama, decus, divina humanaque, pulchris
Divitiis parent; quas qui construxerit, ille
Clarus erit, fortis, justus ——
Damasippus. Sapiensne?
Stertinius. Etiam! et rex,
Et quicquid volet.

Hor. *Lib.* ii. *Sat.* iii.

Stert. For virtue, glory, beauty, all divine
And human powers, immortal gold, are thine;
And he, who piles the shining heap, shall rise
Noble, brave, just——
Dam. You will not call him wise?
Stert. Yes, any thing; a monarch, if he please!

Your amusing correspondent 'Cassius*' has placed in its proper light the melancholy situation of the opulent, with regard to luxurious feeding. None of his majesty's subjects are so liable to be poisoned. Mr. Accum proves this beyond contradiction, and, after all their gormandizing, it is wonderful that so many of them, who pay no sort of respect to his admonitions, are still alive to tell the story. He has not, however, with all his *public spirit*, gone far enough:—much remains to be done, to make them truly happy, and I propose to finish his holy and charitable labors.

That wealth is a desirable thing no one can doubt, and even those who, by experience, seem to have the best reason to doubt it, appear to have less doubt about the matter than any body else. It is desirable, however, as the discovery of mercury or opium may be said to be desirable—the use solves the question one way, and the abuse another. The man who employs his large means in becoming splendor, improvements, education, and charity, makes one almost question the blindness of Fortune. To him, such possessions may be called desirable, and he is to be envied: but let us see how others, on whom fortune has lavished her favors, deserve the envy they inspire.

Of the pride and vanity of beauty in a woman, or talent in a man, I have some conception, and can understand why I should pay the homage of gazing with admiration on the former, and even submit to the office of burning incense before the latter. In both, it is an infirmity, but an infirmity to which we bend not only with grace, but we have, in the loveliness of the one, and the genius of the other, a benefit and reward. But how, why, or wherefore we are to crouch and cringe to the arrogant self-sufficiency of wealth, standing on no other merit, I cannot comprehend. If the rich man would give us any of his money, it would be intelligible enough; but when he will give us nothing but his disgusting impudence, wretched pride, dullness, ignorance, and even contempt *, what is to be thought of the worshiper with such a monkey for a God?

Now for the wealthy, who *abuse* their possessions, and would be really happier without them; or at any rate derive that sort of enjoyment from them, which

* See our third volume, p. 641.

* See Juvenal, Sat. iii. v. 147.

——materiam præbet causasque jocorum, &c.

Add that the rich have still a gibe in store,
And will be monstrous witty on the poor;
For the torn surtout and the tatter'd vest,
The wretch and all his wardrobe are a jest;
The greasy gown, sullied with often turning,
Gives a good hint to say the man's in mourning;
Or if the shoe be rip'd, or patch is put,
He's wounded, see the plaster on his foot.

every sane mind must consider as pitiable and contemptible.

Take the miser:—but he is condemned at all hands; therefore I shall let the epigrammatists dispose of him.

> Tongilianus habet, &c.—MARTIAL.
>
> Peter has plenty of the cole;
> But he has nothing else, poor soul!

The next is from the Greek:

> Χρησις γαρ πλουτου μαρτυς.
>
> All say thou 'rt rich, but I pronounce thee poor,
> Since *use* is e'er of wealth the test most sure:
> 'Tis thine, if thou its many blessings share;
> If not, thou 'rt but the banker of thine heir!

Even the brute creation know and despise him, if we may believe Lucilius.—Speaking of a miser, he said—

> He once a mouse within his mansion spied,
> And straight—'what dost thou, villain, here?' he cried.—
> 'To come,' the mouse rejoin'd, 'no food inclin'd me;
> But here methought *no cat* would think to find me!'

If this hoarding be an enjoyment, safety must be a principal ingredient in it; and in that case, it is grievous to think of the labor lost in digging it out of the earth, where it would have been perfectly safe, and as useful. Such a person is rich, as the ass laden with gold is rich—having all the burthen, without participation in the enjoyment.

Now the man of wealth, whose kitchen and cellar are daily making great inroads into his constitution, finds that even physic will not do, but he must, listless and bloated, take exercise. A pack of hounds and a stud of horses are purchased, and he takes the field, the envy of the county. Where is the cause of envy? Why does he do this? Why, sorely against his grain; and, merely that he may get a night's rest, he undergoes, and with greater reluctance, more fatigue than a paver or a coal-heaver. Such a man, without resources in himself, would have been healthier, and ought to have been happier, as a laborer. Were minds well regulated, it would be found that Providence has made a very equal distribution of happiness, or the true enjoyment of sublunary things. The poor and industrious, with sufficient, have full as much as the rich profligate with his luxuries. What they want in one way, they have in another—a frugal meal, but satisfactory—employment to drive away care, with that fiend, *ennui*, and to seduce sleep—appetite for the coarsest fare, and health to sweeten all. Dionysius, the sophist, addressing his audience on the virtue of moderation in the pursuit of pleasure, used to say, that a person should taste honey only on the tip of his finger! Hesiod* tells us that *half is more than the whole*, which is explained by a reference to the indulgence of the appetite. Make me not poor, that is, starve me not, lest I steal and offend thee; make me not rich, that is, give me not a superfluous abundance, lest I forsake thee, is one of the best prayers that man can offer up to Heaven. For a Heathen, Horace's wish is perfect:—

> 'Leisure, a competence, a book, and friend.'

But too much stress is laid on *leisure*. Idle time for amusement is delicious to busy people or the laborious; but idleness without limits is a curse—the most tedious, as well as pernicious in its consequences, of all earthly things. The wealthy and idle are nevertheless envied, in consequence of the strange and silly notions which people form of what they would do if they had wealth and leisure; and such notions are scarcely caricatured or overdrawn in the case of the rustic lad, who said, 'If I was rich, I would swing on a gate, and eat gingerbread all day long.'

See the citizen retired with a plum—so comfortable that he's quite miserable. See how *he* enjoys idleness:—behold him looking about his park for a convenient tree to hang himself. I once knew a man of immense wealth, who, sleeping and eating apart, was the most wretched of mortals, always bent on murder (killing time), and unable to accomplish it. On a certain occasion, one of his numerous servants, a new-comer, entered his room to ask him for something to do. 'To do!' he exclaimed—'what, do you think I hired you to find you something to do? I have trouble enough to find something to occupy myself; and how the devil do you think I am to find any thing for you to do?' He discharged him, as an *unreasonable* scoundrel.

Then comes the young gentleman, who has just jumped into a large fortune. '*Escaped from college rules*,' he hates study almost as much as ever, which is quite enough to determine him never to open a book again. Intrigue, theatres,

* Opera et Dies, l. i. v. 40.

'and all that sort of thing, and every thing else in the world,' are not sufficient: time and purse are still heavy with him. Gaming is the only pastime worthy of a gentleman. His fortune is known, and he is not black-balled. Every '*hell*' is open to him—it is his right road, and he goes. Madame Deshoulieres has well described one of the consequences:

Les plaisirs sont amers si-tôt qu'on en abuse;
Il est bon de jouer un peu,
Mais il faut seulement que le jeu nous amuse:
Un joueur d'un commun aveu
N'a rien d'humain que l'apparence.
Et d'ailleurs il n'est pas si facile qu'on pense
D'être fort honnête homme, et de jouer gros jeu.
Le désir de gagner qui nuit et jour occupe
Est un dangereux aiguillon.
Souvent quoique l'esprit, quoique le cœur soit bon,
On commence par être dupe,
On finit par être fripon.

Paris, 1764.

Amusement, which exceeds the measure
Of reason, ceases to be pleasure.
Play, merely for diversion's sake,
Is fair, nor risks a heavy stake.
The vet'ran gamester, void of shame,
Is man no longer but in name;
His mind, the slave of ev'ry vice,
Spawn'd by that foul fiend avarice.
Though with integrity and sense
The gamester may his trade commence,
The lust of gold will soon impart
Its subtle poison to his heart.
To each mean trick inur'd to stoop,
The knave soon supersedes the dupe!

Another advantage, as it is called, of wealth in improper hands, is giving routs, or being 'at home;' the only pleasure of which is shutting the door on the visitors, sinking in a chair, and saying, 'Thank God, they are gone!' The delight of this open house is on a par with that of the Irishman, who said he kept open house, because the roof was off. Nothing can support persons through this visitation, but the fancy that they are envied the power of giving such entertainments, as they are miscalled. These friendly and affectionate meetings of some two or three hundred persons consist generally of those who are scarcely known, and, if known, not at all cared for, and who with all proper gratitude despise or ridicule the inviter. But these magnificent houses are the envy of all, and why? Because, in truth, there is not a single room in which the family can be said to be comfortable. Then the dinners—well may those who have none envy them; but how are they to be envied, who give them?—this distinction is forgotten—for their sole gratification is in thinking what will be said of the feast:—for them, that is enough—the poor all—for appetite for it they have none.

But recollect the number of visits to receive, and the number to pay—so many carriages at the door, so much envy of their happiness, and so little to be found to envy. Well may the foot-passenger toiling along the path, way-worn and weary, envy those who pass in their carriages; but here the distinction is wanting:—it is the carriage, and not the riders in it, that should excite desire; for they are often to be pitied, as they know not where they ride, and would never undergo the irksome ceremony, *ennuyante* to the last degree, but that they enjoy the base pleasure of exciting, as they imagine, as base an envy. The same vice is observable in children, whom we frequently see delighted to have a bauble, not because they have any use for it, or care a pin about it, but because other babies wish to have it, and envy them.

A box at the opera is on the same ground—for half the season it is a nuisance to the possessor; but it is the cause of envy, 'other pleasure none.' So much trouble to make up their minds to go; but it will be a full opera, and, however 'sick and sorry,' they must be there.

'To estimate truly the power of agreeable sensations,' says a sensible writer, 'it is necessary we should possess a state of mind capable of relishing them.' A fine concert can give no delight to those who are eaten up with *ennui*, indifference, and perhaps disease. Melody could tend little to alleviate the situation of the slaves among the Etrurians, who every year, as Aristotle relates, were beaten with rods to the sound of flutes.

What is to be said of persons in the 'embarras de richesses,' who treat the favors of Fortune in this manner? Are they to be envied? That wealth should fall into such hands is beyond me—it is not in my philosophy to find it out. Epictetus compared Fortune to a woman who granted favors to the meanest of her servants. The following madrigal pursues this idea:—

Dans l'amour, comme dans le jeu,
Rien n'est certain, rien n'est solide;
Et le mérite sert bien peu
Où sans ordre et sans choix la Fortune préside.
Du plus adroit et du plus généreux,
Du plus aimable et du plus amoureux,

Souvent, sans y penser même,
Le plus sot est le plus heureux !

The gamester and the gallant find
Fortune and Love are of one mind;
Both are by mere caprice directed:—
In vain the generous lover sighs;
In vain his art the gamester plies;
Virtue and skill are both neglected.

Fortune and Cupid, all agree,
Are so stark blind they cannot see
The worth of any kind of merit:
Blockheads grow rich ere well aware;
To women fools and fops are dear,
Dearer than men of wit and spirit!

A rich old fellow once asked a philosopher, what kind of a thing opulence was, and how he would define it. 'It is a thing,' he replied, 'which can give a rogue an advantage over an honest man.'

There would be no end to my 'wise saws,' were I to adduce all the '*modern instances*' of abuse of riches. The excitement of envy, without any real enjoyment, seems to be the summit of the happiness, or rather the besetting vice, of all unworthy possessors of wealth. A mere dolt buys a seat, and becomes M. P. What for?—to be envied—not for the enjoyment, or any useful purpose. What enjoyment has a dumby for a rotten borough, purchased with his superfluous cash, in sitting up night after night, or sleeping in the gallery, during a heavy session, but that he is an object of envy to the ignorant and stupid?—a monstrous throng of admirers, I admit.

Not to trespass farther, I shall now come to what my philanthropy has suggested: but it is first necessary that I should describe my own situation, which, as the persons interested are more likely to understand *rhyme* than *reason*, I shall give in verse:—

The address of one 'out of suits with Fortune,' to those who are her favorites.

'Let them but remember Louis XI. who, to a clerk of the exchequer, that came to be lord-treasurer, and had (for his device) represented himself sitting on *Fortune's wheel*, told him, he might do well to fasten it with a good strong nail, lest, turning about, it might bring him where he was; as indeed it did.'

Explorata, vol. 7. 112.
BEN JONSON'S WORKS.

Arm'd by Fortune with a charm,
Nought on earth can do me harm!
What the charm is would you know,
She has laid me down so low,
That, let her all her power use,
I may win but cannot lose;
I may fill my empty purse,
May be better, can't be worse!
You, who ride upon her wheel,
Careless what your fellows feel;
You, on high, who laugh and scoff,
Oh, beware you fall not off.
Arm'd by Fortune with a charm,
Falls can never do me harm!
Up, you *think* you've got a friend,
Never *sure*, till you descend:
Great your prospect, wide your range:
Oh, that things are doom'd to change!
Arm'd by Fortune with a charm,
Changes ne'er can do me harm!
Hopeless you, with danger near,
I all hope, with nought to fear;—
You then, on the giddy steep,
Cease to laugh, and learn to weep,
Own the truth which wise ones know—
I've most cause to smile below!
Arm'd by Fortune with a charm,
Nought on earth can do *me* harm!
What the charm is, would you know,
She has laid me down so low,
That, let her all her power use,
I may win but cannot lose;
I may fill my empty purse,
May be better, can't be worse!

What then I could wish, and now propose, is, that all these abusers of fortune would commit their means to me, and I am ready to undertake to make them more comfortable in their minds, more healthy in their bodies, and more respected and happy in the opinion of all whose opinion is worth any thing, than they have been during the uncontrolled management of their own fortunes. I require no thanks, for I shall take the very large surplus to myself; but conditionally—that whenever I use it as they have done, I shall return it, join them, and be doomed (bitter punishment) to be held in the same estimation as themselves.

I shall conclude with St. Paul—'Gold and silver have I none; but such as I have, give I unto thee'—*my advice*.

IRUS.

ANECDOTES, BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, AND MEMOIRS,

collected by Lætitia Matilda Hawkins.

8vo. vol. I.

AT a time when light reading is the order of the day among a numerous class of the public, anecdotes are more attractive than profound speculations or abstruse inquiries. We do not say that

all our readers belong to this class; for we are convinced that many of them take higher flights in their studies: yet even these may be amused, and occasionally instructed, by desultory intelligence and loose sketches. These varied communications serve, without the parade of erudition or the formality of elaborate investigation, to extend our acquaintance with our own species, and swell the stores of miscellaneous conversation.

These anecdotes are collected by a lady who is not deficient in literary talent, and who is capable of delineating, with lively touches, the manners and peculiarities which have attracted her notice. She sometimes falls into the garrulity and frivolity of Boswell; but 'what came in her way she seems to have observed well,' and is by no means a dull communicator of the information received from her relatives and friends.

Proud of the honor of having been acquainted with Garrick in the time of her childhood, she thus speaks of his appearance and manners:—'I see him now, in a dark blue coat, the button-holes bound with gold, a small cocked hat laced with gold, his waistcoat very open, and his countenance never at rest, and, indeed, seldom his person; for, in the relaxation of the country, he gave way to all his natural volatility, and with my father was perfectly at ease, sometimes sitting on a table, and then, if he saw my brothers at a distance on the lawn, shooting off like an arrow out of a bow in a spirited chase of them round the garden. I remember when my father, having me in his hand, met him on the common, riding his pretty pony,—his moving my compassion by lamenting the misery of being summoned to town in hot weather to play before the king of Denmark. I thought him sincere, and his case pitiable, till my father assured me he was in reality very well pleased, and that what he groaned at as labor, was an honor paid to his talents.

* * * * * * * *

'At Hampton and in its neighbourhood, Mr. and Mrs. Garrick took the rank of the *noblesse*, his highly-finished manners, and his lady's elegance of taste, making their house and themselves very attractive. Yet I do not recollect that there was in them any of that calculated display now much too common. I never heard noble visitors named, or any affected intimacies with great people brought forward. In short (to use a fashionable phrase), every thing was in 'too good taste,' to admit of any departures from moderation. His establishment was distinguishing—he drove four horses when going to town—and he had two nieces, of whose re-echoed praises I was duly jealous.

'The natural expression of his countenance was far from that placidity which the portrait Mr. Langton possessed indicated. I confess I was afraid of him, more so than I was of Johnson, whom I knew not to be, nor could suppose he ever would be thought to be, an extraordinary man. Garrick had a frown, and spoke impetuously—Johnson was slow, and kind in his way to children, detaining me standing first on one foot and then on the other, till I was weary; which my father, I believe, seldom observed without recollecting 'the lion dandling the kid.'

Another neighbour (if not friend) of sir John Hawkins, was 'Mrs. Clive, the comic actress, who, I believe, by her agreeable or rather diverting society, paid rent for what is called little Strawberry-hill. Her memory still survives in the place and her bounty to her indigent relations is recorded on a tablet affixed to the wall of the church [*at Twickenham*]: the lines, which are far from contemptible, were written, I have been informed, by the late Miss Pope, the actress. A virtue less known, and perhaps less easily credited, considering her manners in private and her cast of characters in public, was her perfect abstinence from spirituous liquors. She told a lady, from whom I had it, that she believed she could say more than most players could, that she never kept any of these exhilarating resources in her house.

'I know not whether I tell what is new or stale, in reporting the disappointment of one of her maid-servants, to whom she had given an admission to see her act. When the servant was asked how she liked her mistress on the stage, she said 'she saw no difference between her there and at home.' It is most probable from this, that the character in which she had seen her was *Nell*, in the farce of 'The Devil to Pay.'

'Mrs. Clive visited my father and mother; but, on my mother's running out of the house one evening, when she had called accidentally, to prevent her alighting from her carriage, as the small-pox had made its appearance amongst

us, and she knew Mrs. Clive not to have had it,—utterly insensible to the politeness of her attention at a moment of such anxiety, she roughly replied, 'it was not you I wanted to see; it was your husband: send him out.' And I remember a reply of the same hue, which she made to two very decent men, then in office as surveyors of the roads in the parish, on my father's sending them to her, as being the acting magistrate of the place, to demand some payment which she had refused:—it was in these laconic terms, 'By the living G— I will not pay it.' I suppose this might destroy entirely all intercourse with our house, for she was of course compelled to break her oath. A strange expression to use of one of my own sex, but I have no choice.—I suppose it was to show 'what some actresses *can* do—what some *will* do,'—that she worked for the Holbein chamber, at Strawberry-hill, the carpet with blue tulips and yellow foliage.'

The memory of that distinguished person who employed his theatrical friend in this useful way is treated with respectful tenderness by the fair writer, who will not allow that he was an unworthy member of society, or deficient in friendliness, candor, and integrity. Adverting to Mr. Walpole's exterior, she says, 'His figure was not merely tall, but more properly long and slender to excess; his complexion, and particularly his hands, of a most unhealthy paleness. I speak of him before the year 1772. His eyes were remarkably bright and penetrating, very dark and lively:—his voice was not strong, but his tones were extremely pleasant, and, if I may so say, highly gentlemanly. I do not remember his common gait; he always entered a room in that style of affected delicacy, which fashion had then made almost natural;—a *chapeau* [*ar*] *bras* between his hands as if he wished to compress it, or under his arm—knees bent, and feet on tip-toe, as if afraid of a wet floor.

'His dress in visiting was most usually, in summer, when I most saw him, a lavender suit, the waistcoat embroidered with a little silver, or of white silk worked in the tambour, partridge silk stockings, and gold buckles, ruffles and frill generally of lace. I remember, when a child, thinking him very much underdressed, if at any time (except in mourning) he wore hemmed cambric. In summer no powder, but his wig combed straight, and showing his very smooth pale forehead, and queued behind:—in winter powder.'

'Mr. Walpole (says our authoress) began to go down in public favor from the time when he *resisted* the imposition of Chatterton.' She terms this a 'reasonable resistance;' and we do not blame her for her hostility to any sort of imposition; but, when she adds, 'I am confident, had he asked Mr. Walpole for twenty pounds, and only shown what he *could* do, he might have obtained it,' we beg leave to observe, that she was not acquainted with the ungenerous and illiberal spirit of the proprietor of Strawberry-hill. One who, for no merit but his father's services, lived in luxury on the spoils of the public, and who professed a high regard for literary merit, might have been expected to lend a helping hand to a man of genius, struggling with adversity; but, as he arrogantly declared that an artist who could command a pencil did not require patronage, he thought that an author who had a pen might defy the frowns of fortune.

Of Dr. Mead, the celebrated physician, some anecdotes are introduced; but they are not very important. She says, 'he was said to take, on an average, 8000l. a-year, a great receipt in itself, but small when compared with that to which one of our great operating practitioners pleads guilty—22,000l. (on an average of three years) *per annum!*'—Without knowing the physician to whom she alludes, we may observe, that no man's abilities deserve such a remuneration, and that such an exorbitant multiplicity of business, being far beyond what any one can execute with due consideration, must occasionally lead to dreadful and fatal mistakes.

'One circumstance attached to the biography of Mead ought not to be omitted. He had had a personal quarrel with Dr. Woodward,—whose memory Foote has assisted to preserve, but in a way just contrary to what he himself designed;—and Dr. Mead had, I believe, inflicted on him that corporal chastisement, under which no gentleman is patient, but which Woodward thought fit to take philosophically. Ranelagh was at that time a morning-amusement in warm weather; and, while the affair was still recent, the beaten doctor went there to seek recreation. His manner, my father used to describe as singularly and ludicrously mincing and af-

fected. Seating himself in a box, he called to a waiter to bring him 'something cooling;' he seemed to have no choice amongst the things offered for his acceptance, but continued to desire to have 'something cooling,' till the waiter, perhaps tired of trying to please, asked him, in a tone peculiarly audible, whether he chose 'a little *mead*.'

Having imbibed her father's musical taste, this lady dwells *con amore* upon the characters of composers, singers, and instrumental performers. Among the last class, Mr. Wesley is mentioned with high approbation.—'A high treat of music was given to a few friends by a young lady in London, of which I had the good fortune to partake. Mr. Charles Wesley was present, and performed, with astonishing execution, a manuscript composition of one of the now obsolete masters, concerning which I heard this curious anecdote:—A nobleman, who possessed many of these undivulged curiosities, having invited Mr. Wesley to his house, put before him this uncommonly difficult lesson, with which, on playing it over, he was so charmed, that he asked the favor of being allowed to copy it.

'A collector and a cook very much resemble each other. Mr. Gostling had a cook who, on being asked for the receipt for a very delicate pudding, declared that 'she would not give it, even on her death-bed, to her own sister;'—and this nobleman, *mutatis mutandis*, resembled her, by refusing to grant to a man whom it had been an honor to oblige, an indulgence, which he of all people was the least likely to misuse. Mr. Wesley very properly suppressed his feeling, and contented himself with being permitted to play it over once more; but, in doing this, he made it his own; and every one must acknowlege that it was his by right of conquest. I wish that, independent of the extraordinary ability which what was in itself so difficult required, and which it met fully in the talents of the professor, I could give to the *eye* of the reader any idea of what the manual execution was. The greater part was performed with the hands crossed;—rapidity made the utmost quickness of sight necessary;—and the hands were, at one moment, at the most extreme distance that they could reach when crossed, and at the next so close, that the eye was deceived into the supposition, that that which was uppermost was again brought under that which it crossed upon. I never witnessed any thing of the kind to be put in comparison with it.'

Among the English singers, the late Mr. Bartleman seems to have been a particular favorite with this lady. She repeatedly compares him with a lark; but, without depreciating the melody of that songster, we may suppose that it was excelled by Bartleman in taste and science. She thus breaks out in a strain of admiration:—'When called upon to sing a solo-part of an anthem, then it was that he most shone and most delighted. I have heard him, times without number, sing Kent's 'Hear my prayer,' and Greene's 'Acquaint thyself with God,' and may I never, never forget the impression of these sounds! He was fine, I confess, very fine, as a bass singer; but I have heard as fine a voice—never accompanied by so fine a taste; and this taste, this nice discretion as it may be called, in the use of his powers, was either natural to him, or showed itself so early as to make it appear so;—under Dr. Cooke's tuition it met with every encouragement; and, while the state of his voice allowed him to retain his situation in the Abbey, I think it must be acknowleged by all who ever heard him, that, excepting the lark, 'singing up to Heaven's gate,' nothing more melodious ever warbled in the air.'

Some poetic trifles are annexed to the volume, by Mr. Henry Hawkins, who is desirous of showing that he has not forgotten his classical learning. The Sapphic ode is tolerable; and a Greek verse contains a good pun upon the title of *Moira;* but, as this will not bear translation, we are content to quote one which will be understood by all our readers.

'On the report of an intended alteration of Westminster Hall, projected by lord Grenville, which would make it necessary to take off the roof:—

'With cedar roof and stony wall,
Old William Rufus built this hall;
Without a roof, with scarce a wall,
William Unroof-us spoils it all.'

MOORE'S LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

Second Illustration.

THE subject of the annexed engraving is borrowed from the story of Rubi, the spirit of knowlege, who, having found in his rambles a 'maid most fit to be a



bright young angel's love,' hovered around her, day and night, and wound up her fancy to its utmost height by vague but delightful visions, in which he was a half-revealed phantom. One night he surprised her in a holy spot which she had chosen for prayer: she addressed him with all the warmth of passion, and implored him 'to shine but o'er her waking wondering eyes that night,—she ask'd no more.'

'Exhausted, breathless, as she said
These burning words, her languid head
Upon the altar's steps she cast,
As if that brain-throb were its last—
Till, startled by the breathing, nigh,
Of lips, that echoed back her sigh,
Sudden her brow again she rais'd,
And there, just lighted on the shrine,
Beheld me—not as I had blaz'd
Around her, full of light divine,
In her late dreams, but soften'd down
Into more mortal grace—my crown
Of flowers, too radiant for this world,
Left hanging on yon starry steep;
My wings shut up, like banners furl'd,
When peace hath put their pomp to sleep;
Or like autumnal clouds, that keep
Their lightnings sheath'd, rather than mar
The dawning hour of some young star—
And nothing, but what beseem'd
Th' accessible, though glorious mate
Of mortal woman—whose eyes beam'd
Back upon hers, as passionate;
Whose ready heart brought flame for flame,
Whose sin, whose madness was the same,
And whose soul lost, in that one hour,
For her and for her love—oh more
Of heaven's light than ev'n the power
Of heav'n itself could now restore!'

WALKS IN THE COUNTRY,

NO. II.

THE FIRST PRIMROSE.

March 6th.—Fine March weather: boisterous, blustering, much wind and squalls of rain; and yet the sky where the clouds are swept away deliciously blue, with snatches of sunshine, bright, and clear, and healthful, and the roads, in spite of the slight glittering showers, crisply dry. Altogether, the day is tempting, very tempting. It will not do for the dear common, that windmill of a walk; but the close sheltered lanes at the bottom of the hill, which keep out just enough of the stormy air, and let in all the sun, will be delightful. Past our old house, and round by the winding lanes, and the workhouse, and across the lea, and so into the turnpike road again,—that is our route for to-day. Forth we set, Mayflower and I, rejoicing in the sunshine, and still more in the wind, which gives such an intense feeling of existence, and, co-operating with brisk motion, sets our blood and our spirits in a glow. For mere physical pleasure, there is nothing perhaps equal to the enjoyment of being drawn, in a light carriage, against such a wind as this, by a blood horse at his height of speed. Walking comes next to it; but walking is not quite so luxurious or so spiritual, not quite so much what one fancies of flying, or being carried above the clouds in a balloon.

Nevertheless, a walk is a good thing; especially under this southern hedgerow, where nature is just beginning to live again: the periwinkles, with their starry blue flowers, and their shining myrtle-like leaves, garlanding the bushes; woodbines and elder-trees pushing out their small swelling buds; and grasses and mosses springing forth in every variety of brown and green. Here we are at the corner where four lanes meet, or rather where a passable road of stones and gravel crosses an impassable one of beautiful but treacherous turf, and where the small white farm-house, scarcely larger than a cottage, and the well-stocked rick-yard behind, tell of comfort and order, but leave all unguessed the great riches of the master. How he became so rich is almost a puzzle; for, though the farm be his own, it is not large; and, though prudent and frugal on ordinary occasions, farmer Barnard is no miser. His horses, dogs, and pigs, are the best kept in the parish,—May herself, although her beauty be injured by her fatness, half envies the plight of his bitch Fly: his wife's gowns and shawls cost as much again as any shawls or gowns in the village: his dinner parties (to be sure they are not frequent) display twice the ordinary quantity of good things—two couples of ducks, two dishes of green peas, two turkey poults, two gammons of bacon, two plum-puddings; moreover, he keeps a single-horse chaise, and has built and endowed a Methodist chapel. Yet is he the richest man in these parts. Every thing prospers with him. Money drifts about him like

snow. He looks like a rich man. There is a sturdy squareness of face and figure; a good-humored obstinacy; a civil importance. He never boasts of his wealth, or gives himself undue airs; but nobody can meet him at market or vestry without finding out immediately that he is the richest man there. They have no child to all this money; but there is an adopted nephew, a fine spirited lad, who may, perhaps, some day or other, play the part of a fountain to this reservoir.

Now turn up the wide road till we come to the open common, with its park-like trees, its beautiful stream, wandering and twisting along, and its rural bridge. Here we turn again, past that other white farm-house, half hidden by the magnificent elms which stand before it. Ah! riches dwell not there; but there is found the next best thing—an industrious and light-hearted poverty. Twenty years ago Rachel Hilton was the prettiest and merriest lass in the country. Her father, an old gamekeeper, had retired to a village ale-house, where his good beer, his social humor, and his black-eyed daughter, brought much custom. She had lovers by the score; but Joseph White, the dashing and lively son of an opulent farmer, carried off the fair Rachel. They married and settled here, and here they live still, as merrily as ever, with fourteen children of all ages and sizes, from nineteen years to nineteen months, working harder than any people in the parish, and enjoying themselves more. I would match them for labor and laughter against any family in England. She is a blithe, jolly dame, whose beauty has amplified into comeliness: he is tall, and thin, and bony, with sinews like whipcord, a strong lively voice, a sharp weather-beaten face, and eyes and lips that smile and brighten when he speaks into a most contagious hilarity. They are very poor, and I often wish them richer; but I don't know—perhaps it might put them out.

Quite close to farmer White's is a little ruinous cottage, white-washed once, and now in a sad state of betweenity, where dangling stockings and shirts swelled by the wind, drying in a neglected garden, give signal of a washer-woman. There dwells, at present in single blessedness, Betty Evans, the wife of our sometime gardener. I never saw any one who so much reminded me in person of that lady whom every body knows, Mistress Meg Merrilies;—as tall, as grizzled, as stately, as dark, as gipsy-looking, bonneted and gowned like her prototype, and almost as oracular. Here the resemblance ceases. Mrs. Evans is a perfectly honest, industrious, pains-taking person, who earns a good deal of money by washing and charing, and spends it in other luxuries than tidiness,—in green tea, and gin, and snuff. Her husband lives in a great family ten miles off. He is a capital gardener—or rather he would be so, if he were not too ambitious. He undertakes all things, and finishes none. But a smooth tongue, a knowing look, and a great capacity of labor, carry him through. Let him but like his ale and his master, and he will do work enough for four. Give him his own way, and his full quantum, and nothing comes amiss to him.

Ah May is bounding forward! Her silly heart leaps at the sight of the old place—and so, in good truth, does mine. What a pretty place it was,—or rather, how pretty I thought it! I suppose I should have thought any place so where I had spent eighteen happy years. But it was really pretty. A large, heavy, white house, in the simplest style, surrounded by fine oaks and elms and tall massy plantations shaded down into a beautiful lawn, by wild overgrown shrubs, bowery acacias, ragged sweet-briars, promontories of dog-wood, and Portugal laurel, and bays overhung by laburnum and bird-cherry: a long piece of water letting light into the picture, and looking just like a natural stream, the banks as rude and wild as the shrubbery, interspersed with broom, and furze, and bramble, and pollard oaks covered with ivy and honey-suckle; the whole enclosed by an old mossy park paling, and terminating in a series of rich meadows, richly planted. This is an exact description of the home which, three years ago, it nearly broke my heart to leave. What a tearing up by the root it was! I have pitied cabbage plants and celery, and all trans-plantable things ever since; though, in common with them and with other vegetables, the first agony of the transportation being over, I have taken such firm and tenacious hold of my new soil, that I would not for the world be pulled up again, even to be restored to the old beloved ground;—not even if its beauty were undiminished, which is by no means the case; for in those three years it has thrice changed masters, and every suc-

cessive possessor has brought the curse of improvement upon the place: so that between filling up the water to cure dampness, cutting down trees to let in prospects, planting to keep them out, shutting up windows to darken the inside of the house (by which means one end looks precisely as an eight of spades would do that should have the misfortune to lose one of his corner pips), and building colonnades to lighten the out, added to a general clearance of pollards, and brambles, and ivy, and honeysuckles, and park palings, and irregular shrubs, the poor place is so transmogrified that if it had its old looking-glass, the water, back again, it would not know its own face. And yet I love to haunt round about it: so does May. Her particular attraction is a certain broken bank full of rabbet burrows, into which she insinuates her long pliant head and neck, and tears her pretty feet by vain scratchings: mine is a warm sunny hedgerow, in the same remote field, famous for early flowers. Never was a spot more variously flowery: primroses yellow, lilac, white, violets of either hue, cowslips, oxlips, arums, orchises, wild hyacinths, ground ivy, pansies, strawberries, heart's-ease, formed a small part of the Flora of that wild hedgerow. How profusely they covered the sunny open slope under the weeping birch, 'the lady of the woods'—and how often have I started to see the early innocent brown snake, who loved the spot as well as I did, winding along the young blossoms, or rustling amongst the fallen leaves! There are primrose leaves already, and short green buds, but no flowers; not even in that furze cradle so full of roots, where they used to blow as in a basket. No, my May, no rabbets! no primroses! We may as well get over the gate into the woody winding lane, which will bring us home again.

Here we are making the best of our way between the old elms that arch so solemnly over head, dark and sheltered even now. They say that a spirit haunts this deep pool—a white lady without a head. I cannot say that I have seen her, often as I have paced this lane at deep midnight, to hear the nightingales, and look at the glow-worms;—but there, better and rarer than a thousand ghosts, dearer even than nightingales or glow-worms, there is a primrose, the first of the year; a tuft of primroses, springing in yonder sheltered nook, from the mossy roots of an old willow, and living again in the clear bright pool. Oh, how beautiful they are—three fully blown and two bursting buds! how glad I am I came this way! They are not to be reached. Even Jack Rapley's love of the difficult and the unattainable would fail him here: May herself could not stand on that steep bank. So much the better. Who would wish to disturb them? There they live in their innocent and fragrant beauty, sheltered from the storms, and rejoicing in the sunshine, and looking as if they could feel their happiness. Who would disturb them? Oh, how glad I am I came this way home! M.

MATRIMONY.

A PETER-PINDARIC.

'Tis hard to say what sort of wife
Would constitute a happy life;
Or once *egg'd* on, when women teaze ye,
How then the *yoke* can be made easy!
Tastes differ, and we see
(So strange is Cupid's jumbling)
That none in any thing agree,
Except in grumbling!
Too much alike's a doubtful bond,
'Tis mimicry and mocking;
So learned men are not o'er fond
Of what we call *blue stocking*.
But then dissimilarity,
Where there's no point of parity,
Is deem'd an evil;
For when such freaks the house displays,
And man and wife pull diff'rent ways,
It needs must be the devil!

Not always so,
Says good Chevreau*,
And tells the tale I'll tell to you,
By which you'll see a plan,
How e'en a learned man
Might make the matter do.

A great professor (no one greater)
And principal of the *belles-lettres*
At Saumur once resided,
And pond'ring read throughout the day;
But though his wife was young and gay
She never chided—
Such constancy was in her;
And he was constant too and steady,
For when the hour came for dinner,
He never fail'd—was always ready.
I lie—*never*'s a constancy much greater
Than it were wise to swear of human nature—
Yes, once he chanced to stay—
Some knotty point, and he a little muddy,
When he from Mrs. A.
Received a visit in his study.
No pouts, no sulks, his bile to move,
No, not an angry look,
But merely this—'I wish, my love,
I were a book.'
'A book! why so?' he cried—
'Because you'd then be always by my side.'
He smiled, and straight—a harmless joke to crack—
'I would not care, if 'twere an almanack.'
'An almanack!' the wife rejoin'd, 'why so,
'Why that, my dear?'
'Because,' said he, 'I then should have, you know,
A new one ev'ry year.'

Now here, my friends, before I close,
Attend, and mark what I propose:
We've heard the parliament
Declar'd *Omnipotent*,
And who shall doubt the fact?
Then what impediment or cause
Why we should not get some such clause
Popp'd in the *Marriage Act!*

THE AMOURS OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

PART II.

ABOUT four years subsequent to the termination of my amour with 'the fair Ophelia,' I was sent as a pensioner to Cambridge. Sentiment was by this time fully engrained in my composition; and though the savor of the sausages still haunted my nostrils, yet years had weakened their effect. I now devoted my days to the perusal of romantic fictions. I studied Petrarch with intense eagerness was deep in the Eloise of Rousseau, and had no contemptible knowlege of the amatory writers of Greece and Rome. My rooms were my Utopia, which, even in my waking reveries, I peopled with forms of the most perfect female beauty, and, like Pygmalion with his statue, I fell in love with the idol of my own creation. Few of my contemporaries could sympathize with this enthusiasm, and I was soon avoided as 'a romantic young man,' a term usually commensurate with reproach. There was one, however, who,

* The story is told by M. Chevreau of a Monsieur A——, professor and principal in the academy of Saumur.—See Chevræana, in 2 vols. Paris, 1697.

to a warm sensitive disposition, added a shrewd knowlege of the world, and in whose society I passed most of my idle hours. He was a student of Catharine Hall, and though by ten years my senior, appeared to take much interest in my conversation. Often when my fancy, like an amatory Quixote, went gadding about the world in search of some imaginary Dulcinea, he would kindly endeavour to moderate the warmth of my sensibility. On one evening in particular he was unusually eloquent, and, after warning me against the miseries inseparably attendant on romance, concluded in these words, which are even yet fresh in my memory. 'This disposition of yours, my dear F—, will one day prove the source of lasting annoyance. I do not quarrel with your attachment to women, but with your exaggerated notion of their good qualities; and am convinced that were you really to meet with such an angel as your imagination depicts, you would soon be weary of her. There would be a thousand little occurrences to disturb your sensitive fancy. In the first place you would marry her, have at least half a dozen squalling children, and sober down, like all good-natured papas, into the most common-place old gentleman imaginable. Then you would have to go to church on Sundays with a couple of wet nurses lagging along in your rear, and a little chubby-faced bantling rattling his dirty coral on either side of you. Then you would grow fat, (think what a horrible thing that is); and if you lived as you do now in the country, would probably end your days as a justice of peace, a custos rotulorum, or it may be as a high sheriff, whose duty it would be to provide either a hangman for the county, or to hang sinners himself.—When I was at your age, I had a similar warmth of feeling, and married from the mere impulse of the moment. For the first month every thing was delightful: we took a little cottage in Wales, engaged in the profession of Adam, and turned our farm-yard into a complete Noah's ark, because, as I informed my wife, I was desirous of attempting what is called true pastoral felicity. But this state of happiness soon evaporated. My horses, with whose education I had been so particular, took a fancy to see the world, and my cows ran away to look after them. The dogs of every farmer within any reasonable circumference made it a point of honor to pay a daily visit to my flower-gardens, and the rains were always sure to stop longer in my premises than in those of any other country gentleman. The neighbouring swains too (oh! how unlike the Daphnis and Chloe of my schoolboy fancy), pocketed my poultry by the dozen; and my wife, whom I soon discovered to be a vixen, consummated my happiness by flinging a leg of mutton at my head. To annihilate, if possible, any lingering feelings of romance, I was one day surprised by a visit from her adoring and adhesive relations, consisting (as nearly as I can recollect the inventory), of a fat fubsy grandmother, two pair of snuffy aunts, and a gouty uncle, all of whom fastened themselves down as fixtures in my cottage. Now as this was a species of furniture neither useful nor ornamental, I suddenly disposed of my farm, and returned with my wife to London, where Heaven, jealous probably of such a domestic treasure, kindly transferred her from mine to Abraham's bosom. From that hour I date the recovery of my reason, and if I ever detect myself in recurring to my old imaginations, I invariably crush them by the prompt recollection of the kinsfolk of my defunct rib. Such, in all human probability,' continued my friend, with impressive earnestness, 'would be your fate, were you to reduce to practice the erring theories of your imagination; for believe me, my dear F—, this world, though an exceedingly respectable and gentlemanly one, was never formed for an imaginative being. All nature is leagued against him. The women who are hallowed in his fancy turn to some more insinuating and fashionable subject, and the men despise him for his pretensions. Unfitted by education for society, he stands alone, a blasted tree in the wilderness of the world, until the axe of the woodman approaches, and unhonored and unknown he falls in the silence of solitude.' This conversation, as may be surmised, had at the time but little effect on me; and though subsequent experience has in part proved its truth, yet I then listened with an indifference which the sanguine buoyancy of youth could alone extenuate. It was now the period of the long vacation, and I prepared to return to my father at the town of R——. I accordingly took an inside place in the Huntingdon coach, and started for the metropolis, in com-

pany with two female passengers, whom, as usual, I was anxious to scrutinize: as, however, the night was pitchy dark, I was compelled to guess at their probable appearance, and set my fancy to work with the most laudable expedition. I began by imagining the character of the person who sat next to me. Her voice informed me that she was of the feminine gender; and by the tart sneering manner in which she spoke of the men, I had little hesitation in setting her down for a confirmed spinster. Her elbows, according to the opinion of my ribs, were sharp and angular; she was consequently stricken in years, and edged them towards me with a diligence that announced the irritability of a virago. As day gradually broke in upon her enormities, I received the full benefit of the returning light in an inspection of the object of my curiosity. She was the most horrible old woman that I ever encountered. Her skin closely drawn over her face resembled the dunnest parchment in its hues: her nose was deep sunk in a sort of sepulchral cavern, and her eyes seemed busy in looking for it. A few stumpy hairs were scattered like furze bushes over the uncultivated acre of her cheeks, and lent an air of savage spleen to the countenance of an apparent fury. As for her dress, it was equally peculiar. A thick particolored bombazine gown resigned its office of concealment at the ankles, where it was met by two *things* which the sceptic would hesitate in pronouncing to be boots. A bonnet, apparently coeval with herself, concealed a sconce as bald as the summit of Snowdon, and the whole was crowned by an enormous shawl, in which the colors that have been usually vilified as inimical to each other, here met with the most friendly familiarity. Her temper did not belie her person, for indeed there appeared to exist a most marvellous sympathy between them. Among an infinity of other accomplishments, she took a prodigious delight in contradiction. As darkness wore away, I proposed to have the window open; but, to my utter discomfiture, she popped her wrinkled paw upon the pane, (for I dare not call such an anomaly a hand) and said that she would have no such rash doings—not she! I then observed that the morning appeared to be warm, upon which she roundly asserted that it was the coldest she had known for months; and upon my taking out my watch, and remarking that it was four o'clock, she replied with a grin that it wanted a full quarter to five.—A man who has never traveled with an old woman in a stage-coach has no right to call himself a stoic. In any other situation she may be tolerable; but in traveling the jostling of the temper keeps exact time to the jolting of her bones. Such was the case with this horrible old creature, who seemed to have bottled up the wrath of seventy years, in order to discharge it upon me. To make the matter worse, she suddenly jerked her paw into an abyss which she called a pocket, and drew up from the gulf a piece of superannuated pullet, which must have been a child when she was young, and of which, by way of breakfast, she offered me a rusty remnant. Spirit of apostolic Job! what sin had I committed, that I should thus be exposed to suffocation? The fumes of the sausages were scarcely faint within my nostrils, when there came a fresh detachment of odors. Sickening with disgust, I darted a look at the old wretch, which was answered only by a sneer, and then directed my attention to the other female passenger, who, muffled in the folds of an ample shawl, had hitherto escaped my notice. Now, however, when the chill of night was tempered by returning day, she threw aside her traveling hood, and revealed a countenance of lively and versatile expression. Her figure was short but graceful, and a pretty little foot, that peeped out now and then from beneath the concealment of a long riding-habit, gave a wonderful help to my admiration. In any other place I might perhaps have overlooked her; but now when compared with the *squaw* who sate opposite, she seemed to be a beauty of the first order. We accordingly entered into a conversation upon indifferent topics, and by the ease of her manner, and the agreeable strangeness of her accent, I felt assured that she was of French extraction. After a pause, I somehow or other introduced the subject of Rousseau, (a singular topic for a stage-coach), and found that she was complete mistress of the Eloise. This of course raised her in my estimation; and the very obstacles that her old gouvernante attempted to throw in the way of our conference added fuel to my rising flame. Every now and then I turned my eyes towards her only to rivet them more closely upon the countenance of the French girl, who, as if aware of

my feelings, smiled on me with a look of the most eloquent archness. To shorten a long description, let it suffice to say, that I was rapidly falling in love by contrast. My fancy, ever in the extremes, painted the horrible old woman as a devil, and her young companion as an angel. In consequence I paid particular attention to what she said; and when I listened to the soft tones of her voice, as she talked of the land of her childhood, where the men, she assured me, were all gallant, and the women all beautiful; where the music of the mandolin and the midnight serenade spoke the sole language of love; I began to fancy myself most desperately enamoured. One thing indeed somewhat cooled my ardor; and that was the circumstance of her having a snub, or what has been prettily called a cocked-hat nose. On the instant, however, of making the discovery, I began to search for precedents of ladies who had been afflicted with snub noses; and when I recollected that Roxalana, though in a similar predicament, had inspired the grand signor himself with admiration, I saw no just cause or impediment why I should not be equally inflamed. And I even gloried in my ardor, from a prompt consideration that now at least there was one point of near resemblance between the great Mahomet and myself. In this amorous condition I arrived at Gerard's-hall, where the coach deposited its burden, and then, with a sigh which was meant to be profoundly sentimental, bade adieu to my fellow-passengers.

A few days afterwards, as I was sauntering along Piccadilly, with intent to take a place in the R—— stage, I suddenly encountered my young French traveling companion and her gouvernante. As her image had often crossed my mind, I was happy in the opportunity of meeting her, and should certainly have entered into conversation, had not the horrible old woman jerked her by the arm and pulled her towards Bond-street, with a violence that set her pretty little feet a-gadding with the most graceful agility. Once methought she turned round and smiled on me; but the smile was qualified by a blush of maiden modesty. This, as may naturally be expected, quickened each lingering spark of feeling, and resolving to follow up the amour, I tracked their footsteps until they entered a Hampstead coach, on which I instantly engaged an outside place, and then, after discovering their abode, returned exulting to my hotel.

Among the number of those who occasionally dined with me in the coffee-room, was a good-tempered Irishman, by name Fitzpatrick. He had all the characteristic qualities of his countrymen, frank and open in his disposition, and willing alike to fight or to make love, to get drunk, or to talk sentiment. In person he was short but sturdy, with an amazing circumference of girth, and legs that might vie with mill-posts in durability. To this youth, in the course of an after dinner chit-chat, I communicated my adventure, premising, that as my vanity was more interested than my heart, there could be no great breach of delicacy in the disclosure. On hearing the circumstance, he exhorted me, with the usual impetuosity of an Irishman, to make immediate application to the damsel, shrewdly remarking, that when I had once gained her good graces, I might, *ad libitum*, follow up or discontinue the intrigue. As I was an idle fellow, and fond of any thing in the shape of adventure, I made no hesitation in assenting to his proposal, and though ignorant of her name, directed a letter (which I dated in my own person from Gerard's-hall) to the young French girl, wherein I slightly alluded to our conversation about the serenade, and promised on the ensuing evening to indulge her with a bravura.

Accordingly, on the appointed night, I armed myself with a sort of *amphibious* instrument, between a flute and a bludgeon, and, accompanied by Fitzpatrick, who seemed all alive at the thoughts of a frolic, hastened to the abode of my fair French woman. The house wherein she resided was then situated on the heath, and verged on a declivity which is now called the Vale of Health. It was on the edge of this slope, and close under the bed-room windows, that we stationed ourselves, in anxious expectation of the moment when the last lights should disappear. The night was well suited to our purpose, being wild and gloomy, and lighted at intervals by a moon that feebly essayed to struggle through a watery mass of clouds. All was stillness around us, except when a solitary straggler paced along the heath, or the hum of human voices came faintly echoing from the village. Even this at last subsided, until the tolling of the church clock, and an oc-

casional challenge of the distant watchman, were the sole sounds that disturbed the general tranquillity.

We now applied ourselves in earnest to our task. Fitzpatrick drew a flageolet from his pocket, I prepared my flute, and together we struck up a melodious and sentimental canzonet. In an instant, a noise, as of stifled whisperings, was heard —the window sash was gently opened, and a voice which I recognized as the property of the old squaw seemed giving a most suspicious alarm. Fitzpatrick was at this time standing on the very edge of the slope, when on a sudden a loud crash arrested his attention, and a huge pair of jack-boots receding with perpendicular precision from the window, alighted on his cerebellum. Thunderstruck by such an unexpected assault, I turned towards him, and observed his body describing the segment of a circle, and then descending the hill with the repercussive volition of a foot-ball. Downwards from slope to slope he bounded, fathoming the depth of every gutter in his road, until, arriving at his journey's end, he plumped into a pigsty that opened its arms to receive him. Now it so happened, that a hypochondriacal old sow was taking her usual nap when the carcass of the downcast Hibernian fell like a night-mare upon her chest. The porker awoke at the visitation, and without farther ceremony laid hold of the coat-flaps of the enemy, until her master, who heard the struggle, aided and abetted her revenge. A battle instantly ensued: but fearing that with the cottager for his opponent, and the sow for his second, my friend might be seriously discomfited, I made the best of my way to his side, and applied my flute to the hind quarters of the choleric bacon.

By this time the household, alarmed by the shouts of the old woman, had rushed to the scene of action, where they were joined by some drunken labourers on their return from a fair at Hendon. And now began a most elaborate and Homeric assault. First appeared the servants of the French lady, armed with bludgeons and bed-posts, which they flourished to the right and left with a spirited disregard to consequences. Opposed to them stood the tipsy droves of rustics, who, careless of the merits of the case, burned with inextinguishable wrath. 'Thieves, thieves,' shouted the steward of the household. 'Charge, my lads,' roared the son of Erin; and, followed by the unconscious labourers, closed in mortal combat. Terrific was the clangor that ensued. Bang! went the bludgeons—whack! went the fists—crash! went the bastions of the pig-sty, while the stentorian lungs of Fitzpatrick encouraged his Bacchanalian adherents. In the course of the engagement he happened to stumble upon the jack-boots that had occasioned his discomfiture, and, maddened with the sense of his wrongs, discharged them at the leader of the household, who, falling into the arms of the next in advance, tumbled again upon his rearward man, while underneath all lay the unhappy porker, grunting the lamentations of afflicted swinehood, in tones which must have melted the heart of any who had the least pretension to bowels. The owner of the pig-sty (for the labourers had retreated) was now the only enemy who yet retained possession of his legs; but, when he saw the child of Erin striding like Ajax over heaps of animated carcasses, his valor began to thaw. Like the barbarians at the approach of Cæsar, he came—he saw—he scampered: being followed by the jack-boots which the Hibernian sent to keep him company, he plunged head foremost into a horse-pond, while his two legs described an isosceles triangle, and his coat-flaps a parallelogram in the air.

It is the opinion of most philosophers that animation cannot exist without the head. Now it came to pass, that the Hampstead watchman, in rushing to the spot from which the sounds of war proceeded, came in contact with a couple of legs apparently without an owner, and being somewhat of a physiologist himself, concluded that they were the goods of a dead man. Suddenly, however, to the confusion of his theory, a movement, as from some Naiad, was seen to stir the phlegmatic horse-pond; the anonymous legs vanished, and a head, accompanied by a neck and shoulders, burst on his astounded optics. In a few minutes the whole man appeared, and, with a voice redolent of ditch water, related the circumstances of his ablution, and concluded with a request, that his companion would take up the parties who were squabbling hard by. By this time, however, the whole neighbourhood was alarmed, and, as the watchman's rattle rang along the heath, I thought it best to retreat; and, accompanied by

Fitzpatrick, made the best of my way back to Gerard's-hall.

The next morning, as I was seated with my companion at breakfast, a letter, signed Auguste de Thierry, was brought in to me. It was from the brother of my fair Frenchwoman, who, indignant at my *billet-doux* and at my treatment of his household, had despatched a most blood-thirsty challenge, in which he requested the favor of my company at ten o'clock the next morning in Hyde Park. On showing it to the Irishman, he instantly volunteered his services as second, and seemed even to exult in the office. My own feelings, however, were of a much soberer cast; for the excitement of the preceding night had evaporated, and reason awoke me to a full sense of my situation. It was impossible to avoid a duel; but to fight when the occasion was so unjustifiable and frivolous lent additional bitterness to my feelings. I am not conscious of undue timidity; but I am fond of peace, and even my last night's skirmish, distinguished as it was by ridicule, militated against my better nature. Fitzpatrick endeavoured to soothe me; but when I thought of the approaching morrow, which might make a parent childless, or me a murderer, I gave way to sullen despondency, and, after writing letters in case of accident to my friends, and arranging a few pecuniary concerns, retired to a temporary repose.

The Abbey clock struck the appointed hour as, accompanied by Fitzpatrick, I arrived at Cumberland-gate. During the walk he had been particularly animated, and by way of consolation informed me that a duel was nothing when one was used to it, for that he had fought four himself. 'The first,' he said, coolly arranging the pistols, 'was with my own uncle, for asserting in company that I was drunk, when I was only *powerfully refreshed*. The second was with a barrister, who fell in love with the same lady as myself, and winged me in the most gentlemanly manner. Instead of clumsily fracturing my shoulder-blade, his ball went clean through the thorax. Indeed, it was quite a pleasure to be shot in so pretty a style, and we have both been sworn friends ever since, with the exception of fighting about once a month, by way of practice. But here,' continued my associate, shouldering the pistol, with tremendous animation, 'come Monsieur and his elect,' and accordingly, without farther comment, he led or rather dragged me towards Kensington gardens, whither I was instantly followed by my antagonist. On reaching the ground, we cast lots for the first fire. The chance favored de Thierry, and at a given signal he aimed his pistol, drew the trigger, and missed me. Unwilling to injure him, I discharged mine in the air; but as the circumstance escaped observation, we agreed to load a second time, when, without any particular aim, my bullet lodged in his breast. For an instant he stood firm; until a revulsion of the blood taking place, his countenance altered, and he dropped senseless into the arms of his second. I rushed in agony towards him; but Fitzpatrick held me back, and, after promising that every assistance should be procured, hurried me into a post-chaise which was waiting at the park gate. Here he bade me farewell, extorted a promise that I would write to him on reaching France, and then ordered the postillion to drive with all possible despatch to Dover. The whole occurrence had passed in the short space of an hour; and it was not until I attained my journey's end that I had leisure to reflect on my situation. In the morning I was innocent and happy; I was now a proscribed murderer, flying from the retribution of the law. My father would hear of my guilt, and, bowed to earth by the shock, might die ere I should again behold him. These reflections fully engrossed my attention until I reached the Dover quay, whence a packet was just sailing for Calais. I accordingly hastened on board: a quick breeze sprang up, the town dwindled to a speck, and, as the white cliffs of England faded in distance, I felt that, like the first-born of Adam, 'I was a wanderer upon the face of the earth.'

BLUE-STOCKING CLUB.

FROM THE PERCY ANECDOTES.

The celebrated Mrs. Montague was in habits of friendship with the first wits and scholars of the age, and was the reputed founder of the society known by the name of the *Blue-Stocking Club*. This association was formed on the liberal and meritorious principle of sub-

stituting the rational delights of conversation, for the absurd and vapid frivolities of the card-table. No particular attention was paid to her, but the conversation was general, cheerful, and unrestrained, far different from what is insinuated respecting the company by a satirist, who accuses them of going

'To barter praise for soup with Montague.'

The name of this club is said to be derived from the following circumstance. One of their most distinguished characters, in the early days of the society, was Mr. Stillingfleet, who always wore *blue stockings;* his conversation was distinguished for brilliancy and vivacity, insomuch that when, in his absence, the stock of general amusement appeared deficient, it was a common exclamation, *we can do nothing without the blue stockings.* And thus was the appellative acquired, which is now become frequently in use for all learned and witty ladies.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL SKETCH OF THE LATE MR. KEMBLE.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

'His was the spell o'er hearts,
That only acting lends,
The youngest of the sister arts,
Where all their beauty blends.
For poetry can ill express
Full many a tone of thought sublime;
And painting, mute and motionless,
Steals but one partial glance from time.
But, by the mighty actor brought,
Illusion's wedded triumphs come,
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And sculpture to be dumb.'

CAMPBELL.

ABOVE all the great actors who have adorned the British stage, and who have most contributed to its improvement, influence, and glory, the late Mr. Kemble is unquestionably entitled to pre-eminence. He did not consider the stage as a mere instrument of professional ambition, by which he might raise himself to celebrity, but as a grand national institution, in which the honor, the taste, the literature, and manners of his country were implicated. It was, or rather it ought to be, in his philosophic contemplation, the imitation of life, the mirror of manners, the representation of truth; and to the attainment of these important objects his admirable performances as an actor, and his judicious regulations as a manager, were uniformly directed. He reformed abuses and banished absurdities, countenanced indeed, but not justified, by long tradition; he restored the sense of passages, which had been long mutilated or wrested from their original purport; he lopped off impurities and barbarisms equally offensive to the modest ear and to the critical mind; and he succeeded in imparting a new form and spirit to the acting drama, by calling to the assistance of poetry and her sister-arts the legitimate imprint of appropriate dress, costume, decoration, and locality. The scene was at length shaped and fashioned in conformity to the best attestations of the existing character, tone, bent, and usages of nations, as they successively flourished and faded from the earliest periods of Greek and Roman story, and the triumph was exclusively his own. His indefatigable research, his classical knowlege, his acute discrimination, enabled him to discover faults which had escaped the reprehension of the commentator, and to elicit beauties which had been overshadowed by ignorance and prejudice. With every just attention to the merits of other authors, his masculine understanding was principally occupied with the productions of our immortal bard, and the poet of nature acquired new lustre from the characteristic attributes of scenic representation, which he had the happiness to conceive and the energy to confer. That vast source of moral agency was rendered more luxuriant and fascinating, and poured forth its treasures with increased influence, spreading itself with fresh vigor and activity through all classes of society. He had the glory of displaying the muse of Shakspeare, 'with all her beauties, in her best array, rising into real life, and charming her beholders.'

In the biographical sketch which we are about to present of this excellent tragedian and worthy man, our task will be rather that of selection, collation, and accuracy of statement, than of exclusive communication and original composition; for, from the days of Betterton to the present moment, no English actor, Garrick himself not excepted, has attracted such universal attention, and



given rise to so great a variety of critical disquisition, in almost every branch of our acting drama.

John Philip Kemble was born at Prescot, in Lancashire, on the first of February, 1757. His father, Mr. Roger Kemble, was then performing at that place with the company of which he was the manager. He was distinguished, 'even in his boyish days,' for a retentive memory and a graceful delivery; and it appears from a play-bill dated the 12th of February, 1767, that he played at Worcester, in his father's company, the part of James, the duke of York, in the tragedy of Charles the First, when he was only ten years of age. It is not unworthy of remark, that the character of the princess Elizabeth was at the same time represented by his sister, Mrs. Siddons. He received his early education at the Roman Catholic seminary, at Sedgeley Park, Staffordshire, and his proficiency in classical knowlege was such as to induce the directors of that institution to send him, when in his fourteenth year, for the purpose of completing his education, to the English college at the university of Douay, where he was admitted as a pensioner. Hopes had been entertained, it would seem, that he would in time become an ornament of the church of which he was a member; but his youthful mind retained and cherished the bent it had received from his boyish performances, and he soon acquired celebrity among his fellow-students at Douay, by recitations from the works of Shakspeare. He was no less distinguished by his classical acquirements; and although he obtained several premiums in Latin composition, he chiefly applied himself to the study of the Greek poets, orators, and historians. His other attainments did not exceed a moderate portion of logic, ethics, and mathematics. On his return to England, when entering into his nineteenth year, he made his *début* at Wolverhampton, in the character of Theodosius, in the Force of Love, a tragedy then in high repute. His performance was rather tolerated than applauded; the elements of the part were too feeble and equable to excite his feelings, and he disdained, in delineating the softer sensibilities of love, to court applause by 'tearing the passion to rags.' His hopes were, however, encouraged and confirmed by his subsequent appearance in Bajazet, which was attended with decided success. He now felt conscious that his powers, when cultivated, would enable him to tower far above his popular rivals, and from that moment he devoted himself to the earnest and indefatigable cultivation of the art. His provincial engagements were numerous, but they were attended with anxiety, toil, and uncertainty. They were in reality 'flat and unprofitable.' He has been heard to say, that the palm had been often snatched from his grasp by competitors, whose greatest merit consisted in strength of lungs and vehemence of gesticulation. His talents proved at length attractive at Manchester and Liverpool, and at York and Edinburgh he became a distinguished favorite. In the former city he introduced a new species of entertainment, consisting of a recitation of some of Mason's, Gray's, and Collins' most beautiful odes, of the tales of Maria and Le Fevre, from Sterne, and other pieces in prose and verse. He repeated the recitation at Edinburgh, and the effect was adequate to his warmest expectations. His recitation of the Ode on the Passions, or rather his personification of each successive and mastering passion, enjoyed a celebrity, which was certainly never before dreamed of by the poet or its most enthusiastic admirers. He also gave no mean proof of his literary attainments and critical discrimination by his delivery in that capital of a lecture, which he composed on sacred and profane elocution. But it was in Dublin that his rare qualities were duly appreciated and cherished. He first appeared there in 1782, in the character of Hamlet, and by his performances in a very extensive range of parts, particularly in those of Shakspeare, he acquired a popularity that threw all his contemporaries into the shade. Even the sound sense, the genuine sensibility, and accurate judgement of that great actor, Henderson, felt 'themselves rebuked,' under the predominance of his genius in the capital of the sister country. In 1783, on the 30th of September, he made his first appearance at Drury Lane theatre, in his favorite part of Hamlet. Although the transcendent talents of Garrick were still fresh in public recollection and admiration, and some of Mr. Kemble's readings were considered as labored and capricious by several of the most eminent critics, it was uni-

versally allowed, that he marked the part with its characteristic attributes, and that he was at once the prince, the scholar, and the gentleman. His reputation continued to increase by a variety of new performances, during several successive seasons, and might be said to have nearly reached its summit in 1787, when he married Mrs. Brereton, the widow of Mr. Brereton, and daughter of Mr. Hopkins, then prompter to the same theatre. A lady more suited to his disposition, and more exemplary in all the endearing relations of conjugal life, it would have been difficult for him to select. The retirement of Mr. Smith, who had till then remained in possession of several leading parts, gave him an opportunity of displaying the full extent of his abilities; and in the same year he became manager. He retained the reins of government, with the exception of a short interval, until 1801, and never were the affairs of the mimic kingdom administered with a firmer, a more corrective and reforming, yet not ungracious, hand. Parts were cast according to the respective merits of the performers;—regular attendance and strict decorum were enforced at rehearsals; a complete alteration was effected in the whole system of scene, dress, and decoration. Macbeth was no longer modernized by the uniform of a British general; the costume peculiar to every age and country was substituted for traditionary misrepresentation; and the crop, the toga, and the couch, were introduced for

'Cato's full wig, flower'd gown, and lacker'd chair,'

which had been so long suffered to disgrace classical taste, and to outrage critical consistency.

His management expired with the season of 1801, and he devoted the following year to a tour in France and Spain, not solely for health or relaxation, but with the view of obtaining additional means for improving the art which it was his great delight and glory to ameliorate. His reception at Madrid and Paris was highly gratifying to his feelings as a gentleman, and to his celebrity as an actor. He was admitted to the circles most distinguished for science, literature, and fashion. With the Spanish language he was sufficiently acquainted to understand others, and explain himself in conversation, and the French he spoke with all the correctness and facility which a foreigner is capable of acquiring. There was scarcely a topic in the consideration of which he could not take a share; for on the full establishment of his professional fame he had engaged in an extensive course of general reading, and his studies were incessant and laborious. He returned to England in 1803, and having purchased a sixth share of the property of Covent Garden theatre, he became manager, and appeared in the same year for the first time on those boards, the 24th of September, in the character of Hamlet. Here he continued his career with eminent success, both as a manager and a performer, until 1808, when the tremendous fire broke out which laid that theatre in ashes. To the erection of the new theatre his care was peculiarly devoted, presiding over the most minute details in the execution of the plan, and suggesting many valuable adaptations in the scenic department. During the last three years of his performance, from 1814 to 1817, Mr. Kemble displayed as much ardor and perseverance as if he had been just entering upon his professional career. He not only fulfilled the duties of the new engagement he had contracted for that period, but visited the most distinguished of our provincial theatres. His last appearance at Edinburgh was honored with an address, written for the occasion by his friend sir Walter Scott. All who have felt the pathetic solemnity of his air and manner, and admired the impressive graces of his elocution, may easily conceive the effect produced by his delivery of the following passage:—

'O, how forget!—how oft I hither came
In anxious hope, how oft return'd with fame!
How oft around your circle this weak hand
Has waved immortal Shakspeare's magic wand,
Till the full burst of inspiration came,
And I have felt, and you have fann'd the flame!'

Two events occurred at this time which claim peculiar notice;—his retirement from the stage, and the magnificent public entertainment which was subsequently given to him. His determination to devote the remainder of his life to the calm enjoyment of studious pursuits, and the cultivation of friendly and domestic relations, had been for some time generally known, and his last appearance was fixed for the 23rd of June. His re-

ception was, in every respect, suited to the extraordinary merits of the actor, and the sympathetic feelings of the public. The character he selected was that of Coriolanus, in which his pre-eminence had been long acknowleged. A more splendid and numerous audience was never before assembled; and even the orchestra was filled with persons of the first rank and talents, among whom was his esteemed friend, the celebrated French tragedian M. Talma. The applause was universal and enthusiastic, and every passage of the play, in the slightest degree connected with his situation and character, was applauded and greeted with ardent exclamation. The dying scene revived all the fond recollections of the public mind, and impressed the melancholy conviction, that the last gasp of the 'last of all the Romans' had just been heard. When Mr. Kemble came forward to deliver his farewell address, the agitation was extreme, and every possible manifestation of public feeling was evinced to prevail upon him to abandon his resolution. He himself evidently labored under the struggling sensations of gratitude and grief, and after pronouncing the first short sentence, it was not without extreme difficulty that he was suffered to proceed:—

'Ladies and gentlemen,—I have appeared before you for the last time. This night closes my long professional life. *(Interruption of 'No, no.')* I am so much agitated, that I cannot express with any tolerable propriety what I wish to say. I feared, indeed, that I should not be able to take my leave of you with sufficient fortitude,—composure, I mean, —and had intended to withdraw myself from before you in silence; *(Here Mr. Kemble paused, and was for some time unable to resume his speech.)*—but I suffered myself to be persuaded, that, if it were only from old custom, some little parting word would be expected from me on this occasion.—*(Long continued bursts of applause. Mr. Kemble, with increased emotion, proceeded.)* Ladies and gentlemen, I entreat you to believe, that, whatever abilities I have possessed, —either as an actor, in the performance of the characters allotted to me,—or as a manager, in endeavouring at an union of propriety and splendor in the representation of our best plays, and particularly of those of the divine Shakspeare, —*(enthusiastic plaudits and shouts)*— I entreat you to believe, that all my labors, all my studies, whatever they have been, have been made delightful to me, by the approbation with which you have been pleased constantly to reward them.—*(After repeated applauses, Mr. Kemble, hardly able to master his emotions, continued.)* I beg you, ladies and gentlemen, to accept my thanks for the great kindness you have invariably shown me, from the first night I became a candidate for public favour, down to this— *(Here Mr. Kemble paused an instant)*— painful moment of my parting with you. —*(It is impossible to describe the mingled feelings of the audience at the close of this sentence: Mr. Kemble became totally overpowered, and was only able to add in a smothered, but deeply penetrating tone,)*—I must take my leave at once.— Ladies and gentlemen, I most respectfully bid you a long, and an unwilling, farewell!'

The public dinner given to Mr. Kemble on the 27th of June, four days after his last appearance, may be considered as a kind of valedictory festival, a national testimony of respect, gratitude, and affection. The idea emanated from a small society of literary and dramatic friends, and was eagerly promoted by the loversof the theatric art, and the admirers of his professional excellence. The great object of the committee appointed to arrange and conduct the celebration of the honors intended to be paid to him was the concentration of the rank, talent, and taste of the metropolis, and that object was happily accomplished. Mr. Kemble took his seat on the right of lord Holland, who presided, and the duke of Bedford was placed on the left. The preparations for marking the occasion with suitable *éclat* were judicious and characteristic. A piece of plate, an elegant vase, was to be presented to the British Æsopus; the design was supplied by Mr. Flaxman, the inscription by Mr. Poole, and the execution was entrusted to an artist of acknowleged merit. An ode written by Mr. Campbell, the author of the Pleasures of Hope, was to be recited, the musical accompaniment was to be composed by Mr. T. Cooke, and a medal bearing a striking resemblance of the great tragedian was to be struck in commemoration of the day. The execution of each particular measure proved no less honorable to the zeal and ability of the committee than

satisfactory to the united feelings of the assembly; and we cannot perhaps better illustrate the subject of this sketch, than by inserting the inscription, which, without 'laying any flattering unction to his soul,' may be justly considered a true but brief abstract of the services he has rendered to our acting drama:—

TO
JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE,
On his retirement from the Stage,
of which, for thirty-four years, he has been
The Ornament and Pride;
Which to his Learning, Taste, and Genius,
Is indebted for its present state of Refinement;
Which, under his Auspices,
And aided by his unrivaled Labours,
(Most worthily devoted to the support of the
LEGITIMATE DRAMA,
And more particularly to the
GLORY OF SHAKSPEARE),
Has attained to a degree of Splendour & Propriety
Before unknown;
And which, from his high Character, has acquired
Increase of
HONOUR AND DIGNITY:
THIS VASE,
BY A NUMEROUS ASSEMBLY OF HIS ADMIRERS,
In testimony of their
GRATITUDE, RESPECT, AND AFFECTION,
Was presented,
Through the Hands of their President,
HENRY RICHARD VASSAL, LORD HOLLAND,
XXVII JUNE, MDCCCXVII.

'More is thy due than more than all can pay.'

When Mr. Kemble retired from a profession, which he had so highly dignified, but which, even in its most favorable points of view, abounds with difficulties, toils, and anxieties, he passed nearly the remainder of his days in climates supposed to be most conducive to his health. He had long labored under asthma, rheumatism, and an occasional depression of spirits; yet such were his energies, such his mental triumphs over his bodily infirmities, that, within the two months immediately preceding his last appearance, his performances were no fewer than *thirty-three*, of which thirteen were distinct characters. He visited France, Switzerland, and Italy; but he chiefly resided at Toulouse, Bareges, and Lausanne. The attention and respect paid to him by his distinguished countrymen, who visited these places, as well as by the principal inhabitants, it cannot be adequately described. He had, shortly before his final departure from England, transferred his share in the property of Covent Garden theatre, which had cost him nearly 30,000l., as a gift to his brother Charles, whom he had uniformly treated with the care and affection of a father. This great tragedian died at Lausanne, on the 26th of February. He had visited Rome a few months before, under the impression that traveling and a change of air would prove beneficial; but his constitution was so seriously affected in that city by the unfavorable circumstances of the season, that he was advised by his physicians to return into Switzerland. The first symptom of approaching dissolution was a decided attack in his left side, while seated in his chair on the 24th, and he could with difficulty articulate. Before he was put to bed a second attack took place so suddenly, that his clothes were obliged to be cut asunder, in order that he might be more speedily bled. Although nature was fast exhausting, and his sufferings must have been extreme, he seemed only solicitous to spare the feelings of Mrs. Kemble. A third attack, just forty-eight hours after the first, proved fatal, and he expired on the 26th.

We learn with peculiar satisfaction, that it is the intention of the admirers of our national drama to erect a monument in Westminster Abbey, to the memory of this excellent actor; but in order to characterize the measure more distinctly with the stamp of the public mind, a meeting will be shortly called for the purpose of carrying the object into effect by an open subscription.

Mr. Kemble has not left so large a property as he might be supposed to have accumulated, for no performer was more amply rewarded by a generous and admiring public. He had sunk nearly 30,000l. in the purchase of his share of Covent-garden theatre, and in the subsequent advances he was compelled to make; and as he did not receive a single shilling of interest for nearly twenty years, the whole of his loss in that speculation may be fairly computed at upwards of 50,000l.! Mrs. Kemble enjoys an annuity of 1000l. secured on the coal-mines and estates of a great northern landowner, which he had purchased for their joint lives, and she has also the interest of 17,000l. of which 4000l. are placed at her sole disposal, and the remaining 13,000l. devolve on her death to his brother, Mr. Charles Kemble. We are enabled to contradict, from authority, a statement which has been generally accredited and positively made

in a former biographical account of Mr. Kemble, that he received a considerable sum, on his marriage with Mrs. Brereton, from a nobleman who had long presided over the councils of the British empire. —Mr. Kemble happened to be at the house of an intimate friend, when the volume, containing that account, which had been just published, was put into his hands. He read it with attention, but coming to the passage we have noticed, he underlined the words with a pencil, and traced very distinctly on the margin—'A lie!' The volume that records the scandalous falsehood, and the short but emphatic reprobation, is still extant and carefully preserved. The splendid present made to him of 10,000l. by the late duke of Northumberland ought not to be forgotten. Mr. Kemble had, at his grace's request, given some lessons in elocution to lord Percy (the present duke), and the care he had taken of his noble pupil was, with peculiar delicacy, assigned as the cause of the munificence thus exercised. The real fact is that the gift was solely suggested by the friendly interest which his grace felt for Mr. Kemble's independence and welfare. His mode of living had been expensive for a long series of years. His domestic establishment was, indeed, neither extravagant nor splendid; but it was conducted with taste and elegance in all its branches. His private virtues were great and numerous; and his liberalities, particularly with regard to the distressed members of his own profession, were such as did honor to his sensibility and his judgment. He visited and was visited by the most distinguished characters, both of his own and foreign countries, in rank, science, literature, and the fine and useful arts. His present majesty was one of his most ardent admirers, and presented him, when prince of Wales, with a superb gold snuff-box. There was a certain cordiality in his behaviour to those whom he esteemed, which gave an irresistible grace to his manners and conversation.

Mr. Kemble possessed admirable faculties, both original and acquired. With a commanding person, a dignified and expressive countenance, and a stately demeanor, he seemed to belong to a distinct and lofty class of this 'nether world.' He recalled to the imagination the sages and heroes of antiquity, or transported it back to the scenes of chivalry and romance, which were the pride and glory of the middle ages. His action was bold and vigorous, solemn and majestic; his attitudes noble and picturesque. His grand defect was in voice; and even in that respect, he had his merits. Although the organ was incapable of much flexibility and variety, its pathetic and melancholy tones penetrated the soul and sunk deep into the heart. If it wanted ease and spirit in familiar dialogue, it swelled and raged to the bent and top of the passion, unimpaired and uncracked, in the roaring of the whirlwind. If it was occasionally languid and monotonous, there was something equable and graceful even in the moment of disappointment, that was not altogether displeasing. Of his literary acquirements we have already spoken. With the drama of his own country, in all its departments, he was thoroughly acquainted; and he was alive to the beauties of Sophocles and Euripides, of Corneille and Racine, in the full glow of their native tongues.

It has, of late, been the fashion with some critics to restrict the powers of Mr. Kemble to very narrow limits. He is indeed allowed by them to have surpassed all others in the classic drama, to have stood without a rival in the arena of the stern and frigid struggles of patriotism and philosophy, and to have towered even above the most sanguine expectations, in the representation of those high and unmixed abstracts of self-denial, stoicism, and haughty contempt of meaner existence, which do not characterise the beings of our day. According to them, his empire was limited to the ancient world, and more peculiarly to that narrow, though transcendently noble portion of it, which belongs to Greece and Rome. In their view, the philosopher, the statesman, and the pontiff, were the only forms into which his spirit naturally sprang; he could not move but among councils and armies; and the temple, the curule chair, and the triumphal arch, were the sole prescriptive adjuncts of his solemn and deep-coloured portraitures: but when he touched on inferior subjects, he felt, as Raphael might have felt in copying Teniers, had they been contemporaries—the closest approach to total failure possible for sense and genius. His Brutus, Cato, and Coriolanus, were unquestionably among the noblest personifications that ever charmed a British audience. In those characters he certainly enjoyed

kingly supremacy; he sat upon an uncontested throne: but we deny the doctrine of these Aristarchi of the scenic art, that his powers were confined within so contracted a field, and that his excellence consisted solely in depicting the dignified and superb associations of antiquity. Let those who have witnessed his Hamlet, his King John, his Cardinal Wolsey, his Posthumus, his Leontes, his Timon, his Octavian, his Penruddock, his Stranger, his Rolla, and twenty other characters, decide between them and us!

Among all the parts represented by this great tragedian, few possessed higher claims to admiration than King John. Amidst all the despicable vacillations of John's conduct, and the consequent degradations that disgraced him throughout his wretched reign, the actor uniformly maintained the superiority of carriage and demeanour traced out for him by the creative genius of the poet. His picture of irresolute villany and base pusillanimity was free from any trait and tint of low common-place design and colouring. The conception of our immortal bard was realized, and John stood before us as Shakspeare drew him. He was, from the very commencement, a monarch; for the love of royalty was the only passion in which he was resolute. The highly poetical language, with which the part abounds, was so admirably delivered as to rescue it from that insignificance, which is too frequently subversive of genuine dramatic effect. His first scene with Hubert displayed the perfection of the art. It was, in every respect, so happily disposed, so natural, and so well calculated to impress the leading idea upon the mind, that the audience felt themselves hurried back, as it were, within the iron grasp of absolute power and feudal barbarism. The acting of the second was not less effective. Throughout the first scene of the fifth act, there was a melancholy in his manner that excited a deep feeling of commiseration for the ill-fated monarch, and formed a stiking contrast with the fiery spirit and gallant bearing of Falconbridge. Never was a prediction recalled to the memory with equal sensibility and pathos. His countenance, tone, and action, were in perfect unison, when he delivered the following lines:—

'Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
Say, that, before Ascension-day at noon,
My crown I should give off?—Even so I have:
I did suppose it should be on constraint:
But, Heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary!'

Nothing short of a masterly conception and execution could have rendered this passage strikingly pre-eminent; but with him, aided by the preceding part of the scene, it became an epitome of John's character. When the monarch was beheld withering under the potent influence of poison, the miseries of his agonized mind were not less subduing than his bodily sufferings were appalling. On his entrance, the dreadful convulsions of his internal system were truly depicted in his tortured countenance; and his agonizing expression

'Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows and at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble into dust'—

gave increased effect to the sad reflection, the immediate precursor of his dissolution;—

'I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.'

In scenes of this description, Mr. Kemble was, indeed, without a rival. He had the exquisite art of evincing a singular combination of intellectual and corporeal sufferings, peculiarly adapted to them. Every succeeding word of the illusions related by Falconbridge seemed gradually to weaken the chords of his existence; until at length, overwhelmed by his accumulated miseries, he breathed his last, and fulfilled his own desponding prediction:—

'O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.'

That Mr. Kemble had his defects and faults, is undeniable. In the tragic scenes of domestic life, they were chiefly observable; and accordingly his Beverley, Biron, and old Wilmot, with many rare beauties, wanted ease, familiarity, and natural merit.—Soliloquy could not be classed among his happiest efforts; and he appeared rather to recite the words than to embody the meaning of his parts. There was also an occasional languor or listlessness about him, arising from illness or a morbid disposition, to

both of which he was subject, and which he vainly attempted to shake off. In this respect, he seemed to labor under the same failing as the celebrated tragedian Booth, whom he more generally resembled than any of his great predecessors.

He was for a long time ardent and indefatigable in his courtship of the comic Muse; but he 'wooed her like the lion,' and she was only to be won by kindness, smiles, and blandishments. His complete failure in Charles, in the School for Scandal, in Don Felix, and several other characters, is, we trust, nearly forgotten; yet in some parts, which required dignity and sentiment, his merit was considerable. His Lord Townly, Valentine, and more particularly his Leon, were attractive performances. His defects and merits, in this point of view, are rather happily described in the theatrical portrait drawn of him by his friend Mr. John Taylor:—

'Though for the Muse of tragedy design'd,
In form, in features, passions, and in mind,
Yet would he fain the comic Muse embrace,
Who seldom without awe beholds his face.
Whene'er he tries the airy and the gay,
Judgment, not genius, marks the cold essay:
But in a graver province he can please
With well-bred spirit and with manly ease.
When genuine wit, with satire's active force,
And faithful love pursues its gen'rous course;
There, in his Valentine, might Congreve view
Th' embody'd portrait, vig'rous, warm, and true.'

As an author, Mr. Kemble produced few works of originality; but he has left a long catalogue of tragedies, comedies, and other pieces, judiciously altered and adapted to the stage. Among the former were Belisarius, a tragedy, acted at York in 1778, and the Female Officer, a farce, afterwards called the Project, in 1779, neither of which has been printed: a small volume of poems entitled Fugitive Pieces, published in 1780, but which he subsequently was at great pains and no inconsiderable expense in buying up for the purpose of canceling what his maturer judgement disapproved; Macbeth Re-considered, an essay published in 1786, and Macbeth and King Richard the Third, another essay, dedicated to the duke of Northumberland, in 1817. A single passage from the dedication supplies at once an instance of the impression made upon his feelings by the munificence of his grace to which we have alluded, and of his peculiarity of expression:—

'My Lord Duke—Be pleased to accept this tribute of my gratitude. That it is the constant character of your grace's nature, to conceal the benefits it confers, I well know; and I am fearful lest this offering should offend, where I most anxiously wish it to be received with favor; yet when a whole happy tenantry are voting public monuments to perpetuate the memory of your grace's paternal benevolence to them, I hope, my lord, that I am not any longer forbidden openly to acknowlege my own great obligations to your munificence.'

Among his alterations and adaptations, which consist of forty-three, the works of Shakspeare, 'the God of his idolatry,' attest the diligent research, the judicious collation, and classical taste, with which he explored and ascertained the true meaning, and restored the text to its primitive purity. He also translated from the French, in 1794, the musical drama of Lodoiska, which proved eminently attractive, and maintained its popularity for several years.

Although 'the animated graces of the player can live no longer than the instant breath and motion that present them;' and, as it were in a mirror, 'come like shadows and so depart;' we are convinced, that the rare talents of Mr. Kemble will be enthusiastically cherished by his surviving admirers, and duly appreciated by posterity. We cannot perhaps close this article more appropriately, than by adopting the language of the noble person who presided at the public dinner given to him on his retirement from the stage:—'As long as the British theatre exists—as long as the plays of Shakspeare shall be represented in this metropolis—the result of his learning and industry will be seen in the propriety of the scenic decorations, in the improvement of the costume, and in many matters apparently of minor consideration; but which, when effected, show the man of research and of ability, and display the mind of the scholar and the critic. Our feelings are those of gratitude, respect, and affection—gratitude for the delight he has so often imparted to us—respect for him as a scholar and a critic—and affection for his virtues, as a man of independent character and of upright conduct.'

PLAUDITE ET VALETE!

JULIAN, A TRAGEDY; BY MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

THE appearance of a successful tragedy in these fastidious times, more especially when it is the production of a lady, calls for especial attention in a periodical work dedicated (though not exclusively) to the sex. Under this idea we offer to the public a review of Julian as it is published, leaving the disquisition of its mere acting to our reviewer of dramatic representations.

That Miss Mitford's talents would ensure a work full of poetic beauties there could be no doubt; nor could those who had read her Blanche suspect a deficiency in striking situations, or in romantic incidents; but that she could delineate the bolder passions, the moral earthquakes, which agitate the heart of man with the swell of proud ambition and overwhelming sorrow, determined resolution and lofty endurance, admitted a question. It has been often asserted, 'that no woman can produce a good tragedy, since her path through life, her education, and her associations, preclude her from actually feeling or observing the action of great passions;' to which we have been accustomed to answer, that, as the book of history is open before her, and the heart of man also, both in its minuter details and stronger propensities, we see no good reason, why a woman of genius should not so combine the materials afforded by such knowlege, as to produce that rare work, a tragedy, rich not only in the graces which belong to her own sex, but in the strength required by the other. It is certain that the present work is a drama full of passion and action, and so abounding in situations of deep and terrible interest, as to render its appearance a new epoch in female authorship, and, individually, a decided triumph to Miss Mitford.

The tragedy opens with the affecting spectacle of the hero reclining on a bed of sickness, attended by his bride the princess Annabel, and a page named Theodore. On his awakening, we learn that this page is the young king of Sicily, under the guardianship of Julian's father, the duke of Melfi, who, having undertaken to conduct him to Messina, had from motives of ambition attempted to murder him in a mountainous pass, where Julian had met them, and, without knowing his person, had plunged his sword into his father's side. In falling they had recognized each other: the guards coming up, Julian, who dreaded farther evil to the king, had hastily returned home with Alfonso, and had sunk into fever and delirium, from which he now awakes to dreadful recollections, finely revealed, but alleviated at the close of the act by the knowlege that Melfi yet lives. The second act opens with the appearance of the count D'Alba, a former lover of Annabel, to whom enter the body of Sicilian nobles. He then relates, 'that the young king is mysteriously murdered, that the duke of Melfi has been wounded, and is returning to claim his coronation.' The duke now appears, still suffering from his recent wound, but hurrying forward to the consummation of his guilty greatness, and unbecomingly insisting on immediate coronation, which is opposed by D'Alba, who answers to his question—

Say I sooth, Count D'Alba?
D'Alba. In sooth, my liege, I know not. Seems to me
One form is wanting. Our bereaved state
Stands like a widow, one eye dropping tears
For her lost lord, the other turn'd with smiles
On her new bridegroom. But even she, the Dame
Of Ephesus, the buxom relict, famed
For quick despatch o'er every widow'd mate,
Woman, or state—even she, before she wed,
Saw the good man entomb'd. The Funeral first;
And then the Coronation.
Melfi. Scoffer! Lords,
The corse is missing.
Calvi. Ha! Perchance he lives?
Melfi. He fell, I tell thee.
Valore. And the assassin?
Melfi. He
Escaped, when I too fell.
D'Alba. He! Why, my liege,
Was there but one?
Melfi. What mean ye, Sirs? Stand off.
D'Alba. Cannot your Highness guess the murderer?
Melfi. Stand from about me, Lords! Dare ye to front
A King? What, do ye doubt me; you, or you?
Dare ye to doubt me? Dare ye look a question
Into mine eyes? Take thy [illegible] off! A King
Demands a modester regard. Now, Sirs,
What do ye seek? I tell ye, the fair boy
Fell underneath the assassin's sword; and I,
Wounded almost to death, am saved to prove
My subjects' faith, to punish, to reward,
To reign, I tell ye, nobles. Now, who questions?
Who glares upon me now? What! are ye mute?
Lenanti. Deign to receive our homage, Sire, and pardon
The undesign'd offence. Your Highness knows
Count D'Alba's mood.

Melfi. And he knows mine. Well! Well!
Be all these heats forgotten.

After this a very fine scene follows between Julian and his father, in which affection and loyalty, thanks for the pardon he has received, and determined integrity towards his royal cousin, agitate him by turns, which end with Julian's renouncing his father.

· But with all
That burning, aching, passionate old love
Wrestling within my breast; even face to face;
Those eyes upon me; and that trembling hand
Thrilling my very heart-strings—Take it off!
In mercy take it off!—Still I renounce thee.
Thou hast no son. I have no father. Go
Down to a childless grave.

The third act exhibits the scene previous to the coronation, the entrance of the duke, and his oath to the people; but, at the moment of his seizing the crown, Julian rushes in with Theodore, whom he places in view of the nobles and priests, claiming their allegiance. This is a glorious moment in the tragedy: the agonies of Julian when he beseeches his father to acknowlege Alfonso, the reproaches with which Melfi loads him, the exultation of the count, who accuses both father and son of treason, the declaration of Julian 'that in the accursed glen only one sword drank blood, which sword was his,' the refusal of Alfonso to speak one word against his uncle, the distress of Annabel who finds that the lords are assembled to sit in judgment on her father-in-law, and her subsequent agonies when the sentence of outlawry and of banishment is pronounced alike against *both*, render it altogether the most impressive scene we have ever witnessed.

The fourth act exhibits D'Alba rejoicing in the downfall of Melfi, and laying a plan by which Annabel is induced to quit the palace to meet her outlawed husband, and thereby falls into his hands. The next scene shows Melfi expiring from the eruption of his late unhealed wound, attended by his son. This is perhaps the most pathetic scene in the drama. Just after the duke expires, word is brought that Annabel has been decoyed; and Julian, in alarm for her, though aware that his hours of allowance have elapsed, and his life is forfeited, rushes out to her rescue, leaving the office of burying his father to the young king, who had arrived at the moment of his uncle's death. This is followed by the interview between D'Alba and the princess, which is highly wrought, and displays all the energy of connubial love, as the count informs Annabel that her marriage is dissolved by the church, and that, if she should refuse to take *him* for her lord, the life of Julian, already forfeited, is the consequence. He leaves her in despair; and the act closes with her hanging her rosary out of the window of her prison, which she happily calls

——— a guiding star,
A visible prayer to God and man.

The last act shows Annabel still in prison, tremblingly watching the declining sun. She hears a gun, and Julian, having escaped the fire, rushes in to save her from dishonour by effecting her death with his own hand, all hope of life and all means of escape being impossible. His intention is not easily comprehended by his bride, to whom 'young life is sweet:' she seeks only to

Ann. Now! now! Thou know'st not
How horribly these walls do picture to me
The several agonies whereof my soul
Hath drunk to-day. I have been tempted, Julian,
By one—a fiend! tempted till I almost thought
God had forsaken me. But thou art here
To save me, and my pulse beats high again
With love and hope. I am light-hearted now,
And could laugh like a child—only these walls
Do crowd around me with a visible weight,
A palpable pressure; giving back the forms
Of wildest thoughts that wander'd through my brain—
Bright chattering Madness, and sedate Despair,
And fear the Great Unreal!—Take me hence,
Take me away with thee!
Jul. Not yet, not yet.
Thou sweetest wretch! I cannot—Dotard, Fool!
I must. Not yet! not yet!—Talk to me, Annabel;
This is the hour when thou wast wont to make
Earth Heaven with lovely words; the sun-set hour,
That woke thy spirit into joy. Once more
Talk to me, Annabel.
Ann. Ay, all day long,
When we are free. Thy voice is choked; thy looks
Are not on me; thy hand doth catch and twitch
And grasp mine painfully,—that gentle hand!
Jul. O God! O God! that right hand!—kiss it not!
Take thy lips from it!
Ann. Canst thou save me, Julian?
Thou always dost speak truth. Canst save thyself?
Shall we go hence together?

Jul. Ay, one fate—
One home.
Ann. Why that is bliss. We shall be poor—
Shall we not, Julian? I shall have a joy,
I never look'd for; I shall work for thee,
Shall tend thee, be thy Page, thy 'Squire, thy all,—
Shall I not, Julian?
Jul. Annabel, look forth
Upon this glorious world! Look once again
On our fair Sicily, lit by that sun
Whose level beams do cast a golden shine
On sea, and shore, and city, on the pride
Of bowery groves; on Etna's smouldering top;—
Oh bright and glorious world! and thou of all
Created things most glorious, trick'd in light,
As the stars that live in Heaven!
Ann. Why dost thou gaze
So sadly on me?
Jul. The bright stars, how oft
They fall, or seem to fall! The Sun—look! look!
He sinks, he sets in glory. Blessed orb,
Like thee—like thee—Dost thou remember once
We sate by the sea-shore when all the Heaven
And all the ocean seem'd one glow of fire
Red, purple, saffron, melted into one
Intense and ardent flame, the doubtful line
Where sea and sky should meet was lost in that
Continuous brightness; there we sate and talk'd
Of the mysterious union that bless'd orb
Wrought between earth and heaven, of life and death—
High mysteries!—and thou didst wish thyself
A spirit sailing in that flood of light
Straight to the Eternal Gates, didst pray to pass
Away in such a glory. Annabel!
Look out upon the burning sky, the sea
One lucid ruby—'tis the very hour!
Thou'lt be a Seraph at the Fount of Light
Before———
Ann. What! must I die? And wilt thou kill me?
Canst thou? Thou cam'st to save———
Jul. To save thy honour!
I shall die with thee.
Ann. Oh no! no! live! live!
If I must die—Oh it is sweet to live,
To breathe, to move, to feel the throbbing blood
Beat in the veins,—to look on such an earth
And such a Heaven,—to look on thee! Young life
Is very dear.
Jul. Would'st live for D'Alba?
Ann. No!
I had forgot. I'll die. Quick! Quick!
Jul. One kiss!
Angel, dost thou forgive me
Ann. Yes.
Jul. My sword!—
I cannot draw it.
Ann. Now! I'm ready.

Two murderers, with D'Alba's friend Bertone, now enter to seize the prince, who draws to defend himself. Annabel rushes between them and is slain; one of the men is killed, the other escapes; and the unhappy husband, hearing D'Alba approach, conceives the idea of revenging his own wrongs by inflicting an unexpected pang on the author of his woes. He throws his own cloak over Annabel, and wraps himself in that of the dead bravo; and, when the count arrives, he considers Julian slain, and on inquiring for the princess hears 'she is at rest;' and, after ordering the body of Julian to be buried, he inquires 'where is she?' on which Julian uncovers the body and cries, 'There!—now gaze thyself to hell!' The effect of this is electric, and the punishment of D'Alba striking.—Alfonso rushes on with the guards, who seize the count; but the sorrows of Julian have reached their acme—the voice of his beloved king fails to sooth him; he falls on the body of his Annabel, and expires.

Such is the outline of this interesting piece, in which the generally slow march of 'gorgeous tragedy' is accelerated by the rapidity of a vivid imagination, either excited by the novelty and enthusiasm incident to a first effort, or yielding to the advice of those who, in their haste to escape from the dulness of declamation, and the coldness of unreal stateliness, strip the tragic muse of all her 'jeweled pomp,' and not unfrequently condemn her to coarse garments or unseemly nudity. For our own parts we have read it, as well as seen it, with the highest pleasure, not only on account of its great and varied merit, but as a promise of still farther effort from a lady of whose productions we have been ever warm admirers, and to whose labours we sincerely wish the most positive and complete success.

Fine Arts.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE PROGRESS OF THE FINE ARTS IN THIS COUNTRY DURING THE PRESENT CENTURY.—SCULPTURE.

(Concluded from p. 116.)

THE comparative rank that sculpture holds with painting and architecture has been in all ages a point of dispute. Plato preferred sculpture to painting, as being more true, and more refined from extrinsic ornament. It is, indeed, certain, that a more solemn and indefinable effect is produced upon the mind on entering a hall of sculpture than a gallery of paintings; and perhaps a single statue, or group, may produce a more powerful impression upon the mind than any single figure or group in painting: yet surely sculpture falls infinitely short of the powers of painting in the development of history.

The British sculptors of the present century have lived in a fortunate æra. The introduction of the Elgin marbles (those purest treasures of Greece) must inevitably advance the fine arts in this country, but most especially that of sculpture. The glories and the miseries of war have been a fruitful source of employment to our sculptors, who have much less reason to complain of the want of patronage than their brethren in the departments of painting and architecture; and, with these advantages, the progress of sculpture ought to have been rapid in comparison with them, and more especially with painting: but we much doubt whether such is the case. We fear that the costume of the country—so unlike that of the Greeks—and the few opportunities of studying the naked figure, will always operate as a check to the progress of sculpture. We have no want of fine forms, but our moral habits will not admit, any more than our climate, of the public exhibition so common to the Greeks and Romans; but still, under all the circumstances of good and evil attending it, sculpture is advancing. The refined and classical taste of Flaxman is admitted throughout Europe; and Chantrey, who more especially belongs to the present century, possesses more of that living spirit of nature which produced the Elgin marbles than any sculptor since the days of Phidias. His 'sleeping children,' designed for a monument in Lichfield Cathedral, has more power over the heart than the most celebrated marbles of antiquity; and his 'young girl pressing a dove to her bosom,' in the collection belonging to the duke of Bedford, has all the grace, refinement, and delicacy of Canova, with more of nature.

Chantrey's busts are inimitable, and will bear a comparison with the finest specimens of the antique; and the busts of our venerable academician Nollekens, and his exquisite statue of Venus, would alone carry *his* reputation to posterity.

The Psyche of Westmacott is pure and beautiful; we consider it the best of this artist's works: it is in the possession of that patriotic nobleman, the duke of Bedford, who does honour to his illustrious name by his patronage of the fine arts: he possesses a magnificent collection of marbles*, and Mr. Westmacott must feel highly gratified by seeing his best works in such a gallery. The amiable duchess of Bedford has a strong sympathy with her noble husband for works of art, particularly sculpture; and we fervently wish that her grace would introduce Baily's model of female loveliness, the 'Eve' now exhibiting at the British Gallery, into their splendid collection.

Mr. Behnes, a young artist of rising reputation, has produced some fine busts: those of the late venerable president of the Royal Academy, and Mr. Tierney, give promise of extraordinary excellence. Mr. Rossi, and other excellent artists, have produced works that sustain the reputation of this branch of the fine arts in a manner honourable to themselves and the age in which they appeared.

From the days of Inigo Jones, and

* His grace has had these valuable marbles copied in outline by Mr. Henry Corbould, with an accuracy and taste which reflect the highest credit upon the artist; and engravings have been made from them. There are forty-eight plates, with descriptive letter-press; and the whole together form a splendid volume, which is intended only for circulation among his grace's friends.

sir Christopher Wren, architecture declined, till the commencement of the reign of George the Third, under whose fostering sway it again advanced. That excellent monarch had himself a great taste for architecture, and was possessed of considerable knowlege on the subject. Sir William Chambers, a member of the Royal Academy, was appointed architect to the king; and, although his works are neither grand nor of a pure taste, yet he materially reformed the Roman style. But still it was *Roman*, and we must look to a later period for the introduction of that beautiful simplicity, grandeur, and fitness, only to be found in the Greek models. The late Mr. Wyatt was the first artist in the reign of George the Third who was entitled to be termed an architect: he was regularly educated for the profession, and improved his taste by visiting and closely studying the finest remains of Grecian and Roman architecture; and the result of these studies was seen on his return to England, in the Pantheon, a beautiful specimen of taste and science, which was unhappily destroyed by fire.

Mr. Wyatt also introduced a more improved style into the domestic architecture of the country, and restored with great success those parts which had been injured by time in some of our superb cathedrals.

Contemporary with Wyatt were Milne, sir Robert Taylor, Holland, Carr, and Dance; and these were followed by Soane, Smirke, Wilkins, Harrison of Chester, and other eminent men, whose works are the best memorials of their talents.

A want of encouragement, on the part of the government of the country, to the production of great works, leaves us far behind our neighbours on the continent in palaces and public buildings; and it is owing to the apathy of the state, that the country is thus deprived of one public building which would have done honour to the nation: we allude to Mr. Soane's highly chaste, classical, and splendid design for a new House of Lords, which comprised a hall of audience for foreign ambassadors, and a national gallery for painting and sculpture. These designs were made by the order of government, and we have understood that the plan was ultimately abandoned in consequence of the remark made by a German attendant of the late queen Charlotte (Madame Schwellenberg), who observed to the king, 'that it would be a monstrous incongruity to erect Grecian architecture in the immediate vicinity of Westminster Abbey.' This sapient remark prevented the adoption of Mr. Soane's admirable plan.

Neither has the Royal Academy made use of its increasing strength and power to advance the progress of architecture; for that department of the fine arts is without a school, the library is miserably deficient, and very little assistance is given to the able efforts of its distinguished professor. We are indebted to his present majesty for the rapid and extensive improvements which have been made and are daily making in London. From the first year of the regency to the present hour, our sovereign has resorted to all the means in his power for the improvement of London. Narrow-minded politicians, and pretenders to political œconomy, have condemned the necessary expenditure on such improvements in a time of public distress; but we fearlessly assert, that money to any amount expended by the state in the improvement of the capital is an actual benefit to the middle and poor classes of society, by the employment given, and the circulation of the money being chiefly confined to these classes. Nor does the country in general receive less benefit by public works: the raw materials are made valuable by labour, and a splendid capital created by the employment of the working classes of society.

The new street now forming will be one of the finest in Europe, although almost every portion of the architectural detail is open to criticism. Mr. Nash is devoted to the Roman style, and many of his adoptions are not of the purest taste, even of that school. The infinite variety of the new street, and the fine effects of light and shade produced by that variety, are great improvements upon the monotony of our former streets.

In our bridges we may justly boast superiority over any of the capitals in Europe. That of Blackfriars was built by Milne. The elliptical arches have a light and pleasing effect, and the whole design has much merit; but the materials used in the construction were of such a perishable nature, that the bridge is in a wretched state of decay. Waterloo bridge is a noble monument of the present century, and will be a proud criterion in future ages of the present ad-

vanced state of the arts and sciences in England. This great work was designed by that able engineer, the late Mr. Rennie, whose useful services to his country will long be remembered with gratitude.

We do most ardently hope that our present enlightened sovereign will continue to give his countenance and support to the improvements taking place in our capital, and that he may be enabled to fulfil the wish of his patriotic heart, by building a national gallery devoted to the fine arts, that may rival th glories of other states, and add to the splendor of his fame in future ages.

The British Gallery. (*Concluded from p.* 119.)--81. Cupid. H.W.Pickersgill, A. R. A. This Cupid is very mischievous to his neighbours; the expression is good, and the general effect brilliant, but the colouring extends a virtue till it becomes a vice in art, and injures rather than adorns.

87. Roman Youths at play.—T. Barker. This, and six other pictures, evince the continued industry and unimpaired talents of this well-known favorite with the public.

88. An Attack upon a French Convoy in a Pass in the Mountains, &c.—D. Dighton. There is much spirit, animation, expression, and effect in this picture. The scenery is admirably given, and although the colouring might have been better, we do not hesitate to pronounce it, taken altogether, a work of great talent.

115. The Dancing Bear.—W. F. Witherington. A very cleverly conceived and neatly executed picture, with a pleasant spice of humour in the well drawn and well coloured characters. There is very superior intelligence in the bear, who is properly the principal personage, and bears his honors as gracefully, darts his keen eye as forcibly, as any performer we have had the pleasure of applauding during the season. He forcibly reminds us of Lord Suffolk's description in Kenilworth, when his progenitors divided the throne with Shakspeare.

128. Adam and Eve entertaining the Angel Raphael.—J. Martin. 'Hollyoaks! my vig,' exclaimed a gentleman just before us: and though shocked at the irreverent quotation on such a subject and such a painter, we could not be surprised; for, although 'flowers of all hues' adorned the garden of Eden, surely it was neither bounded by mountains of blue porcelain, nor watered by rivers of foil. Why does not this clever artist study nature, and cease to study glass painting, which is no longer his duty? He ought to know by this time, that although genius is sometimes extravagant, yet extravagance is not therefore genius; and that in points where the errors of an essayist may be forgiven, those of one advanced in art are unpardonable. Like other prodigals, he must retrench and reform his outrageous expenditure of colour, or become a bankrupt in the fame won by his Belshazzar.

140. View on Loch Lomond.—Mrs. Terry. One of several sweet little pictures by this lady, drawn with much accuracy, and possessing air and colour of no common character.

150. Rebecca unveiling, *vide* Ivanhoe.—J. Graham. The dress, air, and character of Rebecca, are given with great faithfulness, but the mind is not satisfied; for imagination goes far in its perceptien of the high and almost holy beauty of Ivanhoe's Jewess.

169. Henry VIII. and Francis I. crowned victors at the Tournament of the Cloth of Gold.—F. P. Stephanoff. A very well conceived and splendidly coloured picture, representing the gay and royal procession of the monarchs with an ability highly creditable to the artist, and delightful to those who love to retrace the 'olden times.'

178, 186, and 211.—Mrs. W. Carpenter. These pictures are all admirable proofs of the talents of this lady, whether considered in the light of portraiture or poetry, and place her, in our opinion, at the head of our female artists, excellent as many of them are.

205. The Vision of Zechariah, painted at Rome, and publicly exhibited there. —W. Brockedon. There is not only great improvement but much positive excellence exhibited in this picture by Mr. Brockedon. The head of the prophet is fine, the vision at once dim and yet dazzling in its revelation, and the whole evincing good conception, aided by agreeable colouring.

210, 250. Ab. Cooper, R. A. The battles of Strigonium and of Naseby are the subjects of these excellent pictures, in which there is all that spirit, colouring, action, and confusion, belonging to such scenes; together with those incidents which render them efficient in character, and interesting in detail.

271. Interior of a Farrier's Shop; and 283, The Watchman awake.—W. Kidd. These small pictures are amusing in subject, from the faithfulness and character they exhibit, and, in the depth of color and occasional brilliancy of light which they display, remind us of the works of Ostade.

278. A Maniac visited by his Family; painted at Rome. J. P. Davis. Of all the pictures sent us from the 'eternal city,' this is the only one which we wished back again, certainly not from want of merit in the artist, for that is only too apparent in the representation he has given us of a scene 'to harrow up the soul,' and which in its excellence is more faulty than it would have been in its failure.

288. Eloise.—T. Stewardson. Had this gentleman no friend to tell him that nuns wore no hair, and moreover did wear certain dresses indispensable in representing them? or does he mean to paint his Eloise previous to her acquaintance with love and sorrow? In either state this pretty-enough young woman is a very unequal portrait to her whose name it assumes, for it has neither the charm of her lofty mind, nor the interest of her penitence.

303. Davie Deans rejecting the Advice of Butler, &c.—H. P. Parker. There is some merit, or at least promise, in this picture, but much want of drawing, and the person of Dumbiedikes is borrowed from one of the men in Wilkie's rent day: young artists may as well go into the highways and hedges, to seek for persons of the drama, as search prints and pictures; for originality, like charity, 'covers a multitude of sins.'

307. The lady Carlisle's Visit to Lily the Astrologer.—J. Cawse. This picture is very pleasing, the light is well managed, and the tale well told; and although the commandment, 'thou shalt not steal,' is again forgotten, we must own it is better to rob the dead than the living.

The sculpture is all good; but 'Eve at the Fountain' so entirely eclipses every other production of this description, that we cannot particularize them, and we take leave of the gallery with her fair form shedding its benignant influence upon our recollections, which are of course in the term of the day 'kindly' ones.

'*The Raising of Lazarus, by Mr. Haydon.*' This great work, which we are informed has been nearly three years on the easel, is now offered to the public, but we are sorry to see that it is not placed in a situation worthy of its great merit. Leonardo da Vinci has informed us, that every picture should be viewed at a distance of three times its extreme dimensions, and it is not possible to stand at twice the distance from Mr. Haydon's picture. In consequence of this circumstance, the figures in the fore-ground appear gigantic, and there is a want of space in the back-ground, both of which evils would be removed by a happier situation.

Under every disadvantage this picture will yet not fail to increase the reputation of the artist, as it is on the whole a better composition than any of his preceding pictures, and the fine coloring in which Mr. Haydon excels is here carried to perfection. The head of Lazarus possesses a singular and unearthly expression, which seems to mingle the characteristics of life and death, in a manner that could only be conceived by a fine imagination; and the impulse of the mother to press forward and clasp the wonderful and almost terrific form of her son to her heart is so deeply pathetic, that it raises simple tenderness to sublimity. The figure of our Saviour is dignified and graceful; and the face (which is seen in profile) calm and majestic; but it is thought by some to be overloaded with drapery. The head of St. John is, in our own opinion, one indicative of decisive power in the painter: it is full of that glowing energy, that exulting joy, the beloved disciple might be supposed to feel at this miraculous display of his adored master's divinity; and seems to call on earth and heaven to 'glorify his name.' The sisters, Martha and Mary, are kneeling on each side of Christ: the latter would have been more effective in expression, if she had possessed more personal beauty, and there is a deficiency in the drawing of the arms in both, which has a bad effect, and is the less to be excused, because the hand of Christ is inimitably painted. A female carrying an urn in the back ground is extremely beautiful, almost too much so for her situation in the picture, as she compels us to look upon her, and thereby divides the interest. The heads are all very fine, sembling the best works of the Carracci, in their high character and strong expression; and the back-ground is of that

solemn tone becoming the awful scene, though in one part disfigured by an obelisk that intrudes unpleasantly on the eye. A catalogue gives the chapter in St John which relates the miracle, and a description of the picture written by Mr. Haydon himself with great perspicuity and ability. We think the term used by him, 'a dreadful miracle,' is not a happy one; for surely this, although most *awful*, was not dreadful, since it was an act of mercy, not only to Lazarus and his family, but to all mankind, as proving the power of resurrection from the grave, hitherto imperfectly conceived, and but partially the subject of faith to the Jews.

On the whole we feel assured that this picture possesses indubitable marks of genius in all its highest attributes; and that its faults are merely those which a short period of farther labour would rectify, since they are probably in some measure brought out from the difference of its present situation to that in which it was painted, a circumstance into which every artist can enter. A little more time and a little more room will render it every way a complete, magnificent, and admirable picture.

Mr. Young, the keeper of the British Gallery, is about to publish a Catalogue *raisonné* of the late Mr. Angerstein's unique collection of pictures, illustrated with finished etchings of each subject. We shall give a more detailed account of this work as soon as it appears, having no doubt, from the well-known talents of Mr. Young, that it will be worthy of public attention, more especially as we are aware that all the drawings and etchings have passed under the critical eye of sir T. Lawrence, P. R. A.

Mr. Pinney's Gallery, Pall Mall.—This gallery, with many fine pictures both from the old masters and the modern schools, is also opened, and shall be noticed particularly in our next.

Music.

MONTHLY REPORT.

WHETHER the institution of a royal academy will elevate the practice of music to an extraordinary height, is at least problematical; but the associated directors are sanguine in their expectations, and are employed with apparent zeal in arrangements and preparations. They hope to foster and mature the seeds of genius and talent, if they cannot, with all their promised instructions, infuse into the dull the power of shining.

The oratorios have now yielded to the approach of Easter, after a season of striking display, if not of unparalleled splendor. A selection from the opera of the Lady of the Lake, the omission of which was so warmly resented in the earlier part of the season, at length gratified the admirers of Rossini's music. The parts were assigned to Mrs. Salmon, Miss Paton, Braham, Sapio, and Kellner. If the words had been better adapted to the music, the performance would have been more effective; and, if the selections had been more fully studied, the applause would have been louder and more general. On the same evening, Madame Camporese, in *Tu che accendi*, and Braham, in 'He was eyes unto the blind,' displayed the comparative merits of the Italian and English schools of singing. Miss Stephens sang, with enchanting sweetness and delicacy, the Irish melody, *Savourna delish;* and Moschelles, in a concerto on the piano-forte, advantageously exhibited his taste and skill. On a subsequent evening, Haydn's Creation was given with sublime effect; and among the later pieces the Palestine of Dr. Crotch ought to be mentioned with praise, for its spirited composition and appropriate performance.

The execution of the scheme for the establishment of British concerts commenced at the Argyll Rooms on the 24th of February, under the direction of Attwood, Hawes, and Bishop, members of the *Concentores* Society: but they were not so peculiarly British as might have been expected; for the arrangements include the compositions and performances of those foreigners who have been naturalized, and resident in this kingdom for at least ten years. The first piece was an Ode to Friendship, for a double choir and chorus, by R. Cooke. A pleasing duet, composed by Dr. Carnaby, was well sung by Miss Carew and Mr. Sale. A quartetto, by Calkin, was better executed than composed. Mrs. Salmon was the principal singer on this evening;

and she was ably seconded by Miss Goodall. The name of Braham would have given additional celebrity to the occasion, but he did not make his appearance. He ought to be invited to grace and invigorate the performances.

The Philharmonic Society was instituted about ten years ago, for the revival and permanent encouragement of the highest class of instrumental music, which had then fallen into neglect. Its object has been well supported by the zeal and spirit of its members, and the most decided success has attended its progress. The first performance for the season took place on the 17th of February, commencing with Beethoven's Sinfonia in C, the execution of which, for taste and precision, reflected great credit on the band. Mozart's admired terzetto, from *La Clemenza di Tito*, was not so well sung by Mrs. Salmon, Sapio, and Kellner, as it ought to have been; but Haydn's quartetto, for two violins, a viola, and violoncello, executed by Mori, &c. was a treat of the highest order. Sapio's song, 'In native worth,' was received with applause; and Cherubini's overture to Lodoiska terminated the first act in a splendid style. In Haydn's Sinfonia, No. 12, the cymbals and triangle, according to the prevailing practice, were much too loud. A concerto on the horn was played by Puzzi with his usual skill; and the overture to *Le Nozze di Figaro* closed the entertainment with striking effect. The second concert of the series was as fully attended as the former, and the performances were still more deserving of approbation.

The concert of Ancient Music is also entitled to our notice. Under the direction of the earl of Darnley, who presided for the duke of Cambridge, a selection of uncommon brilliancy was produced on the 5th of this month. In the first act were some fine pieces from Handel's Saul; and, in the second, a light and agreeable miscellany was afforded to the audience. Mrs. Salmon gave 'In sweetest harmony' with a degree of skill and energy which could not easily be surpassed; and Madame Camporese distinguished herself by the taste and feeling with which she gave a recitative and air from the opera of Berenice. The glees were sustained by a double choir, and made considerable impression; and the choruses were performed in an excellent style. The next concert exhibited the same singers with equal effect in other pieces; and Miss Stephens also gave great delight to the audience in an extract from the Messiah, in a portion of the Israel in Egypt, and in the favorite glee of 'O Nanny!' This lady is frequently censured for her want of feeling, of expression, and of mental energy; but she showed, on this occasion, that she possesses much more than a mere sweetness of voice.

The Catch-club still holds its weekly meetings, affording no small gratification to the votaries of musical mirth; for the noble subscribers (says the editor of the Journal of Music), 'have instituted a course of glee-singing, far beyond the reach of any other time or country to rival.'

At Bath the concert season is said to have been highly successful; and the last selection, in particular, gave great satisfaction. Signora Caradori gave *Di Piacer* with uncommon effect; and Nicholson distinguished himself among the instrumental performers by his able management of the flute.

The late musical publications have been numerous and pleasing; but we are obliged, by the length of more important articles, to defer our account of them.

Drama.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

'La Donna del Lago' has been frequently repeated, meeting with little more than toleration. Its merits are *mediocre*, and the claims of few of the performers are above the standard of the opera. Curioni is sweet, powerful, and attractive in voice and execution, but most unkingly and ineffective in deportment and action. Reina is positively ridiculous: he struts about 'bearded like a pard,' croaks, and would be warlike, but is audible only when he bellows, and bears no more resemblance to the fierce towering chieftain Roderic Dhu, than the delicate Mercandotti does to Hercules. Madame de Begnis labours for admiration with considerable success,

and Madame Vestris still sports the Highland garb with most unblushing resolution.

During the last month, however, a very promising attempt has been made to restore the ballet to its ancient glories and popularity. A new grand ballet has been composed and produced by M. St. Aumer, entitled 'Alfred the Great.' It was first played in three acts, but has since been most judiciously curtailed to two. The following are the principal personages engaged: Alfred, by C. Vestris; Oliver, his page, by Madlle. Mercandotti; Count Ethelbert, lord of the domain, by Bertrand; Alswithe, his daughter, by Madlle. Aurelie; Odun, a Saxon chief, by Boisgerard; Gothrun, the Danish chief, by Alcox; Denulf, an old soldier, now a farmer, by Aumer; and Bertha, his daughter, by Madame Vestris. A ballet-master, by prescription, spurns alike the trammels of history, nature, and probability. His laurels are to be gathered only in the regions of fantasy, and consequently M. Aumer opens the ballet of 'Alfred the Great' with preparations for a fête (à la Française), which is to be held principally to select a village maid worthy of the enjoyment of the triple blessing of dower, love, and matrimony. There is also to be a trial of skill in archery. While the old soldier's daughter is busy with the preparations, Alfred and his page, Oliver, both disguised as peasants, enter breathless and fatigued, from having been pursued by a detachment from the Danish camp. They apply to Bertha for relief, who willingly consents. Denulf enters, and discovers the king in the distressed peasant; drinks his health, and displays equally his delight and loyalty. Alfred's rank is still unknown to Denulf's wife, who 'being of a crabbed disposition,' is angry at his presence, and commands him to fetch water and perform other menial duties. When the repast is over, Alfred astonishes the peasants by his skill on the minstrel harp, while Mercandotti and Madame Vestris delight the audience with a very pretty dance. A multitude of rustics then arrive, and the sports commence. Alfred, of course, excels all competitors. His fame is advanced by the triumph. A hero must always be generous, and he evinces his possession of that attribute, by bestowing the prize on the destined bridegroom. No sooner is the gift conferred, than a party of Danish soldiers are seen dragging Ethelbert across a bridge. Lady Alswithe, frantic at the seizure of her father, rushes in, imploring their assistance. Alfred's indignation is rekindled by her sufferings; he heads the peasants; attacks the Danes, and rescues Ethelbert from their power. All is now boundless joy and gratitude, and Alfred is seen returning in triumph with the count. Alfred, however, has received a wound, and Alswithe binds her scarf about it. She is beautiful, tender, and affectionate; he, though a peasant in outward appearance, is a king in spirit, hope, and right: mutual love is the result. But Alfred is weak, and requires rest: all but the page retire; he strives to sleep, but love has seized upon his soul, and all is watchfulness. At this propitious moment, Alswithe, accompanied by her ladies, glides into the chamber. Alfred counterfeits sleep. They gaze with delight upon the hero, and while performing an elegant dance, strew him o'er with perfumed roses. The dance finished, they retire; but the countess lingers, enraptured with Alfred's 'beauteous mien.' The prince starts from his couch, detains the tender Alswithe, gently compels her to hear his tale, avows his passion, and entreats her to compassionate his sufferings. The whole of this was highly effective, and drew down much applause. The dissimulation of Alfred and Oliver, the cautious entrance of the dancers, their sparkling showy dresses, the groups they formed while showering the roses on the conqueror, their noiseless tread, and silent retiring, were all perfectly delightful. The acting was also good, and the countess displayed her blushes, anxieties, doubts, and fears, with considerable fidelity; while Alfred enforced the truth of his affection with all the ardour of a hero, if not the fortune of a king. But unfortunately, prosperous as he has been, he is still a peasant; and ere he can win and wear a lady's love, he must become a soldier, and bear the banner of Alfred. He consents, when a trumpet is heard, and a rival presents himself in the person of Odun, a knight in glittering armour, to whom Alswithe is the affianced bride. Odun casts an eye of suspicion upon Alfred. Ethelbert recounts his services: the warrior's rising jealousy subsides; and Alfred prepares to receive the honor of knighthood, resolving still to keep his rank unknown, lest it should influence the lady's love: Alfred is then marshaled into a hall of wondrous ar

chitecture—a grand collection of all styles from all æras, from the most ancient of the Egyptians, to the very newest in Regent-street. Alfred has doffed the peasant's tunic for shining silk and gold. The ceremony being performed with all due pomp and circumstance, the hall becomes the place of dance and festivity. Joy beams from every eye, agility flies to every foot, and grace is seen in every form. Lord, hero, knight, and peasant, join vigorously in the dance, forming a splendid specimen of 'perpetual motion,' that ought in conscience to convince the Board of Longitude, that —'such things may be.' A pas de cinq, danced by the principals of the corps, was elegant and much applauded. In the midst of this nodding of plumes, wreathing of roses, waving of banners, and glittering of arms, the sound of war and destruction breaks upon the ear. The stained windows are thrown aside, and a conflagration exhibited. The Danes, enraged at the liberation of Ethelbert, have delivered the villages to the flames. The Saxon spirit is awakened; those who pirouetted with infinite success now burn indignant heroes, and shout Revenge! Ethelbert displays a portrait of Alfred to increase their ardour, and recognizes the king in the bewitching peasant. Knights and ladies swear allegiance on the spot, and all breathes heroism and glory. The second act opens with the Danish camp. The luckless Ethelbert, destined to enthralment, is again a prisoner, and preserved from annihilation by the interposition of his beauteous, but distressed daughter. Life is offered to them on the condition of their renouncing Alfred; but they prefer death to dishonour, and are about to be led forth, when the execution is delayed by the arrival of a warrior, who swears he has slain Alfred with his own hand, in battle. The prisoners are left in his custody; he lifts the Danish vizor, shows the face of Denulf, and liberates them. While the Danes exult in the news of Alfred's death, the king enters their camp disguised as a harper, accompanied by Oliver, who amuses them by dancing, while the king plays. In the midst of this merriment the Danish chief arrives; chides the officers for their thoughtless gaiety, the soldiers for their boisterous mirth, and commands the absence of the minstrel and the dancer. Alfred having reconnoitred, quits the camp, and an attack follows immediately. The battle thunders loud and long. The figurants, not satiated with the glory of balancing on one leg, would fain emulate the bravery of the Lacedemonians. The combats are numerous, though evidently bloodless; and doubtful stands the big, th' important fight, till the all-subduing Alfred rushes in. 'Alors les Saxons ne connaissent plus aucun danger,' says the programme, and sudden victory crowns their glorious efforts. The raven banner is hurled upon the ground, and the British standard floats proudly in the air. The victorious Alfred is borne in triumph over a bridge; the heroes again doff the symbols of war, resume the dance, and all is exultation. Odun yields his pretensions, Alswithe becomes the betrothed of Alfred, the whole corps form into groups expressive of feudal homage, the banners wave, the subjects shout, the music strikes a louder strain, and on this *melange* of heroes, roses, patriots, and dancers, falls the dim and envious curtain.

The ballet was throughout most deservedly successful. The fable is in itself interesting and familiar to all beholders, and the additional incidents furnished by M. Aumer possess much merit, both from their novelty and effect. The scenes are more numerous than in most productions of this class, but are not remarkable for beauty, either in design or execution. The dresses are showy and varriegated; and the decorations brilliant, costly, and profuse.

Of the performers, also, we must speak with commendation. Mes-demoiselles Aurelie and Mercandotti, with Mad. Vestris and M. C. Vestris, if not absolutely wonderful and enchanting, were pleasing, elegant, and attractive. The figurantes, soldiers, peasants, &c. were more numerous, and something better trained than usual. The ballet-master has even provided Alfred with a black drummer, beside other sable personages; and he has doubtless, in his minute research, discovered that his hero's plumes came from the land of Hottentots, his silken banners from Chi-Cham, and his golden ornaments from the countries of Montezuma and the Quichies. However this may be, we congratulate M. Aumer on his success: he has produced a showy, lively ballet, which presents a most favorable evidence of his abilities, and augurs well as to the splendor with which we may expect to see future no-

velties represented. Since the first performance of 'Alfred the Great,' the audiences have improved in fashion, as well as in number; and if an opera of equal merit were produced, and as well supported, the theatre would probably resume its accustomed rank and popularity in the catalogue of fashionable amusements.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

The manager of this establishment appears to have most resolutely discarded all kind of novelty. Since our last number, not one original piece, whether tragedy, comedy, or farce, has been produced: not even an adaptation or revival has been presented; and the month has passed away without affording us an opportunity for recording a single triumph, or for calling upon our good nature to extenuate and soften down a single defeat. Notwithstanding this dearth of variety, this sad and dreary blank, the theatre has been well attended. But we would suggest to the manager, that his present prosperity is the result of his late exertions; and that, whatever favorable impressions the active commencement of the season may have produced on the public mind, nothing short of unceasing perseverance can secure the patronage which it must be his pride as well as his interest to obtain.

The few pieces performed here are certainly in general well played, but we have seen most of them more ably represented, or else they were then less familiar to us; and while the gloss of novelty pleased, it perhaps warped our judgment. The manager should have contented himself with re-enforcing his company from that of the rival establishment. There he should have stopped. It was as unwise, as it was poor and petty, to attempt the performance of operas, particularly suited to the theatre in which they were originally produced; especially after the wear and tear which had rendered them stale, flat, and unprofitable, although aided by unrivaled scenery and decoration. From this animadversion Artaxerxes and the Beggar's Opera are exempted. In the former, the Arbaces of Braham was, as usual, unrivaled. Miss Stephens' Mandane is not one of her happy characters. There is, throughout the whole of it, a decided want of majesty, resolution, disdain, and of all the elevated passions; but in the latter she sustains her high reputation. Her brilliancy was unaffected and delightful, her execution rapid and efficient, and her mellow and plaintive tones found an easy access to the heart. Mr. Horne proved a very inadequate Macheath. With a husky voice, and constrained deportment and action, he is incapable of conferring the tuneful variety, and imparting the interest which the author had in view, when he traced that strange and whimsical part.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

Mrs. Ogilvie appeared on the 10th, for the first time, in the character of lady Constance, in the tragedy of King John. There is not, perhaps, a part in the whole range of the drama, which requires more powerful energies and more marked discrimination. It constitutes as it were, a kind of episode, intermixed with some of the most important scenes of the play, but not forming an essential portion of them; and capable of being raised to pre-eminence only by extraordinary endowments and superior powers. It is undeniable, that the impassioned effusions of lady Constance are in themselves alternately grand, noble, and affecting; but, from the peculiarity of her situation, nothing but rare personal capabilities, assisted by the most consummate skill, can impart to them the potent influence of which they are susceptible.

Mrs. Ogilvie is unquestionably an actress of considerable talent, and gave most of the principal passages with great feeling and judgment. To say that she is the best Constance on the stage, is to hazard little; for since the 'dimming of our shining star,'—since the retirement of that perfection of the art, Mrs. Siddons, from the scene—the character had been destitute of a representative. Mrs. Ogilvie's figure is striking, and her countenance sufficiently matronly and expressive; but her voice, though pleasing, wants the extension and pathos necessary to enforce the lofty sentiments of the poet;—

'To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit;
Here is my throne—bid kings come bow to it.'

This passage demands a grandeur of deportment, a dignity of aspect, and a power of declamatory passion, which

Mrs. Ogilvie does not possess. Her general performance was, however, deservedly applauded, and she must be considered as a valuable acquisition to the theatre. The representation of King John by Mr. Macready was a bold undertaking, as that master-piece of Kemble is still fresh in public recollection. Some passages were doubtless well conceived and delivered. His indignation at the falling-off of Philip from the alliance, and the contemptuous vehemence with which he disclaimed the papal supremacy, were near approaches to perfection; but, viewed as a whole, the performance was rather a display of the powers and peculiarities of Mr. Macready, than a personification of Shakspeare's John. He identified the character with himself, not himself with the character. Mr. Bennett evinced considerable merit in the part of Hubert. The constant attention which he paid to the words, looks, and actions of John, in the scene where he instigates Hubert to the murder of young Arthur, was in excellent taste and exquisite judgment.

The comic opera of the *Woodman*, revived at this theatre, has little more to recommend it than diversity of character, and the natural charms of Shield's music. Miss Paton conferred upon Emily all the attraction of which the part is susceptible. Her principal airs were given with great sweetness and delicacy of execution. The Wilford of Mr. Larkin was a complete failure. This gentleman has very much to learn as a singer, and almost every thing as an actor. Pearman, in Medley, evinced some improvement in his attention to the business of the scene, and his songs were distinguished for a more than usual degree of taste and feeling.

A new tragedy called *Julian*, the production of Miss Mitford, attracted a numerous and splendid audience on the 15th. As the fable, incidents, characters, and literary merits of this successful piece, form the subject of consideration in another part of our present number, we shall confine ourselves to a brief notice of the interest imparted to it, as an acting drama, by the principal performers. Prince Julian, the hero of the tragedy, found an admirable representative in Mr. Macready. The treachery and ambition of Ruggiero are detestable to the virtuous mind of his son, the generous and enthusiastic prince; yet he becomes the victim of the hatred which the crimes of the father had kindled in the bosoms of the nobles. To escape destruction, he must either renounce his father, and deliver him to a disgraceful death; or consent to the immolation of his lawful king and beloved relative. From the commencement to the catastrophe, he is in a constant state of excitation. His filial reverence and duty are counterbalanced by his unyielding loyalty and honor. He sacrifices every earthly enjoyment to preserve his virtue untainted, and expires when the victory is obtained. Love is an inferior passion in his breast. His relief from misery is never more than momentary; for every new triumph in the cause of true glory is but a new source of misery and distraction. In the varied transitions and emotions of such contending passions, the degrees and vicissitudes were vigorously and distinctly marked by Mr. Macready. His bursts produced an extraordinary effect. His rapture on learning the recovery of his father;—the exultation with which he proclaimed Alfonso, the true king; and the terrific transport he displayed in exposing the lifeless body of Annabel—were noble specimens of appropriate energy. His best scene, as a whole, was perhaps the first with Ruggiero. His dread at approaching a father he had stabbed, the joy inspired by forgiveness and reconciliation, and the dignified resolution to maintain honor at the risk of happiness, were master-pieces of the art. Mr. Bennett, in Ruggiero, a most ungracious and difficult part, surmounted many serious obstacles, and made no inconsiderable addition to his rising reputation. Miss Lacy, in Annabel, gave many proofs of real feeling and judicious discrimination. Her solicitude for the recovery of Julian was finely marked; and her constancy, in the extreme of his misfortunes, possessed a grace and tenderness that heightened the interest of the scene: but the enthusiastic animation with which she exclaimed, 'Death!' in preference to dishonour, was her happiest effort. The scenery, dresses, and decorations, are in perfect unison with the taste and manners of the time in which the action of the tragedy is supposed to pass. The piece was crowned with decided success, and continues to attract full and fashionable audiences.



Morning Visiting Dress

Invented by Miss Pierpoint, & engraved for the Lady's Magazine No 5 16



Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.

Pelisse robe of mignonet-leaf green, of *gros de Naples*, trimmed down each side in front, and round the border, with puffings of the same, confined by straps of satin; the bust ornamented by satin Brandenburgs, each terminated by a silk tassel. Frill *à la Henriette*, of Urling's lace. Small equestrian hat of fine beaver or satin, of a lavender grey, placed very backward, and crowned with a plume of curled feathers, of the same color. Sautoir of pale pink. Green satin half boots, and Limerick gloves.

EVENING DRESS.

White dress of Cyprus crape, net, or gossamer satin, trimmed in a very novel and beautiful manner, with satin ornaments edged with broad blond, and divided by white full-blown roses with their foliage. A rich rouleau of the same material as the dress, finishes it next the hem. Sleeves very short, consisting of three falls of net, edged with blond and white satin. The hair arranged in the newest French style, with a gold comb at the back of the head; the large curls in front, and the bows at the summit, interspersed with satin ribbons and full blown white Necklace of pearls wrought in vandyke points. White satin shoes, and white kid gloves, rucked below the elbow. When this dress is of crape or net, the rouleau next the hem should be satin.

MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

The long winter, and the continuance of the severe weather at the commencement of March, made us fear our modish almanack would offer but little variety in those fashions which are appropriate to the different temperature of the four seasons: however, a full metropolis and some cheering days enable us to point out a few unexpected novelties.

Cloth pelisses are still worn, but they are confined to the promenade: in carriages, pelisses of silk, or a very rich shawl over a high dress, mark the woman of rank and fashion.

A few Caledonian caps have appeared in Hyde-park, but bonnets of *gros de Naples*, or of slight satin, are more prevalent: yellow satin bonnets are much worn; and feathers in hats and bonnets prevail more than flowers. The bonnets are in the village shape, and extremely becoming. The new hats, very much bent over the forehead, are between the Pamela and the Mary queen of Scots' shape.

Dresses of Cyprus crape prevail for evening parties: they are finished by French tucks of *gros de Naples*: on some there is a border consisting of a full puckering of gauze. The body is the same as the border, with straps of satin lengthwise. Dresses, partially high, of poplin or *gros de Naples*, prevail much for in-door costume; a lace frill, a fine lace cornette, and a gold convent cross, finish this simple and elegant attire. Cyprus and gossamer gauze over white satin are much worn as ball dresses, trimmed in various way; lace, blond, flowers, and satin ribbon of bright color, form the chief materials: these are disposed in many different windings, waves, and festoons; and there is a new tunic way of trimming petticoats, which is extremely elegant: our fair readers may imagine three rows of puckerings or puffings round the border of a dress: one row of this trimming is carried from the waist till it meets that on the border, down each side nearly in front of the skirt, which gives the appearance of a pelisse robe or tunic flying open.

The head-dresses are low, with the hair arranged *à la Sevigné*. Turbans in the Grecian style are preferred, though the Assyrian turban has partially made its appearance: we do not admire its pointed crown, and we think it looks better on the head of Nebuchadnezzar, as represented in old paintings, than decorating the gentle countenances of our admired countrywomen. The Grecian turban is generally formed of a gauze of a rich pattern or figured silk; it is con-

fined by bands of bugles, with one full feather depending on the left side. Veils, both black and white, are much worn in carriage airings, either over an undress turban, a cornette, or a village bonnet: the cornettes are of fine lace, intermingled with much ribbon, which constitutes the chief ornament.

The favorite colors for ribbons, bonnets, and turbans, are jonquil, cerulean blue, and spring green. Egyptian plaid ribbons are also much admired, as are *sautoirs*, bearing the same *un*-classical denomination.

MODES PARISIENNES.

'Dansons à quinze ans,
Plus tard il n'est plus temps.'

Such is the burthen of a fashionable song now handed about in the polite circles of Paris; but the French ladies do not conform to this maxim; for our last accounts inform us, that husbands and daughters complain of wives and mothers not being able, though arrived at a certain age, to relinquish their favorite exercise.

The ball dresses are made very short; they are of Barêge silk or white satin, trimmed with draperies crossing over each other, in festoons; at the point of each is a stalk of white double hyacinths, the foliage in gold; the bodies are confined behind by small straps of satin, and in front by a silk drapery, placed horizontally, and clasped in the middle; the sleeves short and full, and lightly confined by two draperies of satin. A colored gauze round dress is also worn at balls, trimmed with puffings in bias, confined by satin: the hair adorned with flowers, the same color as the dress. Another ball dress consists of a Polonese tunic and petticoat over elodia blue, with a puckering of gauze of the same color: the sleeves very short, and the fulness confined by being tied across with satin ribbon. The head-dress is a turban of blue gauze, with a beautiful white *esprit* on the right side.

Black satin pelisses, elegantly trimmed down the front with black lace, have lately appeared: in the cold weather these were of velvet, and a Chinchilla tippet was worn with them: a black velvet cap, with a hussar band of gold and tassels, and a drooping white feather, finished this outdoor dress.

The marabout is an *ugly* bird; and therefore, when we consider the extreme partiality of the French ladies to marabout feathers, we cannot accuse them of being captivated by mere outside; for these feathers still continue in profusion to ornament the caps, bonnets, and turbans of the Gallic fair.

The hoods of mantles are ornamented with bows of ribbon, disposed in such a way, that when the hood is up, they form a pretty head-dress. Long shawls of Chinese crape, and Barêge Cachemire, or Scotch plaid, of a very large pattern, are much in request at the theatre: the marabout feathers seem to issue from the centre of the crown of the hat, and fall over so as to cover it. Hats of rose-colored satin, shot with white, with fluted satin linings, are seen at the different *spectacles*.

The bonnets are of Ipsiboe crape, that is to say, yellow; the brim long, and finished at the edge with blond: the favorite ornament is a pilgrim's shell in front, surrounded by velvet flowers.

For the fire-side or home costume, the dresses are high, and are trimmed at the border with the same material as the gown, with antique plaits in bias; the sleeves long, and the mancherons ornamented in lozenges, while the body is trimmed in squares.

The hair is arranged in an Apollo's knot on the summit of the head; and is sometimes entwined with a newly-invented straw trimming of different colors, which has a brilliant effect. A turban of Pactolus gauze is a very favorite evening head-dress. A white satin turban, also, is much adopted, but it is large, heavy, and inelegant. It is profusely wreathed over with full blown damask roses and barberries.

The jewellery consists of rubies set round with pearls: when a *sautoir* is worn, the ends are drawn through a brilliant ring. Relique ornaments are all the rage, suspended to a rosary necklace of large pearls; the case that contains the precious relique, whether of religion, love, or a lock cut from the temples of a deceased relative, is generally of red, finely enameled, and encircled with pearls or diamonds.

The favorite colors for turbans are amaranth, jonquil, and celestial blue. For ribbons and dresses, mignonet-green and pink. For in mantles and pelisses, lavender-grey, Spanish snuff, and sapphire blue.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE;
OR,
MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.
A New Series.
APRIL 30, 1823.

THE AMERICAN NOVELS.

THE SPY—THE PIONEERS.

We took up these novels with no slight prejudice in their favor. The circumstances of the one alluding to the most interesting features of the American war, and of the other professing to be a descriptive tale, induced us to suppose that we had lighted upon something original and characteristic. We expected that we were to receive vivid impressions of American scenery and manners, that we were to come within hearing, as it were, of the roar of its cataracts, to behold its inland seas, its far-stretching forests, its wild and untrodden mountains, and to enter 'full informed' into the very spirit of its national peculiarities. We thought that, as the soil was fertile, it would yield abundant crops, and that the skill of the experienced agriculturist would draw forth its hidden treasures. We expected, in short, a good novel, and are disappointed. We do not, however, mean to assert, that the tales are bad; but that, with such rich materials as the author evidently possessed, they should have been made much better. The descriptive parts should have been more vivid, the characters more definitely portrayed, and the various remarkable incidents that grew out of the American war, of which the Spy professes to treat, should have been engrafted with more dramatic felicity. But Mr. Cooper is at best a clumsy artist. His landscapes are deficient in local interest, and, with the exception of name, are as truly English as American. We see no light and shade, no judicious blending of colors, no repose—all is imperfect generalization, in which the interest arising from truth and simplicity is wholly sacrificed to effect. His conception of character is good, but his execution coarse; and the canvas is so crowded and bedaubed with figures, that it is impossible to separate one from another. His mind is some luxuriant grove, which, unpruned by the hands of art, is suffered to run wild in the wanton abundance of nature. The cedar is there, and the stately oak, and the gloomy cypress; nor is there a deficiency of the lighter and more ornamental shrubs of the garden; but they are all massed together in tasteless and ruinous confusion, and the beautiful proportions of each are lost from want of cultivation. How different, in the hands of sir Walter Scott, would have been the (at present imperfect and confused) character of Harvey Birch, the pedler spy! What breathless interest would have been thrown around his romantic escapes, his midnight adventures, his stern and unyielding patriotism! What depth of pathos would have illustrated his sensibility as a son, his devotion as a martyr! How delightful too would have been the new settlement in the Pioneers, adorned as the Scotch novelist would have adorned it! The pure mountain air would have breathed through his descriptions;—and the windings of the little lake—the hut of Leather-stocking bosomed among Alpine rocks—the modest parsonage house—the *erotic* academy for young settlers—and the site of the 'Bold Dragoon,'—would have been each traced with the accuracy of a map, and the animated fondness of

a native. As it is, we have no holy and familiar resting-place on which the imagination may repose. We have, to be sure, a new settlement placed in the very heart of immense forests, alive with bustle and glowing with beauty—but the bustle reminds us of Brentford, and the beauty of Hampstead-heath, where the stranger may have an exceedingly pretty view of corn-fields, villages, and daffodils; but where there is nothing of individual or local character to distinguish it from any other prospect. In fact, were we inclined to draw invidious comparisons, we would observe, that the new settlement in the Pioneers forcibly reminds us of *Wapping*. The Susquehanna flows by the one, the Thames by the other, and 'there are salmon in both.' Wapping can boast its drunken sailors and uncivilized poachers; ditto the settlement. Wapping has a 'Bold Dragoon;' ditto the settlement. Wapping is eloquent of genuine and unsophisticated ruffianism; ditto the settlement: although in this instance justice compels us to give a reluctant preference to America, founded on the character of Ben Pump, who, as a specimen of accomplished vulgarity, is unequaled.

There is one test by which the merit of a good novel may be tried. If, after an attentive perusal, it leaves any fixed and definite impression on the mind, it may, we think, be safely pronounced good. We have ourselves had frequent occasion to make the experiment, and have invariably found it successful. Who, for instance, in the Scotch novels, can ever forget the heart-stirring Cameronian sketches—the sweet gentleness of Jeanie Deans, or the regrets of the witch Meg Merrilies, when she weeps beside the old ash tree under which her kettle boiled for forty years? Who has not rambled in thought with Rob Roy among his mountains, and echoed back the feeling which prompted that the heather he trod on when living, should bloom over him when dead? Who has not felt all the father stir within his soul, when Anastasius presses his dead child to his bosom, or when Euphrosyne, gay, innocent, and confiding, droops under the blighting influence of the spoiler? Who is not warm from the recollection of the Homeric battle in Tom Jones, from the polemic disputes between Square and Thwack'em, or the freaks of the fox-hunting Western? It is in the vivid impression which such novels leave behind them, that their intrinsic excellence consists; for it is one of the peculiar properties of genius to engraft its own feelings and fancies upon the mind of another with the same facility that it creates and combines for itself. Now, in the tales before us, there is nothing of this faculty. We have but lately perused them, yet are conscious of little more than a confused recollection of grotesque incidents and characters. Were we asked to select one individual scene as deserving of particular attention, we should be puzzled to reply. Where then, the reader will say, lies their principal recommendation? We answer, in a fearless animated diction, and a sweeping vigorous outline, correct perhaps as a whole, but faulty and exaggerated in particulars. With these preliminary remarks, we shall proceed to the task of reviewing.

The Spy, which is the earliest of the series, refers to some occurrences that took place during the American war of 1780, when certain trusty individuals were selected to perform that office in the British camp. Among the number of these worthies, a pedler, by name Harvey Birch, is the most active. He is perpetually in the foreground of the novel; yet, strange to say, inspires not the slightest interest. We see him for ever climbing rocks and crossing moors; but if he were to tumble from the one, or be suffocated in the bogs of the other, his death would be more a relief than an omission. In the earlier scenes, he is represented as having procured a disguise for a young British officer, by name Wharton, who is anxious to visit his family in the neutral territory of West Chester. He is discovered, however, in his concealment by captain Lawton, of the Virginian horse; but as the commander of that regiment, major Peyton Dunwoodie, is the lover of his younger sister Frances, he is merely detained in his father's house, on a promise of speedy liberation. Now it so happened, that a stranger, by name Harpur, had, in the early period of young Wharton's visit, taken shelter from a storm in the same place; and informs his host, that in the event of any accident befalling his son, he might, from recollection of his hospitality, be able to assist him. He is now called on to fulfil his promise, which openly, as *Washington*, he refuses, but in secret, as Harpur, he connives at. Young Wharton, who had been con-

demned to death as a spy, is in consequence enabled to make his escape, in which he is assisted by the pedler, Harvey Birch. The tale now verges to a close: major Dunwoodie and Frances Wharton are of course married, and of course live very happily afterwards; although in *real* life, from which this novel professes to be taken, the latter circumstance is by no means the necessary consequence of the former.

The principal merit of the Spy consists in its desultory sketches of American military manners. We have a jolly trooper, captain Lawton—a sober-minded methodistical subaltern—and a retainer of the camp, by name Betty Flannagan. There is, moreover, a surgeon to the forces, one Dr. Sitgreaves, whose portrait, like those of Smollett, is drawn with great humor and breadth of coloring. The occasional squabbles that take place between him and captain Lawton, on the subject of 'wounding scientifically,' are infinitely amusing, as also are the scattered accounts of the marauders or skinners. We have no room, however, for extracts, and shall conclude our comments on the Spy, by observing, that as an unconnected series of sketches, it is worth reading—but as a novel, which implies, to our way of thinking at least, some pretensions to method and composition, it is contemptible.

The 'Pioneers' has greater regularity of design, and the different characters introduced are drawn with a more masterly and graphic power. But there is a coarseness that pervades the whole; an adherence to nature perhaps, but nature in its most repulsive shapes. The tale opens with the journey of judge Temple to his new settlement, whither he is accompanied by an only child, by name Elizabeth. On gaining the brow of the hill that overlooks his village, he is suddenly startled by the appearance of a stag which is as suddenly shot. The marksman then appears, one Natty Bumpo, or Leather-stocking, as he was usually called, accompanied by another younger stranger. The latter is unfortunately wounded by a random shot from judge Temple (who had attempted to fire at the stag), and is taken to the settlement, where he is cured by Dr. Elnathan Todd, the village practitioner. Noon, meanwhile, closes round them; and the scene which then presents itself to the eye of Elizabeth is thus ably portrayed.

'The last object at which Elizabeth had gazed when they renewed their journey, after the rencontre with Richard, was the sun, as he expanded in the refraction of the horizon, and over whose disk the dark umbrage of a pine was stealing, while he slowly sunk behind the western hills. But his setting rays darted along the openings of the mountain she was on, and lighted the shining covering of the birches, until their smooth and glossy coats nearly rivalled the mountain-sides in color. The outline of each dark pine was delineated far in the depths of the forest; and the rocks, too smooth and too perpendicular to retain the snow that had fallen, brightened, as if smiling in scorn, on those changes in the season, which could neither shake their foundations, nor subvert their nature. But at each step, as they descended, Elizabeth observed that they were leaving the day behind them. Even the heartless, but bright rays of a December sun, were missed, as they glided into the cold gloom of the valley. Along the summits of the mountains in the eastern range, it is true, that the light still lingered, receding step by step from the earth into the few clouds that were gathering, with the evening mist, about the limited horizon; but the frozen lake lay without a shadow on its chill bosom; the dwellings were becoming already gloomy and indistinct; and the wood-cutters were shouldering their axes, and preparing to enjoy, throughout the long evening that was before them, the comforts of those exhilarating fires that their labor had been supplying with fuel. They paused only to gaze at the passing sleighs, to lift their caps to Marmaduke, to exchange familiar nods with Richard, and each disappeared in his own dwelling. The paper curtains dropped behind our travelers in every window, shutting from the air even the fire-light of their cheerful apartments; and when the horses of her father turned, with a rapid whirl, into the open gate of the mansion-house, and nothing stood before her but the cold, dreary stone walls of the building, as she approached them through an avenue of young and leafless poplars, she felt as if all the loveliness of the mountain-view had vanished like the fancies of a dream. Marmaduke had retained so much of his early habits as

to reject the use of bells, but the equipage of Mr. Jones came dashing through the gate after them, sending its jingling sounds through every cranny in the building, and directly the dwelling was in an uproar.'

On the arrival of the travelers at the settlement, we are formally introduced to the different personages that compose the establishment of the judge. In the list of this odd and promiscuous assemblage we find Ben Pump—a regeneration of the sailors of Smollett, in vulgarity, though not in talent—a housekeeper, by name Remarkable Pettibone, —a clergyman, Mr. Grant, and his daughter Louisa—a relation of judge Temple, and high sheriff of the county, *hight* Richard—and a very commonplace species of lawyer, who answers to the cognomen of squire Dolittle. The principal part of the novel is taken up in the business of the village, for the purpose of drawing forth the character of each individual. The neighbourhood assemble at church, in order to show how well Mr. Grant can preach; and parish stocks are erected, to give honest Ben an opportunity of swearing at them. The plot is very slight and feeble. The young stranger, whom we have mentioned above, is domesticated in the house of judge Temple, and makes all possible haste to fall in love with his daughter Elizabeth. This of course he accomplishes; but as the mode of courtship is somewhat peculiar, we shall beg leave to detail it for the benefit of future suitors. It seems that Natty Bumpo, a restless huntsman, who dwells near the village, has committed some excess for which he is imprisoned. Elizabeth, however, whom he had one day rescued from a panther, visits him in his dungeon; and, after some little hesitation, connives at his escape; and, at the old man's urgent entreaties, is persuaded to bring him some powder to a certain spot in the neighbourhood. While for this purpose she is ascending the hill that overlooks the village, a tremendous conflagration among the dry woods effectually cuts off all return. In this dangerous predicament she is discovered by young Effingham, which was the name of the stranger; and whether the heat of the fire produces a corresponding warmth within him, or the hopelessness of their situation annihilates all etiquette, we know not—but certain it is, that, inflamed by sudden ardor, he requests permission to die by the side of Elizabeth. This is politely granted, and the following scene ensues:—

' 'If any thing could reconcile a man, in the vigor and pride of manhood, to this death,' cried the youth with fervor, 'it would be to meet it in such company!'

' 'Talk not so, Edwards, talk not so,' interrupted Miss Temple, 'I am unworthy of it; and it is unjust to yourself. We must die; yes—yes—we must die—it is the will of God, and let us endeavour to submit like his own children.'

' 'Die!' the youth rather shrieked than exclaimed, 'No—no—there must be hope yet—you must not, shall not die.'

' 'In what way can we escape?' asked Elizabeth, pointing, with a look of heavenly composure, towards the fire. 'Observe! the flame is crossing the barrier of wet ground—it comes slowly, Edwards, but surely.—Ah! see! the tree! the tree is already lighted!'

'Her words were too true. The heat of the conflagration had, at length, overcome the resistance of the spring, and the fire was slowly stealing along the half-dried moss; while a dead pine kindled with the touch of a forked flame, that, for a moment, wreathed around the stem of the tree, as it whirled, in one of its evolutions, under the influence of the air. The effect was instantaneous and magical. The flames danced along the parched trunk of the pine, like lightning quivering on a chain, and immediately a column of living fire was raging on the terrace. It soon spread from tree to tree, and the scene was evidently drawing to a close. The log on which Mohegan was seated lighted at its farther end, and the Indian appeared to be surrounded by the fire. Still he was unmoved. As his body was unprotected, his sufferings must have been great, but his fortitude was superior to all. His voice could yet be heard, raising its tones, even in the midst of these horrors. Elizabeth turned her head from the sight, and faced the valley. Furious eddies of wind were created by the heat, and just at the moment, the canopy of fiery smoke that overhung the valley was cleared away, so as to leave a distinct view of the peaceful village beneath them.

' 'My father!—My father!' shrieked Elizabeth. 'Oh! this—this surely might have been spared me—but I submit.'

'The distance was not too great, for the figure of judge Temple was to be seen,

standing in his own grounds, and, apparently, contemplating, in perfect unconsciousness of the danger of his child, the mountain in flames. This sight was still more painful than the approaching danger; and Elizabeth again faced the hill.

"'My intemperate warmth has done this!' cried Edwards, in the accents of despair. 'If I had possessed but a moiety of your heavenly resignation, Miss Temple, all might yet have been well.'

"'Name it not—name it not,' she said. 'It is now of no avail. We must die, Edwards, we must die—let us do so as Christians. But—no—you may yet escape, perhaps. Your dress is not so fatal as mine. Fly! leave me. An opening may yet be found for you, possibly—certainly it is worth the effort. Fly! leave me—but stay! You will see my father! my poor! my bereaved father! Say to him, then, Edwards, say to him, all that can appease his anguish. Tell him that I died happy and collected; that I have gone to my beloved mother; that the hours of this life are as nothing when balanced in the scales of eternity. Say how we shall meet again. And say,' she continued, dropping her voice, that had risen with her feelings, as if conscious of her worldly weaknesses, 'how dear, how very dear, was my love for him; that it was near, too near, to my love for God.'

'The youth listened to her touching accents, but moved not. In a moment he found utterance, and replied:

"'And is it me that you bid to leave you? me, to leave you on the edge of the grave? Oh! Miss Temple, how little have you known me!' he cried, dropping on his knees at her feet, and gathering her flowing robe in his arms, as if to shield her from the flames. 'I have been driven to the woods in despair; but your society has tamed the lion within me. If I have wasted my time in degradation, 'twas you that charmed me to it. If I have forgotten my name and family, your form supplied the place of memory. If I have forgotten my wrongs, 'twas you that taught me charity. No—no—dearest Elizabeth, I may die with you, but I can never leave you!'

'Elizabeth moved not, nor answered. It was plain that her thoughts had been of heaven. The recollection of her father, and her regrets at their separation, had been mellowed by a holy sentiment, that lifted her above the level of earthly things, and she was fast losing the weakness of her sex in the near view of eternity. But as the maiden, standing in her extremity, listened to these words, she became once more woman. The blood gathered slowly again in those cheeks, that had, in anticipation of the tyrant's triumph, assumed the livid appearance of death, until they glowed with the loveliness of her beauty. She struggled with herself against these feelings, and smiled, as she thought she was shaking off the last lingering feeling of her nature; when the world, and all its seductions, rushed again to her heart, with the sounds of a human voice, crying in piercing tones—

"'Gall! where be ye, Gall? gladden the heart of an old man, if ye yet belong to 'arth!'

"'List!' said Elizabeth, ''tis the Leather-stocking; he seeks me!'

"''Tis Natty!' shouted Edwards, springing on his feet, 'and we may yet be saved!'

'A wide and circling flame glared on their eyes for a moment, even above the fire of the woods, and a loud report followed, that was succeeded by a comparative stillness.

"''Tis the canister! 'tis the powder,' cried the same voice, evidently approaching them. ''Tis the canister, and the precious child is lost!'

'At the next instant Natty rushed through the steams of the spring, and appeared on the terrace, without his deer-skin cap, his hair burnt to his head, his shirt of country check, black, and filled with holes, and his red features of a deeper color than ever, by the heat he had encountered.'

The reader will not fail to remark the incident of the smoke clearing away, and leaving a view of the village at the feet of Elizabeth, and of her father walking in his garden. The idea is eminently beautiful. Mohegan, who is cursorily mentioned in the extract, is the last of a tribe of Indians, who, considering himself the rightful lord of the soil, avoids the settlers as interlopers. His character is ably drawn, and his death deeply pathetic. Among other insulated excellences, we would notice the fishing scene on the lake; the jollification at the Bold Dragoon; the escape of Elizabeth and Louisa Grant from the panther; the discomfiture of captain Hollister on the hill; and the scenes in which Natty

Bumpo (our favorite) is brought upon the stage.

Having thus discharged our duty as panegyrists, we shall add a few words by way of criticism. The female characters in both novels are, we are constrained to observe, clumsily and artificially drawn. Frances Wharton, in the Spy, is a mere non-entity. She blushes through the first eight and twenty pages at a most unusual rate; and then, by way of wind-up to her modesty, *offers her hand* to a sentimental yankee-doodle. God forbid that we should ever object to a lady's inclination to wed; we would only wish her to wait until she be asked. This, perhaps, may be hypercriticism; but if any of our fair readers were to propose to us, we should probably (notwithstanding a prodigious desire to marry) be somewhat tempted to decline the honor. Another fault which we find with these American heroines consists in their abundant strength. Elizabeth Temple and Frances Wharton think nothing of running up one mountain and down another, at a rate that would utterly discomfit an unapprenticed Englishwoman. They are besides too broad in the shoulders to please us. They are nearly six feet high by two feet wide, and possess a proportionate valor. Now we would strongly advise Mr. Cooper, when he next describes a young lady, to take off a foot each way from her person, assuring him that what she loses in strength she will gain in interest.

One word more: in his preface to the Spy, our novelist has thought fit to indulge in certain contemptuous insinuations against the late Charles Brockden Brown. This, to say the best of it, is an instance both of bad taste and bad feeling. Shall the dwarf presume to bend the bow of Ulysses? Brockden Brown was, we can assure Mr. Cooper, a much greater man than himself. Godwin, the first novelist of his day (with the exception of the author of Anastasius), has paid honorable tribute to his memory; and even the 'Great Unknown' has not disdained to borrow his finest incident, the clock scene, in Old Mortality, from the splendid novel of 'Wieland.' We shall conclude these few words of reproof with a hope that Mr. Cooper, in his next work, will somewhat lower his tone; at least, until his acknowleged publications will warrant a loftier strain of egotism.

THE LIVING POETS.

NO. I.

LORD BYRON.

(*Concluded from p.* 10.)

If we glance over the long list of lord Byron's productions, we shall see ample confirmation of the remark, that there are no great and central principles directing and controlling his powers. His early poems, which were criticized so scornfully in the Edinburgh Review, gave no indication of the talent which has influenced the taste and deeply tinged the literature of his age. They were feeble yet elaborate common-places, destitute of originality of style, with no grasping after a mighty object, nor even the swelling aspiration for dim and visionary glories. Yet here was a hint of that lordly spirit of self-will and defiance which has never forsaken him amidst his changes, and has been at once his inspirer and his bane. He tossed down his verses to the public with an air of supreme indifference, and gave them to understand that he was not likely again to break through his aristocratic repose for the benefit of posterity. Not the opening of the world with all the freshness of novelty before him; not the first taste of hope and joy; not the majesties of history, and the wonders of classical lore, unfolding to his mind—could awaken the poetic faculty which they half create in the most sluggish. But an attack of plebeian Reviews stung his dormant and crouching powers into energetic action; and he revenged the fortunate insult not only on the assailants, but on the race of English poets who had offered him no injury. In his satire there is some terseness of expression, and many well balanced verses; but there is little delicacy of wit. A large portion of it consisted in mere abuse; many of the hits were paltry, as the figure of the 'Scotish mist;' and the punning comparison of the editor Jeffray to judge Jeffreys; and the poem owed its popularity more to the feeling of dislike which many felt to the assumptions of the critics, and to the taste which almost every one has for personal allusions, than to its intrinsic deserts. Here was a picture in little of the worst circumstances in his future career—his fountain of inspiration was spleen—his attack was indiscriminate and reckless—and his success arose in a great measure

from those personalities which have always added greatly to the anxiety with which the public have expected, and the zest with which they have enjoyed, his productions.

Lord Byron's next work, of a far higher order,—the two first cantos of Childe Harold,—was evidently prompted by severer feelings of disappointment and sorrow. Although he has thought fit sometimes to throw an affected mystery over his character, as though he were conscious of some extraordinary crime, or had experienced some unprecedented suffering—for which we are so uncharitable as to believe there is not the slightest foundation—yet there can be no doubt that he received crosses and misfortunes on his entrance upon the world, which operated strongly upon a mind at once susceptible and haughty. The agitations which he endured served to turn up the concealed riches of his mind, 'far sunken in their sunless treasuries,' and to break open new fountains of lucid yet bitter waters. His first design evidently was to vent his expressions of dissatisfaction with mankind, and the mournful trains of contemplation which he had associated with the remains of past greatness and the living beauties of nature, through the medium of his hero, whose character he intended to develope and to sustain. But he soon grew impatient of this simple machinery, and perpetually thrust aside the faint and shadowy adumbration of his mind to speak in his own proper person, and make his reputation and rank the guarantees for his opinions. Wherever it is possible to trace Childe Harold, and to separate the language attributed to him from that avowedly used by his author, it will be found that the fictitious personage faithfully pursues all the variations of the real; and that, if there be any difference, the most daring speculations and the severest censures are spoken by the poet, who could not part with them even to his own shadow. The whole poem of 'Childe Harold' is a series of sketches on a tour through the most interesting countries in the world—not of the scenes through which the traveler passes—but of feelings which they have engendered, and the recollections they have called up within him. There is a wonderful sweep in the flight through which he thus conducts us, and in which he scarcely ever stoops or pauses. Various as the objects are to which he alludes, and the subjects on which he expatiates, we are sensible of no abrupt transition, but read on as if the whole were a single sentence. And yet, in the course of this work, there are discordant sentiments and feelings directed to the same objects, which are as opposite as love and scorn. The secret is, that the sensibility of lord Byron is so acute, and so strongly excites the sympathy of his readers, that they perceive the link of association by which he runs from one object to another, and almost make it their own. Hence they are no more astounded at the transition than they are at the working of the law in their minds, by which ideas essentially dissimilar follow each other in unbroken succession.

The first scene, however, to which the poet would transport us, is but very inadequately and faintly given. A reader who has never visited Lisbon would have no idea of the long avenue of waters running between almost parallel shores, which form its approach to the sea,—of the fantastical intermixture of trees of the most delicate green, with white terraces irregularly crowded one above the other, over castellated hills—from the description of lord Byron. Still less would he form any conception of the paradise of Cintra, lovelily strange, from the following stanza:—

'The horrid crags by toppling convent crown'd,
The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
The mountain-moss by scorching skies embrown'd,
The sunken glen whose sunless shrubs must weep,
The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
The vine on high, the willow branch below,
Mix'd in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow.'

This is little more than a catalogue, like the attempts at description in Pope. But when the author crosses the streamlet which divides Portugal from Spain, he kindles into enthusiasm, and pours forth some of his noblest strains of poesy. Though he must indulge his sneer at 'glory's honored fools,' on the plain of Albuera, and give a passing scourge, in the stern manner of Juvenal, to the crimes of Seville, he alludes beautifully to the old songs of the country, by which 'a peasant's plaint prolongs the dubious date' of the conqueror—he alludes to the charms of Spain's 'dark glancing daughters'—and then suddenly breaks off into an apostrophe to Parnassus, which he surveys while he writes. This transition seems abrupt and fantastical when merely

related; but to the reader (if he thinks of the objection at all) the strongly excited feeling, breathed through the preceding stanzas, completely justifies the chang This apostrophe is perhaps the most genuine piece of inspiration in all his writings. It is worth all that he has elaborately written on the subject of Greece, in his second canto, or has scattered through his miscellaneous poems.

'Oh thou Parnassus! whom I now survey,
Not in the phrensy of a dreamer's eye,
Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,
But soaring snow-clad through thy native sky,
In the wild pomp of mountain majesty!
What marvel if I thus essay to sing?
The humblest of thy pilgrims, passing by,
Would gladly woo thine echoes with his string,
Though from thy heights no more one Muse will wave her wing.
Oft have I dream'd of thee! whose glorious name
Who knows not, knows not man's divinest lore:
And now I view thee, 'tis, alas! with shame
That I in feeblest accents must adore.
When I recount thy worshipers of yore,
I tremble, and can only bend the knee;
Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar,
But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy
In silent joy to think at last I look on thee!'

These are perhaps the finest verses ever written on Parnassus, and absolutely startle us by the freshness and the reality which they give to this famed hill, when it has been so long hacknied in story, as to have seemed almost a tiresome fiction. After this, how inconsistent are the sneers at every thing above the ordinary wants of humanity, and the tone of solemn and heartless despair, at the opening of the second canto! Soon after are the celebrated lines on solitude, beginning 'To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,' which are a mere vapid commentary on a noble exclamation in Wordsworth. But the thought which, when given as it arises naturally in a poet's mind, without pretension, excites no interest, if fairly spun out, shaped into antithesis, and garnished by conceit, will instantly be considered the most exquisite piece of sentiment which ever was written.

A large part of the third canto of Childe Harold is filled with aspirations after communion with the Spirit of the Universe. The feeling which these passages breathe—the manner in which the sympathy between the soul of man and nature is expressed—not seldom the very images and words—are copied from Wordsworth. We have not space here to give the instances at length; but the most remarkable will be found in the description of a storm among the mountains of Switzerland, whole lines of which are taken almost literally from a passage describing the effect of laughter echoing among the hills of Cumberland; and in the stanza beginning 'Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends,' which is diluted and perverted from some noble passages in 'the Banks of the Wye.' There are thefts in the 'Prisoner of Chillon' from the same author, which will be fully as obvious to any who will take the trouble of comparing that poem with the lyrical ballads. It is a little unworthy of lord Byron, after thus silently paying the highest possible compliment to the genius of a great contemporary, to join the silly and ignorant cry of the multitude against him, and to seize every opportunity of making that appear ridiculous which he is not ashamed to steal! In this canto, there is a splendid simile, comparing the situation of a man who surpasses or subdues his fellows, to a traveler among the icy peaks of a mountain; and a very striking and vivid picture of the sudden disturbance of the festivities at Brussels by the approach of Napoleon. The characters of that extraordinary being, and of Rousseau, which are labored in the poem, appear to us to be failures.

In the fourth canto a far more interesting range of objects is embraced; for the poet is in Italy; and he is, therefore, drawn more from himself than in any other of his serious writings. This canto appears more carefully written than any of the preceding, and is remarkable for felicities of expression. The stanzas on Rome are unequal; but the enthusiastic bursts of admiration at the sight of the Apollo and the Venus are exceedingly beautiful; and the closing address to the ocean at once touching and grand. The gloomiest passages in this poem are thickly overspread with luxurious fancies, which sparkle over them like fire-flies illuminating a tropical sea.

As lord Byron infuses so much of personal character into his philosophic and meditative poetry, he also suffers it to pervade all his narratives. It is perhaps a vulgar error to suppose that the Corsair, Lara, the Giaour, and Alp, are reflexions of the dark and terrible passions of his own nature, though he would have us believe so; but they are the gloomy and monotonous repetitions of a daring paradox, adopted and enforced with all the daring and obstinacy

of his aristocratic spirit. They are conceived in high scorn of moral grace and proportion; and so reckless or so confident is their author, that he will adopt their enormities as his own, and then bid the world execrate them at its peril! A dangerous, but a natural mistake, has prevailed respecting the *power* displayed in these anomalous conceptions. Nothing can more effectually show how overrated this force is, than the confession of lord Byron, made in the preface to his Werner,—that the German's tale of Miss Lee contains the germ of much that he has since written—referring necessarily to these favorite delineations; because there is nothing remarkable in that tale, but a young man, who appears brave, affectionate, and generous, and proves in the sequel to be a bandit and an assassin. Here, where there is no romantic costume to envelope the character, no poetic maze to bewilder and dazzle the minds of admiring readers—it is easy to perceive that the whole is only a moral paradox—a contradiction in properties, and almost in terms. There is no fine blending of qualities; no moulding of frailties and of virtues; no tempering of one passion and feeling by another; no delicate gradation; no affecting generosity or more affecting weakness; no sense of the play and interchange of the passions; no tracing of the subtile windings of feeling, by which the best and wisest may be betrayed into error. All is monstrous and startling; and he who would achieve it, has only to dare and to succeed. In such an exhibition—portraiture we cannot call it—there is, no doubt, something which at first may fascinate or appal. Independent of the mere novelty, and the air of fearlessness, which is always captivating, the best regulated mind may feel the occasional injustice of the ordinary rules by which conduct is judged; may be sensible that vice has not always fair play in moral argument; may observe some rotten parts in the system of conventional morality, and see indications of good in the most execrated of the species, which show that men are not always to be estimated by their most prominent deeds. This feeling, which, to a certain extent, is just, is heightened into restlessness, and excited into dangerous activity, by the pious horror of the bigot and the hypocrite, and thus prepares the way for such a taste for moral paradox as lord Byron's writings gratify. It is true that the heroes of poetry need not be 'faultless monsters;' that we may well sympathise with heroines a little less angelic than the divine Clarissa; that not only 'the fears of the brave, and follies of the wise,' may fitly be shown in their true pressure; but that the qualities which link the most violent or depraved natures to our common humanity may be fairly developed, to show that the image of God can never be entirely effaced from those souls on which he has once impressed it. But we complain of mere paradox—of the collision of dissimilarities which astonish and stun us;—which is the very quackery of the characteristic art. To attempt to redeem a reckless infidel by the mere force of passionate, or rather eloquent language, as in the Giaour—to represent a Corsair, whose whole life has been spent in savage barbarities, as capable of the most refined and delicate love—to invest incestuous passion with all the grace and tenderness of profound and innocent affection, as in Parisina—is to turn the tables on nature and truth, and to pervert the moral sense by associating qualities which can never be united.

Of lord Byron's tales, Lara seems to us by far the most purely and vigorously written. The Giaour is more abrupt and startling—but its passion is rather eloquent than intense—and its figures, as that of the scorpion for example, are overstrained and out of keeping. The Corsair is perhaps more elaborate; but it is also more attenuated and sentimental, and depends a great deal too much on mere contrasts and surprises. In Lara, there is throughout strength without violence; not in the conception of the hero's character, but in the language, which strikes us as more like Dryden than any thing which has since his time been given to the world. There is an uncommon weight and sense in the couplets—a fine roughness of the good old English school—and a manly cast of illustration and thought. Nothing in its kind is nobler than the picture of the death of Lara, and of the subsequent conduct of the attendant lady habited as a page: it is a piece of deep pathos, and of quiet grandeur. Yet we believe this is one of the least popular of his works—at all events, it is one most seldom read and quoted. The Bride of Abydos has a meretricious softness about it, which is Asiatic; but little real feeling: and the author, in representing a pair,

who believe themselves the children of the same father, as cherishing, though ignorantly, a passion for each other, has 'touched the brink of all we hate.' The Siege of Corinth is harsh and melodramatic, and contains obvious plagiarisms from Coleridge: the Prisoner of Chillon, and the small poems which are published with it, especially one called 'Churchill's Grave,' are direct imitations of Wordsworth; and the first has much tender beauty. 'Mazeppa,' a mere sketch, is spirited and original, and contains one passage of singular excellence, in which the poet explains why those who have enjoyed the least success in life are sometimes least willing to leave it. The thought is taken from Jeremy Taylor, and has been very beautifully developed and illustrated in one of Mr. Hazlitt's Essays.

Of all species of poetry, the dramatic is that for which lord Byron's genius is least suited; yet he has chosen to persevere in attempting it. Unable to follow, even at the humblest distance, the romantic dramatists of Elizabeth's age, he has imitated the French imitations of the ancients; and being destitute of all characteristic power, has thought fit to patronise the unities. In his own poetry, 'a chartered libertine'—the freest, the most excursive, the least regular, of the modern school; in tragedy he tries, 'to forget himself to stone,' and works by exactest rule. If, indeed, he would write tragedies at all, it must be thus—for there is scarcely an approach to the living power of the dramatist, to that species of intellectual ventriloquism, by which the voice of the writer is lost in those of his persons, in any of his plays. Scattered among them there is a great deal of rich description and lofty sentiment; but the characters have no keeping, the events no rapidity of succession, and the whole scenic picture no reality or life. Lord Byron could not condescend to form characters distinct from his own mind; he keeps his state loftily, and is 'himself alone.' The Doge of Venice is replete with striking passages, but utterly without dramatic truth; the Two Foscari is a mere picture of suffering, without the least approach to action; Sardanapalus is more interesting, but it is still rather epic than dramatic, and is without that pomp and luxury which the subject required; and Werner is little more than a washy melodrame, founded on a Canterbury Tale. The pernicious tendency of Cain arises from its want of dramatic power. Had the first murderer been realised to us by the poet, his blasphemous language would have been as harmless as the speeches of Milton's Satan. They would then have been read, not as the sentiments of the author, delivered *con amore* through a fictitious medium; but as merely the appropriate language of the character, which he could not help assigning to him. But it is obvious, that the sentiments are not made for Cain, but Cain for them; because the hero is a mere abstraction—an embodied dogma—the clumsy image through which the author breathes forth his deadly oracles. It is true, nevertheless, that one of lord Byron's poems, which is cast in a dramatic form, is the finest of all his works. But the power displayed in 'Manfred' is not dramatic: the interest which it excites is not derived from the progress of the events, or from sympathy with human action or suffering; for the only circumstance of a tragic cast alluded to is one which the mind shudders to think upon. The merit of this poem consists in its magnificent scenery, and in the grandeur of its meditative passages, which are richly tinted with fancy's most solemn coloring.

It is impossible for the most apprehensive moralist to be insensible to the extraordinary talent displayed in lord Byron's famous anomaly—Don Juan. The power of language, the ease, the vivacity, the gleaming tenderness, the copious felicity of illustration, are as remarkable, as the utter want of principle, coherence of thought, and moral dignity. The eccentricities of this poem are inspired by the same feelings of self-will and defiance of the world, which impelled lord Byron to select ruffians for heroes, to write tragedies in despite of the critics and the town, and to represent Pope's ethical works as amongst the most sublime of human compositions. Perhaps its tendency is less pernicious than that of its author's more serious and earnest writings, since there is no false sentimentality to ensnare the affections of the susceptible and the good, and the mere voluptuary can receive little injury from verses. Its most inexcusable passages are those of a personal nature, where the name of some unoffending individual is cruelly introduced, to add pungency to a jest or give point to a rhyme. It is melancholy to see a nobleman and a man of genius descending to

borrow an adventitious interest from private scandal; to cast ridicule on authors from whom he has not been ashamed to borrow; and to imitate the worst part of the periodical press in the most degrading of its resources.

We have ourselves neither time nor space to examine, as we intended, the causes of that extraordinary interest which lord Byron has awakened and retained in the public mind. Much of it may, no doubt, be fairly ascribed to the legitimate influence of genius; but much also must be attributed to circumstances which do him less honor. His defects have worked for him almost as successfully as his beauties. The minds of ordinary readers are more easily affected by the startling than the harmonious; by that which strikes than that which impresses; by a magnificent chaos than a well ordered and beautiful creation. A part may be felt by them as greater or stronger than the whole; because, operating on one single feeling, it produces a more violent sensation at the moment, and its effect is more strange and startling. A poem, of divine imagination 'all compact,' may astonish the less for its completeness, as a statue or a temple appears smaller from the harmony of its proportions. Nor can it be denied that the noble author has sometimes appeared to seek notoriety rather than fame. He has made the public a party to his domestic affairs; he has perpetually hinted, in mysterious terms, at his own life; has claimed to himself sufferings which he never felt, and has darkly represented himself as stained with guilt, by which he never was polluted. Thus curiosity was constantly excited by the expectation of some strange avowal from one who appeared to differ so essentially from his fellows, and whose genius seemed only to heighten his miseries. So far as his reputation is built on such quackeries, on clever personality, or ingenious paradox, it must quickly pass away. It is too feverish, too closely allied to the 'ignorant present,' too little fixed on enduring objects, to last, when the tastes and the caprices of this generation shall fade away from the earth. Portions of his works must undoubtedly claim a place in the literature of his country as long as that literature shall endure; and he may long be recollected as the Alcibiades of his time: but he has still to form one noble, pure, and consistent work, which shall sink deep into the hearts and imaginations of those who love poetry for its own sake; and who, though their voice is at first lost in public clamor, are the real dispensers of immortal fame.

GOOD COMPANY, OR A FISH OUT OF WATER.

I DINED yesterday with an old friend, who is unfortunate enough to be obliged occasionally to entertain *good company*. As the invitation I received was accidental, not formal, I thought that the odious ceremony of dressing might be dispensed with. To say the truth, I always had a great aversion to seeing a man in what is called full dress. I never could imagine a human being with crisped locks, silk stockings, tight shoes, and all the other paraphernalia of despotic etiquette, to be in a fit state for any rational purpose, whether of action or contemplation. I am particularly disgusted, when I see a soldier, a statesman, a philosopher, or indeed any man of real value, thus disguised, bowing in a drawing-room, or simpering at an assembly. He appears to me shorn of his beams, the just proportions of manhood seem curtailed, and he looks as much out of his place as an eagle in a farm-yard, or a swan in a puddle. I think of him as he ought to be, reining the prancing steed, or directing the onset of battle; commanding the applause of listening senates, enlightening mankind with the rays of truth, or bewitching us with the creations of fancy. The contrast is too powerful, and I turn away disgusted. All this may be prejudice, as I am myself one of the canaille, and never could boast the slightest claims to rank with good company.

To my friend's I went in my usual attire—spattered boots and trowsers, a coat in the autumn of life, and black military cravat. Conceive my horrification on being ushered into a drawing-room full of—good company! All were actually bristling in the very extremity of full costume! I trembled as if I had suddenly tumbled into a nest of hedgehogs. I was never remarkable at any time for the elegance of my entrée; but, on this occasion, I proved more than usually clumsy. In attempting to bow, my iron heel, from which a piece was broken, stuck in the carpet, and I was literally flung into an arm-chair that stood near the door. My seat was neither easy nor graceful, as I could not

immediately extricate my cursed heel; and my left leg was consequently stretched out to its fullest extent, while the right withdrew itself with instinctive horror from its unfortunate brother; and that part of the chair which should have received my body presented a deplorable vacuum. I was glad, however, of any port in a storm, congratulated myself that it was no worse, and that my corporation had not actually come in contact with the ground. As I recovered a little, I looked around me, in the hope of discovering some roturier as ill dressed as myself, to keep me in countenance. In vain! I could discern no oasis in the desert. Above was nought but curly crops, and silken hose below.

Quocunque aspicias, nil est nisi pontus et aër;
Nubibus hic tumidus, fluctibus ille minax.

At last, methought, I spied a black cravat; my heart rose at the sight—but, alas! on more accurate inspection, I found that it was attached to the neck of an exquisite, who, 'quoad cætera,' shone in all the plenitude of evening dandyism. I sunk at once into my own insignificance, and thought to myself—

'Without black velvet breeches, what is man?'

Reader, is there aught in this breathing world more awful than the drawing-room half-hour which precedeth a dinner of ceremony? The calm which forruns the hurricane—the interval before the delivery of the verdict, in a case of life and death—or the still more dreadful interval between condemnation and execution—But I must not attempt similitudes; for here

All the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.

For some minutes after my entrance, the silence was appalling. My friend attempted something, to introduce a general conversation; but conversation never sits well upon an empty stomach. No one seconded him. I had conceived a very fine remark, in relation to what he had observed; but, in the attempt to deliver it, 'vox faucibus hæsit.' No farther effort was made to keep up the ball. The silence remained unbroken, except by an occasional whisper among the young ladies and an old and stately dame, who, in an audible voice, put several distinct interrogatories to an old and powdered beau, touching a variety of noble families, with whose names at least both were sufficiently familiar.

At length, the summons to descend to dinner arrived. Any change of situation was agreeable, and this I hailed with inward pleasure. In conducting the ladies down, I chanced to be most inauspiciously linked with the ancient aristocratic dame above-mentioned. She was evidently mortified at being obliged to accept my proffered arm, and darted at me a look of the most ineffable contempt. I was fortunate enough, however, to acquit myself better on this occasion than at my presentation to the company; that is to say, I did not tread on the old lady's gown, or tumble down stairs: but my whole deportment was sufficiently awkward and unassured. Still I had the temerity to hazard an almost inarticulate nothing about the weather to her ladyship, which, I need scarcely add, passed utterly unnoticed.

The dinner passed off, as such dinners are wont to do—cold, comfortless, stiff, and unsocial. Next to the frigid pause before dinner, in unpleasantness, is the short-cut broken talk at the dinner table. The majority ate in profound silence. Some ventured a general observation, which, as it was addressed to no one, no one deemed himself obliged to notice. One gentleman said something directly to another, which was not heard, inasmuch as the other was busily employed in the demolition of an oyster-paté. My worthy host was too much engaged in carving and helping, to attend to any thing else. By the way, what a ridiculous custom is this! how much better would it be to have the dishes on the side-table, and let the servants carve them, and help the guests! But the delight of man appears to be to exercise all his ingenuity in contrivances to render himself uncomfortable. My evil destiny placed me beside the old lady whom I had conducted down stairs, and before a couple of boiled fowls, which, previously to their demise, had evidently arrived at years of discretion. I never was a carver, nor ever shall be. I was obliged, however, to attempt the operation, on the old lady's calling for some boiled fowl. Just before, (for the devil would have it all his own way,) I had swallowed a fish-bone, which I could neither get up nor down, but which formed a bar across the œsophagus, impassable to any thing not in a state nearly liquid. The torment which this occasioned increased my awkwardness prodigiously. In a state

of desperation, I seized the knife and fork, and hacked away right miserably. I could not hit a single joint. At last, by a violent effort, I succeeded in tearing off a leg, and a considerable portion of the body along with it. But my troubles were not over. The old lady preferred a wing. A wing I contrived to sever; but in a manner so opposite to my management of the leg, as to leave all the flesh which should attach to it behind, and help the old dame to little more than the bare bones. What confused me most of all, was, that her ladyship, who had not deigned to look at me before, kept her eyes on me, during this sad operation, with the most provoking degree of sarcastic attention.

As the vile fish-bone was still sticking in my throat, I determined to try the effect of a glass of madeira in accelerating its descent. I asked a lady opposite to me to take wine, to which she replied by a most supercilious nod. My evil genius had another pluck at me. In the act of gulping the madeira, I was seized with a fit of coughing. My head happened to be turned towards my aristocratic neighbour, who received the full benefit of the generous shower, with the addition (fortunately for me) of the fish-bone, which, being expelled with prodigious violence, stuck in the corner of her eye.

To attempt to describe the confusion consequent on this explosion would be vain. All eyes were turned on me with astonishment and indignation, and on the old lady with commiseration. Her rage was unbounded—she removed immediately from the table. I made an impotent effort at apology, but could not articulate one syllable. The rest of dinner-time was hurried over in profound silence, and the ladies retired the moment the cloth was removed.

The conversation (talk I mean) of *good company* after dinner varies only in quantity from what it is before dinner: it is made up, for the most part, of insipid localities. Here I cannot help admiring the tactics of good company. It entrenches itself, as it were, in its own nothingness; and by confining its range of subjects to men and things, in which no rational being can feel any interest, it takes the most effectual means to prevent the intrusion of a stranger within its sacred circle.

We were summoned up stairs. What the conversation of ladies may be, in the interval from the time of their retiring, to when the gentlemen rejoin them, I cannot pretend to say; but I cannot do the fair sex the injustice of supposing that it is not vastly more entertaining than the male confab of good company. Be that, however, as it may, our re-entrance is the invariable signal for silence and stupidity.

'Light dies before our uncreating words.'

On the present occasion, a deeper shade was added to the general sullenness. The ladies formed a semicircle by themselves, and the closeness of their ranks bade defiance to masculine intervention.

The gentlemen were fain to range themselves in a similar order on the opposite side, and both parties regarded each other with awful looks of unutterable nothingness. To the general unmeaningness of *physiog.* my old aristocratic friend presented a marked exception. She had evidently neither forgotten nor forgiven the unfortunate *tiraillerie* of the madeira and fish-bone.

Manet altâ mente repostum
Spretæ injuria formæ.

'The cups, which cheer but not inebriate,' passed round, but failed of producing their proper effect. Whether the dulness was too strong for the tea, or the tea too weak for the dulness, I leave in doubt: I shall only say, that the one was as strong, and the other as weak, as both are usually found to be in good company.

After tea, came, of course, music. To my rude ears it was what Pope calls 'harmony not understood.' The performers were two very old ladies and one very old gentleman. The old ladies squeaked in treble, and the old gentleman bellowed a most intolerable bass. An unfortunate piano-forte, which, if it could speak, might tell many a tale of murder, was put in requisition as an accompaniment, and thrummed most unmercifully by a little prodigy of six years of age.

The music at length ceased, and the parting hour arrived. I hailed the dissolution of this conclave of dulness with the sincerest pleasure. I felt, when I got into the open air, as if a tremendous weight had been just removed from me. I made a firm resolution never to go into good company again, except occasionally, as one uses a cold bath, for the sake of the pleasant sensation experienced, on getting out of it.

PROLOGUE.

There has been published in France for about a year, a periodical work, entitled 'The Paris Monthly Review,' the last number of which is now before us.

'*Give and take*' is a very just maxim; but this editor appears to have such a predilection for the latter, as to have no faith in the scriptural doctrine—'Better is it to give than to receive.' Of the sixteen articles, only seven are original; the rest are taken from our various magazines. One of seven, *Le Rire*, we have undertaken to translate for the amusement of our readers. A paper written on Laughter at Montmorency, and one composed at St. James's or St. Giles's on the same subject, are likely to be treated in a very different style. Every Englishman, who reads the title, will immediately have his own notions about the matter, which will not probably be found to square exactly with those contained in the following article. Man has been distinguished as a *risible animal*. Lucian says, that an ass never laughs—ονος ου γελαστικος. Bourdelot, his commentator, denies the fact; and from all the experience we have had of society, we are much inclined to side with Bourdelot, and to believe that asses are the greatest laughers. But let that be as it may—*à nos moutons*—'We'll ev'n to't, like French falconers, fly at any thing we see.'

LAUGHTER.

Que ferez-vous, Monsieur, du nez d'un marguillier. Regnard.

A German prince, celebrated for his love of literature, has just proposed a premium for the best philosophical dissertation on *Laughter*. I hope that some Frenchman will obtain it. Would it not be the height of ridicule, if *we* were to fail in *such* a contest? It seems to me, that there are more jests and pleasantries at Paris in one evening, than there are in all Germany during a whole month. It is a German, nevertheless, who has written the *programme* concerning *Laughter*. What is to be done, is to expose its nature and shades; to answer clearly and fairly this difficult question—*What is Laughter?*

The great misfortune is, that the judges are to be *Germans*: it is to be feared that some light fancies or uncocted thoughts, spread elegantly through twenty pages of academic phrases, and periods classically combined, may appear a perfect vacuum to such gross judges. I say this, by way of caution to those youthful writers with so much research, natural with so much manner, eloquent with so little thought:

La gloire du distique, et l'espoir du quatrain.

Here it will be necessary to find ideas, which is certainly a very impertinent request. These Germans are still such barbarians!

What is *Laughter*? Hobbes says—it is that physical convulsion, which all the world knows is produced by the unexpected observance of our superiority over another.

See that young man passing, dressed at all points—he walks on his toes—in his blooming figure you may read at once the certainty of success, and most self-complacent satisfaction—he is going to a ball—see him already at the gate, surrounded with flambeaux and lacqueys—he flies to pleasure—in his haste he falls, and rises covered with mud from head to foot: his small-clothes, before so white and well made; his cravat, tied so elegantly, and with so much negligence—all covered with black and fetid mud. An universal burst of laughter is excited—the Swiss at the door holds both his sides; the mob of servants laugh till the tears come in their eyes, while they make a circle round the unhappy beau. It is necessary that the comic be exhibited with clearness; it must give us a clear view of our own superiority over another. But this superiority is a thing so futile, and so easily annihilated by the least reflection, that it is requisite that the view be presented to us in a sudden and unexpected manner.

Here then are the two conditions appertaining to the comic—vividly bright or clear; and unexpected. Laughter ceases, if the misfortune of the man, at whose expense we are to be amused, reminds us immediately that we also may be placed in the same situation. Had the young man, who was going to the ball, and fell into the mud, on seeing all the people laughing, drawn one of his legs along, and pretended that he was dangerously bruised, in the twinkling of an eye laughter would have given place to terror and alarm. This is very plain—there is no more delight springing out of superiority; but, on the contrary, a prospect of evil to ourselves: in

getting out of a carriage, I also may fall and break my leg. A light pleasantry makes us laugh at the object of it; but one of a severe character prevents laughter, for we think tremblingly of the sad misfortune of the person.

Pleasantries have been the fashion in France for these two hundred years; and now a pleasantry must be very subtile and delicate, or it will be understood directly, and there is an end of the *unexpected*. Farther, it is necessary that I should entertain a certain degree of esteem for the person at whom it is intended to make me laugh. I have a great regard for the talent of M. Picard: still, in many of his comedies, the persons destined to amuse us exhibit manners so low and base, that I can admit no comparison between us—I despise them as soon as I have heard them utter two or three phrases. I cannot be made to enter into the ridiculous of such characters.

A printer at Paris had written a sacred tragedy, entitled Joshua: he printed it in the most splendid style, and sent a copy to the celebrated Bodoni, his brother printer, at Parma. Some time after, the author went into Italy, and paid a visit to Bodoni. 'Well,' said he, 'what do you think of my tragedy of Joshua?' 'Full of beauties,' exclaimed his friend. 'Then you think,' rejoined the author, 'that I shall acquire some fame by it?' 'It will immortalize you,' was the reply. 'And the characters, what do you say of them?' 'The characters,' cried Bodoni, 'are exquisite, perfect—especially the *capitals!*'

Bodoni, an enthusiast in his art, saw nothing in his friend's tragedy, but the beauty of the *printing*. This anecdote made me laugh much more than it deserved, and for this reason; I knew and esteemed the author of Joshua exceedingly. His only fault was vanity; just the passion, at the expense of which, the simplicity of Bodoni's answer made me laugh.

The bursts of laughter, to a degree of folly, which are excited by Shakspeare's Falstaff, when he describes the attack to prince Henry, and makes twenty thieves out of four men in buckram—that laughter is only delightful, because Falstaff is a man of infinite wit and gaiety. We laugh very little, on the contrary, at the absurdities of Père Cassandre, because our superiority over him is previously too well known and admitted.

I have observed that, in society, it is almost always with ill nature, and not with an air of gaiety, that a pretty woman says of another dancing, 'Good gracious, how ridiculous!' For *ridiculous* read *odious*.

As ridicule is a great punishment amongst the French, they often laugh in the way of revenge. That sort of laughter is foreign to our purpose, and ought not to enter into our analysis—but may be noticed *en passant*.

There is no person who does not know five or six hundred excellent stories, circulating in society; and they are laughed at constantly through disappointed vanity. If the story is told in too prolix a manner, if the teller employs too many words, and stops to eke out details, the hearer anticipates the end to which he is so slowly conducted, and he cannot laugh because there is nothing unexpected. On the contrary, if the narrator cuts down his story, and hastens to the close, there is no laughter, because clearness is wanting.

The *absurd*, driven to an extreme, is often the cause of laughter, and affords a delicious gaiety. Such is the secret of Voltaire, in his diatribe of Dr. Akakia, and in his other pamphlets. Dr. Akakia, that is *Maupertuis*, utters himself the absurdities, which a malicious rogue would put into his mouth, to ridicule his systems. Here I feel that I ought to quote; but I have not a single French book with me in my retreat at Montmorency. I trust that my readers, if I have any, will be content with a reference to that charming volume, in the edition of Voltaire, entitled *Facéties*.

Voltaire carried into the theatre that habit of putting into the mouths, even of his comic characters, the description lively and clear of that very ridicule under which they labored, and that great man must have been much surprised to find that nobody laughed. It was, because it is too much against nature, that a man should seriously mock himself. When we do this in society, it is done purposely, and through excess of vanity, to steal so much pleasure from the malignity of those, whose envy we have excited. But to turn one's-self into a laughing-stock in earnest, like *Fierenfat*, and ohter ridiculous characters in Voltaire—that is an impossible thing—especially in France.

Is it not singular that Voltaire, so pleasant in a pamphlet, and in philosophic romance, could never write a scene in comedy to make one laugh? Car-

montelle, on the contrary, has not a proverb, or little piece, in which we do not find that talent. In this species of writing Voltaire had nothing but wit.

The perusal of Schlegel and Lessing has given me a contemptuous distaste for the French critics, Laharpe, Geoffrey, Marmontel, and all critics. These poor creatures, powerless to create, pretend to wit, and have none. For example, the French critics proclaim Moliere the first of comic writers present, past, and to come. In this there is but one truth, and that is the first assertion. Surely Moliere, a man of genius, is superior to that blockhead, so admired in the '*Cours de Litterature*,' who is called Destouches. But Moliere is inferior to Aristophanes.

The comic is like music—it is a thing that does not last. The comedy of Moliere is too full of satire, to give me often the sensation of *gay laughter*, if I may use the expression. I like, when I go to unbend at the theatre, to find a waggish, extravagant imagination, that makes me laugh like a child.

Our course of study at college has told us that folks laugh at Moliere; and we believe it, because we continue all our lives in France to be collegians in respect to literature. I undertook to go to Paris every time that Moliere's comedies, or those of any other celebrated author, were performed. I marked with a pencil, on a copy that I held in my hand, the precise passages at which they laughed, and what was the kind of laughter. They laugh, for example, when an actor pronounces the word '*lavement*,' or '*mari trompé*;' but this may be described as the laughter of scandal—not that which Laharpe speaks of.

On the 4th of December, 1822, they played the Tartuffe. Mademoiselle Mars acted; nothing was wanting to the treat. Well, during the whole of the Tartuffe, the audience laughed but twice, and that moderately. They often applauded the force of the satire, or on account of the allusions; but they did not laugh on the 4th of December, except—

1st, When Orgon, speaking to his daughter Mariane, about her marriage with Tartuffe (Act ii.) discovers Dorine near, overhearing him.

2d, They laughed, in the scene of falling out and making it up, between Valere and Mariane, at a malicious reflection that Dorine makes on Love.

Surprised that they had laughed so little at this chef-d'œuvre of Moliere, I made the observation to a society of men of talent—they told me that I was deceived.

A fortnight after, I returned to Paris to see Valerie, with the Deux Gendres, a celebrated comedy by M. Etienne. I kept count, and they only laughed *once*: that was when the counsellor of state, about to be minister, says to his little cousin that he has read the petition. The audience laugh, because they have seen the little cousin tear the petition, which he snatches from the servant to whom the counsellor had returned it unread. If I am not deceived, the audience sympathize with the laughter, which the little cousin tries to suppress, on receiving compliments on the contents of a petition which he knew he had torn without its being read. I told these same gentlemen that there was but one laugh at the Deux Gendres—they replied that it was a very good comedy, and possessed great merit in the composition. Be it so; but *laughter* then is not necessary to make a good French comedy. Is it by chance that nothing is required but a little action of a reasonable nature, mixed with a good strong dose of satire, cut into dialogue, and put into spirited, easy, and elegant Alexandrine verse? Could then the Deux Gendres, written in vile prose, have succeeded?

Is it that our tragedy is merely a suite of Odes*, intermixed with epic† narrations, which we love to hear through the declamation of Talma; and our comedy nothing, since Destouches and Colin d'Harleville, but an epistle, gay, witty, and spiritual, which we like to hear read, under the form of dialogue, by Mesdemoiselles Mars and Damas‡?

* Monologues of Paria.

† Speeches of Orestes in the Andromaque. What nation is without its literary prejudices? Behold the English, who proscribe, merely as being anti-aristocratic, that flat college amplification, called Cain, a mystery, by lord Byron.

‡ It depends on the police at Paris to arrest the fall of the dramatic art. It ought to employ its utmost power to prevent, on the first two representations of new pieces at the great theatres, the issuing of free admissions.



THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS

This is very wide of *laughter*, it will be said. You are writing a mere common-place article, like one of M. C. What do you wish? The truth is that I am not yet one of the literary society—I am an ignoramus; and farther, I have undertaken to speak of that of which I am absolutely ignorant—I have hopes, however, that this noble audacity will gain me a reception in the literary society, as a worthy professor of the *belles lettres!* What can I do, when the German programme so well observes, that *laughter*, to be well understood, really requires a dissertation of 150 pages, and that this dissertation should be rather written in the chemical than the academical style?

See those young girls in that boarding-school, whose garden is under your windows; they *laugh* at every thing. Is it not because they see happiness every where? Mark that morose Englishman, who has just breakfasted at Tortoni's, who, with a lamentable air of *ennui*, is, with the aid of a glass, reading long letters which he has received from Liverpool, and which bring him remittances for a hundred and twenty thousand francs—it is but half of his annual revenue—but he laughs at nothing—that is because nothing in the world is able to give him a view of happiness—not even his office of vice-president of a Bible society!

The unexpected sight of extreme happiness makes us shed tears.

When happiness arises out of vanity, it makes us laugh.

When the happiness is produced by a view of the beautiful, it makes us smile.

Regnard's genius is inferior to that of Moliere; but I have no hesitation in saying that he has trodden in the path of true comedy. Our character as collegians in literature has this effect; that in seeing his comedies, instead of giving ourselves up to the gaiety and drollery of the scene, we only think of the terrible decrees which have placed him in the second rank. If we did not know *by heart* every letter of these severe decrees, we should tremble for our reputation as men of wit and letters.

Is this, let me ask, is this the disposition a man should be in, who goes to the theatre, and wishes to *laugh*?

I had noted seven or eight different species of laughter; but as I have great pretensions with respect to the *German prize*, I shall abstain from making them public.

MOORE'S LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

Third Illustration.

From that divine love which the seraphs peculiarly feel, the poet makes a transition, in consequence of the impulse of human ideas, to the less refined love of earthly beings. Zaraph was distinguished among the spirits by his pre-eminent display of the former feeling: but, from 'loving much,' he fell into the delinquency of 'loving wrong,' and was enslaved by a maiden of this world.

'’Twas first at twilight, on the shore
Of the smooth sea, he heard the lute
And voice of her he lov'd steal o'er
The silver waters, that lay mute,
As loth, by ev'n a breath, to stay
The pilgrimage of that sweet lay;
Whose echoes still went on and on,
Till lost among the light that shone
Far off, beyond the ocean's brim.

* * * * * *

He saw, upon the golden sand
Of the sea-shore, a maiden stand,
Before whose feet th' expiring waves
Flung their last tribute with a sigh—
As, in the east, exhausted slaves
Lay down the far-brought gift, and die—
And, while her lute hung by her, hush'd,
As if unequal to the tide
Of song, that from her lips still gush'd,
She rais'd, like one beatified,
Those eyes, whose light seem'd rather given
To be ador'd than to adore—
Such eyes, as may have look'd *from* heaven,
But ne'er were rais'd *to* it before.'

A DESCRIPTION OF VAN DIEMEN'S LAND, AND AN ACCOUNT OF THE COLONY.

As a desire of emigration necessarily arises from an apparent superabundance of population, it might be deemed expedient to state the advantages, or point out the inconveniences, of particular regions or countries, with a view of guiding the judgement, or influencing the determination, of those who are disposed to try their fortunes in a different scene of action. But, as we are not very desirous of exhorting our countrymen to banish themselves from a kingdom in which they may still find

the means of comfort, we merely wish to inform and amuse our readers by geographical and statistic remarks, relative to an important dependency of the British empire; premising that, for some years past, Van Diemen's Land has been chosen as a place of voluntary refuge, in preference to the territory of the United States, to Canada, or the sterile deserts of Southern Africa.

The first Europeans who discovered this remote spot were the Dutch, who, under the guidance of Tasman, in 1642, took temporary possession of a bay, and gave to the country, in honor of the governor of Batavia, the appellation of Van Diemen's Land. That navigator considered it as a part of New Holland; but it was subsequently found to be an island, separated from that continent by a strait above fifty miles wide. The first visitant, after Tasman, was captain Marion, who, landing near the bay, found a number of the natives in a state of nudity. In consequence of a misunderstanding, rather than from malevolence on either side, a conflict arose, which was not altogether bloodless. Captain Cook, in his last voyage, made a short survey of this spot, and was more pleased with the country than with the inhabitants, whom he thought scarcely superior, in point of civilisation, to the stupid, inanimate, and wretched natives of Terra del Fuego. By M. d'Entrecasteaux, who sailed in search of the unfortunate Perouse, they were also visited; and, from the mistake of a surgeon, who observed the bone of a kangaroo near a fire-place, and fancied it to be that of a girl, he conjectured that they were canibals, but found that his conclusion was wholly unauthorised.

The barbarians of this country are more uncivilised than even those of New Holland. 'They subsist entirely (says Mr. Wentworth) by hunting, and have no knowlege whatever of the art of fishing. Even the rude bark canoe which their neighbours possess, is quite unknown to them; and, whenever they want to pass any sheet of water, they are compelled to construct a rude raft for the occasion. Their arms and hunting implements also indicate an inferior degree of civilisation. The *womera*, or throwing stick, which enables the natives of Port-Jackson to cast spears with such amazing force and precision, is not used by them. Their spears, too, instead of being made with the bulrush, and only pointed with hard wood, are composed entirely of it, and are consequently more ponderous. In using them they grasp the centre; but they neither throw them so far nor so dexterously as the natives of the parent colony. This circumstance is the more fortunate, as they maintain the most rancorous and inflexible hatred and hostility towards the colonists. This deep-rooted enmity, however, does not arise so much from the ferocious nature of these savages, as from the inconsiderate and unpardonable conduct of our countrymen. At first the natives evinced the most friendly disposition towards the new comers; and would probably have been actuated by the same amicable feeling to this day, had not the military officer, entrusted with the command, directed a discharge of grape and canister shot to be made among a large body who were approaching, as he imagined, with hostile designs, but, as it has since been believed with much greater probability, merely from motives of curiosity and friendship. The havoc occasioned among them by this murderous discharge was dreadful; and since then all communication with them has ceased, and the spirit of animosity and revenge, which this unmerited and atrocious act of barbarity has engendered, has been fostered and aggravated to the highest pitch by the incessant rencontres which which have subsequently taken place between them and the settlers. These, wherever and whenever an occasion offers, destroy as many of them as possible, and they in their turn never let slip an opportunity of retaliating on their blood-thirsty butchers. Fortunately, however, for the colonists, they have seldom been known to act on the offensive, except when they have met some of their persecutors singly. Two persons armed with muskets may traverse the island from one end to the other in the most perfect safety.'

Since these remarks were made, this animosity appears to have been softened on both sides; and the time, we hope, will not be very distant, when the rude natives will venture into the streets and houses of the interlopers, and court that society which they now avoid.

As the island appeared to be fertile and healthful, a settlement was formed upon it, in 1803, by captain Bowen, who was sent from Port-Jackson with that view by governor King. The colony did

not rapidly advance to a flourishing state; for, so late as fifteen years from the foundation of Hobart-town, the capital, the houses in general were little better than miserable huts or cabins; but it is now a more considerable town than could have been expected from the slowness of it progress. It stands about ten miles from the mouth of the Derwent, near a noble mountain called Table from its shape, and more recently Wellington for its honor. Mr. Wentworth says, that the height of this mountain is generally estimated at 6000 feet above the level of the sea: a more accurate calculation, however, has reduced it to 4000 feet. Several fine rivulets flow down its sides, by one of which the town is pleasingly intersected. Mills for grinding corn have been erected on this stream, affording to the inhabitants a considerable advantage over those of Sydney, who use wind-mills for that purpose, and also over the people of the inland towns and districts of New South Wales, who usually have recourse to hand-mills. The town is now sufficiently large to accommodate 1200 persons, and it is continually extending its limits. The new colonists add brick houses of two stories to the low and insubstantial dwellings of the former settlers, who are thus encouraged to take an early opportunity of improving their habitations. Most of the houses have gardens, which are kept in a good state of cultivation; and, if those fine fruits which require a very warm sun are not brought to perfection, wholesome vegetables and common fruits are reared in sufficient quantities for domestic consumption.

Along the banks of the Derwent, on both sides, the plantations or farms of the settlers extend for a number of miles. Even at the entrance of the river, small farms appear; for the shores are not sandy like those of New South Wales, but a rich black mould is frequently found near the heads of the cliffs. The chief granary of the island, at present, is Pitt-water, which is furnished with two streams, and presents to view a vast extent of ground, naturally so far cleared as to give very little trouble to an incipient settler. Adverting to land of this description, Mr. Wentworth affirms, 'that large tracts, perfectly free from timber or underwood, and covered with the most luxuriant herbage, are to be found in all directions, but more particularly in the environs of Port-Dalrymple. These tracts are invariably of the very best description, and millions of acres, which are capable of being instantly converted to all the purposes of husbandry, still remain unappropriated. Here the colonist has no expense to incur in clearing his farm: he is not compelled to a great preliminary outlay of capital, before he can expect a considerable return. He has only to set fire to the grass, to prepare his land for the immediate reception of the ploughshare; insomuch that, with merely a good team of horses or oxen, a set of harness, and a couple of substantial ploughs, he has the main requisites for commencing an agricultural establishment, and for ensuring a comfortable subsistence for himself and his family.'

The Coal-river settlement, situated to the north-west of Pitt-water, manifests its chief produce by the appellation which it has received; and, many miles higher up, are several well-conducted farms, among which stands Mount-Direction, a picturesque hill of great height, giving an air of grandeur and sublimity to the surrounding scenery.

In the northern part of the island is Port-Dalrymple, a good harbour, but not equal to D'Entrecasteaux's channel, in the south. Launceston, connected with this port, was the chief seat of the civil and military government for some years; but that dignity is now possessed by George-town, which is rapidly increasing in extent and importance. 'The situation of this town (says governor Macquarie) is not only beautiful, but also admirably adapted for all the purposes of trade, standing on the banks of a river navigable for ships of large burthen, and only at a short distance from the sea in Bass's Strait; and it has the advantage of a plentiful supply of fresh water from springs in its immediate neighbourhood.'

With regard to the general surface and appearance of the island, Mr. Evans, the surveyor-general of the colony, informs us, that 'it is richly variegated and diversified by ranges of moderate hills and broad valleys, presenting the most agreeable scenes, and replete with whatever a rich soil and fine climate can produce. The hills, the ridges of which form irregular circles, are for the greater part wooded; and from their summits are to be seen levels of good pasture land, thinly interspersed with

trees, the grass growing most luxuriantly. These beautiful plains are generally of the extent of eight or ten thousand acres; and this description is to be considered as common to the whole island.'

He also observes, that 'the scenery along the whole course of the Derwent is extremely beautiful, and in some places highly romantic and picturesque. Lofty perpendicular rocks, rich groves of evergreens, luxuriant meadows and pasture lands, with numerous neat farms in a respectable state of cultivation, tend to diversify the prospect along its banks. Ships of any size may find good anchorage in every part, from its southern entrance to twelve miles above Hobart-town. Indeed, whatever is connected with the Derwent seems to offer ample rewards to settlers in the parts which have not yet been occupied.'

The climate of this island is more healthy than that of the colonised parts of New Holland, and much more congenial to the constitutions of British emigrants. 'The north-west winds (says Mr. Wentworth), which are there productive of such violent variations of temperature, are here unknown, and neither the summers nor winters are subject to any great extremes of heat or cold. The frosts, indeed, are more severe, and of longer duration; and the mountains, with which this island abounds, are covered with snow during the greater part of the year; but in the valleys it never lingers on the ground more than a few hours. Upon an average, the mean difference of temperature, between these settlements and those of New Holland, (I speak of such as are to the eastward of the Blue Mountains) may be estimated at ten degrees of Fahrenheit, at all seasons of the year.' In the neighbourhood of Hobart-town, the thermometer rarely exceeds seventy degrees: indeed, the mean summer mid-day range in the shade is about sixty-five or sixty-six. When it is autumn with us, the spring is in progress at this settlement; and, in October, the weather resembles that of our April and May. During the summer, the ordinary course of the weather is the alternate land and sea breeze, with occasionally a hot wind. The autumn is generally a serene and delightful season, continuing to the middle or end of May. In June rain, sleet, and (in elevated situations) snow, set in, with strong southerly gales; but, even in the winter, fine weather intervenes, and neither wind nor rain can be said to be periodical.

Such a climate as this may be supposed to be healthy; and even the intermittent fever, peculiar to an uncleared country, is here unknown: yet disorders may sometimes be expected to arise. The most common are the consumption and dysentery, and rheumatic complaints are also occasionally felt: but the mortality is so disproportionate to the population, that Hobart-town (it is affirmed) 'has been sixteen months together without a funeral; and, in a detachment of troops, varying from 70 to more than 100, no death occurred in three years.'

The products of the country are not so fully known as they will be after future exploration; but, even at present, they are numerous and valuable. The mineral articles are iron, copper, alum, coal, slate, limestone, asbestos, marble, &c. Of the first of these productions, there is an amazing abundance near Launceston; and, indeed, there are, in various parts, whole mountains of this ore, which is so remarkably rich, that it has been found to yield 70 *per cent.* of pure metal. These, in the progress of time and population, will become mines of wealth to the industrious inhabitants. The harvests are also considerable, and they neither fail from the want of rain, nor do inundations arise to blast the hopes of the farmer. Barley and oats are produced in great plenty, and the wheat is far superior to that which is raised in New South Wales. The natural grasses likewise possess much more nutritive qualities, and they afford ample pasturage in all seasons of the year, so as to supersede the necessity of securing provision for the winter in the shape of hay or artificial food. Hence the cattle attain a much larger size than in the older colony; and they are also much more prolific, particularly the ewes. The wool, however, is not so fine; yet, by the introduction of the Merino sheep, it has been so far meliorated as to become a valuable article of exportation.

The bays and harbours abound with whales, which, at a particular season, exchange the boisterous ocean for more tranquil waters. They sometimes go up the Derwent as far as the town; and it is no uncommon sight for its inhabitants

to witness the whole process of taking them, from the moment of their being harpooned, until they are killed by the frequent application of the lance. Seals also are found in abundance, and, by their skins and oil, afford the means of commercial profit.

Notwithstanding the amazing extent of the lands which are free from wood, many parts of the island abound with forest-trees, resembling those of New South Wales. It wants, indeed, the cedar, mahogany, and rose-wood; but it has very good substitutes in the black wood, and the Huron pine: the latter, which is a species of the yew-tree, is remarkable for its odoriferous quality and great durability.

To these positive advantages which the colonists possess, a negative one may be added: they are not troubled with many beasts of prey. The native dog, which is so destructive to the sheep of the other colony, does not exist on this island; and its only fierce and mischievous quadruped is an animal of the panther kind, which is as dreadfully hostile to flocks as the European wolf, although it rarely attacks human beings. The kangaroo and opossum are wild, but not ferocious. From poisonous reptiles the country is not altogether free; but they are far from being numerous.

The population of an increasing colony cannot be precisely stated. It appears to have nearly reached, in 1818, the amount of 3500, of which number the convicts composed less than one half; and, in 1820, the calculation exceeded 6000. The present amount is considerably greater, and the free persons and settlers still out-number the convicts. Many of the latter are transferred to the free inhabitants in the capacity of servants, while the others are employed by the government in making and repairing roads, and in various useful works, and are maintained from the public stores. Those who are suffered to remain after the expiration of the term for which they were transported are then reckoned among the free inhabitants, and are occasionally gratified with portions of land.

Some have supposed that this island is, in the language of the vulgar, the Botany-bay of Botany-bay,——or, in other words, that such as commit offences after their transportation to New South Wales are sent to Van Diemen's Land for farther punishment. This is in some measure true, although the majority of the convicts upon the island were sent thither in the first instance. Some delinquents are sent to the Coal-river for a term of years or for life; and the convicts (says Mr. Reid) 'dread this mode of punishment very much, because they are there compelled to work in chains from sun-rise to sun-set, and are subject also to other restrictions of a highly penal description.'

Among a number of depraved and unprincipled characters, a speedy, general, or complete reform, cannot be expected; and it is not surprising that some of the convicts, averse to industry and to the restraints imposed by a rigorous government, should rush into licentiousness and outrage, and disturb the tranquillity of the colony. Michael Howe was ordered to act as a servant to a free inhabitant; but, being disgusted with his employment, he fled into the woods, and joined a party of ruffians, who had already commenced a course of depredation, subsisting in uncontrolled freedom on the spoils of the peaceable colonists. He soon began to act as the leader of the band; and in this illegal course he persisted for about six years, with an exception of those intervals when he surrendered himself to justice under proclamations of pardon; at which times he was so negligently guarded, that, when his turbulent spirit revived, he again escaped to the woods. Another leader was Peter Geary, who was shot in a conflict with a military detachment. It has been remarked by a distinguished periodical critic, that Howe had not a spark even of the honor of an outlaw; 'he betrayed his colleagues upon surrendering himself to the government, and he fired upon the native girl, his companion, when she became an impediment to his flight. He was reduced at last to abandonment, even by his own gang; and 100 guineas, and (if a convict should take him) a free pardon and a passage to England, were set upon his head. He was now a wretched, conscience-haunted solitary, hiding in dingles, and only tracked by the sagacity of the native girl, to whom he had behaved so ungratefully, and who was now employed by the police to revenge his cruelty to her. His arms, ammunition, dogs, and knapsack, were first taken from him; and in the last was found a little memorandum-book of kangaroo skin, written by himself in

kangaroo blood. It contained a sort of journal of his dreams, which showed strongly the wretched state of his mind, and some tincture of superstition. It appears that he frequently dreamed of being murdered by the natives, of seeing his old companions, of being nearly taken by a soldier; and, in one instance only, humanity asserts itself even in the breast of Michael Howe, for we find him recording that he dreamed of his sister. It also appears from this little book, that he had once an idea of settling in the woods; for it contains long lists of such seeds as he wished to have, vegetables, fruits, and even flowers.'

This ruffian at length suffered death for his crimes, though not by a public execution. He was overtaken in his flight by a soldier, who, with the aid of a bold companion, overpowered and killed him, but not before he had made an obstinate resistance. Since that time, the island has been exempt from serious or dangerous commotions; and, with few exceptions, and few exemplary punishments, order, peace, and tranquillity, have attended the late rapid increase of the colony.

AUNT MARTHA.

ONE of the pleasantest habitations I have ever known is an old white house, built at right angles, with the pointed roofs and clustered chimneys of Elizabeth's day, covered with roses, vines, and passion-flowers, and parted by a green sloping meadow from a straggling picturesque village street. In this charming abode resides a more charming family: a gentleman,

> 'Polite as all his life in courts had been,
> And good as he the world had never seen;'

two daughters full of sweetness and talent; and aunt Martha—the most delightful of old maids! She has another appellation, I suppose,—she must have one;—but I scarcely know it: aunt Martha is the name that belongs to her —the name of affection. Such is the universal feeling which she inspires, that all her friends, all her acquaintances (in this case the terms are almost synonymous), speak of her like her own family:—she is every body's aunt Martha —and a very charming aunt Martha she is.

First of all, she is, as all women should be if they can, remarkably handsome. She may be—it is a delicate matter to speak of a lady's age!—she must be five and forty; but few beauties of twenty could stand a comparison with her loveliness. It is such a fulness of bloom, so luxuriant, so satiating; just tall enough to carry off the plumpness which at forty-five is so becoming; a brilliant complexion; curled pouting lips; long, clear, bright grey eyes—the color for expression, that which unites the quickness of the black with the softness of the blue; a Roman regularity of feature; and a profusion of rich brown hair.—Such is aunt Martha. Add to this a very gentle and pleasant speech, always kind and generally lively; the sweetest temper; the easiest manners; a singular rectitude and singleness of mind; a perfect open-heartedness; and a total unconsciousness of all these charms; and you will wonder a little that she is aunt Martha still. I have heard hints of an early engagement broken by the fickleness of man;—and there is about her an aversion to love in one particular direction—the love matrimonial—and an overflowing of affection in all other channels, that seems as if the natural course of the stream had been violently dammed up. She has many lovers—admirers I should say,—for there is, amidst her good-humored gaiety, a coyness that forbids their going farther; a modesty almost amounting to shyness, that checks even the laughing girls, who sometimes accuse her of stealing away their beaux. I do not think any man on earth could tempt her into wedlock;—it would be a most unpardonable monopoly if any one should; an intolerable engrossing of a general blessing; a theft from the whole community.

Her usual home is the white house covered with roses; and her station in the family is rather doubtful. She is not the mistress, for her charming nieces are old enough to take and to adorn the head of the table; nor the housekeeper; though, as she is the only lady of the establishment who wears pockets--those ensigns of authority—the keys will sometimes be found, with other strays, in that goodly receptacle: nor a guest; her spirit is too active for that lazy post: her real vocation there, and every where, seems to be comforting, cheering, welcoming, and spoiling every thing that comes in her way; and, above all, nursing and taking care. Of all

kind employments, these are her favorites. Oh the shawlings, the cloakings, the cloggings! the cautions against cold, or heat, or rain, or sun! the remedies for diseases not arrived! colds uncaught! incipient tooth-aches! rheumatisms to come! She loves nursing so well, that we used to accuse her of inventing maladies for other people, that she might have the pleasure of curing them; and when they really come—as come they will sometimes in spite of aunt Martha—what a nurse she is! It is worth while to be a little sick to be so attended. All the cousins, and cousins' cousins of her connexion, as regularly send for her on the occasion of a lying-in, as for the midwife. I suppose she has undergone the ceremony of dandling the baby, sitting up with the new mama, and dispensing the caudle, twenty times at least. She is equally important at weddings or funerals. Her humanity is inexhaustible. She has an intense feeling of fellowship with her kind, and grieves or rejoices in the sufferings or happiness of others with a reality as genuine as it is rare.

Her accomplishments are exactly of this sympathetic order; all calculated to administer much to the pleasure of her companions, and nothing to her own importance or vanity. She leaves to the sirens, her nieces, the higher enchantments of the piano, the harp, and the guitar, and that noblest of instruments, the human voice; ambitious of no other musical fame than such as belongs to the playing of quadrilles and waltzes for their little dances, in which she is indefatigable: she neither caricatures the face of man nor of nature under pretence of drawing figures or landscapes; but she ornaments the reticules, bell-ropes, ottomans, and chair-covers of all her acquaintance, with flowers as rich and luxuriant as her own beauty. She draws patterns for the ignorant, and works flounces, frills, and baby-linen for the idle; she reads aloud to the sick, plays at cards with the old, and loses at chess to the unhappy. Her gift in gossiping, too, is extraordinary; she is a gentle newsmonger, and turns her scandal on the sunny side.—But she is an old maid still; and certain small peculiarities hang about her. She is a thorough hoarder: whatever fashion comes up, she is sure to have something of the sort by her—or, at least, something thereunto convertible. She is a little superstitious; sees strangers in her tea-cup, gifts in her finger-nails, letters and winding-sheets in the candle, and purses and coffins in the fire; would not spill the salt 'for all the worlds that one ever has to give;' and looks with dismay on a crossed knife and fork. Moreover, she is orderly to fidgetiness;—that is her greatest calamity!—for young ladies now-a-days are not quite so tidy as they should be,—and ladies' maids are much worse; and drawers are tumbled, and drawing-rooms in a litter. Happy she to whom a disarranged drawer can be a misery! Dear and happy aunt Martha!

M.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MAGAZINE.

Sir,—It is now impossible for even the smallest fry that sport in the ocean of letters to escape the critical nets which are every where laid for them; and should an author, by peculiar good fortune, elude the notice and the censures of the greater tyrants of literature—the reviewers—he falls no less surely into the meshes of the numerous periodicals, which are become the favorite vehicles of instruction and amusement. A review has always been to me an object of inexpressible dread: it appears to my imagination as a kind of intellectual Bastille, erected for the slavery of the free-born sons of genius; and I never see one of these engines of tyranny without fancying I behold that drear abode of despotism,—and I almost seem to hear the cries of its miserable captives, stretched on that pitiless rack which spares neither sex nor age.

The useful and elegant publications, called Magazines, are now as universally read as these sterner works of criticism; and are as essential to the pleasure of those, who, living at a distance from the centre of learning and letters, still desire to have their minds refreshed by an occasional breeze from Parnassus;—to follow at a distance, at it were in a map, the course of the Heliconian stream; and to know what new barks are gliding down to the ocean of immortality. These periodical works effect this, and even more; for they frequently combine a variety of interesting branches of literature with some *morceaux* of just and elegant criticism on the passing productions of the day; and a Magazine, conducted as yours is, Mr. Editor, and possessing so much talent

to guide the opinion of the public, forms a scarcely less awful tribunal than the terrific review itself. But the dread of criticism assumes a tenfold shade of horror when it becomes a personal concern: and I can devise no better means of shielding myself from the terrors which almost overcome me on first stepping forth in the character of an authoress, than to throw myself upon your clemency, and to entreat your indulgence for my novel now in the press, and which (if a bookseller's word is worthy of any credit) will be speedily published. Obvious reasons of modesty have prevented me from publishing my name with my work; but I think it expedient to tell *you*, sir, who I am, rather than to bespeak your notice of an anonymous work, which you might be led erroneously to suspect was the production, in disguise, of some great author of the present day, who chose to hear from a sly corner what the world says of him; or, on the other hand, lest you might injuriously imagine the author to be *nobody*—that it is to say, some one whom *nobody knows:* and, in order to prevent so great a misapprehension, I shall beg leave, Mr. Editor, to give you a brief outline of my pretensions to be somebody, which I am sure your candor will readily admit.

I have been recently elected into the literary club, which has long since been instituted in our small town, which may, without vanity, boast of being as much enlightened, and of possessing as much veneration for the belles lettres, as any city in England—the metropolis, perhaps, only excepted. Under the control of this literary association, is an extensive reading society; and out of that respectable body (which comprehends nearly the whole of our *genteel* community in Little Chatterton) the members of the *Intellectual Club*, as it is styled, are chosen: and this Club, I can assure you, is a most select thing, consisting only of twenty-four members (females), whose title to election lies in their having, by some mode or other, added to the general stock of literature; with this proviso only, that the publication should deserve the approbation of, and reflect honor on, the association. We have the entire management of the books which are to pass through the hands of the society at large; and by this check the utmost purity of religion and morals is preserved throughout that large proportion of the community who are willing to read under our direction, and subject to the admirable rules of the Intellectual Sisterhood; at any rate, if improper books must be read, they can only be obtained through the medium of the common circulating libraries.

I think, Mr. Editor, it cannot but strike a person of your sagacity, how very much such a plan must tend to the improvement of society, where a great love of reading prevails, which is conducive to good or evil, according as the balance of the mind may incline. In compliance with this idea, the members of the club meet, by turns, at each others' houses, every evening throughout the winter, to read aloud the new works which have been ordered for the society, and which it is the duty of this committee of safety to explore, before they descend into the hands of the generality. I have known the most important benefits to result from this previous scrutiny, as it has several times occurred, that a work incautiously ordered by one of the junior members of the club has been found so improper, that the lady president has been obliged to withdraw it for her own private reading; and I have known her to perform occasionally the most valuable services to the state, by sometimes crossing off a paragraph, or doubling down a few pages, where her sense of propriety was offended; and she has sometimes found it necessary to expunge the peccant work entirely from the order-book; and it has been returned to the bookseller before any other eye had been contaminated by a sight of it. You will perceive therefore the risks which are avoided, and the inestimable blessings which must result to the society of Little Chatterton.

It is no slight effort of genius which entitles a member to a seat in the *Intellectual Club*. A candidate for that honor must be distinguished for literary talent, in one shape or another, and she must moreover prove her title to pre-eminence, by having not only written, but actually published something which shall redound to the credit of the body. It may be interesting to you, sir, to know that I gained my ticket of admission by the success of a prize enigma, which I ventured to write for the last year,—which procured me the agreeable and honorable testimony of four new red morocco pocket-books, and which

I had the proud pleasure of distributing amongst my younger friends, whose emulation I thought might be excited by seeing absolutely in print, what they had often read, and (if I may say so) admired in manuscript. This, I believe, Mr. Editor, is the only species of publication, which, hiding its head in obscurity, lies below the level of critical notice. It was, however, with inconceivable heart-beatings that I awaited the issue of my first essay; and I cannot describe to you the emotions which agitated me when I received the welcome intelligence that my enigma was deemed the best of those that had entered the lists, and that my poetical effort had entitled me to a dividend of pocket-books in the ensuing season. I trembled so excessively when I opened the letter which conveyed the glad tidings, that I was obliged to beg my sister Kitty to finish it, which she did, and was overcome with joy; for she has not a particle of envy in her disposition.

I never shall forget the evening (it was a dreary one, as far as the weather was concerned), when we put on our walking paraphernalia, long before the hour arrived at which our club met; and with the letter, the precious testimony of my talents, safely entrenched in a corner of my muff, we sat waiting for an interval in the rain, which continued to pour incessantly. My aunt laid down her knitting, and, coming to the window, where we were anxiously watching, advised us to defer our visit to the club till the next evening; for it was evident that none of the ladies could meet in weather so truly appalling. 'Indeed, my dears,' she added, in her mild tone, 'I sometimes think you risk your health by going and returning in all kinds of weather; and it has now and then struck me, whether you could not read almost to equal advantage, sitting quietly at home with me; and you know I would always readily give up any employment of my own to listen to you. See how it pours faster and faster!' —'Oh my dear aunt,' cried I, 'indeed it is evidently lighter and clearer—and you know we have often met on worse evenings.'—'Besides,' said Kitty, 'our grey cloaks and pattens (the uniform, you must know, of our club) preserve us so entirely from the wet; and this is such a particular evening!'—'And to-morrow,' said I, hastily interrupting Kitty (for I was alarmed lest our secret should escape, which was not to transpire till I could present a pocket-book to my beloved aunt), 'to-morrow may be worse; and I hear the sound of pattens continually in the next street, and you know we meet to-night at Miss Bluemantle's, which is just by.'—'Oh look, look, Jane,' cried Kitty, 'if there is not the lady president Miss Witley's chair going down the street!—I know it by the men's step, for they sway with it from side to side, as if it was so heavy!—Quick, quick, let us go, or we shall be too late!'

Merlin's chair could not have produced a more magic effect: we were at the bottom of the street in an instant—and I fear left the house-door open in our haste; for I remember I heard my aunt's voice follow us farther than it was accustomed to do, desiring us to take care and avoid cold. However that might be, no reproach on my aunt's part confirmed the suspicion; and when we returned at night, and my election into the association was happily concluded, we found my aunt fast asleep, and no trace of anger, if she had felt any at my giddiness, disturbed her placid features.

Ever since the success of my first effort, my mind has been fired with ambition to distinguish myself still more in the career of letters; and I must now inform you of the origin of my present undertaking. The last book that has been perused by the committee of safety was that charming novel, called Northanger Abbey, which our lady president has decreed may be read entire by the whole society. Prefixed to this work is a life of the amiable and extraordinary authoress. Oh how was I delighted when I first heard Miss Piper read the annals of such an eminent character!—What virtues!—what talents!—what singular excellence did she not possess! My needle (for we take our work to the reading-room) fell from my hand as I listened—I was absorbed in admiration and generous envy, and it cost me an entire night's rest; while Kitty, to my utter surprise, slept tranquilly till the dawn, when I could no longer forbear waking her. I told her the uneasiness of my mind, and how much I panted to attain such a reputation as Miss Austen, and to deserve such an eulogium as that meritorious young lady had acquired. Kitty (when sufficiently awake to understand what I

was saying) seemed to catch a portion of the enthusiasm which fired my mind. 'Indeed, Jane,' said she, 'you know I have often urged you to write a novel, which I know you can easily do, if you will only try: why should you not, when you know there are so many in our club who have done so, and not considered half so clever as yourself?—There's Miss Tomely, and Miss Markham, and several others, have written tales or stories—I forget which—and why should not you?'—'Oh but, Kitty, you are not aware how much genius it requires—how much knowlege of the world!'—'Not at all, not at all, more than you have, Jane,' cried Kitty, with energy: 'depend upon it, you are as well qualified as Jane Austen, who is said to have lived a very retired life—and seems to me to resemble you in many particulars. It struck me, as I listened to her life last night, how singular it was:—the same name, the same age (when she began first to write), and I dare believe your talents, when developed, will be found nearly the same.'

I only sighed in answer; and having thus unburthened my mind, I slept again, and dreamed of the gentle spirit of Miss Austen, which seemed to hover over me, and touched my lips with something which shone like fire—but did not burn; and as she removed it from me, I perceived it was a highly gilt and ornamented edition of Persuasion, another of the works of that authoress I so much admired. I started as the gold letters met my eye, and, when I awoke, I communicated the vision to Kitty, who declared the omen not only good, but infallible, and excited my already raised ambition to tread in the steps of the amiable person whom I proposed to myself as a model.

One day my sister came to me in high spirits, and told me she had met with a lady of our acquaintance whom she had discovered to be known to Miss Austen, and from whom she had gathered some very interesting particulars of her life, which might be materially useful to me in my career of letters. This lady assured Kitty, that she had once seen Miss Austen, at the period when she must have been writing the very work which I had so much admired, and that she was dressed in a light blue gown, with a lace cap and pink ribbons; and that she was in the habit of writing some hours every morning, so that there was every probability of her having been composing in that identical dress; and that, moreover, she had been credibly informed, that it was a custom with Miss A. to sit up an hour or two, after she had retired to her room for the night, at which time she generally found her mind best disposed for those happy inventions with which she had favored the age. The lady had also promised Kitty to make as good a likeness of Miss A. as her memory would furnish her with, so that I might be still farther gratified by an idea of her features.

I was perfectly enchanted with these particulars, and I lost no time the next morning in purchasing a blue muslin, which was to be made up with all despatch; and it was ready at the same time that I received from my obliging acquaintance the likeness which I so much wished to see. At first, I confess, I was somewhat disappointed in the turn of face and features, which had more of plump roundness, and less of expression, than her works had led me to expect: but the more I contemplated the picture, the more I was struck with a certain air of genius expressed in the nose; and the chin Kitty declared to be precisely my own, (and you know, Mr. Editor, there is a great deal in a chin); and the color of the hair was certainly mine. I arrayed myself in the azure robe, and I acknowleged the judicious selection of the color, the tender tint of which must have been so favorable to the developement of sentiment: and my kind aunt, though unconscious of the purpose, gave me some pink ribbons, (which were however of a darker shade than I could have wished), with which I trimmed my best cap:—I tied the little picture round my neck, and seated myself at my desk, with my ample MS. book open before me; and, invoking secretly the genius of Miss A., I eagerly drew a new pen from its bundle, and assumed an attitude of composition. Alas! Mr. Editor, in vain did I continue for several hours in deep meditation, without an idea of a plot, or a single character entering my poor brain. My sister (to whom I confessed my discomfiture) exhorted me not to despair. 'Besides,' added she, 'perhaps more solitude is necessary for the first flight of timid genius; and the bare idea of a morning visitor, to which interruption you are liable, is sufficient to break the course of your ideas.'—'But, Kitty, I have no ideas.'

'Never fear, never fear; retire early to-night, and leave me to entertain aunt, and I will answer for your success.'

Kitty's sanguine expectations excited my own dormant hopes, and I relinquished my attempt for the present, and the rather, as my aunt had more than once noticed my seriousness, and with great kindness, after looking at me two or three times, inquired whether I had any thing on my mind. I assured her (and with too much truth) that I had not; and I took up my work with as much cheerfulness as I could assume. But I was very absent, it must be confessed, and never did the day appear to me so long. At last nine o'clock arrived, and I rather abruptly wished my aunt good night, who again expressed her fears that I was not well; but, having assured her to the contrary, I hastened to my chamber, and, drawing a large arm-chair to the fire, I again placed my writing apparatus in array; I untied my picture, and put it on the table before me, and, with my eyes bent on Miss A.'s features, I awaited the moment of inspiration. But it did not come. In vain I mended my pen, forgetting it had not been worn in actual service: I moved to the other side of the fire; threw myself back in my arm-chair, and held the picture closely clasped in one hand. In this attitude I sat deeply ruminating on a subject for my novel, and running over in my mind all the names which I thought worthy to dignify my heroine; and, not contented with any, I at length determined not to be too fastidous, and I wrote at the top, in large characters, Adelaide, or the Distressed Damsel; for I felt pretty sure that she would be sufficiently distressed, in the course of the history, to justify the title. I then felt encouraged to begin upon a plot, and, putting my feet upon the fender, and resting my cheek on my hand, I settled myself to a deep tone of contemplation. I know not what shape my thoughts assumed; but I was extremely shocked when I was recalled to consciousness by Kitty's voice, who had stolen gently into the room, fearful of disturbing my reverie, and, looking anxiously to see the progress of my MS., awoke me with an exclamation of surprise to see nothing yet done. I rubbed my eyes, and hoped it might pass for a fit of abstraction, ashamed to confess that I had fallen asleep, when Kitty had supposed me obeying the inspirations of genius; and, begging she would not disturb me, I endeavoured to resume the thread of my thoughts. I remained an hour longer, in the vain hope of kindling a spark of imagination, till I began to despond; and at length, in utter despair, I jumped up, threw the picture into the middle of the room, and, scattering my new heap of pens in a hundred directions, I rushed hastily into my aunt's room, and, throwing myself into a chair, burst into a violent flood of tears.

My poor aunt (who was, according to custom, reading a chapter in her Bible, before going to rest) looked at me with astonishment, and asked me in the most soothing manner what was the matter. As soon as I could speak, I related my griefs—the ambition with which Miss A.'s example had fired me—the desire I had to tread in her steps—and, above all, my darling wish, of entitling myself, by the publication of some work exceeding two vols. octavo, to stand for the office of lady president of our club, at the next vacancy. I concluded by drawing a pathetic picture of my disappointment, and the miserable failure of my hopes in this day's ill success. I was surprised to see a smile on my aunt's countenance, in whom it was so unusual to perceive any thing like levity. She took my hand, and, kindly comforting me, said, 'I am sorry, my dear, to see you distressed; but I am quite relieved to find the cause no greater. Compose yourself, for it is late, and to-morrow we will talk it quietly over.' She kissed me, and I returned to my room, where I found Kitty, in much consternation, contemplating the wreck of my lucubrations. I confess I felt a great degree of humiliation, and was keenly mortified to think how much my abilities must have sunk, even in Kitty's estimation. She, too, seemed perplexed what to say; and we both gladly sought refuge in sleep from our different, but equally uneasy sensations.

The next day, when Betty had removed the breakfast things, my aunt said to me, 'My dear Jane, I have reflected a good deal on what occurred last night; and I am glad that you opened your mind to me. I shall be far from dissuading you from the object of your ambition; but, on the contrary, should willingly afford you every assistance in my power, if I thought you possessed the talents requisite to such an undertaking. But you must remember it is a gift bestowed on a few only; and you are too

young, and too little acquainted with life and society in general, to be competent, as yet, to enter the lists in a department of literature which now abounds with so much genius. Still I mean not to discourage your inclinations; but I would wish you to pursue steadily a more improving plan of study than you are accustomed to do. In the mean time, if you like to exercise your industry on an unfinished manuscript, which I have by me, which contains the most interesting particulars of the life of my old friend, Mrs. T., who related them to me in the course of our long acquaintance, and which I have faithfully transmitted to paper, nearly in her own eloquent words, you are welcome to hazard the experiment. I would not consent to your being even the editor of a work which I did not think would be a worthy addition to that branch of composition; but I am aware that the tale you will have to develope will materially serve the interests of morality and religion, which should be the basis of all works, and which will raise a work of mere imagination to the standard of utility. Come, what say you? will you undertake the completion of this unfinished production?'

The proposal was highly gratifying to my wounded feelings. I gratefully thanked my aunt, and, though by no means restored to the visionary glories of an authoress, I was happy to sun myself, by anticipation, in the milder beams which I thought might play round the person of an editor. Kitty's tranquillity was quite restored. She was certain that the work would be admirable, and more certain that it would require so much rearrangement, alteration, and addition, as would amount to a new and original composition, and would gain me immortal honor.

Time wore away; we read the manuscript; and with indefatigable diligence I have laboured at its revision, and have now only to present it to the world, and to await the fiery ordeal of criticism, which I have more than ever reason to dread, from a fatal occurrence which has lately happened in the Female Intellectual Club. You must know, that at the last election of our new president, we unanimously chose Miss Bluett, a lady who has attained more celebrity than any in the club by her recent publication of a novel in seven volumes, which had just been read and admired in the society, and of which the sale had been so rapid, as to reach a second edition in a very short time. The election of this lady was all but confirmed, and the final decision was only postponed till our next committee-day, on account of the absence of a member who was confined by a sore-throat to her room, —and who, as she always made a speech in giving her vote, chose to defer it, rather than to send it in writing. In this critical interval, we received the last number of the —— Review, in which, to the unspeakable dismay of the whole club, Miss Bluett's work was most severely treated, and very mortifying epithets bestowed upon it. At first the surprise and consternation were too great to permit any of us to speak: but at length we all regained the use of speech at the same moment, and, after some little confusion, we entered into a whispering debate, the result of which was, that the lady president begged the unfortunate authoress would withdraw till the subject of the election had been discussed. It happened to be an unusually full meeting, and Miss Betsy Clarion was reading aloud the very article which brought on the unhappy *denouement*. I never saw our president so much agitated: she is generally quite composed, and her countenance seldom betrays any emotion. After some ineffectual efforts, she succeeded in making herself heard.

'Sisters,' said she, 'what has happened is without doubt very deplorable, and ever to be lamented by the unfortunate individual who has drawn upon herself the severe strictures we have just heard: and it is also a great calamity to our association, that one of its members should have brought upon it so noted a disgrace. It is much to be regretted that ties of acquaintance should so far blind our better judgement, as to render us too prone to overlook even glaring errors. Unbiassed criticism has however torn the friendly veil from our eyes, and we must not let our private feelings warp us from strict justice. I am sure it must be in the recollection of every one of you, that *I*, from the first, thought this unfortunate production extremely inferior to the last of our admired Miss ——'s; but I own the sentiments of the community, as well as the feelings of private friendship for the individual, ran away with me, and I did not *refuse* my vote for the unhappy authoress's election. But the case stands very differently now;—and it would be completely letting ourselves

down in the literary world, who have their eyes fixed upon us, were we to choose for the lady president of the Intellectual Club one who has fallen under so signal a sentence. In time, let us hope, she may redeem herself from this disgrace, which I trust, as a friend, may be the case;—and I have to propose that the leaves of the article, containing her condemnation, may be pinned tightly together, so that the knowlege of this disaster may not extend (if possible) beyond the committee of safety. I also propose, that we proceed immediately to elect a new president, who shall reflect due honor on the society.' Much applause followed this speech, and the proposed precautions were adopted: but in one way or other the thing transpired, and was whispered about through the whole town, in spite of the pins (which were not spared), and the vow by which the whole junta were enjoined to secrecy. I know not how it was, but Miss Twittle was seen that evening going down to take her tea with the unfortunate authoress (though the streets were so slippery with new-fallen sleet that Kitty and I dared not venture out); and whether she spitefully hinted the sad intelligence I could never exactly learn, but poor Miss Bluett kept her room for some weeks afterwards,—and was first seen in her usual place, to vote for the expulsion of a member who had written a work, the tendency of which had been deemed improper by the lady president.

Since this occurrence, relative to Miss Bluett's book, it has been decreed, that no work, however popular, shall give reputation to its author till the critical works shall have sanctioned the voice of the public; and by that decision we invariably abide. From this incident, sir, you will perceive the awe with which these judgements are clothed.

Dr. Johnson says, that the 'solicitude of an author surpasses that of a lover.' I know not how this may be; but I verily believe that no mother—perhaps no sweetheart—ever looked more anxiously over the list of killed and wounded after an engagement, than *we authors* fly to the index of a critical work, to ascertain whether we have been in the battle.

I have thus ventured, good Mr. Editor, to trespass on your attention, in the hope of bespeaking your well-known benevolence whenever my work shall appear before the public. Your Magazine is the idol of our community—and to obtain praise from you would be the utmost summit of my ambition. A slight word of panegyric,—an allusion even—would materially aid me, and would go far to secure the suffrages of the electors whom I must canvass for the next vacancy in the presidency—an office to which I eagerly aspire.

On your verdict, kind sir, will depend the success of my attempt to attain that proud situation. I have a rival, who, I am well informed, is moving heaven and earth to snatch it from me; but Kitty assures me she would be much less likely than myself to sustain the reputation of the Intellectual Club;—an object, sir, of vital importance to the well-being of Little Chatterton, and of all those who look up to our confederation for the direction of their literary taste. Let me hope that you may be induced to lend a favorable ear to my petition, and that you will pronounce an eulogium upon my work in the very next number of your charming Magazine, which will be out before the day of election; and you will most sensibly oblige, my dear Mr. Editor,

Your very grateful
and obedient humble servant,
JANE FISHER.

Little Chatterton, April 1, 1823.

THE SON OF ERIN, OR THE CAUSE OF THE GREEKS;

By George Burges, a Native of Bengal.

WHEN we last had the pleasure of seeing this 'native of Bengal,' he was walking along Lamb's Conduit-street, with the flaps of his blue coat as broad as the Doric dialect, streaming to the wind, and his *tout ensemble* indicating considerable satisfaction. This self-complacency we now find to have very naturally proceeded from an anticipation of the immortality of 'The Son of Erin, or the Cause of the Greeks,' a drama, which, whether we consider the variety of its sentiments, the versatility of its plot, or the Aristophanic humor of its tragic characters, may fearlessly take its place beside Tom Thumb, of Lilliputian memory. Among a few other eccentric appendages, it is introduced by a preface, in which the author asserts that his 'studied attention to some points neglected by others gives him the right to be called the founder of a *new* school.' This point we unreservedly concede to

him, and are moreover of opinion, that, as a stone of the first water, 'The Son of Erin, or the Cause of the Greeks,' is equal to any gem illustrated by Croly, or engraven by Dagley. It appears that a few months since Mr. Burges had presented his curiosity to the theatre, 'but that (to use his own words) it was returned, as being *above* the intellect of the audience; and I felt not a little chagrined,' he adds, 'at my egregious folly in believing that Englishmen could understand their own language.' Now, as Englishmen ourselves, we are bound in justice to plead a similar ignorance—at least, if such startling expressions as 'the genius of the drama rotting under ditch water,' 'the gas of liberty *floating* a *fixed* star in heaven,' with a few other such idiomatic peculiarities, be taken as models of language. 'Great geniuses, however,' says Richardson, 'seldom have small faults;' and it may console the 'native of Bengal' to know, that if tried by the size of his errors, he may justly lay a claim to be considered as the greatest writer of ancient or modern times.

The plot, as far as our humble capacity can comprehend it, is something to the following effect:—Gerall, an Irish earl, joins a band of pirates, and, on landing in Greece, becomes acquainted with the plan of the Greek leaders to destroy the Turkish fleet. He offers to assist them, but unfortunately the whole conspiracy is betrayed by one of the pirates. The Greek leaders are, in consequence, executed; but 'the Son of Erin' is saved by an Irishman, named *Larry*, and afterwards falls in love with the daughter of a pasha, whom he picks up somewhere in the fourth act, and marries in the fifth. This is all very orthodox and pretty, and so also is the epilogue, to which, by the bye, we cannot refrain from alluding. It is 'lighted by two Greek patera lamps,' and consists of a confabulation between Larry and his wife, in the course of which Mr. Burges observes that

——— if critics vote his drama bad,
His Muse, a blighted blossom, *will look sad;*

but that if, on the contrary, his drama happens to suit the public taste, it is his fixed determination to consider himself as a 'lasting flower;' and in furtherance of this intention he announces a new tragedy, to be called 'Retribution.' Our present business, however, is with the Son of Erin, to which we shall endeavour to do justice in a selection of its most prominent excellencies. Among a myriad of scattered beauties, we are induced to extract the following peculiar and original specimens of expression:—

And, 1, of pleasing obscurity.

'To plant *thorns* in *dimples*.' Page 13.

2, of profligate insinuation.

'Haven't I often told you, that love, like a stinging-nettle, produces a *swelling* in those who are touched by it?' Page 17.

3, of graceful politeness.

'Will you do me the honor? [*Counter offers his arm to Zoella.*] Bless me! how your little heart goes pit-a-pat.' Page 15.

4, of political acerbity.

'How, without an agent, could a candidate bribe an elector?' Page 22.

5, of sublimity.

'Beneath the laughing wave there *silent* came
A *moss* of vice and misery, to see
And feel sad sickening.' Page 36.

6, of heroic description of a corsair.

'He was the pink of pirates! As soon as we came
Close to a prize, his first question was,
Any petticoats on board?' Page 50.

7, of elegant parallel.

'I must waddle out of the alley a *lame duck*.' Page 50.

8, of a *touching* mode of rejection by a young lady.

'Sir, the partnership you propose is one which my heart will not permit my hand to sign. Be assured, however, that the secret of your having *popped the question* will rest with me undivulged; and permit me to hope that you will ere long meet with one who will bring with her a fund of feelings on which you can draw like the Aldgate pump.' Page 43.

9, of an incomparable simile.

'As for that little flirt—but here she comes, hanging her head down *like a bunch of unripe grapes*.' Page 43.

10, of gentle and subdued pathos.

'Once or twice a spark
Of feeling seem'd to glimmer in my favor;
But a sigh of hers, wafting on its wings the name
Of Gerall, struck a docket of bankruptcy *here*.
[*Pointing to his heart*].' Page 44.

11, of touching simplicity.

'I have been looking for you
Ever so long, to help me to make
A pretty nosegay.' Page 44.

12, of amiable dislike in a female.

'Those *nasty* pirates I never wish to see again for a single minute.' Page 45.

13, of the author's sly allusion to *himself*.

'Good things, like *Burges's sauce*, are most taking when prepared with a peppered broil.' Page 45.

14, of poetical exaggeration.

[*Larry loquitur.*] 'Faith, when my master

took leave of Erin Castle, the devil such a shower had fallen there since Noah's flood.' Page 47.

15, of cutting sarcasm.

'Woman's feelings are in every clime
Often, as pride or vanity of birth
Or wealth commands, put *up* to sale without
Reserve, and knock'd *down* to the highest bidder.'
Page 60.

16, of endearing playfulness.

'Oh! you sly little baggage,' Page 24.

To these perfect specimens we shall add one short dialogue between two ladies and a gentleman, *cleped* Counter, as it is remarkable for colloquial ease and innocent *naïveté*.

'*Zoella.* Oh! dear, what shall we two girls do here without a man?

Kalutra. Oh! I'm so frightened—look, Zoella, there's a strange creature coming here.—[*Goes close to Zoella.*]

Zoella. Oh! I dare not turn round. *If it's a man, I can't answer for the consequences.*

[*Counter enters from behind, and touches them both.*]

Kalutra. For we shall both fall into ——

Counter. His arms.—[*Catches them both.*]

Zoella. Oh! dear, who is this? Are you a man?

Counter. I hope so.

Zoella. *Then do take us under your protection.*

Counter. *Both at once?* Come, this is doing business in a pretty way' Page 94.

The sly facetiousness of this incomparable dialogue fully warrants 'the native of Bengal' in considering himself as the founder of a new school of poetry; and indeed the whole tragedy is such as to display throughout the most impressive and unapproachable originality. In the character of the Irish ticket-porter, Larry (the hero of the play), Mr. B—— appears to have had an eye to the flaps of his own blue coat; for, in point of *breadth* and *display*, both models are singularly felicitous. Strange, however, as it may appear, that a native of Erin should sit for his portrait in the garments of a native of Bengal, it is in this instance warranted by their resemblance to each other. Larry, notwithstanding his bluster, is always, like the coat-flaps, in the rear of his master. Larry was the offspring of a tailor, so we have reason to suppose were the coat-flaps; and, to end at once the parallel, Larry's versatile and unsettled disposition veered with every conflicting opinion, in the same way as the zephyrs of Lamb's Conduit-street disturbed the vacillating coat-flaps of the author of 'The Son of Erin, or the Cause of the Greeks.' With this remark we shall take our leave of Mr. George Burges, A. M., assuring him, that, while we indulge in a little inoffensive jocularity, we have an equal admiration of his Irish tragedy, his Greek criticisms, and his Asiatic coat-flaps.

ROMANCE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

(*Concluded from page 132.*)

The ground-work of these monstrous fictions was a fabulous chronicle in Latin, entitled Johannis Turpini Historia de Vitâ Caroli Magni et Rolandi,' discovered either in the ninth or tenth century, and falsely attributed to Turpin, archbishop of Rheims. It is an undoubted fact that a prelate of the name of Turpin or Tulpin, for it is given both ways by the chroniclers and annalists, held the see of Rheims for nearly forty years, during the end of the reign of Pepin, and a considerable part of that of Charlemagne; but it is equally certain that he never* could have written the life of the latter, who survived him fourteen years. In this whimsical production, known for the last century by the appellation of the *False Turpin*, the archbishop is represented as accompanying Charlemagne in all his wars against the Saracens, in the triple capacity of chaplain, counsellor, and secretary. It is a kind of itinerary or *bulletin* of the campaigns of the emperor and his nephew Roland in Spain, in the course of which the amazing achievements of the uncle are on several occasions equaled by those of the nephew, who, although fainting from the loss of blood, severs with his magic sword La Durandale, a solid rock, and slays his thousands and tens of thousands, as was his constant custom in battle;—

'—— Ut semper pugnare solebat,
Millia Pagani multa necans populi.'

This extravagant composition was most probably translated, with additions and embellishments, into the vulgar tongue about 1095, when pope Urban the second presided at the celebrated coun-

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* Archbishop Turpin had been a monk of St. Denis, and was appointed to the see of Rheims about 760. He died in 800, and left no works which have descended to posterity. The only public act for which he has been noticed in the history of his time, was his substituting some Benedictines in the celebrated abbey of Saint Remi, in the room of the canons who previously possessed it.—*Dictionnaire Universel, Historique, &c.*

cil of Clermont, and the first crusade was agreed to. That the translation must have been made either shortly before or at that period is evident from the consideration, that it was employed as a chief instrument in exciting the people to take part in the enterprise, by enabling them to understand and recite in their own language the triumphs of Charlemagne and Roland over the enemies of the Catholic church. Had the work remained in the original Latin, it must have been unintelligible, not merely to the great mass of the population, but to many of the princes, of the nobility, and of the ecclesiastics themselves. Dr. Robertson justly remarks in his 'Review of the Progress of Society in Europe,' that about this period, 'Persons of the highest rank, and in the most eminent stations, could not read or write. Many of the clergy did not understand the breviary which they were obliged to recite. Some of them could scarce read it.' A monk of the name of Robert is supposed to have been the translator. Some have supposed the author of the False Turpin to have been a Spaniard, because he takes every opportunity of extolling Spain; and by others he is thought to have been a monk of St. Denis, because he notices with delight, and even with exaggeration, the value of the presents with which that abbey was enriched by Charlemagne. The Chronicle* is a strange jumble and patchwork of the grossest superstition and the most incredible events. A single example will suffice.

As Charlemagne was on a serene night engaged in viewing the stars, St. James, the apostle of Spain, appeared to him in the full brightness of the galaxy, commanded him to wrest that country by his valor from the pollution of the Mussulmen, and distinctly pointed out to him the line of march he was to take. In this expedition the walls of the hostile towns and castles fall before him, as the walls of Jericho fell before Joshua; and the Saracen armies, consisting of countless numbers, are routed or totally destroyed. The good archbishop Turpin constantly attends his sovereign, and his principal employment is to baptize the conquered infidels. In this holy office he must have been very busily occupied, as we are assured that those who adhered to the faith of the prophet, and rejected the ceremony, were either put to the sword or reduced to slavery. The influence of the translation in augmenting the number of the champions of the cross is represented to have been very great; and those who retained in their memory and recited in public the most affecting passages were every where admired, entertained, and rewarded. They had, at the same time, the merit of making proselytes, and the advantage of enriching themselves. Every vestige of genuine history had disappeared, and the False Turpin alone was acknowleged, believed, and quoted. His fables were in every mouth, and the versifiers of the age prided themselves in conferring upon them additional embellishments and fascinations, according to their own taste and fancy. Even the fine arts, such as were then cultivated, were engaged in confirming their credit and extending their circulation †.

But, after the first crusade, more incentives were found necessary to rekindle the pious ardor of the votaries of religious zeal. It was discovered, upon a more minute examination of the chronicle of Turpin, that Charlemagne had actually visited Jerusalem, and brought with him from the holy sepulchre the cross upon which the Redeemer of mankind had suffered. This was relied upon as an historical event, because among the titles, summaries, or arguments, prefixed to some chapters or divisions, which were not filled up, one contained the following words:—'Qualiter Dominicum sepulchrum adiit, et qualiter, Dominicum lignum secum attulit, scribere nequeo.' The author's inability to describe the emperor's journey was to his successors, in fiction, of the following century no cause of mortification. He had done more than enough for them in stating the fact. He had left the table,

* This trash was pronounced authentic by pope Callixtus the second, in 1122.—*Ginguené, Histoire Littéraire de l'Italie.*

† When in 1377, the emperor Charles visited Paris, he was presented by his nephew, king Charles V., with two *ancient* flasks of gold, on which the engraver had represented Saint James, pointing out to Charlemagne the countries he was to conquer beyond the Pyrenees. This was the subject of the first chapter of the False Turpin.—*Gaillard, Histoire Romanesque, &c.*

and they filled up the contents. He gave out the text, they preached the sermon; and the piety and prowess of Charlemagne were extended to the holy land. The poetical romances of this peculiar kind are too numerous to be cited; but they all concur, however widely they differ in their relations of miracles, prodigies, and visions, in giving an account of his expedition to Palestine, of his falling prostrate at the holy sepulchre, and of his returning with the real cross, a reward more precious than earthly crowns and kingdoms.

The spirit of conversion by the sword was a predominant passion in the twelfth, and even in the thirteenth century; and it constituted the favorite theme of the poets, whose strains were consecrated to the glory of the church. In the *Chronique de Mahran*, a Mahometan emperor of India, having been vanquished and converted to Christianity, becomes so zealous in his new faith, that he chops off with his own hand the head of a beloved brother, who will not renounce his religion. In the romance of *Jourdain de Blaves*, a pagan prince of Scotland abjures his errors, proclaims himself an excellent Catholic, and commands all his subjects to follow his example, under the penalty of having their heads cut off. In the *Chanson des Saxnes*, the Song of the Saxons, Charlemagne himself overthrows in single combat Diaulas, son of king Witikind, and, placing his sword on his throat, compels him to beg his life, and receive baptism:—

'Prenez loi Christiane, amendez votre vie,
Si creez a Jésus, le fils Sainte Marie,
Car Mahom ne vault pas une pomme pourrie.'

The great rival of the False Turpin, in the wonderful and marvellous of poetical romance, was Robert Wace *, a canon of Bayeux, in Normandy. His poem of *Le Brut*, or Brutus, was written in the middle of the twelfth century: he traces the origin of the kings of Britain to Brutus, the grandson of Ascanius, and great-grandson of Æneas; and gives an account of all his successors to Cadwallader. The hero of the poem is the renowned Arthur, whose exploits and virtues are celebrated with the most fanciful embellishments. The institution of the Round Tablé, and its knights, with their adventures, festivals, and tournaments, are described and extolled. Arthur, like Charlemagne, possesses an irresistible sword, called Escalibor, and his nephew, Gouvain, is not inferior to Roland in feats of valor. It may not be altogether uninteresting to give a short specimen of this singular production, as it shows the rude state of the French language at that period. The poem begins with the following lines:

'Qui vieult oër et vieult savoir
De roy en roy, et d'oir en heir,
Qui cil furent et dont vinrent
Qui Angleterre primes † tinrent
Quiez roys y a en ordre eu,
Et qui ainçois ‡ et qui puis fu,
Maistre Huistace l'a translaté,
Qui en conte la verité.'

The romance contains upwards of fifteen thousand lines, and the year in which it was completed is, according to the custom of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, ascertained in the four last:

'Puis que Dieu incarnation
Prist pour notre redemption,
Mil cent cinquante et cinq ans,
Fist maistre Westace cest roman.'

As Wace mentions in the first passage the romance as a mere translation, it may be proper to observe, that the original, in the Celtic, was found in Lower Britanny by Gualterus, or Walter, archdeacon of Oxford, and by him communicated to Geoffrey of Monmouth, who gave a version of it in Latin, in 1140. About the same period lived Geoffrey Gaymar, or Haimar, another Anglo-Norman poet, who wrote, in French verse, the history of the Anglo-Saxon kings. It abounds in curious particulars respecting the profession of the ministrels or menestriers, who resided in the courts, and attended the warlike expeditions of the monarchs. He dwells with delight on their respective merits, particularly on those of the celebrated Taillefer and Berdic, who accompanied William the Conqueror in his invasion of England. Taillefer, who advanced in front of the army, singing the songs of Charlemagne and Roland, was honored with the office of giving the signal of battle. He led on the charge, and, after throwing his

* He is also called *Wace*, *Westace*, *Huistace*, *Gasse*, and *Guasse*. His name indeed is differently written by himself, throughout his works.

† Premièrement. ‡ Anciennement.

spear, fell like a true knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*, in the foremost ranks of Harold's troops:—

> 'Armeis aveit et bon cheval,
> Si est hardi è noble vassal;
> Devant les altres cil si mist,
> Devant Angleis merveilles fist.'

Wace's romance had, in the course of the next fifty or sixty years, a long list of imitators both in England and France. It gave rise to Lancelot of the Lake, the enchanter Merlin, Perce-forêt, Perceval le Gallois, and more particularly to the tales of the Round Table, partly in prose, partly in rhyme, by Gautier Map, Robert de Borron, and Gasse Le Blond, with a vast number of others, the compositions of French and Anglo-Norman poets, with which Europe was inundated at the end of the twelfth, and the beginning of the thirteenth century.

Of Amadis de Gaul, so universally known, it is unnecessary to say much. Translated from the Spanish long after the two fruitful sources of romance that have been noticed, its fascinations in love and chivalry preserved an uninterrupted ascendency until the middle of the sixteenth century. We are assured, that the lecture of Amadis was so much in fashion at the court of Henry II., that were any one to speak ill of it, 'On lui eût craché au visage*.' It gave birth to a vast variety of motley productions; but there is scarcely one of them entitled to a distinct notice, and they are all inferior to those originating in the False Turpin, and the Brutus of Wace.

ON THE FOLLY AND WICKEDNESS OF HAVING A LONG NOSE.

> His lank and scanty hair was black,
> His visage sallow, and his back
> As broad and strong as Plato's.
> His grey eye on his face so wan,
> Look'd like an oyster split upon
> A dish of mash'd potatoes.
> His teeth were indurated sloes—
> Then he'd a nose—ou! SUCH A NOSE!!
>
> ANON.

A FEW years ago (some ten thousand, says my old Cretan MS.) the gods, goddesses, and godlings, met together on Mount Olympus, to confer upon the creation of mankind. Jove opened the proceedings by observing, among other things, that it was contrary to the will of fate, that so beautiful a spot as the world should remain a wilderness, or that Tartarus should be without tenants; and concluded by proposing the creation of a few antediluvian curiosities. The resolution was of course acceded to, and Mercury was despatched for some clay; but during his absence an altercation ensued, touching the shape into which these aforesaid mortals were to be moulded. My old family MS. relates the whole legend at very laudable length; but I shall simply observe, that after Minerva had proposed an owl, Cybele a lion, and Juno a goose, the thunderbearer cut short the argument by proposing himself as a model. He then commenced the workmanship, and set each deity his allotted task. Mercury moulded the clay, Apollo baked it, and Vulcan, with the foreman of the Cyclops for his assistant, chiseled it into shape. A gentle pinch with his tongs first elicited a nose, the mouth was opened as with an oyster-knife, and an implement from the Ætnean forge rounded off the limbs. With respect to woman, the mode of creation was precisely the same, except that Jupiter, finding he had more clay left than he could turn to good account, resolved to enlarge *her* tongue—a hint with which his own wife furnished him.

In manufacturing man, a few awkward accidents occurred. As the deities were powerfully refreshed with nectar, it was not to be expected that they would be over-methodical in their work, and accordingly in creating a politician they forgot to put in a conscience. But the worst mistake of all was the circumstance of one individual being sent upon earth *without a nose*. The fact is, that, at the moment of his birth, Vulcan had mislaid his tongs, so that in the hurry of business the poor man's proboscis was overlooked. The deficiency was discovered too late for amendment (false noses not being then in fashion): but, to atone for his neglect, Jupiter promised the sufferer that his posterity should progressively lengthen in that particular feature, until it attained a climax of enormity.

Now to the distressing point. I, my public, am the descendant of that unhappy man. *I* am he whose nose hath taken centuries to grow, and now bears upon its blushing front the honors of countless ancestors. With the accuracy of a Welshman, I have already traced my pedigree as far back as that Grecian, whose nasal celebrity an epigram hath re-

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* La Norce, Discours Polit. et Milit.

corded, and have often heard my grandmother (a gentlewoman in no-wise given to romance) confirm each circumstance of my descent. In the irritation of the moment I have alluded to the 'folly and wickedness of having a long nose.' And why? Trees, said the philosopher of old, are best known by their fruits; and surely when the fruits of my frontal phænomenon are contumely and malice, I may consider the cause as equal in iniquity to the effect. Nay! I cannot even pass a day without engendering the most palpable instances of either offence. Strangers caricature and vilipend my deformity; and, when they talk of having seen me, reverse the usual order of description in such terms as, 'I met a nose, and a man walking behind it.' Sometimes they advise me to tie it in a double knot, and not unfrequently request me to lend it for a bludgeon. So great, in short, is its popularity, that the other day a bookseller proposed to me a treatise on Nosology, which I was to head with a prospectus of my own inconceivable frontispiece.

Perhaps, as I have thus alluded to its inconveniences, the reader may require some description of my nose. It forms an equilateral triangle, verging to a point between my eyes, and is so long, that its extremity is out of sight. The superficies is protuberant, but oleaginous, and resembles a Dutch cabbage run to seed. Bardolph's mountain was a hillock to it. In consequence of its size, my mouth is always in shadow, and as ten thousand years have each added their benefactions, it has in my person attained its climax of predicted enormity. Need I add then that I am a laughing-stock to society? Need I add that my slumbers are perpetually invaded, and that every night-mare or incubus assumes the shape of my own nose? Oh! never, my public, can you imagine the sorrows I endure. Like the fratricide Cain, a mark is branded on my countenance—the mark of undying ridicule. What then are the miseries of Byron compared to mine? All mankind join in sympathy with him; but who will feel for me? He may fly from the cause of his wretchedness; but mine always goes with me, and through life I am doomed to follow this polypetalous rubicundity of snout.

To see me, a stranger would conclude that I am a clock-maker; for my nose, like a pendulum, actually seems to wag the hour. It is inoculated with a *cacoethes vibrandi*, a nasal Saint-Vitus' dance. And yet, in spite of its eccentricity, I am by nature susceptible in my disposition, and have often titillated my enthusiasm by the idea of connubial happiness. I have sometimes fancied that the lustre of my mind might throw into shadow the lustre of my proboscis; that some damsel might be induced to compassionate my misfortune, and that in due course we twain might become as one flesh. But, alas! I am a flower born to blush upon a barren bed. I shall propagate no more noses. Even the breed must die with me.

As I walk along the streets, I monopolise all public astonishment. I look like a caricature by Cruikshanks, that has suddenly stepped from its print-shop under the influence of galvanism. The schoolboy avoids me as a monster, the old woman as a conjuror, and even the bailiff himself, instead of running after, runs away from me. To petrify a bailiff! Conceive what a protuberance I must have!! At church, all eyes are fixed upon me, and from the attention that is bestowed on it, you would imagine that my nose was a prayer-book. Even with my own servants I am an object of ridicule. If I ring the bell, they are sure to enter my parlor with a grin, and to quit it with a roar. My house, in short, resembles a magazine of merriment, of which I am the editor; and though, to lessen its effects, I am compelled to turn away my contributors—servants, I should say—yet I cannot get them to weep for laughing. Not one of them ever stays with me a month. He would die of a *risus hystericus* if he did. In fact, to come at once to the melancholy point, my malady is constitutional. It is a nasal dropsy—an apoplectical protuberance. I shall never get over it.

It was in consequence of these afflicting reflections that a few years since I determined to become an 'English opium eater.' But oh! my public, what an aggravation of horrors was I not doomed to experience! The tortures of the damned were mere gnat-bites compared to mine; for every vision, as I before observed, assumed the similitude of my own nose. *Ovidius Naso* was an especial favorite in my dreams. He came arm-in-arm with my Grecian ancestor, and exhibited a magical mirror, in which my own deformity was exaggerated. Sometimes I used to fancy myself wander-

ing in the calm summer midnight upon the coast of Pontus. I see the moon stealing athwart the horizon, the clouds scudding before the breeze, and the restless ocean heaving his vast sides with the uncouth violence of a Yorkshire horse-dealer. On a sudden the waves are lashed into foam, and a bark appears in the distance, rowed by a solitary outcast. He approaches the rocky coast, but it is transformed into a ledge of adamantine noses, against which the vessel splits, while *Ovidius Naso* (for he is the detested waterman) escapes to land, by grasping my proboscis for a life-buoy. Sometimes I have imagined myself a commoner of Brazen-nose college, Oxford; and sometimes that I have been the duke of Wellington, and that the freedom of the city of London was presented to me in a gold snuff-box; but that when I attempted to raise the lid, I found my own nose embalmed within it.

But the most extraordinary and unconnected of all my reveries, was one which I dreamed the other night. I fancied that I was in the infernal regions, and by some invisible power was propelled towards a flaming ocean that heaved its ignited waves beneath me. Noses, instead of souls, seemed floating upon its fiery surface, and high above all, upon the curling summit of a distant billow, rose a fac-simile of my own proboscis. As the remainder of my person approached the gulf, the clouds seemed formed of Lundy-foot. Vapours of Prince's-mixture mounted upwards from the abyss, and one wide universal titillation set the noses of the damned in action. Anon, the scene was changed, and I stood the only living thing, and in a dull and barren wilderness. On the very verge of the horizon the burnished walls of a city of palaces presented themselves to my view. Colonnade upon colonnade, roof upon roof, rose in all the spiral picturesqueness of Chinese architecture; the streets, magnificent and spacious, and paved with molten gold, branched off in four different directions, and displayed—oh! God! the very remembrance overpowers me—a row of grinning corpses ranged rank and file on either side, and holding their noses between their fingers. Thrice I essayed to pause—but in vain; a supernatural agency kept hurrying me onwards, and as I passed down this tremendous regiment of spectres, they became suddenly endued with animation, shook their carious bones in mockery, and snuffled, each through his polypetalous protuberance, the familiar burden of 'Old Nosey.' Then again 'a change came o'er the spirit of my dream,' and I stood once more upon the sea-coast of Pontus, with *Ovidius Naso* for my companion. He led me towards a lazar-house, where I beheld the tobacconists of past ages buried in snuff-boxes instead of coffins. The earth that pillowed their skulls was formed of the ashes of Havannah segars; in lieu of nettles or roses, or the long grass of the sepulchre, tobacco shrubs bloomed upon their graves, and Indian cherootes, in a state of primitive simplicity, blossomed under the very nose of the night-wind. The spectres no sooner heard my approach, than, leaping at a bound from their coffins, they glided grimly towards me, pinned me to earth, and crammed my unoffending proboscis with a titillating assortment of snuffs. In vain I shrieked for mercy; the wicked brutes only aggravated my torments, until, exhausted with horror, indignation, and disgust, I woke in a confirmed delirium.

Such are a small part of the miseries to which I am subjected, and which, in the brief intervals of relaxation, I have felt a melancholy pleasure in detailing. Peradventure they may be considered as unwarrantable intrusions; but, if egotism be denied to the wretched, what consolation remains? For their truth * I can vouch, as also for the *veracity* of the tradition, which hath been handed down from generation to generation of my ancestors. Omnipotent powers! why was I created? What deadly crime had I committed, that I should thus pay the penalty of sin? Mankind pertinaciously avoid me. They imagine that my malady is infectious, and that they shall catch it if they seek my society. Even my relatives absent themselves, as if they owed me money; and to see the laughter that my appearance universally creates, you would imagine that there were no taxes. In this

* We can also attest their truth; for, in Mr. Mills' late interesting and popular travels of Theodore Ducas, there is a description of Michael Angelo's nose, which is somewhat similar to this unhappy gentleman's. Michael's, however, is lighter by some pounds' worth of proboscis, though in peculiarity of manufacture there is a marvellous resemblance between the two fleshes.—Ed.

distressing plight, the blue-bottles are my sole companions. They swarm with affectionate familiarity around me. They cultivate the acquaintance of my nose; and ——— but there flies one of them to the window. Hah! he is looking towards me, and I can tell by his face that he is buzzing a joke upon my misfortune. Damn him! I will immolate the rascal!——

Forgive, my public, this exacerbation of a nervous temperament. I am no longer myself—the pride of manhood is crushed, and in the sensitive irritability of the moment, I fancy that I have become a laughing-stock to the very vermin. 'Me miserable! which way shall I fly?' Shall I go down into the great deeps? there too will my nose accompany me. Shall I take the wings of the morning, and flee unto the uttermost parts of the earth? thither will my nose flee also. How often, in the excess of sensibility, have I been tempted to exclaim, with Shakspeare,

'Oh! that this too, too stubborn *flesh* would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew;'

and that thus melted down to orthodox dimensions, I might enjoy the novelty of peace! But no—such happiness is too visionary for realization; and in the grave—in the cold grave alone—can my nose and myself find refuge.

WALKS IN THE COUNTRY,

NO. III.

VIOLETING.

MARCH 27th.—It is a dull grey morning, with a dewy feeling in the air; fresh, but not windy; cool, but not cold;—the very day for a person newly arrived from the heat, the glare, the noise, and the fever of London, to plunge into the remotest labyrinths of the country, and regain the repose of mind, the calmness of heart, which has been lost in that great Babel. I must go violeting—it is a necessity—and I must go alone: the sound of a voice, even my Lizzy's, the touch of Mayflower's head, even the bounding of her elastic foot, would disturb the serenity of feeling which I am trying to recover. I shall go quite alone, with my little basket, twisted like a beehive, which I love so well, because *she* gave it to me, and keep sacred to violets and to those whom I love; and I shall get out of the high road the moment I can. I would not meet any one just now, even of those whom I best like to meet.

Ha!—Is not that group—a gentleman on a blood horse, a lady keeping pace with him so gracefully and easily—see how prettily her veil waves in the wind created by her own rapid motion!—and that gay, gallant boy, on the gallant white Arabian, curveting at their side, but ready to spring before them every instant—is not that chivalrous-looking party, Mr. and Mrs. M. and dear B.? No! the servant is in a different livery. It is some of the ducal family, and one of their young Etonians. I may go on. I shall meet no one now; for I have fairly left the road, and am crossing the lea by one of those wandering paths, amidst the gorse and the heath and the low broom, which the sheep and lambs have made—a path turfy, elastic, thymy, and sweet even now.

We have the good fortune to live in an unenclosed parish, and may thank the wise obstinacy of two or three sturdy farmers, and the lucky unpopularity of a ranting madcap lord of the manor, for preserving the delicious green patches, the islets of wilderness amidst cultivation, which form perhaps the peculiar beauty of English scenery. The common that I am passing now—the lea, as it is called—is one of the loveliest of these favored spots. It is a little sheltered scene, retiring as it were, from the village; sunk amidst higher lands—hills would be almost too grand a word; edged on one side by one gay high road, and intersected by another; and surrounded by a most picturesque confusion of meadows, cottages, farms, and orchards; with a great pond in one corner, unusually bright and clear, giving a delightful cheerfulness and daylight to the picture. The swallows haunt that pond; so do the children. There is a merry group round it now; I have seldom seen it without one. Children love water, clear, bright, sparkling water; it excites and feeds their curiosity; it is motion and life.

The path that I am treading leads to a less lively spot, to that large heavy building on one side of the common, whose solid wings, jutting out far beyond the main body, occupy three sides of a square, and give a cold shadowy look to the court. On one side is a gloomy garden, with an old man digging in it, laid out in straight dark beds of vegeta-

bles, potatoes, cabbages, onions, beans; all earthy and mouldy as a newly dug grave. Not a flower or a flowering shrub! Not a rose-tree or a currant-bush! Nothing but for sober melancholy use. Oh how different from the long irregular slips of the cottage-gardens, with their gay bunches of polyanthuses and crocuses, their wall-flowers, sending sweet odours through the narrow casement, and their gooseberry-trees, bursting into a brilliancy of leaf, whose vivid greenness has the effect of a blossom on the eye! Oh how different! On the other side of this gloomy abode is a meadow of that deep intense emerald hue, which denotes the presence of stagnant water, surrounded by willows at regular distances, and, like the garden, separated from the common by a wide, moat-like ditch. That is the parish work-house. All about it is solid, substantial, useful;—but so dreary! so cold! so dark! There are children in the court, and yet all is silent. I always hurry past that place, as if it were a prison. Restraint, sickness, age, extreme poverty, misery, which I have no power to remove or alleviate,—these are the ideas, the feelings, which the sight of those walls excites; yet, perhaps, if not certainly, they contain less of that extreme desolation than the morbid fancy is apt to paint. There will be found order, cleanliness, food, clothing, warmth, refuge for the homeless, medicine and attendance for the sick, rest and sufficiency for old age, and sympathy, the fine and active sympathy which the poor show to the poor, for the unhappy. There may be worse places than a parish work-house—and yet I hurry past it. The feeling, the prejudice will not be controlled.

The end of the dreary garden edges off into a close-sheltered lane, wandering and winding, like a rivulet, in gentle 'sinuosities,' (to use a word once applied by Mr. Wilberforce to the Thames at Henley) amidst green meadows, all alive with cattle, sheep, and beautiful lambs, in the very spring and pride of their tottering prettiness: or fields of arable land, more lively still with troops of stooping bean-setters, women and children, in all varieties of costume and color; and ploughs and harrows, with their whistling boys and steady carters, going through, with a slow and plodding industry, the main business of this busy season. What work bean-setting is! What a reverse of the position assigned to man to distinguish him from the beasts of the field! Only think of stooping for six, eight, ten hours a day, drilling holes in the earth with a little stick, and then dropping in the beans one by one. They are paid according to the quantity they plant; and some of the poor women used to be accused of clumping them—that is say, dropping more than one bean into a hole. It seems to me, considering the temptation, that not to clump is to be at the very pinnacle of human virtue.

Another turn in the lane, and we come to the old house standing amongst the high elms—the old farm-house, which always, I don't know why, carries back my imagination to Shakspeare's days. It is a long, low, irregular building, with one room, at an angle from the house, covered with ivy, fine white-veined ivy; the first floor of the main building projecting and supported by oaken beams, and one of the windows below, with its old casement and long narrow panes, forming the half of a shallow hexagon. A porch with seats in it, surmounted by a pinnacle, pointed roofs, and clustered chimneys, complete the picture. Alas! it is little else but a picture! The very walls are crumbling to decay under a careless landlord and a ruined tenant.

Now a few yards farther, and I reach the bank. Ah! I smell them already—their exquisite perfume steams and lingers in this moist heavy air. Through this little gate, and along the green south bank of this green wheat-field, and they burst upon me, the lovely violets, in tenfold loveliness! The ground is covered with them, white and purple, enameling the short dewy grass, looking but the more vividly colored under the dull, leaden sky. There they lie by hundreds, by thousands. In former years I have been used to watch them from the tiny green bud, till one or two stole into bloom. They never came on me before in such a sudden and luxuriant glory of simple beauty,—and I do really owe one pure and genuine pleasure to feverish London! How beautifully they are placed too, on this sloping bank, with the palm branches waving over them, full of early bees, and mixing their honeyed scent with the more delicate violet odour! How transparent and smooth and lusty are the branches, full of sap and life! And there, just by the old mossy root, is a superb tuft of prim-

roses, with a yellow butterfly floating over them, and looking like a flower lifted up by the air. What happiness to sit on this turfy knoll, and fill my basket with the blossoms! What a renewal of heart and mind! To sit in such a scene of peace and sweetness is again to be fearless and gay and gentle as a child. Then it is that thought becomes poetry, and feeling religion. Then it is that we are happy and good. Oh that my whole life could pass so, floating on blissful and innocent sensation, enjoying in peace and gratitude the common blessings of nature, thankful above all for the simple habits, the healthful temperament, which render them so dear! Alas! who may dare expect a life of such happiness? But I can at least snatch and prolong the fleeting pleasure, can fill my basket with pure flowers, and my heart with pure thoughts; can gladden my little home with their sweetness; can divide my treasures with one, a dear one, who cannot seek them; can see them when I shut my eyes; and dream of them when I fall asleep.

M.

THE CAMBRIDGE DECAMERON.

(Continued from page 150.)

On the second evening that our party assembled, the gentleman we have designated Euphronius was declared the one whose lot compelled him to be their entertainer for the evening. Camilla heard this with great pleasure, observing, 'that she had ceased to like sentimental love-stories, and she hoped he would tell her something that was neither mawkish nor sorrowful.'

'I will give you,' replied Mr. W— 'a round unvarnished circumstance, precisely as I witnessed it four or five years ago, and which made an impression on my own mind of a nature so indelible, so novel, and so full of merriment, that although the fastidious may sneer, and the affected may frown, I shall ever consider it as a lucky incident in my life; since it gave me a new view of the ever-varying and ever-interesting study of human nature, in its least sophisticated state, and of the genuine manners of an age that will soon exist only in this description of memorial.

'In passing through Yorkshire, in my way to Cambridge (which is a long journey from my native place), I was induced to pass a day or two with an old schoolfellow whom I had not seen for some years, and who received me with all the hospitality and hearty joyousness of early life. He resided with his mother and a large family of brothers and sisters, of whom he was about a year become the head: they lived upon a family estate, which was aided by a large farm held on easy terms, and bore every appearance of that wealth which is the result of industry and good management as much as hereditary possession.

'As I did not reach my place of destination till midnight on the Saturday, and rose late, I was not expected to attend church in the morning; but, as dinner was served precisely at one, I accompanied the family to the afternoon service. Scarcely were we seated, when a party arrived in the adjoining pew, who appeared to engross so entirely the eye and the mind of my friend, that all other worship was evidently forgotten; and he whispered audibly, 'That is Mrs. Jessop and her eldest daughter, and her son: he is younger than I am, but we are *particular* friends—those two pretty girls are her youngest daughters.'

'' And who is Mrs. Jessop?' said I.

'' Oh! she will tell you herself by and by; for we shall join them after church—don't you think Betsy a very pretty girl? Miss Jessop, I mean.'

'' I certainly did think so, but not in the sense of my friend Brooke, whom I perceived to be more than half seas over in love, and for his sake I observed the girl more critically than I should have done. She was less pretty than either of her sisters, and she had somewhat of timidity that almost amounted to melancholy in her countenance; but it was so full of artless gentleness, and feminine delicacy, that I could not for a moment wonder at his choice. Mrs. Jessop was, however, a woman calculated to eclipse all her daughters in the eyes of a stranger: she was very tall, very well made, very well dressed, and still young enough to be very handsome. She read every word of the service in a loud, clear voice, along with the minister, on whom she fixed her eyes, and I verily believe never withdrew them till the service was over, when she walked straight out of her pew, without appearing to see one of her neighbours. In the churchyard we found her surrounded by many; but she put all aside in her affectionate greetings to

Mrs. Brooke and her family, who seemed to consider it as an established point, that she and her young family would go home with us; a circumstance I certainly desired, for I admired them all.

"'Thank you,' said Mrs. Jessop; 'but I think I would rather that Mr. Brooke and this friend of his'n would go with us; for you see I've a curiosity to talk with 'un, as I cannot remember that ever I was near to a *college-man*, or any kind of an unfinished parson; therefore, if so be it's agreeable, they shall go home with us: we've plenty o' beds at Grumperly Hall, and as some rides and some walks, they may do as they like. What say ye, Mr. Brooke? Will ye go with us?'

'As may be expected, Mr. Brooke liked to go, and it is certain I liked it too. He walked with the two daughters; I took the son's horse; Miss Jessop shared the well-appointed gig of her mother, to the evident mortification of my friend.

'I found Grumperly Hall a huge, ancient mansion; bearing about it, however, an air of former consequence and present comfort. A farmer boy and a decent bailiff took our horses at a garden-gate, and Mrs. Jessop led the way up a long walk bordered by espaliers to the hall-door. It opened on an immense, cavern-like looking room, the dimensions of which were utterly impervious to the faint rays of the candle; but as it was supported by two excellent large bay-windowed rooms, one of which was furnished as a drawing-room, the other was the sitting-room of the family. At the back of this was an immense kitchen, where blazed a fire that would have cooked a college dinner, on either side of which were two long oaken lang-settles (the ancient British sofa), and the whole roof was completely covered with flitches of bacon, hams, tongues, and pieces of hung beef.

'Into this place mine hostess stepped to see that two of her three maidens had returned from church, and were about to attend their dairy duties, and that the third was preparing the huge piles of muffins and tea-cakes, which rendered that beverage a substantial meal. In her orders, as in her prayers, Mrs. Jessop ever spoke at the top of her voice, which luckily was not an unpleasant one; and although her language was decidedly provincial, yet it was not sufficiently so to be offensive. On entering her parlour, she seized my hand, and led me directly to the great chair, a place rarely coveted at twenty; and when she had placed me there, she made me three several curtsies. I rose up in distress; but she compelled me to sit down, saying, in a tone of authority, 'Young gentleman, I am looking to what you will be, not to what you are.'

'I blessed myself that I was alone.—Mrs. Jessop took a chair close by me, and soon fulfilled Brooke's prediction. She told me 'who she was,' beginning with an apology that she had not done it before, truly observing 'she had had no time. You see, sir, my father was a tenant on this estate in a *little* way, and I used to come, and come, to the hall here to see Mr. Jessop's housekeeper, for he was a kind of a lonely old bachelor, and when I was about fifteen he began to notice me, and when I was about seventeen my poor father died, and then he began to notice me more; and so he told the housekeeper, and she told me, that instead of going to service I might come here and marry the master, and so be mistress of Grumperly Hall. It would have turned many people's heads, sir; for you see it was like putting bracelets on Rebecca's arms, when she had been drawing water for camels, to make sich as me into a squire's lady. To be sure, he was going on to sixty year old, and was an absolute sight for slovenliness; and as to this whole house, it was a kind of dungeon; but I brought him round and round, till I got half the rookery cut down, all the garden cleared, the windows opened, the rooms papered: and as to him! why I tidied him up till all the parish said he was the handsomest old man in it; and 'tis a plain case, as all the world may see, that I brought him the six prettiest children in the whole wapentake. I managed every thing; farmed his land, bought his cattle, sold his sheep, bred his horses, saw to his dairy, grew his corn, enclosed his common right, increased his property on all sides, and set him off in every way, for I always behaved as Sarah did to Abraham; made my curtsy to him night and morning, and never sate down to one meal before him all the days I was his wife. I never went to a merry-meeting or a dance without him; and for three years that he were paralytic, neither bit nor drop went down his poor mouth but was a my feeding. I never saw a neighbour's fire-side in all that time, and only went once a month to

church on sacrament days, and that was to pray for *him*.—Now, sir, that's what I call doing my duty; but I should be glad of *your* opinion; for undoubtedly at college you sift all these things to the bottom, much more than an ignorant woman can do in a country place.'

'To my great relief, the whole party and the tea equipage entered; but Mrs. Jessop resumed.—' Well, sir, I brought up my children in obedience also, for they never thought much of doing as they saw their mother do: I sent my boys to school, and I got a governess (a real lady) for my girls, and fray the hour she came into the house I gave 'em up. I said to her, says I, Miss, I know you to be my superior, and in one end of my house I appoint you *sole* mistress; but I hope you 'll remember to make my childer recollect constantly that larned, or unlarned, I'm their tender mother, and squire Jessop's lawful wife, and moreover, that I'm no fool.—Well, sir, she did all this and more, and never people agreed better—she's married now, and a great loss I have of her; but I shall now act by my own judgment, and marry my children in the scripture way, beginning with Betsy; wouldn't you advise it? isn't it proper, sir?'

' 'Certainly, madam,' answered I, looking at Brooke. 'As to that, she has *five* lovers, and that's the only thing that puzzles me.' So saying, Mrs. Jessop sunk at once into a reverie as profound as her late communications had been rapid; it was evident that she was really in anxiety.

'Tea was over--a party was assembled round the piano-forte: Miss Jessop and her second sister, a lovely girl in her eighteenth year, were performing a duet, when the door suddenly opened, and a young man of genteel person and fine open countenance entered, whose voice indicated that he was from the south of England.

' 'Mr. Shackleton!' cried young Jessop in joyful surprise.'

' 'Mr. Shackleton!' faintly ejaculated Betsy, as the blood rushed in torrents to her cheek, and thence even to the ends of her trembling fingers.

' 'Well! to be sure, I am glad to see you, sir,' said Mrs. Jessop, in her usual tone, 'but pray what has brought you so all of a sudden to Grumperly Hall again?'

' 'I am commissioned by my uncle to go to Scotland, respecting an estate he has purchased there. I wished to make the journey on horseback, but the weather is so severe, I find I cannot do it; so I have settled to proceed in the coach on Tuesday morning early, a plan which enables me to devote a day to you.'

These words drew a warm smile from the dove eyes of Betsy, and a bitter sigh from my friend, while they seemed to plunge Mrs. Jessop into a new abyss of thought, from which she started by telling the servant to prepare another bed;' observing unceremoniously, 'that the new comer must have the *best* bed, and the green one must be got ready for me;' and it soon became plain that she cared not how soon we all retired, for our substantial supper afforded no excuse for sitting up; she said, 'that indigestion was all a matter of fancy, and that on Sunday night it was every body's duty to go to bed soon,' appealing to me, as the most learned man in the company, on so knotty a point.

'The sorrowful looks of my friend, my late journey, and the actual fear that Mrs. Jessop's commanding eye and loud voice inspired, made me very subservient to her will. I retired—had an excellent bed,—and was soon drowned in that sweet oblivion unknown to my jealous and anxious friend.

'I was awakened at an early hour, and whilst it was yet perfectly dark, by an uncommon combination of all these sounds which belong to a farm-yard in broad day. Young pigs were squalling, geese cackling, hens chuckling outrageously; the tongues of men and maids were heard in clamorous debate, and above all, the loud, sonorous tones of their mistress, issuing commands with the force and precision of a grenadier colonel, at the very moment the house clock struck three.

Astonished by the circumstance, I made my way to the window, and there perceived a number of lanterns moving about in all directions, and Mrs. Jessop no otherwise altered in dress than by a silk handkerchief tied about her head, stalking about from place to place, accompanied by her myrmidons, who evidently went forth on the work of slaughter. I shuddered, and returned to my bed.

Presently I heard a mighty chopping, then the sounds of a churn, and above all, the unceasing hurry of voices—in vain I moved from side to side, remem-

bering the bustle of management described in the Rambler, and the contemptuous epithets of Mary Wolstonecraft for the 'square-elbowed family drudge;' no anticipation of good cheer could compensate me, no expression of rage assuage me; so with the first streak of morning I arose, and huddling on my clothes, made to the scene of action.

'I was met on my way by the indefatigable Mrs. Jessop, who observed 'she was coming to call me up, as she considered my presence in her house of the greatest importance in such an awful affair as was come to pass.'

''What is the matter, dear madam?' said I, in alarm. 'Why, sir, the matter is this'n; but here comes Mr. Brooke, so I'll tell you both together:—last night, when you were all gone to bed, I stopped Mr. Shackleton, and I said to him, says I, young man, this is five times that you have pretended to come to see my *son*, when all the time it is in truth my *daughter*, which I found out last year. I know that you're afraid of your uncle thinking my Betsy not rich enough; and if your fears goes to giving her up, why did you once dare to enter my house again?' 'But they do not amount to any such thing, my dear ma'am,' says he; 'on the contrary, I have every reason to believe my uncle will consent, for he wishes to see me married before he dies, and I wish it myself.'

''Then, says I, so he may, for you shall marry Betsy in the morning; then go into Scotland and leave her with me, and by the time you come back, I will so rig her, and so portion her too, as no man need be ashamed of her.'

''So says he to me, with quite a jump —'*To-morrow!* madam! to-morrow! 'tis impossible.'

''So says I, 'Well, Mr. Shackleton, then bid her farewell to-night; for so sure as you're alive, you've seen your last of her —she shall be your wife to-morrow, or Mr. Brooke's wife to-morrow month, I'm *positive*; for he's a good young man, and though not quite to her fancy, she'll come round in time and like him.'

''Well, gentlemen; at that moment down fell poor Betsy on the floor, as if she'd bin shot—he was almost crazed, and I was little better; but the upshot of all this is, that they'll be married this very morning. I've prepared every thing —we'll have a glorious wedding, and a famous dance; and I shall think it a most unneighbourly thing, if you, Mr. Brooke, and all your family is'nt here: but I've no time for talking: my custards are on the fire; if they boil, I'm ruined.'

'Away she ran, and poor Brooke, with a most whimsical air of distress, for he could scarcely forbear laughing, entreated me to stay, whilst he went out himself to borrow a horse; which having secured, he galloped away without taking leave of the family: I soon afterwards saw the bridegroom looking scarcely less rueful. The moment Mrs. Jessop perceived him, she told him that the horses were saddled, the friends she had sent for were come, and he must lose not a moment in setting out for the licence.

''But how is Betsy?' 'I don't know. I ordered her to go sleep, and if she hasn't done as I bid her, 'twill be the first time; and I hope for once you'll obey me too.'

'The party were soon out of sight, and long before their return, three post-chaises had arrived, the postilions and horses covered with wedding-favors; and then first the poor abashed bride, pale and almost unbelieving all she saw, made her appearance, leaning upon her eldest brother, to whom she was most fondly attached. The sight of her thus pale and trembling at once animated the bridegroom with tenderness and resolution; and from that moment it is only justice to say, that no young man could acquit himself with more tender and grateful attention. The young people assembled were hastily arranged in the carriages; but so many had been invited to return from the church, where they were appointed to meet them, that it was finally determined that I should not go. I therefore made one of a large party who had collected all the old shoes in the house to throw after the carriage; and I then discovered Mrs. Jessop herself standing at a little distance, too absorbed in contemplation of her own abrupt work to heed the joyful noise and confusion about her—her hands were lifted up as in prayer, the tears were streaming from her eyes, and her countenance exhibited even the excess of a sensibility which appeared hitherto foreign to her nature; at length she started suddenly from her trance, and ran to resume her busy duties.

'Under the night labours, and the admirable arrangement of the mother, the wedding party, although at a distance of four miles from the town where the mar-

riage was celebrated, and three in a contrary direction from the place where the licence was bought, yet arrived at church within the canonical hour, and returned with the carriages literally crammed, and also attended by a numerous party on horseback. All were conducted into the drawing-room, where I found myself compelled to play gentleman-usher to a multitude of people, who had been assembled so suddenly, that they scarcely comprehended the reason, not one of whom I could by any chance have seen before. A very speedy summons to dinner in the hall obviated all difficulties. A prodigious fire blazing up the chimney, a long table set the whole length of this immense room, at the top of which stood the majestic figure of our hostess in scarlet taffeta, with the bridegroom on her right, redrest, and full of smiles and sunshine; the bride on her left, still pale and shrinking, was really a very fine picture, seen dimly through the smoke which rose in fragrant clouds from the well covered table, and, aided by the sharp frost and the long ride, drew even the admiration of the young ladies from the *interesting* spectacle. Let college festivals, and even civic fetes, ' hide their diminished heads;' when compared with the rapid but abundant preparations of our hostess, who, now placing the officiating clergyman, who had returned with them, at the bottom of the table, called out aloud ' that every young man must find a lady, sit down by her, take care of her, and be merry as lads and lasses ought to be on such occasions, for all ceremony was unproper (now the parson had finished *his* work) in a true Yorkshire wedding like this.'

' We sat down, and, by the aid of my fair partner, Miss Brooke, I soon learned the names, stations and expectations of most of the party, who were all young people, save the clergyman, two of whose family were also present; and I will venture to assert, that his majesty's dominions could not have produced a greater number of pretty girls, and handsome young fellows, with yet a considerable variety of character, as many were from the neighbouring town, as well as from the distant parts of the country. We had a young lawyer just arrived from London, a merchant from Russia, and another from Lisbon, a surgeon from Edinburgh, and his friend from Ireland, two officers, and'——

' But the dinner, dear sir! what had you for dinner?' cried Camilla.

' What a question? but I will answer you to the best of my remembrance. At the top was a large boiled turkey, surrounded by four noble pullets; at the bottom a mighty sirloin of beef: to my right I found a fillet of veal, which had its fellow opposite; and I remember carving a baked ham of exquisite flavour. There were also roasted turkeys and fowls, to match their boiled companions, and great care had been taken to put all things in pairs. We had two roast pigs, two spare-ribs, two geese, two couple of ducks, two tongues, two dishes of sausages, two hares, two leash of partridges, two pheasants, two magnificent calves'-heads hashed, two—I can get no farther, yet I know I am far short, for, with the exception of fish, for which we were too far inland, there were pairs of every thing. But the most laudable part of our entertainment, in the opinion of all the misses, was that which followed—a pair of magnificent plum-puddings, swimming in brandy-sauce, a pair of superb trifles, rivaling the glaciers in their shining whiteness, immense dishes of curds, composed of coagulated cream, flummery of the same materials, and custards without end—to say nothing of a whole regiment of smoking apple-pies, bowls of raspberry cream, gay glasses graced by syruped oranges, a mighty pyramid of minced pies, matched by another of cranberry tarts, and jellies enow to support a regiment. Well might every wife and widow in the parish be called (as in truth they were) to aid the preparation, and assist in the future demolition of such a mighty accumulation. It is, however, only truth to say that all the invited did honour to the feast; a more happy, innocent, and mirthful assemblage could not be found, but it is certain all literally obeyed the commands of our head; whose voice no sally of mirth, no challenge of wine, no clatter of plates, no buzz from the distant scullery, deprived of its power to enforce attention; and when she commanded a song, no apology was even offered; when she enforced silence, silence ensued: our obligations to her were infinite, for, with all this, she yet was the prime leader to our mirth.

' In about three hours the scrape of a fiddle was heard, and at the sound away rushed the girls to prepare for the dance, and in another moment the gentlemen

were led into the drawing-room. In rushed the attendants, and the tables were speedily dismembered and withdrawn; and, whilst we were engaged in a noisy tea-drinking, our late scene of festivity was converted into a cheerful ball-room, by the distribution of lights and green branches, clean sweeping and light benches, in lieu of heavy chairs. Three decent violins, and a lad with a tabor and pipe, constituted the orchestra, which was fixed in a window-seat, and so well supplied with good liquor as to ensure unremitting efforts. I had the honor of leading the bride to the top (by command), and from the time I resigned her, enjoyed a succession of good partners, for *she* was evidently still too much agitated for dancing—then we *did* dance! ye gods, how we did dance! some 'on the light fantastic toe,' and some with heels as heavy as their own cart-horses, but every one with hearts as light, and countenances as happy, as if care and sorrow were unknown in the world; and the keen storm which was known to exist without seemed only to give more zest to our enjoyments within. The second dance was led off by Mrs. Jessop and the parson, and was admirably performed; after which we saw the good man (whose cheerful kindness has endeared him to my memory) no more, as he returned in one of the chaises to the town, but permitted his daughters to remain.

'A short pause ensued while we were fixing on a new dance; for our mistress of the revels was urging a glass of cherry brandy on the departing guest. In a few moments she returned from what she called the *house*, but I have degradingly termed the kitchen, and was unquestionably the servants' hall of former days. On her arm was leaning an old man, whose thick milk-white locks formed a kind of silver framework to his furrowed face, which exhibited a singular contrast to that of the young ones around him. He was set down in the warmest place by the fire, as we understood, to look at our dancing; an object of delightful interest to the tenantry and servants, all of whom were permitted the *entrée* on this grand occasion. The bride was surrounded by a groupe of young friends, to whom she was, in her usual meek accents, giving the figure, when she turned and saw the old man, to whom she instantly flew with a celerity and joyful eagerness of look her anxious heart had not hitherto allowed her to wear on this eventful day.

''George! my good old friend, how durst you venture out such a night as this?'

''My honey love, I could na stay at hame at thy wedding, sae I donned my claes and came off, thof it were bed-time —ah, I was feared thy husband wad set off to Lunnun wi thee.'

'Mr. Shackleton now joined them, and the old man rose to make him a profound bow, saying 'Ye'll excuse me, sir, when I talk to Miss Betsy so (though she be your lady now), for I was her feather's auldest servant—and I nursed her ever since she was born, and I know the heart on her better than any body. She's the best child that ever God made, so I hope ye'll excuse me saying *honey* and *thou*; it's my way, and, dear heart, I'm got too old to mend my manners.'

''George Hewit, George Hewit, sit down,' cried Mrs. Jessop; 'a faithful servant at eighty-five, and the friend of my father, has a right to sit in a lord's presence—but why did ye leave your hat?'

'Away ran the bridegroom, and, as he returned with the old man's hat, the look of joy, pride, gratitude, and love, which rose to the cheek, and sparkled in the eyes of the bride, banishing, in a moment, the timid anxiety and even alarm which had dwelt there during the day, was absolutely delightful; and it rose to rapture as the old man said, on taking his hat, 'Ay, my honey! he's one o' th' right sort, I see, and a bonny lad too—God bless ye baith; and he *will* bless ye.'

'The dance moved on; I looked some time after, and saw the old man fast asleep on one side of the fire, and our hostess on the other, which was no wonder, considering her fatigues—after a while both were missing, as well as other persons in the party, but we still danced or sang through the night, as it appeared, for our first notice of morning arose from the shrill voice of our hostess, refreshed by a few hours' repose, bawling at the bridegroom's door.

''I tell you get up this minute, or I'll never own ye for a son of mine— breakfast is ready, your horse is saddled, and your place is taken in the coach.'

'All pleading, all resistance was vain, and, in half an hour, poor Shackleton came forth, looking ruefully at the sleet

and snow, and at the abundant proofs that his wedding had not been all a dream, with which our appearance furnished him; but the inexorable mother, steady to her purpose, mingling promises of comfort with threats of his uncle's displeasure, fairly drove him and her eldest son out of the house, as the young man kindly resolved to ride with him to the coach. After this the ladies retired to bed, and the gentlemen went home. Mrs. Jessop lent me a good horse, and gave me many a pressing invitation for the future, and I returned (although jaded) with an impression of extraordinary good-will towards her for the good qualities, and even great powers she evinced, though mingled with an authoritative self-will that could rarely be endured. I have to thank her for a scene of hilarity unequaled in my memory, and an exhibition of true old hospitality perfectly unique; since it not only reached from the highest to the lowest person in her circle, but was extended to the animals; for I learned that every horse about the place had a double allowance of corn, and it is certain that the dogs had a jovial time of it.'——

'But her daughter, sir! the poor bride, what became of her?'

'From my friend Brooke I learned that the mother strictly fulfilled her agreement; and, such were the gentle graces and amiable qualities of Betsy, that the hasty marriage was not only forgiven, but she became the darling of the old gentleman, who took the young couple into his house, and scarcely suffered Betsy out of his sight. He had the satisfaction of seeing a little heir before his death, which put them in possession of a noble estate in Essex; where they now live happy even to a proverb, and respected by all their neighbourhood. Yet the great success in this match by no means perverted the good sense of the mother, or made her seek for more rich lovers. On the contrary, she bestowed her second daughter on my friend Brooke, whose sister she accepted for the heir of Grumperly. I shall inquire if her youngest is disposed of, and, in case she is (of which there is little doubt), I will certainly go and see Mrs. Jessop again; for she is well worth studying as a great natural curiosity, unpruned and unspoiled by modern improvements, yet possessing 'capabilities' enough to satisfy all the system-mongers and educationists that ever drilled the human mind into shape or distortion. Her character is full of strong lines; yet, in the blossoms of youth and beauty, and unexpected prosperity, she submitted to the aged husband, who placed all power in her hands: she accumulated money by the cares of age, the exertions of servitude, which she expended with princely liberality; and she so educated her children, that whilst they may lament her ignorance, they reverence her powers, and are tenderly attached to her person. Oh! she is a glorious study! she has the raciness of Meg Merrilies; and with all the bluntness of an English sailor, and the hospitality of a Yorkshire 'squire, has an honesty and *naïveté* all her own; and there are in her touches of the mother's love and the woman's heart more truly pathetic than whole volumes of French sentiment. Like the rocks which surround her, she is lofty and hard, but never impenetrable, full of rich ore within, and lovely flowers without, a treasure to the owners, and a commanding though singular object, on which the traveler may gaze, and the philosopher expatiate.

B——.

COUSIN MARY.

About four years ago, passing a few days with the highly educated daughters of some friends in this neighbourhood, I found domesticated in the family a young lady, whom I shall call as they called her, cousin Mary. She was about eighteen, not beautiful perhaps, but lovely certainly to the fullest extent of that loveliest word—as fresh as a rose; as fair as a lily; with lips like winter berries, dimpled, smiling lips; and eyes of which nobody could tell the color, they danced so incessantly in their own gay light. Her figure was tall, round, and slender; exquisitely well proportioned it must have been, for in all attitudes, and in her innocent gaiety, she was scarcely ever two minutes in the same; she was grace itself. She was, in short, the very picture of youth, health, and happiness. No one could see her without being prepossessed in her favor. I took a fancy to her the moment she entered the room; and it increased every hour in spite of, or rather perhaps for, certain deficiencies which caused poor cousin Mary to be held exceedingly cheap by her accomplished relatives.

She was the youngest daughter of an

officer of rank dead long ago; and his sickly widow having lost by death, or that other death, marriage, all her children but this, could not, from very fondness, resolve to part with her darling for the purpose of acquiring the commonest instruction. She talked of it indeed now and then, but she only talked; so that, in this age of universal education, Mary C. at eighteen exhibited the extraordinary phenomenon of a young woman of high family, whose acquirements were limited to reading, writing, needle-work, and the first rules of arithmetic. The effect of this let-alone system, combined with a careful seclusion from all improper society, and a perfect liberty in her country rambles, acting upon a mind of great power and activity, was the very reverse of what might have been predicted. It had produced not merely a delightful freshness and originality of manner and character, a piquant ignorance of those things of which one is tired to death, but knowlege, positive, accurate, and various knowlege. She was, to be sure, wholly unaccomplished; knew nothing of quadrilles, though her every motion was dancing; nor a note of music, though she used to warble like a bird sweet snatches of old songs, as she skipped up and down the house; nor of painting, except as her taste had been formed by a minute acquaintance with nature into an intense feeling of art. She had that real extra sense, an eye for color, too, as well as an ear for music. Not one in twenty—not one in a hundred of our sketching and copying ladies could love and appreciate a picture where there was color and mind, a picture by Claude, or by our English Claudes Wilson and Hoffland, as she could—for she loved landscape best, because she understood it best—it was a portrait of which she knew the original. Then her needle was in her hands almost a pencil. I never knew such an embroidress—she would sit 'printing her thoughts on lawn,' till the delicate creation vied with the snowy tracery, the fantastic carving of hoar frost, the richness of Gothic architecture, or of that which so much resembles it, the luxuriant fancy of old point lace. That was her only accomplishment, and a rare artist she was—muslin and net were her canvas. She had no French either, not a word; no Italian; but then her English was racy, unhackneyed, proper to the thought to a degree that only original thinking could give. She had not much reading, except of the Bible and Shakspeare, and Richardson's novels, in which she was learned; but then her powers of observation were sharpened and quickened in a very unusual degree, by the leisure and opportunity afforded for their developement, at a time of life when they are most acute. She had nothing to distract her mind. Her attention was always awake and alive. She was an excellent and curious naturalist, merely because she had gone into the fields with her eyes open; and knew all the details of rural management, domestic or agricultural, as well as the peculiar habits and modes of thinking of the peasantry, simply because she had lived in the country, and made use of her ears. Then she was fanciful, recollective, new; drew her images from the real objects, not from their shadows in books. In short, to listen to her, and the young ladies her companions, who, accomplished to the height, had trodden the education mill till they all moved in one step, had lost sense in sound and ideas in words, was enough to make us turn masters and governesses out of doors, and leave our daughters and grand-daughters to Mrs. C.'s system of non-instruction. I should have liked to meet with another specimen, just to ascertain whether the peculiar charm and advantage arose from the quick and active mind of this fair ignorant, or was really the natural and inevitable result of the training; but, alas! to find more than one unaccomplished young lady in this accomplished age is not to be hoped for. So I admired and envied; and her fair kinswomen pitied and scorned, and tried to teach; and Mary, never made for a learner, and as full of animal spirits as a school-boy in the holidays, sang, and laughed, and skipped about from morning to night.

It must be confessed, as a counterbalance to her other perfections, that the dear cousin Mary was, as far as great natural modesty and an occasional touch of shyness would let her, the least in the world of a romp! She loved to toss about children, to jump over styles, to scramble through hedges, to climb trees; and some of her knowlege of plants and birds may certainly have arisen from her delight in these boyish amusements. And which of us has not found that the strongest, the healthiest, and most flourishing acquirement has arisen

from pleasure or accident, has been in a manner self-sown, like an oak of the forest?—Oh she was a sad romp; as skittish as a wild colt, as uncertain as a butterfly, as uncatchable as a swallow! But her great personal beauty, the charm, grace, and lightness of her movements, and above all, her evident innocence of heart, were bribes to indulgence which no one could withstand. I never heard her blamed by any human being. The perfect unrestraint of her attitudes, and the exquisite symmetry of her form, would have rendered her an invaluable study for a painter. Her daily doings would really have formed a series of pictures. I have seen her scudding through a shallow rivulet, with her petticoats caught up just a little above the ancle, like a young Diana, and a bounding, skimming, enjoying motion, as if native to the element, which might have become a Naiad. I have seen her on the topmost round of a ladder, with one foot on the roof of a house, flinging down the grapes that no one else had nerve enough to reach, laughing, and garlanded, and crowned with vine-leaves, like a Bacchante. But the prettiest combination of circumstances under which I ever saw her, was driving a donkey cart up a hill one sunny windy day, in September. It was a gay party of young women, some walking, some in open carriages of different descriptions, bent to see a celebrated prospect from a hill called the Ridges. The ascent was by a steep narrow lane, cut deeply between sand-banks, crowned with high, feathery hedges. The road and its picturesque banks lay bathed in the golden sunshine, whilst the autumnal sky, intensely blue, appeared at the top as through an arch. The hill was so steep that we had all dismounted, and left our different vehicles in charge of the servants below; but Mary, to whom, as incomparably the best charioteer, the conduct of a certain non-descript machine, a sort of donkey curricle, had fallen, determined to drive a delicate little girl, who was afraid of the walk, to the top of the eminence. She jumped out for the purpose, and we followed, watching and admiring her as she won her way up the hill: now tugging at the donkeys in front with her bright face towards them and us, and springing along backwards—now pushing the chaise from behind—now running by the side of her steeds, patting and caressing them—now soothing the half-frightened child—now laughing, nodding, and shaking her little whip at us—darting about like some winged creature—till at last she stopped at the top of the ascent, and stood for a moment on the summit, her straw-bonnet blown back, and held on only by the strings; her brown hair playing on the wind in long natural ringlets, her complexion becoming every moment more splendid from exertion, redder and whiter; her eyes and her smile brightening and dimpling; her figure in its simple white gown, strongly relieved by the deep blue sky, and her whole form seeming to dilate before our eyes. There she stood under the arch formed by two meeting elms, a Hebe, a Psyche, a perfect goddess of youth and joy. The Ridges are very fine things altogether, especially the part to which we were bound, a fine turfy breezy spot, sinking down abruptly like a rock into a fine wild foreground of heath and forest, with a magnificent command of distant objects;—but we saw nothing that day like the figure on the top of the hill.

After this I lost sight of her for a long time. She was called suddenly home by the dangerous illness of her brother, who, after languishing for some months, died; and Mary went to live with a sister much older than herself, and richly married in a manufacturing town, where she languished in smoke, confinement, dependence, and display, (for her sister was a match-making lady, a manœuvrer), for about a twelvemonth. She then left her house and went into Wales—as a governess! Imagine the astonishment caused by this intelligence amongst us all; for I myself, though admiring the untaught damsel almost as much as I loved her, should certainly never have dreamed of her as a teacher. However, she remained in the rich baronet's family where she had commenced her vocation. They liked her apparently,—there she was; and again nothing was heard of her for many months, until, happening to call on the friends at whose house I had originally met her, I espied her fair blooming face, a rose amongst roses, at the drawing-room window,—and instantly with the speed of light was met and embraced by her at the hall-door.

There was not the slightest perceptible difference in her deportment. She still bounded like a fawn, and laughed

and clapped her hands like an infant. She was not a day older, or graver, or wiser, since we parted. Her post of tutress had at least done *her* no harm, whatever might have been the case with her pupils. The more I looked at her the more I wondered; and after our mutual expressions of pleasure had a little subsided, I could not resist the temptation of saying—'So you are really a governess?'—'Yes.'—'And you continue in the same family?'—'Yes.'—'And you like your post?'—'O yes! yes!'—'But, my dear Mary, what could induce you to go?'—'Why, they wanted a governess, so I went.'—'But what could induce them to keep you?' The perfect gravity and earnestness with which this question was put set her laughing, and the laugh was echoed back from a group at the end of the room, which I had not before noticed—an elegant man in the prime of life showing a portfolio of rare prints to a fine girl of twelve, and a rosy boy of seven, evidently his children. 'Why did they keep me? Ask them?' replied Mary, turning towards them with an arch smile. 'We kept her to teach her ourselves,' said the young lady. 'We kept her to play cricket with us,' said her brother.' 'We kept her to marry,' said the gentleman, advancing gaily to shake hands with me—'She was a bad governess, perhaps; but she is an excellent wife—that is her fine vocation.'—And so it is. She is, indeed, an excellent wife; and assuredly a most fortunate one. I never saw happiness so sparkling or so glowing; never saw such devotion to a bride, or such fondness for a step-mother, as sir W. S. and his lovely children show to the sweet cousin Mary.'

M.

Fine Arts.

New exhibitions are opening upon us on all sides; and barely to notice the many excellent works of art, or collections of merit, is all that is in our power; but as London is now abounding with company, it is our 'especial duty to point out to the gay and the intellectual those sources of pure pleasure and information now offered to the eager eye and the inquiring mind, which we shall do with the utmost brevity consistent with our plan.

Sir John Fleming Leicester's Gallery, Hill-street, Berkeley-square.—The splendid gallery and elegant suite of rooms in which this gentleman has placed his admirable collection of pictures, by British artists, is now open every Monday, and viewed by tickets of special admittance. Crowds of fashionable company avail themselves of this liberal permission, so that it is sometimes difficult to discern those pictures which are hung the lowest; and we would advise such of our readers as can procure themselves this great treat, to go early, in order to see advantageously the finest Wilson and Turner this country can boast. The exquisite portrait of lady Leicester, in the character of Hope, by sir Thomas Lawrence, is seen to great advantage, and some of the happiest efforts of Northcote, Gainsborough, Owen, Thompson, Howard, sir J. Reynolds, and many other artists, proudly vindicate the claims of the British school, which in these splendid rooms obtains a magnificent resting-place, a brilliant temple, alike honorable to the country, and the munificent hand which thus fosters and displays the talents of his native land.

The Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, Pall Mall East.—This society, ever possessing claims to high distinction, have this year gone beyond all their former excellence; the beauty, lightness, and elegance of their new gallery; their graceful disposition of their numerous pictures, and, above all, the extraordinary merit of the pictures themselves, render the exhibition attractive in the highest degree, and will undoubtedly constitute it for some weeks the most fashionable resort, and the most lucrative mart for works of art, ever perhaps opened in the metropolis.

It is impossible for us to dwell on the excellence of any single drawing, where all are so good; but we may venture to assert, that the fine poetic compositions of Barret; the sweet and various scenes depicted by Cox, Fielding, Christall, and Hardinge; the finely delineated antiquities of Prout; the exquisite hu-

mor of Richter's unequaled pencil; the fine interiors of Wild; the flowers of Miss Byrne; the still life and insects of her sister artists, display talents of the highest class, and conceptions of the purest taste; and we will venture to assert, that not one person of the thousands who will visit this gallery will find himself disappointed.

Mr. Hayter's great Historical Picture of the House of Lords, during the Queen's Trial, 81, *Pall Mall*.—This picture is well contrived, admirably painted, and exhibits decisive proofs of the great skill of this clever artist, in the management of a very difficult, and, in fact, unpromising subject; since it was hardly possible to escape monotony in a scene devoid of those gay and varied colours generally found in a magnificent assemblage. The numerous portraits are all faithfully depicted; and, as nearly two hundred noblemen actually sat to Mr. Hayter for this purpose, it will be readily conceived how attractive the picture must be, not only to the numerous friends and dependents of this illustrious body, but the public in general, and especially that class who visit the metropolis at this period of the year. Accordingly we understand, that it divides attention equally with the awful, yet attractive, picture of Mr. Haydon, reviewed in our last number.

Mr. Glover's Exhibition, 16, *Old Bond-street*.—Mr. Glover has again opened his exhibition with several additional pictures. It affords decisive proof of his talents and industry, and the admirers of landscape cannot fail to have great gratification in the various scenes offered to their attention; which comprise the most admired views in the Highlands of Scotland, in Wales, the romantic scenes of Yorkshire and Derbyshire, and some of the finest views in Switzerland and Italy. The rooms are diversified by a large picture of lions, and a few of birds, which are admirable; nor can we refrain from wishing even for more of these subjects, not only because of their excellence, but for the variety they offer.

The Royal Academy, we learn, will open with great *éclat*. We have seen several very interesting pictures, particularly on theatrical subjects, by Clint and Sharpe, and we know that the president has sent six of his splendid portraits. The exhibition will also be enriched by the works of Wilkie, Turner, and a fine picture by Allen, of an interesting period of Scotish history, viz. 'Knox preaching before queen Mary.'

Drama.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

We observe, with regret, that the appearance of the audience part of this establishment continues dreary and repulsive. It originally possessed no striking design in the way of embellishment, and the few ornaments which once shone with comparative splendor, are now dimmed with thick coats of dust. There seems, in reality, an 'accumulation of ages' on every wall, partition, and moulding. Instead of being dingy, comfortless, and uninviting, its internal aspect should be superb, brilliant, and fascinating. The embellishments should be splendid, fresh, and ever varying, assuming, like Proteus, a thousand shapes, and yet in all, appropriate and pleasing. The ceiling, for instance, might present a glowing, but not gaudy representation of the heathen divinities. Over the proscenium should stand the tutelar deity of Athens and the fine arts, Apollo, attended by the Muses, formed into groupes, in which Terpsichore and Erato should shine conspicuously. The fronts of the boxes should display suitable and interesting designs from the poetic tales of mythology, and ancient love, and heroism. It is called 'the King's Theatre;' consequently his majesty's box ought to be magnificent in its decorations, and pre-eminently striking from its situation and dimensions. The other boxes should not be of different sizes and ornamented in different tastes; but uniform in elegance, and sufficiently spacious to afford comfort to the occupiers. In the pit there is infinite room for improvement. It is the resort of rank and fashion, therefore should be rendered fit

to receive ladies of the first distinction. As to the gallery, it is at present the foulest in London. It wants remodelling. The back is now a flat, white-washed, unsightly wall: this the manager should obviate by sacrificing a certain number of seats, and giving it a back with precisely the same curve as the centre of the boxes now has. If there must be a chandelier in the centre to light the only part of the house where few care to be seen, it should be magnificent, and remarkable for design and splendor. The front of the stage should be straight, and the foot-lights powerful on the scene, and much more modern than the present miserable machines, which mar scenic effect, and but poorly serve the intended purpose. Such improvements may appear impracticable to the casual visitor of the Opera-house, or, if practicable, to require an immense sum of money; but neither the one nor the other is the fact. So admirably proportioned is the interior for a peculiar species of effect, so beautiful is the sweep formed by the fronts of the boxes, and so well imagined the disposition of the different tiers, that, if the house were judiciously lighted, the slightest embellishment would be more perceptible and effective, than grand or costly alterations in buildings less happily constructed.

We have felt it our duty to notice the present condition of this theatre; and as it must, at the close of the present season, be re-embellished, every impartial suggestion is at least entitled to attention.

The only novelty produced last month was a semi-serious opera, entitled 'Elisa e Claudio; or, L'Amore protetto dall' Amicizia.' The music is by Mercadante, a composer not celebrated for originality, nor remembered with any extraordinary emotions of pleasure. The plot is 'insinuated,' as Bayes would say, 'into the boxes,' by means of the dramatis personæ, and that is, *par parenthese*, too valuable a specimen of operatic talent to be lost.

Elisa, a country girl of respectable parents, an orphan, and secretly married to Claudio, Madame Camporese.—Claudio, son to count Arnaldo, signor Curioni.—Count Arnaldo, signor Porto.—Charlotte, the friend of Elisa, signora Caradori.—Silvia, promised in marriage to Claudio, but secretly attached to Celso, Madame Graziani.—Celso, who, to be near Silvia, has engaged himself as valet in the marquis's family, signor Righi.—And marquis Tricotazio, Silvia's father, signor Placci.

Count Arnaldo, aware of his son's attachment to Elisa, has confined him for a year in his own palace, and the drama commences with the arrival of the marquis with his daughter Silvia at the palace of Arnaldo. From their affections being bestowed on other objects, a coldness ensues, when Claudio recognises in Celso the person of an old school-fellow, and discovers the whole mystery. Their explanations are mutual, their interests the same, and they consult on the best means to be pursued for each to secure the object of his affections. They at length determine on Claudio's effecting his escape, accompanied by Elisa and the children, who had been protected by her friend Charlotte. This plan, however, fails; the count discovers Claudio's marriage, sends for Elisa, and, on her refusing six thousand crowns and another husband, casts her into a dungeon; and the children are taken from the protection of Charlotte. Elisa is at length liberated by the endeavours of Charlotte and Celso. Claudio is made acquainted with the release, and is on the eve of escaping with Elisa, when they are detected by the count. The marquis, alarmed by the disturbance, repairs to the spot, when discovering the utter impossibility of an alliance taking place between Silvia and Claudio, he generously interposes his good offices, and succeeds in calming the anger of the count, and reconciling him at once to his daughter and his grand-children. But he has occasion to exercise his philosophy in his own cause; for he discovers the attachment of his daughter for Celso, and, after some entreaty, consents to the union. This *eclaircissement*, of course, terminates the opera. The fable is altogether feeble and devoid of novelty: it consequently produced little interest, and was received with lassitude and evident neglect. Macklin's Man of the World here dwindles into absolute nonentity. The vigorously conceived and powerfully delineated character of sir Pertinax dissolves into thin air; the sparkling Lady Rodolpha becomes a mere instrument to assist in trios and quartettos; and the patriotic Egerton breathes his love in flats, while his elevation of sentiment never soars above a sharp. Of

all dramas, the Man of the World is the least calculated to give pleasure on the Italian stage. Its success depends on the appropriate spirit with which it is supported; and nothing short of extraordinary and peculiar powers can render it effective, even when presented in all its native energies, to an audience capable of relishing its shrewdness of sarcasm, and its poignancy of wit.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Easter is certainly London's gayest period. The town is then full of fashion, and alive to every amusement. Balls and concerts delight the higher circles, fairs and merry-makings the more lowly; while the theatres hold forth their enchantments to all classes and to all sizes, with more than ordinary fascination. The manager's popularity, during the latter part of the season, depends, in all probability, on the degree of success with which his Easter offering is received. One short week of recess has even been found sufficient to re-embellish the interior of a theatre—to create life, and spirit, and gaiety, where all had been decay—and to shed splendor and magnificence where dulness had fixed her leaden reign. On the late occasion not less than nine theatres opened wide their doors, and summoned all their energies, to attract popularity. Chance and time have given one of the regular theatres a prescriptive right to priority in all critical notices, and we consequently, in compliance with the custom, commence with Drury-lane.

Whatever may be the radiant beauties of an Eastern melodrame, and however delighted we may be with the mixture of wondrous magic—simple nature—beds of roses—and astounding caverns, we must delay noticing its glories for a while, and, following the manager's prudent example, in his bill of fare, first attend to the grand dish—the play. In the way of absolute novelty, nothing has been produced. In revival, the theatre has been more fortunate. The Castle of Andalusia, and the Cabinet, have both been brought forward with considerable success. O'Keefe's operas are not destined to be immortal, but they possess sufficient whim and drollery to raise a hearty laugh, and afford an abundance of opportunities for excellent singing. Braham's supremacy is undisputed.—Whether breathing the divine harmony of Handel, the unrivaled melodies of Mozart, or his own more humble, yet tasteful compositions, he surpasses all competitors, and bears away the palm amidst the delight and applauses of his auditors. In Alfonso, he introduced some of his favorite airs, but this is a habit to which we decidedly object. Most of our operas possess little of real and distinct character, and that little is impaired by such fanciful and selfish interpolations. Mr. Horn was Fernando, and sang his part of 'All's Well,' with judgement and taste. The Lorenza of Miss Stephens was distinguished for that natural expression and sweetness which have so long characterized her performances. Vittoria was personated by Miss Forde, a young lady who promises to become an established favourite. Her voice is clear, powerful, and capable of much variety; it is also free from any marked peculiarity in tone and expression; and from the spirit, and even ardour with which she represents the characters assigned to her, we augur most favorably of her perseverance and final triumph. The comic department of the opera was also well supported. Knight, as Spado, was dexterous, impudent, and highly amusing; and Harley gave to Pedrillo the bent and spirit of the author.

The Cabinet was very strongly cast. Braham was Orlando; Gattie, Curioso; Fitzwilliam, Marquis; Horn, Lorenzo; Harley, Whimsiculo; Dowton, Peter; Miss Forde, Constantia; Mrs. Austin, Leonora; and Miss Stephens, Floretta. It is a remarkable circumstance that only one of the original performers of this opera should still retain his character, and that should be the composer. The music possesses little originality: the ground-work is supplied from foreign sources; but the adapter is entitled to praise for judicious arrangement, and the introduction of many pleasing passages. He sang with his usual brilliancy; and Miss Stephens was certainly more animated than she had hitherto appeared on these boards. With Dowton's laugh all must join, and with his humour all must be delighted. His representation of Peter was admirable. Whimsiculo, however extravagant in the possession of Harley, was not altogether ineffective. The other characters were supported with sufficient diligence and ability; and the Cabinet will, in all probability, be frequently repeated.

The manager's great effort, however,

has been the production of a Chinese spectacle. The name struck us as ominous, and brought to our remembrance Garrick's discomfiture. Our alarms, however, were ill-founded, for 'The Chinese Sorcerer' was irresistible in his spells and enchantments. It would, perhaps, be impossible for the necromancer himself to conjure up an accurate description of the fable.

A Chinese emperor, Kien Long, has three sons, whom a *virtuous* sorcerer, Fong Whang, had removed from the palace in their infancy, lest, as the oracle had predicted, they should destroy their father. But being now grown to the state of manhood, and the danger past, Fong Whang determines on restoring them to greatness, should their virtues merit distinction. The eldest, Zam Zi, is a warrior; the second, Kan Fu, a lover; and the third, Pekin, a money-getter. They are severally exposed to temptations, dangers, and distress; but they all pass the ordeal with glory, and are crowned with triumph. This is the sum and substance of one of the most absurd and despicable pieces, with respect to literary composition, perhaps ever represented. It has not even the merit of being new; for the only portion of it at all endurable, has been better played, up to a very late period, at the Surrey Theatre. The means used to forward the fable are monstrous; the incidents extravagant, without fancy or ingenuity; and the dialogue absolutely wretched. In short, a poorer compilation of threadbare fiction was never presented to the public. The talisman, however, that secured the success of the Chinese Sorcerer, was composed of the merits of the performers, of the dresses, and decorations; and more particularly of the scenery, which claims unqualified approbation.

We congratulate the manager on the advancement he has made to excellence in this department; but much remains to be accomplished. It is not merely the talent of able artists and the display of their paintings, however beautiful, that is required; but the taste and ingenuity of the mechanist must be called into active and *expensive* employment before the scenic triumph can be complete.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

On Monday the 7th, Macbeth, the noblest of all tragedies, was performed for the first time during the present season. It has since been repeated. Macready was Macbeth, Abbott Macduff, and Mrs. Ogilvie lady Macbeth. We have not sufficient space to examine minutely the merits of Mr. Macready's performance, and would therefore wish to dismiss it with general commendation; but critical impartiality compels us to observe, that, although superior ability was evinced in the delivery of several passages, it was, as a whole, a very questionable performance. There was too much ranting—too much straining after effect—too little regard paid to the author's evident meaning, from studious and labored attempts at originality; and, in general, a decided inclination to represent the character in any light, rather than that in which the public have been accustomed to behold it. To pursue such a course is highly injudicious, and injurious to an actor's fame. A performer should most undoubtedly conceive for himself; but it is impossible for any one to obtain more than momentary applause, by placing himself in direct opposition to all received opinions, and by seeking originality in delivering prominent and celebrated passages, with emphasis and expression, remarkable only for their being in direct contradiction to those used by his predecessors and contemporaries. Mrs. Ogilvie, as lady Macbeth, has added little to her reputation. She wants the great, the fearless, the daring energies of mind, requisite to grasp the dauntless ambition, the towering passion of supremacy, which agitate the bosom of that tremendous and appalling woman. She displayed, however, in some instances, more capability than we had been prepared to expect.

Another of our immortal bard's matchless productions has been brought forward, we may even say revived. There is not a more delightful comedy in existence than Much ado about Nothing, and we can remember no one which creates the same variety and mixture of pleasurable sensations. It is a rare blending of the richest fancy and imagination with common-place occurrences. It contains the most delicate and pathetic poetry, the brightest wit, the keenest satire, and the most homely caricature; intermingled with so masterly a hand, that the audience are almost compelled to laugh, love, admire, weep, revenge, and forgive in the same breath; till, at

the *dénouement*, they exclaim, with the author, "truly this is Much ado about Nothing!"

The Benedict of Mr. Charles Kemble is, perhaps, his master-piece. His Felix is gallant, impetuous, and fiery; his Orlando chivalrous and endearing; his Falconbridge noble, humorous, and commanding; but these are almost all comprised in his Benedict. His opening on Leonato, his retort on Beatrice, and his subsequent raillery on Claudio, were the overflowings of a rich, witty, but generous spirit. The mask scene was also admirably executed, and produced much merriment. We cannot particularize all the passages of prominent beauty, but much of the garden scene approached to absolute perfection. The astonishment, doubt, hesitation, self-reproach, and surrender of the reputed 'woman-hater,' on learning how much he was beloved by the maid he had conceived to be his mortal antagonist, were admirably personated. The whole of the soliloquy, on advancing from the arbour, was without a single blemish, and produced an appropriate effect.—Beatrice affords an actress many opportunities of displaying the highest species of comic talent, and Miss Chester was eminently successful. The wit of Beatrice is relished by the higher circles, while her vivacity and generous virtue are admired by all. Miss Chester, in the outset, wanted buoyancy in her manner and point in her delivery; but in the second scene her spirit increased, she gave the dialogue with greater ease, her countenance became animated, and the audience joined in the laugh. Her best scene was the most difficult in the play; the first in the fourth act. The attentions she paid to Hero, on Claudio's accusation of inconstancy, were amiable, and even touching. Her indignation was natural, her grief feminine, and her recovery of spirit, on being addressed, by Benedict, an admirable specimen of woman's nature; but the grace with which she surrendered her hand and heart was her greatest triumph. Miss Foote, as Hero, was lovely in person, voice, and manner; but the Claudio of Mr. Abbott was not altogether worthy of his prince's friendship or of Hero's love. Mr. Farren evidently misunderstood Dogberry. It was a fidgety, feeble performance. Where was Fawcett?

'The Vision of the Sun,' a splendid melo-dramatic tale of holiday enchantment, was produced on Easter Monday. The story has been condemned as uninteresting and inefficient, but the sentence does not seem altogether just. The kingdom of Cusco is devastated by the incursions of a most terrific giant, Golbac, whose destruction alone can restore the land to tranquillity; and so perilous is the task, that he who accomplishes it, is to be rewarded with the hand of Runac, the Inca's daughter. Koran, supposed to be a peasant's son, is enamoured of Runac, and determines to attempt the achievement. He is visited by a vision of the Sun, in which the Genius of the Harp presents him with a charmed instrument, and incites him to the enterprise. He sets out, receives his appointments from the king, clears the giant's leap, slays the monster, returns in triumph, is betrothed to Runac, and acknowleged to be a prince, over whose rightful inheritance Golbac had usurped the sway. While all this is performing, Oultanpac, a potent necromancer, with charmed wings and body, and brother to Golbac, learns his danger, and despatches his slave Tycobroc to give him intelligence; but Tycobroc dallies on the way, and Oultanpac flies himself to his brother's assistance, but arrives too late. Golbac is already slain! He alights at Cusco when Koran is about to be united to Runac, and repairs immediately to the Temple of the Sun, disguised as the high priest; and at the moment when he should unite their hands, casts off his assumed dignity, and takes flight with the prince and princess. While they are crossing the sea, Oultanpac plunges Koran into the ocean, and continues his flight with Runac. Koran descends to the bottom, where he is discovered surrounded and tempted by Naiads; but his plighted vows to Runac are indissoluble, and he disregards their blandishments.

The sovereign of the watery palace, at length vanquished by his immutable constancy, grants him his freedom. He instructs him to proceed to the Temple of Lions, in the Blighted Forest, where he is to find a talismanic dart, with which he will be enabled to destroy Oultanpac. He next furnishes him with a silvery car, mounted by a snow-white swan, and he is conducted by the spirits of the deep to the land of mortality, love, and Runac. The scene then changes to Oultanpac's abode, whither

he had borne the princess, and possessed himself of the magic harp. To this seat of sorcery and tyranny Tycobroc conducts Tacmar, the former protector of Koran. Tacmar obtains an interview with Runac, and instructs her to feign compliance, and thus gain the harp; she succeeds, plays on it, and Oultanpac is entranced in sleep. For monsters the gentle Runac knows no compassion, but pours poison on his wings. Their flight is however prevented by the strength of the gates. In this exigency, Homer himself must have had recourse to supernatural agency; and accordingly the Genius of the Harp again appears, and bears away Runac in a golden glorious sun, instructing Tacmar to take the harp, and proceed to the Blighted Forest, where he would find Koran. They depart; Oultanpac awakes, finds his means of flight destroyed, summons his attendants, and hastens to the same forest in quest of the dreaded talisman. Koran arrives at the forest parched with thirst, where Tacmar meets him on the point of death. In this dreadful dilemma, Tycobroc remembers the harp, strikes a chord, and all is fragrance, fruit, and plenty. They then enter the Temple of Lions, encounter Oultanpac, and finally triumph. The last task of magic is now accomplished, the lions vanish, and 'the royal palace of Peru' shines with greater brilliancy than Spaniard ever dreamed of. The lovers are all rapture, their friends delight and congratulation, the king magnificence, and the whole a mass of unrivaled splendor.

The performers are entitled to considerable encomium. Mrs. Vining, as Koran, was gallant and graceful; Chapman, in the Inca, was sufficiently dignified in his deportment, and gorgeous in his dress; the Oultanpac of Farley was monstrous and terrific; and T. P. Cooke evinced a steady and unceasing attention to the interests of Koran. Grimaldi, the very prince of clowns and savages, was busy, active, and intelligent, and when he laughed 'laughed not alone.' The personal fascinations of Miss Foote essentially contributed to heighten the spirit and charms of the enchantment; and Mrs. Davenport's natural bursts of merriment proved no weak incentives to the general enjoyment of the audience.

In all the glories of scenery, dress, and decoration, the Vision of the Sun shines unrivaled. That inimitable artist, Grieve, has, with his associates, carried scene painting to the highest point of perfection; nor is the mechanist without his claims to distinction, for the facility with which an immense mass of complicated scenery is worked, and which, we may confidently assert, would in vain be attempted at any other theatre in Europe.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

MORNING DRESS.

High dress of Esterhazy-colored poplin or sarcenet, finished at the border by satin trimmings, forming a kind of treillage-work, between two twisted *rouleaux*. The bust ornamented with narrow *rouleaux* of the same kind, *à la militaire*: mancherons to correspond. Triple ruff of Urling's patent lace, and village cap of the same material, ornamented with white satin riband. Gold chain and eye-glass.

EVENING COSTUME.

Over a white satin slip, a dress of *tulle*, ornamented with stripes of satin, and a border of full blown white roses, and pine-apple leaves formed of white satin. Next to a full wadded hem, a *rouleau* of white satin, richly entwined with chenille. *Corsage* trimmed with blond, made somewhat in the Anglo-Greek style, but rather more approaching in similitude to the Castilian corset. Head-dress, a coronet plume of short white ostrich feathers. Pearl ear-rings and necklace; the latter of a pattern entirely novel, consisting of two rows; the lower one of very large pearls; the upper two rows twisted of smaller ones. White satin shoes, and white kid gloves.

MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

So changeful is fashion, that it is not without some difficulty we are enabled to follow her through her continual variations. The prevailing request of her votaries is for 'something new;' while industry and ingenuity are patronized, by what, on a superficial view, might be deemed trifling and unimportant.

For the out-door costume, the backwardness of the present spring has yet caused the pelisse to be the favorite envelope; it is of beautiful double levantine, of a silver grey, or some other chaste spring color, lined with white; entirely plain, or lightly and tastefully trimmed. Over these pelisses are thrown dark-colored scarf shawls, with deep, variegated borders of flowers. Silk mantles of figured *gros de Naples,* fastening partially by imperceptible straps, that receive the hands, and left open in front, over a high dress of levantine, are much admired as an elegant carriage covering.

A head-dress for morning visits and carriage airings has lately appeared amongst the higher order of females: it is called the bonnet-cornette; for, though a cap, it has the appearance of a small dress bonnet: a peak reclines on the forehead, in the ancient regal Scotish style; and this being of blond, fluted on flexible wire, is arched out very perceptibly on each side: to fill up these sudden vacancies, a very small bow of riband, or a half-blown Japanese rose, is placed on the hair underneath: the caul is of white satin, ornamented with roses and ends of riband disposed in elegant negligence. White beaver hats, with plumes of vulture's feathers, are much in favor this cool spring, and have succeeded to the heavy brown bonnets of beaver: these white equestrian hats are very becoming to a youthful countenance. Leghorn bonnets, in the village shape, have partially made their appearance: they are, very unappropriately, ornamented with feathers. The hair in front is arranged in rich clusters of curls, and the bonnet is placed very backward: the bold expression this gives to the countenance, is, however, relieved by a fine lace veil, which, whether in black or white, is become an almost indispensable shade to the face in either the carriage or the promenade. A few open straw bonnets, lined with pink or lilac, have been seen in Hyde Park: they are extremely beautiful; but bonnets of white figured *gros de Naples,* or of the same color as the pelisse, seem more in favor at present than straw.

Poplins of light colors are much worn in half dress; they are generally trimmed at the border with distinct branches of satin, placed in bias at equal distances, representing three water-lilies, one above the other. The double levantine is a favorite material for dress dinner parties, and these dresses are trimmed in such various ways, that it is not possible to record their several diversities; the most prevalent, however, is formed of two rows of the Indian lotos, in satin, or from three to six narrow flounces of Italian net, each one lying over the other. Ball dresses are of Cyprus gauze, with a corsage of satin of the full blown rose-color, or of Japan muslin, flounced with fine lace. When ball dresses are not trimmed with fancy flowers, they have a very elegant ornament at the border, formed of wreaths of small early tulips: this beautiful dress, which we have inspected, is of gossamer gauze.

Fancy flowers are preferred, however, to those which are natural: the new ostrich feathers are very fully curled, and are tipped with little tassel feathers of different colors; these are worn in carriage bonnets and in evening turbans. White feathers, five in number, with short marabouts, of a bright color at their base, are much admired in full dress. The morning cornettes are more becoming than formerly, being carried back almost behind the ear: they are of fine lace, net, or embroidered muslin, trimmed lightly with lace.

The favorite jewellery consists of large garnets, beautifully cut, worn in rows, twisted, and fastened in front with an elegantly wrought gold ornament, on each side of which depends a tassel of garnets *à la negligée.* White cornelians, for bracelets and necklace in half dress, are next in favor. Rings are but few in number, but very valuable: opal, ruby, and chrysolite; pearls and diamonds are seldom now seen, except at the opera or in *grande costume.*

The favorite colors for pelisses and dresses, are silver grey, *caffè à la crème,* and violet. Turbans are of celestial blue, spring-green, and white, striped with pale pink. Ribands and trimmings of Canary-yellow, bright geranium, and rose-color.

Ball shoes are of black satin, ornamented with silver: white satin half boots are sometimes worn at private dances.

MODES PARISIENNES.

It is almost impossible to speak with any decision on the favorite out-door costume of the Parisian ladies at this period; sometimes it is a high dress of *gros d'hiver*, without any other envelope; at others, a dress made partially low, with a costly shawl of real Cachemire thrown over it; another lady presents herself wrapped up in a Cachemire mantle, bordered with a deep silk fringe; and another has on a heavily made, slouching kind of pelisse, of light-colored *gros de Naples*, with an enormous pelerine cape.

The bonnets are rather large, but are put on modestly, and are of a becoming shape; for the public promenade or the carriage, they are of white *gros de Naples*, with a full plume of marabout feathers in front, at the base of which is a branch of coral. For the morning walks, a large Leghorn bonnet, with a full wreath of flowers, seems to be in general favor: veils are but partially worn; and these are white. Colored hats of gauze, *à la Caroline*, are worn at the Tuileries, and are ornamented with a bird of paradise plume.

Morning dresses are of colored muslin, chequered with dark green or black; and are ornamented with five *rouleaux* at the border, of the same material; the mancherons are full, but plain, and the dress is made quite high, with a broad falling collar of muslin, trimmed with lace. A close cornette of worked muslin, with pink satin riband, and tying under the chin with broad muslin lappets, completes this *déshabille*. The stiff rich silk, formerly called tabby, is become a fashionable article for evening dresses; it is a heavy material for spring, but the trimmings on all gowns continue to be light and simple. A *rouleau* in scallops, each point headed by a trefoil of satin, seems to be the favorite border: the sleeves of the tabby dresses are long, and the mancherons puckered very full, the puckerings confined by *rouleaux* of satin, and the bust trimmed with bands across, seemingly fastened in front with a swivel button, and terminated at each end by a trefoil. The lighter kinds of silks are ornamented at the border with puckered crape, the color of the dress, confined by *rouleaux*, and waves of satin in bias.

A favorite head-dress is a Basque cap of black satin, placed much on one side: a bird of paradise plume issues from the crown, and droops over the right side. Another evening head-dress is a turban, formed entirely of rose-colored feathers, grouped together; the cap part being merely a piece of gauze, which is completely covered by the plumage.

The newest articles in jewellery are of gold, exquisitely wrought, mixed with rubies; or sometimes a necklace is formed of a gold serpent.

The favorite colors for dresses and mantles are cinnamon-brown, grey-lavender, and violet; for turbans, violet, rose-color, and celestial blue: ribands and trimmings of jonquil and Pomona green.

ADDRESS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A young lady, perhaps a school-girl, has sent a poetical tale, not destitute of merit; but our recollection informs us, that it is not original.

The story of Athelgiva, the Anglo-Saxon princess, must be known to many of our readers: but the epistle addressed in her name to Edwy, in imitation of Michael Drayton, is so deficient in pathos and in interest, that we are not tempted to insert it.

Flattery is so disagreeable to our feelings, (for we endeavour to deserve praise without anxiously wishing for it) that all the compliments which have been showered upon us by a 'new correspondent' cannot induce us to admit either his essay or his poem.

The 'Anecdotes of the late Mr. Kemble' are rejected, because some have been already given, and others do not appear to be genuine.

Notices of some marriages, and of many deaths, have been sent to us; but we leave those articles of intelligence to the newspapers.

For the 'Verses to a Married Lady,' we will endeavour to find room in the ensuing Number; but, to the Stanzas translated from the French by C. W. we are not disposed to grant the same indulgence.

The 'Chieftain's Son,' by Mrs. Hemans, deserves that attention which is due to a pleasing display of poetical talent.

Justicia has sent a puff for Strœhling the painter; and, as it is very short, we will here give the whole—

'Strœhling! in Fame's records thy name on high
'Shall live enroll'd, 'till time itself shall die!'

THE
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OR,
MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

A New Series.

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THE CAMBRIDGE DECAMERON.

THIRD TALE.

When a stranger arrives in this town (said the grave student whom we have named Sophronius), I apprehend he is struck not less by the noble buildings and the ancient seats of learning, than by the interesting appearance of so many youthful candidates for the honorable distinctions, and the pious avocations, connected with all our ideas of an university. Every gownsman he meets conveys the idea of a high-minded or deeply reflecting man, imbued with pure classical taste and a sincere devotion to sacred things, or endowed with rare genius or intense application; one who, in some way or other, is removed from the vulgar path of life, and ordained to become a light to his brethren. In the cheerful gait, the bright eye, and smiling countenance, he reads the assurance of conscious power or recent success, while the languid step and downcast look convey to him no other idea than that of profound thought and habitual cogitation, from which the most glorious discoveries in science may be elicited, or the most pure and exalted morality exhibited. Could he see farther, could he follow the aspirant in his ceaseless toil, and witness the long anxieties, the feverish expectations, the chilling disappointments, the blighted enthusiasm, the withered energies, the rankling soul-corroding cares, which harass and frequently destroy the objects of his admiration, he would behold around him a world of victims. He would stand with Gray on the play-ground of Eton, and contemplate a nearer view of human sorrows than he had ever beheld before, and be led to doubt whether the highest attainments of learning and genius, in the *few*, could compensate the unrequited toils, sufferings, envyings and discontent, endured by the many. Alas! what an inroad does a hard-reading man make into the best days of early life! How different is the midnight oil from the oil of Macassar! for premature age springs as surely from the one, as youthful graces, manly whiskers, and flowing tresses, from the other. The bloom of Ninon never dwelt with mathematics; and, if Hebe herself expected a senate-house examination, I am persuaded that her 'nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,' would inevitably be exchanged for a bilious check, a parched lip, and a sleepy eye, which even in the event of success would ask many a round of festival dinners, many a bottle of college Port, many a trip to London, and many a guinea to a medical adviser to repair,—repair, I say; for at best the injured machine could only be repaired, not restored; whilst its more noble companion would probably be found incapable of accepting any efficient aid, as subdued spirits, irritated temper, and habitual anxiety, entail that morbid dejection which time rather confirms than relieves, and which prosperity may lighten, but cannot cure.

I have been led to these reflections from meeting with a bundle of letters written by my friend Arthur Grayling,

whom I found a freshman on my arrival here seven years ago. He was literally a Cumberland mountaineer, with all the simplicity and originality which we can suppose to be characteristic of a young, ardent, and superior mind, uncorrupted and untamed by commerce with the world. Yet he was not therefore ungentle or unpolished; for the little circle of society in which his secluded situation permitted him to mix might be considered as of the highest order. Genius and learning, deep thinking and unfettered examination, with extensive classical reading, had characterised the few men whose conversation was dear to him; and his female friends had possessed either the enlightened minds for which the women of that district are remarkable (and which they attain most probably from the equal companionship always accorded to them by the men), or the elegant accomplishments attained by removal. It is certain that he was familiar with all that belongs to a polished mind, yet the eagles on his native cliffs could not be more free from forms; and, in submitting to the common courtesies of life, you always perceived that it was from the genuine goodness of his heart, which was incapable of offence, but never from the habitual restraints which affected those around him. Yet not only was his person, but even his manners were elegant; there was a sparkling in the wild glances of his eye, a grace in his springing gait, and an earnest tenderness in his question, 'How are you to-day?' more delightful to the eye and more touching to the heart than any thing I have ever met with. He possessed in an extraordinary degree the power of giving up his whole mind to learning, and devoting his very affections to sacred subjects, with a zeal resembling that of the fathers of the church, without losing that buoyant spirit, and that lad-like simplicity, which would have rendered a nutting expedition, or a mountain ramble to seek simples, as dear a treat as it had been in his school-days. In the country he had shared these pleasures constantly for the last two years with the young daughter of an officer's widow (Mrs. Osborne), whom he called by the familiar appellation of Amy. He had read such a poem with Amy, and they both thought it beautiful. He had been on the top of Helvellyn with Amy, when a terrific thunder-storm was rolling in the vale, and a sea of dark vapor between them and the world below; yet the sun shone effulgently over their heads, and Amy, 'as she stood in her white garments, and with eyes glistening with emotion, looked like a beatified spirit escaping from earth.' A pursuit after Amy's pet lamb had led to discoveries in science. The necessity of singing with Amy had induced the study of music. Amy was in every scene.

'Is Amy a child?' said I, 'that she runs about with you every where?'

'Not exactly a child now; but she was when they came first to Ambleside.'

Arthur was the first man of his year, and he went home at the long vacation with spirits somewhat tamed by study, and a cheek less ruddy; but he was full of hope, and of the generous ambition of a gifted mind, sensible of its own powers. When he returned, I perceived that with more resolution to distinguish himself than ever, he was yet frequently abstracted, and at times almost incapable of study. He spoke of the pleasures of the country, which he had left with a regret that amounted to tenderness, and dwelt on particular mountain glens and water-falls, with an affection which went beyond the enthusiasm of his former description: he was evidently love-sick.

'You are very fond of those places, and more so,' said I, 'from not having Amy with you, for I perceive you never mention her now?'

'She is not gone,' answered he with a quick glow as he turned his face from me, and hastily began to turn over the leaves of a folio that lay between us. I would not distress him—I saw she was *now* far more than before an object of interest, and I considered that it was better for him that she should be less so, and that the fewer references we should make to her, the better it would be; for love and mathematics are seldom suitable companions. Yet surely Arthur Grayling made them so, if ever man did; for he rendered the hopes, the wishes of his heart, a stimulant to unceasing exertion; and never did a knight, in the days of chivalry, seek more ardently for laurels to lay at the feet of his mistress, than our young student aimed at the attainment of honors which might render him worthy of her. As time advanced, this ingenuous youth attained that painful knowlege which breaks sooner or later on every man, and cares

for the things of the world were mingled with the pursuits of learning and the dreams of love, casting over his ardent mind and gentle spirit those damps which veil the future, while they distress the present.

Arthur was an orphan, and dependent on an uncle, who dealt out aid with a sparing hand, and much of that admonitory counsel which says in effect, 'if you do *well*, I will support you; if *ill*, I will forsake you;' and those remonstrances, which fell lightly on the mind of the gay boy, touched painfully the sensibility of the independently spirited man. Compelled to think much, he was drawn to think too much; and, from seeing only before him one object on which his heart could repose with pleasure, his imagination aided its powers of fascination beyond what actual intercourse could have done, and it is certain that my poor young friend became more devoted to Amy in her absence, than even when they bounded together over his native mountains, or warbled the same love ditties by the winter fire-side. It is certain also that Arthur had never told his love, nor had any communication with the object of his contemplation, save what was conveyed by casual mention in his uncle's letters. Perhaps he had inquired too much; for, before the second period of his removal, he was forbidden to undertake so long a journey again, until the time of taking his degree. On this subject too he was much exhorted, and assured that unless he took high honors he could never be again received as a son. His expenses were dilated on (his great efforts and his actual prudence unnoticed), and it was hinted to him, that the pity or kindness which sustained him as a child could not be expected to operate in his manhood.

Cruel and dangerous was the stimulant thus offered to one whose natural sensibility was once too acute, and was increased by the nervous susceptibility inseparable from close study and extreme solicitude. Alas! Arthur required no new motive for exertion; for love, dependence, and native energy, added to well-grounded hope, were all affecting him, and it is certain that he greatly needed the change of air and the renovation of scene to which he had long looked. He submitted, however, without a murmur; he braced himself up for endurance—the 'iron entered his soul'—it corroded his body; he became pale and thin, even to meagreness, but never complained.

There were times now when I spoke to him of Amy, and in his letters he confessed how much his soul fed on distant hopes, and increased the tender wishes of his heart by dwelling on the future. He declared, that in the event of his obtaining that situation in the senate-house which his uncle expected, he would solicit his permission to disclose his passion, and if possible secure Mrs. Osborne's concurrence; being assured that Amy, who was yet very young, would willingly wait those years of probation still necessary for lovers so circumstanced. Of her love in the first place, and her fidelity in the second, he appeared to have no doubt, and her retired situation probably kept the fear of lovers out of his mind; or, what is more likely, he had that intuitive sense of her regard, which enables young and faithful hearts to rely on each other without the formality of words.

However that might be, this was a long and trying year, and its sorrows were increased by pecuniary pressures, and those small but galling vexations which wound the sensitive delicacy of generous and upright men. As the day of trial approached, his solicitude became more deep-seated and irritating: it was evident that the whole man was absorbed, and felt himself thus early in life in the condition of a gamester who is playing his last stake. All around him were alarmed by his pale countenance, by his wasted form, 'the leaden looks,' which were either cast on the ground, or shot forth a bright bewildered glance, as if the mental faculties were wrought beyond the power of reason. We eagerly besought him to read less intently, to take more exercise, and adopt more nourishing diet. To this advice he would reply by pointing to the last of his uncle's letters, which never failed to contain a goad, or to me he would with a faint smile whisper somewhat of Amy, but never did he relax his efforts for an hour:—to make 'assurance doubly sure,' in a case of such infinite importance, was his decided resolution.

The day of trial came at last, and he then confessed that he had been to blame, since he had reduced himself to a degree of weakness which almost forbade exertion. In a short time this sense of exhaustion was overcome; his spirits rose with the exercise of his powers;

and with the confident hopes that he was mounting step by step to that summit from which he should behold the land of promise. I told him he trod like a mountaineer again that evening; but, alas! it was only for a short distance—however, all would be over soon; and then he would have nothing to do but get well and be happy; his uncle had pressed him to come down immediately, and promised him a handsome remittance.

The uncle fulfilled that promise. The following morning a double letter arrived, which was handed immediately to Arthur, and unhappily opened during a moment's relaxation. It was very short, and at the close the writer said, 'we shall be glad to see you, but fear you will be dull, as the wedding at Birch-hill (which I suppose you must have seen in the papers last week) will leave you at a great loss for company in this place.'

'Birch-hill!—wedding—the thing was impossible!—Amy married!—Amy was indeed seventeen, but she could not be married!'

Yet he looked again; the words were indeed written there, and it was certain that Amy was not engaged to *him*, and that she was so lovely, so excellent, a monarch might be proud to seek her—he saw no more; a film overspread his eyes; there was a tingling in his ears, with a sense of coldness on his heart, as if death itself had quenched the hopes which had glowed there not a minute before with an intenseness proportioned to their nearer consummation.

Arthur now perceived that many eyes were turned towards him, and some inquiries roused him to self-control. By a strong effort he kept his seat; he even endeavoured to continue his employment; but previous weakness rendered him utterly unequal to parrying the shock, farther than concealing the true cause. He was compelled to leave the senate-house after the vain struggle of another hour, and was soon placed in his bed, so ill that we almost despaired of his recovery. When at length my poor friend crept from his bed, he was evidently so weak, that a consumption was apprehended, and he was peremptorily ordered not to think of returning to the north, the mild air of Devonshire being much more likely to restore him. There was no occasion to repeat this order; for the idea of going thither in the present state of his mind was abhorrent to him, and he was well persuaded that with his uncle all his hopes were at an end, as effectually as with his once-loved, his deeply-regretted Amy. I could not conceive that his relative could consider his late circumstances in any other light than that of a misfortune calling for the tenderest pity, and I should have urged him by my letters to come over, if he had not expressed himself so averse to that measure, that I feared thereby to increase his illness. I also saw clearly, that, although this unhappy and now friendless young man earnestly desired to die, yet his sense of duty as a Christian enabled him (worn down and blighted as he was), to use the means of life, and accept the power of being useful to his fellow-creatures; and therefore it could not fail to be beneficial to his health to engage his mind in any employment which might wean him from sorrowful recollection. To effect this, I sought for an easy duty in Devonshire or Cornwall, and I soon heard of one, as there are few young men desirous of going to so great a distance from the capital.

Poor Arthur was little more than a shadow at the time of his ordination, and his spirits were so entirely gone, that the best hope one could entertain for him was the belief that change of scene would soften his sense of disappointment, and that his high talents, gentle manners, and endearing virtues, would create friends wherever his latter days were past. Before he left Cambridge, he had the satisfaction of hearing from his uncle, who seemed softened by his removal to so great a distance, acknowleged that sometimes 'the race was not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong,' and slightly adverted to what he termed 'the wedding,' saying 'it came hard on him in his old age, to lose the company of all he loved, both neighbours and nephew.'

From this it appeared, that Mrs. Osborne had gone with her daughter, who had most probably married well. Poor Arthur dwelt on this; he at least tried to dwell on it as a source of comfort, but it would not do—his tongue faltered, his eyes filled. I shall never forget the manner in which he grasped my hand at parting, and said, 'pray for me, that I may say, His will be done!'

Arthur found relief from change of air; the secluded scenes around him, and the simple manners of the inhabitants, were congenial with his early

haunts, without reminding him too closely of those objects which in his present feelings would have touched him too closely. So far all was well; yet he was a withered plant, a being born to grace society cast comparatively into a desert, and in the very morning of his days, with all his best feelings awake, condemned to pine away in that solitude of the heart which follows bereavement, and produces a perpetual sense of widowhood. To this was added the imperious sense of duty, which compelled him to resign all memory of one who now belonged to another, and forbade him the privilege which the mourner over the dead has a right to exercise.

His ill health, his evident melancholy, excited the attention and sympathy of his rector and the parishioners; and, by revealing their own troubles to him (an effect very natural where such an impression is made), they succeeded by slow degrees in exciting him to return to the enjoyment of life, and to feel that it yet opened those pleasures which belong to benevolent exertions; but he was still the shadow of his former self, when his uncle eagerly entreated to see him; and, though ill able to undertake so long a journey, he determined to obey him as soon as he could obtain a substitute. When at length a neighbouring clergyman undertook the duty, he determined to set out: but, as there was a funeral the evening before, and he knew that his flock would prefer him to a stranger, he repaired to the church to perform the last office. This stranger had formed a traveling acquaintance at the little inn with a pleasant family; and, as they intended to stop a day or two, he proposed taking them to see the church, in which there were some monuments of great antiquity.

The commodore and his lady were persons of good taste; they entered the church with reverence, and gave a sigh to the sorrow of the rustic mourners before them, but were soon diverted from them to the clergyman. His deep sonorous voice, his slight attenuated form, his majestic height, fine countenance, and the feeling with which he read that most sublime and affecting service, riveted their attention; and the lady, holding the arm of her husband, seemed so struck, as to experience the most awakened emotion. The mourners left the church for the grave; her eyes followed the young minister, and she sighed as if she thought the same awful office would be soon performed for him; nor could she give any attention to those curiosities in the sacred edifice, which their guide proceeded to show them.

Whilst thus engaged, Arthur returned to the church, and, quitting his surplice, advanced to the strangers. 'Ah!' exclaimed the lady, 'I now see, I am right. You must be Arthur—I would say, Mr. Grayling.'—The curate's pale cheek once more flushed with its long-forgotten bloom, as he exclaimed, 'Dear Mrs. Osborne, this is indeed an unexpected pleasure.' I am right,—you are altered; but you are my old friend, dear Mrs. Osborne.' 'Yes! we are both altered since we met; for I am much fatter, and you much thinner—I am, however, certainly your old friend, though not Mrs. Osborne—allow me to introduce you to my husband, commodore Launceston.'

Arthur bowed, and took the offered hand of the veteran; but he looked wildly round, as if not certain that he was awake, and Mrs. Launceston very naturally said, 'is it possible that you did not hear of my marriage? In our little circle I thought it an event of so much moment, that——' 'My uncle said there was a wedding at Birchhill, and I thought that—I apprehended'—'Ha, ha, ha, you thought it was Amy, I'll be bound, young man—but you see mamas now and then do these things before their daughters.'—And Amy is? —I hope Miss Osborne is well.'—'Alas! poor Amy has never been well since we left Cumberland. Indeed we are only now returning from a voyage to Madeira, taken on her account, and are now on our way to Cumberland, in hopes that the mountain breezes may prove restorative, since it is now certain that a warm climate does not suit her case.'

You will conclude that Arthur accompanied these strangers to the inn, where his arrival was duly announced by her mother to the invalid Amy. Arthur felt surprised and almost angry at his heart for its involuntary and continued throbbing, and his dread yet desire of beholding Amy; for he thought that past suffering and the duties of his sacred calling ought to have given him firmness and fortitude; but there was no reasoning against the emotion which almost overpowered him. Yet, to his great relief, when Amy actually appeared, he found her much less altered than she found him. She was indeed delicate as

well as elegant in her person; but her quick succeeding blushes removed the paleness of which her mother had spoken, and the tone in which she spoke, although it indicated habitual dejection, was so full of her wonted sweet simplicity and confidence, that he could not fail to see the world had not altered her, or the prosperity which surrounded her at this time led her to make a different estimate of happiness—no, Amy was all herself, and the very sight of her almost restored him to the sense of health and hope. It was evident that the ingenuousness of her character, aided perhaps by her delicacy and even her dependence, had rendered her an object of the most doting affection to her step-father, whose open, frank-hearted honesty of character, led him to love similar qualities in a softer form; and, as he was a stranger to all ceremony, and found that his wife was delighted with this meeting, it was no wonder that, on hearing of Arthur's intended journey, he insisted on 'stowing him in his coach.' Before the end of the second day's journey, he whispered in his lady's ear an assurance, that 'the parson was a capital doctor for Amy; 'twas a thousand pities that he could not prescribe as well for himself—but it was too plain he had no chance of escaping Davy's locker.' Mrs. Launceston hoped there was; but it is certain that she was full of fears as well as hopes;—perhaps also she had other anxieties, and other wishes; but she had been long a mother trembling for the fate of her only child, and she had a love and reliance on poor Arthur, which went far towards extinguishing the views of ambition and the desire of wealth. On their arrival, they found the uncle of Arthur very weak and ill, yet by no means aware (although he was an aged man) that life was near its close. He was so shocked at the appearance of his nephew, that probably it accelerated his end; for he died in less than a month, leaving his little estate and his savings to a nephew of whom he had ever been proud.

I have no idea that the wounds which poor Arthur's mind and constitution had received can ever heal, since I take it for granted, that the disappointments of a scholar are more severe than those the human mind can receive from any other cause; but it is certain that by degrees he regained strength and even cheerfulness, under the care of Mrs. Launceston and her excellent spouse, who maintained that the sea-side was the only place in which an invalid could attain health and spirits. It is also certain that he married Amy, who makes so excellent a wife to the vicar of ———, as perhaps almost to atone to him for the misfortune of which she was the innocent cause. It is at least certain, that she is not only the most attached wife, but the most cheerful, artless, lovely, and warm-hearted woman I have ever known.

Last Monday week I had the double pleasure of assisting at the nuptials of an old friend, and of giving in my resignation of the post of confidante, which I have filled with great credit and honor for fifteen years and upwards. A married woman no longer needs the sympathy and consolation of a listening and pitying love-friend. Her story, according to all the laws of romance, is fairly over. So is my occupation. I shall miss it at first, just as one living in a churchyard would miss an entire cessation of those bells, which yet from habit he scarcely heard. I shall miss poor Louisa's sighs and blushes written or spoken, especially when the post comes in, and she will miss me, perhaps the most of the two; for I cannot help thinking that by the time the honey-moon is over, the necessity for a discreet confidante may be as pressing as ever. I cannot disguise from myself, that a damsel who has been used to fall in love with a new object at the end of every two or three months for the last eighteen years, more or less, may, from mere habit, and without the slightest intentional infraction of the nuptial vow, fairly forget that she is married, and relapse into her old custom; more especially as her husband appears to me nearly the only young man she has ever known with whom she has never even fancied herself in love.

Louisa S. and myself were old school-fellows. Her father is a West-Indian planter of some property, who, having lost many children in the pestiferous climate of Barbadoes, did not choose to carry thither his only remaining daughter, and left her at school during a long residence on his estate, not as a parlour boarder but as a common pupil. She was a fine showy girl, tall, plump, inert, and languishing, with a fair blooming

complexion, light sleepy eyes, long flaxen hair, and a general comely silliness of aspect. Her speech had a characteristic slowness, an indolent drawl, all her words dragged as it were, so that those who did not know her were apt to accuse her of affectation. Those who did saw at once that she was a thoroughly well-meaning young woman, with little wit, and much good-nature, with a mind no more adapted to contain knowlege than a sieve to hold water, and a capacity of unlearning, a faculty of forgetting, most happily suited to the double and triple course of instruction which her father's protracted absence doomed her to undergo. She had been in the first class for five years to my certain knowlege; there I found her, and there I left her, going over the same ground with each successive set, and regularly overtaken and outstripped by every girl of common talent. The only thing in which she ever made any real proficiency was music; by dint of incredible application she sang tolerably, played well on the piano, and better on the harp. But she had no genuine love even for that; and began to weary, as well she might, of her incessant practice and her interminable education. The chief effect of this natural weariness was a strong desire to be married, the only probable mode of release that occurred to her; for of her father's return she and every one had begun to despair. How to carry this wish into effect perplexed her not a little. If she had been blest with a manœuvring mama, indeed, the business might soon have been done. But poor Louisa was not so lucky. She had only an old bachelor uncle, and two maiden aunts, who, quite content to see to her comforts in a kind, quiet way, to have her at home in the holidays, to keep her well dressed and well supplied with fruit and pocket-money, continued to think of her as a mere school-girl, and never dreamed of the grand object by which her whole soul was engrossed. So that the gentle damsel, left entirely to the resources of her own genius, could devise no better plan than to fix her own thoughts and attention, fall in love, as she called and perhaps thought it, with every man of suitable station who happened to fall in her way. The number of these successive, or alternate, or simultaneous preferences—for often she had two beaux who were laid aside and taken up in a sort of see-saw, as either happened to cross her path, and sometimes she had literally two at once—was really astonishing. So was her impartiality. Rich or poor, old or young, from seventeen to seventy, nothing came amiss. Equally amazing was the exceedingly small encouragement upon which her fancy could work; to dance with her, to sit next her at dinner, to ask her to play, one visit, one compliment, a look, a word, or half a word, was enough to send her sighing through the house, singing tender airs, and reading novels and love-ditties. The celebrated ballad in which Cowley gives a list of his mistresses—the chronicle as he calls it—was but a type of the bead-roll of names that might have been strung up from her fancies. The common duration of a fit was about a month or six weeks, sometimes more, sometimes less, as one love-wedge drove out another; but generally the 'decline and fall' of one of these attachments (I believe that is the phrase), began at the month's end.

It was astonishing how well these little dramas were gotten up: any body not in the secret would have thought her really a tender enamorata, she had so many pretty sentimentalities, would wear nothing but the favorite's favorite color, or sigh out her soul over his favorite song, or hoard his notes or visiting tickets in her bosom. One of her vagaries cost me a bad cold. The reigning swain happened to be a German count, who, talking somewhat fantastically of the stars, expressed a sort of superstitious devotion to the beautiful constellation Orion; he could not sleep, he said, till he had gazed on it. Now, our luckless damsel took this for a sort of covert assignation, a tender rendezvous of looks and thoughts, like the famous story of the two lovers in the Spectator; and the sky prospect from her apartment being rather limited, she used to my unspeakable annoyance to come star-gazing to mine. This *accès*, being encouraged by more attention than usual on the part of the gentleman—or rather she being unused to foreign manners, and mistaking the continental courtesy to a fair lady for a particular devotion,—lasted three whole months. Of course she fell into other mistakes besides the general one of fancying all men in love with her. One winter, for instance, she fancied that a sickly gentleman, who used to sun himself on the pavement on our side of the square, walked there to listen to her

music; so she obligingly moved her harp close to an open window (in December! N. B. she caught as bad a cold by these noon-day serenades, as ever her midnight assignations with the belted Orion gave me), and played and sang during the whole time of his promenade. A little while after we discovered that the poor gentleman was deaf.

Nor were her own mistakes, though they were bad enough, the worst she had to encounter. A propensity so ridiculous could not escape undetected amongst such a tribe of tricksy and mischievous spirits; nor could all the real regard attracted by the fair Louisa's many good qualities save her from the mal-practices of these little mockers. It was such fun to set her whirligig heart a-spinning, to give her a fresh object —sometimes a venerable grandfather, sometimes a school-boy brother, sometimes a married cousin—any lover would answer her purpose, and the more absurd or impossible, the better for ours.

I will, however, do myself the justice to say, that partly from compassion, and partly from vanity as being elected to the post of confidante, I was not by many degrees so guilty as many of my compeers. To be sure one Valentine, a piece of original poetry, with about as much sense and meaning as the famous love-song by a person of quality, and a few flowery billets to match, purporting to come from the same quarter,— that Valentine! I must plead guilty to that Valentine—but that was a venial offence, and besides she never found it out. So when I left school, and even when six months after her father unexpectedly returned and took her to reside with him in a country town, I still continued the favored depository of her secrets and her sighs.

We lived in distant counties, and met so seldom, that our intercourse was almost entirely epistolary. Intercourse did I say? My share of the correspondence, or of the dialogue, was little better than what a confidante on the French stage sustains with the *belle princesse*, from whom she is obliged to hear a hundred-times-told tale. I was a mere woman of straw—a thing to direct to. She never cared for answers, luckily for me; for at first whilst my young civility and conscientious sense of the duties of a polite letter-writer instigated me to reply point by point to her epistles, such blunders used to ensue as are sometimes produced in a game of cross purposes—a perpetual jostling of hopes and fears; condolence out of season; congratulation mistimed; praise misapplied; eternal confusion; never-ending mistakes. So, farther than half a dozen unmeaning affectionate words, I left off writing at all, perhaps with the lurking hope that she would follow my example. No such thing. The vent was necessary—I was the safety-valve to her heart, by which dangerous explosions were prevented. On she wrote—and oh such letters! three times crossed—think of that!—First written horizontally like other people's—then crossed perpendicularly, so as to form a sort of chequer-work, after a silly fashion not uncommon amongst young ladies; then crossed diagonally in red ink—the very crossings crossed! 'That, that was the unkindest cut of all!'—Besides this, every nook and cranny—the part under the seal—the corner where the date stood, was covered with small lines in an invisible hand, till at last, to my great comfort, her letters became altogether illegible, and my conscience was absolved from the necessity of ever trying to read them. A frank made no difference; she went on crossing and recrossing them, only there was double the quantity. Any thing like a regular perusal of these precious epistles was entirely out of the question; and yet I used to get at the meaning of most of them in the process of folding and unfolding them, just as one sometimes catches the substance of an unreadable book by the mere act of cutting open the leaves. I knew her so well, that I could trace by a catch-word the progress of her history, and the particular object of her present regard—how she was herself in love with a lord, and how accusing a presumptuous linen-draper of being enamored of her; how she had a young baronet at her feet, and how she could talk of nothing but an itinerant musician. Twice had she called on me to fulfil an old promise of attending her to the altar; and once (I was young and silly then myself), once I had been so far taken in as actually to prepare a wedding suit. Of course, when the final summons came, I was utterly incredulous. It was something like the fable of the shepherd's boy and the wolf; not a soul believed her, till the news arrived in a regular authentic document —a letter from her father—a worthy

matter-of-fact man, whom poor Louisa's vagaries had actually kept in purgatory, —to mine, who also held the fair damsel for mad. Mr. S. mentioned his intended son-in-law as belonging to the medical profession; and on looking back to Louisa's letters, which, under the new stimulus of curiosity, as to the approaching *denouement*, we contrived to decypher, we discovered that for upwards of two months Louisa had been deeply smitten with a young physician newly arrived at L—, whom she called by the name of Henry, and of whose fine tall person, as well as his dark and manly beauty, she gave a most flaming description. This, of course, was the gentleman. I hastened to repair my fault and prepare my dresses; wrote a letter of congratulation, packed my trunk, and set off. Imagine my astonishment, on arriving at L—, to find Louisa *tête-à-tête* with a little fair lad of eighteen or twenty, the head and shoulders shorter than herself, soft, delicate, and lady-like—the very image of one of Beaumont and Fletcher's girls, who dress themselves in boy's clothes for love—and to be introduced to him as Mr. Peter Smith, surgeon, the happy future of Miss Louisa! I was never in so much danger of laughing in my life.

I gathered, however, from her admissions, and her father's more rational account, that whilst our fair friend was, according to the vulgar phrase, 'setting her cap' at the handsome physician, the young surgeon, who had just finished his education by walking the hospitals, returned to L—, was taken into partnership by his father, and advised by his friends to look about for a wife as a necessary appendage to his profession—perhaps he might also be advised as to the lady, for Louisa has a pretty fortune for a *garçon apothecaire*. However that might be, he began, as he assures me, to pay suit and service; whilst the fair object of his devotion, whose heart, or rather whose fancy, was completely preoccupied, and who thought of Mr. Peter, if she thought of him at all, as a mere boy, entirely overlooked himself and his attentions—they being perhaps the only attentions of a young man which she ever did overlook in the course of her life. She confesses that the first entire sentence she ever heard him utter was the offer—the actual offer of heart and hand. Most ladies in her situation would have been a little posed; but Louisa is not a woman to be taken unawares: she has thought too much on the subject; has too well-founded a reliance on her own changeability: besides, she had set her heart on the 'pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious' bridal; the wedding was the thing—the wedding-day—the man was of little importance; Peter might do as well as Henry—so she said yes, and all was settled.

And a very splendid wedding it was; really, for those who like such things, almost worth the troubles and anxieties of an eighteen years' love. The whole *cortège*, horses, carriages, friends, and bridemaids, down to the very breakfast-cake and gloves, were according to the most approved usage of books or of life. It might have made a fine conclusion to a novel; it did make a splendid paragraph in a newspaper. Every detail was correct, except one—nobody cried. That did vex her. That was an omission. She tried hard to repair it herself, and flourished her cambric handkerchief; but not a tear could she shed; neither could we, the bride-maidens, nor the father, nor the nuptial father, nor the clergyman, nor the clerk—nobody cried. The bridegroom came nearest—he, the only one who ought not to cry; but luckily he became sensible that it would be a breach of etiquette, and turned the involuntary emotion into a smile. All else went well. May the omen be auspicious, and tears, and the source of tears, keep far away from the kind and gentle Louisa!

M.

POEMS, DRAMATIC AND MISCELLANEOUS, BY HENRY NEELE.

We remember being much pleased with a volume of this gentleman's poems, warmly (but justly) recommended by the admirable author of Literary Hours; but we consider the work before us as manifesting considerable improvement, and stamping the character of a man of genius (which does not necessarily follow the developement of those talents which exhibit a youth of promise) on the name of Neele.

The present work consists of three tragedies, and some minor pieces. Their construction differs from the regular drama, in the shortness of the composition, and not less from those scenes by Barry Cornwall and others, which

are still less efficient for the unfolding of character and plot, and may therefore properly be termed 'sketches;' which Mr. Neele's cannot be. These are, indeed, finished pictures, and completed, in their own way, with such high poetic merit, and exquisite polish, as to leave us nothing to wish; and, as they are evidently intended for the closet, those long speeches, which are now so generally objected to in representation, are frequently the most beautiful and interesting portions of the work; as they unfold those movements of the heart, those workings of the anxious or afflicted spirit, proper to the character. They give us those rich flowers of poesy, which are necessarily denied to the rapidity of dialogue, and, in fact, incompatible with the delineation of any passion, save that of retrospective grief, which is ever eloquent, and frequently poetical, even in common life.

The first of these tragedies, called the 'Secret Bridal,' although new in its present form, too closely resembles the tale of sorrow revealed in the Antiquary to claim the praise of original invention; but no story could have been more sweetly dramatized. Julio, a man of family, is secretly married to Elvira, the daughter of a peasant; and Matilda (his mother) knowing only that he has conceived a passion for her, as a warning to him that he should conquer it, informs him that she is the child of his father. The young man seeks his wife, and, without informing her of this innocent incest, murders her. (This is so horrible, and, in our view, so unnatural, it is painful to write it.) His mother enters at the moment; and, in her horror at this rash deed, reveals the truth, and in consequence, Julio expires heart-broken, and the scene closes. We select, from many exquisitely fine passages, the description given by Matilda of the mother of Elvira:

—— ——' a being such as those
Which poets dream of. A soft, sylph-like form,
With step so light, it hardly seem'd to crush
The fragile globes of dew that, tremulous,
Gleam'd on the bladed grass,—a face, not pale,
But Parian marble could not match its whiteness;
And eyes whose timid lustre seem'd to shun
The worship they inspired, and sought the shade
Of those sweet lids, which o'er them softly fell,
Like downy coverings dropt from Love's own wings,
To keep his altar sacred. These were charms
Which taught your father's heart to stray, and proved
Her ruin whom they graced.'

The second, David Rizzio, turns on the misconception of this unfortunate old man being the favored lover of his royal mistress, a slander which Mr. Neele in his preface denies, but considers the story as well calculated for dramatic effect. He has unquestionably given it high beauty, and thereby rendered it, in one sense, worthy of the unfortunate Mary. We extract a rondo sung in the queen's closet on the fatal night when Rizzio met his fate.

'Oh! touch the ivory key again,
Thou who mak'st Orpheus' boastings vain,
And fiercer monsters charm'st to rest—
The vultures of the human breast!
Thou, whose sweet notes can lull despair,
Rouse slumbering hope, soothe anxious care,
Bid memory cease to pain,
And from the demon sorrow's clutch
Rescue the pining heart—Oh! touch
The ivory key again.

Roll, roll once more that tide along
Of heavenly, heart-transporting song!
Those eyes, as o'er the page they glide,
Shall seem the orbs which sway that tide:
That voice, which mortal rival braves,
The breeze that stirs the harmonious waves;
And all who hear the strain
Charm'd spirits, who, the slaves of such,
Obey the spell—then touch, Oh, touch!
The ivory key again.

What—what has life in store to please
Our hearts like moments such as these?
What has the world's dull round, to crave
A longer loitering from the grave,
Where we shall slumber quietly,
Till angels lift their trumpets high,
And wake us with a strain
Shall charm the ravish'd ear so much,
'Twill seem as though we heard thee touch
The ivory key again.'

Antiochus, the third drama, is a simple developement of the story as it exists in history, except that it closes the scene with the death of the kind father in the act of giving his bride to his son; a consummation which, at his time of life, is rather degrading than affecting; but whatever may be thought of Mr. Neele's alteration, there cannot, we apprehend, be two opinions on the tenderness, pathos, and imagery, with which he has unfolded a story purely dramatic, and yet one unstained by crime; in which the noblest energies and the sweetest sensibilities of our nature are unfolded. It is a pity to mangle such a work by transcribing short passages, but we cannot resist giving a portion of the soliloquy of the love-lorn Antiochus as he contemplates the night.

—'Morn's orient hues—
(The dewy morn, which, like a new-born babe,
Visits our world in tears;)—noon's purple pomp,
When the day-god rides highest, and his steeds
Shake from their bright manes light ineffable;—
And evening, so adorn'd with loveliness,
That Phœbus yields to her; yet, ere he parts,
Prints on her lovely cheek a kiss so warm,
That the deep blush is long seen mantling there
After his flight is ta'en;—all, all of these
Sink into insignificance, compared
With this—this gathering of the worlds, this harvest
Ripe with immortal light, in lines of gold
Waving through heaven's wide field. Yes, ye
bright orbs!'

In short, we have no hesitation in saying, that the whole volume is full of feeling and nature, expressed in that rich flow of language, that graceful drapery of glowing imagery, bold and delicate metaphor, which bespeak a mind deeply imbued with poetic fervor and skill. Whether Mr. Neele would succeed in a longer tragedy we know not, nor will we (with other critics) advise him to try, for we certainly consider his strength to lie in the poetry rather than the plot; but we sincerely hope that he will be led by the success of this effort to give us many more dramatic volumes like it. Nor should we have any objection to a volume of songs only from his pen; for the specimens he has given us here are very delightful, and prove him equal to that delicate and difficult task. The minor pieces have one very agreeable effusion of this description, written in France, which we remember to have admired when it appeared in a periodical work last summer.

TOM CORDERY.

There are certain things and persons that seem as if they could never die: things of such vigor and hardiness, that they seem constituted for an interminable duration, a sort of immortality. An old pollard oak of my acquaintance used to give me this impression. Never was tree so gnarled, so knotted, so full of crooked life. Garlanded with ivy and woodbine, almost bending under the weight of its own rich leaves and acorns, tough, vigorous, lusty, concentrating as it were the very spirit of vitality into its own curtailed proportions,—could that tree ever die? I have asked myself twenty times, as I stood looking on the deep water over which it hung, and in which it seemed to live again—would that strong dwarf ever fall? Alas! the question is answered. Walking by the spot to-day—this very day—there it lay prostrate; the ivy still clinging about it, the twigs swelling with sap and putting forth already the early buds. There it lay a victim to the taste and skill of some admirer of British woods, who with the tact of Ugo Foscolo (that prince of amateurs) has discovered in the knots and gnarls of the exterior coat the leopard-like beauty which is concealed within the trunk. There it lies, a type of sylvan instability, fallen like an emperor. Another piece of strong nature in a human form used to convey to me exactly the same feeling—and he is gone too! Tom Cordery is dead. The bell is tolling for him at this very moment. Tom Cordery dead! the words seem almost a contradiction. One is tempted to send for the sexton and the undertaker, to undig the grave, to force open the coffin lid—there must be some mistake. But, alas! it is too true; the typhus fever, that axe which levels the strong as the weak, has hewed him down at a blow. Poor Tom Cordery!

This human oak grew on the wild North-of-Hampshire country, of which I have before made honorable mention; a country of heath, and hill, and forest, partly reclaimed, inclosed, and planted by some of the greater proprietors, but for the most part wholly uncultivated and uncivilised; a proper refuge for wild animals of every species. Of these the most notable was my friend Tom Cordery, who presented in his own person no unfit emblem of the district in which he lived—the gentlest of savages, the wildest of civilised men. He was by calling rat-catcher, hare-finder, and broom-maker; a triad of trades which he had substituted for the one grand profession of poaching, which he had followed in his younger days with unrivaled talent and success, and would undoubtedly have pursued till his death, had not the bursting of an overloaded gun unluckily shot off his left hand. As it was, he still contrived to mingle a little of his old unlawful occupation with his honest callings; was a reference of high authority amongst the young aspirants, an adviser of undoubted honor and secresy—suspected and more than suspected as being one 'who, though he played no more, o'erlooked the cards.' Yet he kept to windward of the law, and indeed contrived to be on such terms of social and even friendly inter-

course with the guardians of the game on M. Common, as may be said to prevail between reputed thieves and the myrmidons of justice in the neighbourhood of Bow-street. Indeed his especial crony, the head-keeper, used sometimes to hint, when Tom, elevated by ale, had provoked him by overcrowing, 'that a stump was no bad shield, and that to shoot off a hand and a bit of an arm for a blind, would be nothing to so daring a chap as Tom Cordery.' This conjecture, never broached till the keeper was warm with wrath and liquor, and Tom fairly out of hearing, always seemed to me a little super-subtle; but it is certain that Tom's new professions did bear rather a suspicious analogy to the old, and the ferrets, and terriers, and mongrels by whom he was surrounded, 'did really look,' as the worthy keeper observed, 'fitter to find Christian hares and pheasants, than rats and such vermin.' So in good truth did Tom himself. Never did any human being look more like that sort of sportsman commonly called a poacher. He was a tall, finely-built man, with a prodigious stride, that cleared the ground like a horse, and a power of continuing his slow and steady speed, that seemed nothing less than miraculous. Neither man, nor horse, nor dog, could out-tire him. He had a bold, undaunted presence, and an evident strength and po of bone and muscle. You might see by looking at him, that he did not know what fear meant. In his youth he had fought more battles than any man in the forest. He was as if born without nerves, totally insensible to the recoils and disgusts of humanity. I have known him take up a huge adder, cut off its head, and then deposit the living and writhing body in his brimless hat, and walk with it coiling and wreathing about his head, like another Medusa, till the sport of the day was over, and he carried it home to secure the fat. With all this iron stubbornness of nature, he was of a most mild and gentle demeanor, had a fine placidity of countenance, and a quick blue eye beaming with good humor. His face was sunburnt into one general pale vermilion hue that overspread all his features; his very hair was sunburnt too. His costume was generally a smock-frock of no doubtful complexion, dirt-colored, which hung round him in tatters like fringe, rather augmenting than diminishing the freedom, and, if I may so say, the gallantry of his bearing. This frock was furnished with a huge inside pocket, in which to deposit the game killed by his patrons—for of his three employments, that which consisted of finding hares for the great farmers and small gentry who were wont to course on the common was by far the most profitable and most pleasing to him, and to them. Every body liked Tom Cordery. He had himself an aptness to like, which is almost certain to be repaid in kind—the very dogs knew him, and loved him, and would beat for him almost as soon as for their master. May, herself, the most sagacious of greyhounds, appreciated his talents, and would almost as soon listen to Tom sohoing as to old Tray giving tongue.

Nor was his conversation less agreeable to the other part of the company. Servants and masters were equally desirous to secure Tom. Besides his general and professional familiarity with beasts and birds, their ways and doings, a knowlege so minute and accurate, that it might have put to shame many a professed naturalist, he had no small acquaintance with the goings-on of that unfeathered biped called man; in short, he was, next after Lucy, who recognised his rivalry by hating, decrying, and undervaluing him, by far the best newsgatherer of the country side. His news he of course picked up on the civilised side of the parish, (there is no gossiping in the forest), partly at that well-fre quented inn the Red Lion, of which Tom was a regular and noted supporter —partly amongst his several employers, and partly by his own sagacity. In the matter of marriages (pairings he was wont to call them), he relied chiefly on his own skill in noting certain preliminary indications; and certainly for a guesser by profession and a very bold one, he was astonishingly often right. At the alehouse especially, he was of the very first authority. An air of mild importance, a diplomatic reserve on some points, great smoothness of speech, and that gentleness which is so often the result of conscious power, made him there an absolute ruler. Perhaps the effect of these causes might be a little aided by the latent dread which that power inspired in others. Many an exploit had proved that Tom Cordery's one arm was fairly worth any two in the common. The pommeling of Bob Arlott, and the level-

ing of Jem Serle to the earth by one swing of a huge old hare, (which unusual weapon was by the way the first-slain of Mayflower, on its way home to us in that walking cupboard, his pocket, when the unlucky rencontre with Jem Serle broke two heads, the dead and the living), arguments such as these might have some cogency at the Red Lion.

But he managed every body, as your gentle-mannered person is apt to do. Even the rude 'squires and rough farmers, his temporary masters, he managed, particularly as far as concerned the beat, and was sure to bring them round to his own peculiar fancies or prejudices, however strongly their own wishes might turn them aside from the direction indicated, and however often Tom's sagacity in that instance might have been found at fault. Two spots in the large wild inclosures into which the heath had been divided were his especial favorites; the Hundred Acres, alias the Poor Allotment, alias the Burnt Common—(Do any or all of these titles convey any notion of the real destination of that many-named place? a piece of moor land portioned out to serve for fuel to the poor of the parish)—this was one. Oh the barrenness of this miserable moor! Flat, marshy, dingy, bare. Here that piece of green treachery, a bog; there parched, and pared, and shriveled, and black with smoke and ashes; utterly desolate and wretched every where, except where amidst the desolation blossomed, as in mockery, the enameled gentianella. No hares ever came there; they had too much taste. Yet thither would Tom lead his unwary employers; thither, however warned, or cautioned, or experienced, would he by reasoning or induction, or gentle persuasion, or actual fraud, entice the hapless gentlemen; and then to see him with his rabble of finders pacing up and down this precious 'setting-ground' (for so was Tom, thriftless liar, wont to call it), pretending to look for game, counterfeiting a meuse; forging a form; and telling a story some ten years old, of a famous hare once killed in that spot by his honor's favorite bitch Marygold. I never could thoroughly understand whether it were design, a fear that too many hares might be killed, or a real or honest mistake, a genuine prejudice in favor of the place, that influenced Tom Cordery in this point. Half the one perhaps, and half the other. Mixed motives, let Pope and his disciples say what they will, are by far the commonest in this parti-colored world. Or he had shared the fate of greater men, and lied till he believed—a coursing Cromwell, beginning in hypocrisy and ending in fanaticism. Another pet spot was the Gallows-piece, an inclosure almost as large as the Hundred Acres, where a gibbet had once borne the bodies of two murderers, with the chains and bones, even in my remembrance, clanking and creaking in the wind. The gibbet was gone now; but the name remained, and the feeling, deep, sad, and shuddering. The place, too, was wild, awful, fearful; a heathy, furzy, spot, sinking into broken hollows, where murderers might lurk; a few withered pines at the upper end, and amongst them, half hidden by the brambles, the stone in which the gallows had been fixed;—the bones must have been mouldering beneath. All Tom's eloquence, seconded by two capital coursers, failed to drag me hither a second time.

Tom was not, however, without that strong sense of natural beauty which they who live amongst the wildnesses and fastnesses of nature so often exhibit. One spot, where the common trenches on the civilised world, was scarcely less his admiration than mine. It is a high hill, half covered with furze, and heath, and broom, and sinking abruptly down to a large pond, almost a lake, covered with wild water fowl. The ground, richly clothed with wood, oak, and beech, and elm, rises on the other side with equal abruptness, as if shutting in those glassy waters from all but the sky, which shines so brightly in their clear bosom: just in the bottom peeps a small sheltered farm, whose wreaths of light smoke and the white glancing wings of the wild ducks, as they flit across the lake, are all that give token of motion or of life. I have stood there in utter oblivion of greyhound or of hare, till moments have swelled to minutes and minutes to hours; and so has Tom, conveying, by his exclamations of delight at its 'pleasantness,' exactly the same feeling which a poet or a painter (for it breathes the very spirit of calm and sunshiny beauty that a master-painter loves) would express by different but not finer praise. He called his own home 'pleasant' too; and there, though one loves to hear any home so called—there, I must confess, that favorite

phrase, which I love almost as well as they who have no other, did seem rather misapplied. And yet it was finely placed, very finely. It stood in a sort of defile, where a road almost perpendicular wound from the top of a steep abrupt hill, crowned with a tuft of old Scotish firs, into a dingle of fern and wild brush-wood. A shallow, sullen stream oozed from the bank on one side, and, after forming a rude channel across the road, sank into a dark, deep pool, half hidden amongst the sallows. Behind these sallows, in a nook between them and the hill, rose the uncouth and shapeless cottage of Tom Cordery. It is a scene which hangs upon the eye and the memory, striking, grand, almost sublime, and above all eminently foreign. No English painter would choose such a subject for an English landscape; no one in a picture would take it for English. It might pass for one of those scenes which have furnished models to Salvator Rosa. Tom's cottage was, however, very thoroughly national and characteristic; a low, ruinous hovel, the door of which was fastened with a sedulous attention to security, that contrasted strangely with the tattered thatch of the roof, and the half broken windows. No garden, no pigsty, no pens for geese, none of the usual signs of cottage habitation:—yet the house was covered with non-descript dwellings, and the very walls were animate with their extraordinary tenants; pheasants, partridges, rabbets, tame wild ducks, half tame hares, and their enemies by nature and education, the ferrets, terriers, and mongrels, of whom his retinue consisted. Great ingenuity had been evinced in keeping separate these jarring elements; and by dint of hutches, cages, fences, kennel, and half a dozen little hurdled inclosures resembling the sort of courts which children are apt to build round their card-houses, peace was in general tolerably well preserved. Frequent sounds, however, of fear or of anger, as their several instincts were aroused, gave token that it was but a forced and hollow truce, and at such times the clamor was prodigious. Tom had the remarkable tenderness for animals when domesticated, which is so often found in those whose sole vocation seems to be their distinction in the field; and the one long, straggling, unceiled, barn-like room, which served for kitchen, bed-chamber, and hall, was cumbered with bipeds and quadrupeds of all kinds and descriptions—the sick, the delicate, the newly caught, the lying-in. In the midst of this menagerie sate Tom's wife, (for he was married though without a family—married to a woman lame of a leg as he himself was minus an arm), now trying to quiet her noisy inmates, now to outscold them. How long his friend the keeper would have continued to wink at this den of live game, none can say: the roof fairly fell in during the deep snow of last winter, killing, as poor Tom observed, two as fine litters of rabbets as ever were kittened. Remotely, I have no doubt that he himself fell a sacrifice to this misadventure. The overseer, to whom he applied to reinstate his beloved habitation, decided that the walls would never bear another roof, and removed him and his wife, as an especial favor, to a tidy, snug, comfortable room in the workhouse. The workhouse! From that hour poor Tom was visibly altered. He lost his hilarity and his independence. It was a change such as he had himself often inflicted, a complete change of habits, a transition from the wild to the tame. No labor was demanded of him; he went about as before, finding hares, killing rats, selling brooms, but the spirit of the man was departed. He talked of the quiet of his old abode, and the noise of the new; complained of children and other bad company; and looked down on his neighbours with the sort of contempt with which a cock pheasant might regard a barn-door fowl. Most of all did he, braced into a gipsy-like defiance of wet and cold, grumble at the warmth and dryness of his apartment. He used to foretell that it would kill him, and assuredly it did so. Never could the typhus fever have found out that wild hill side, or have lurked under that broken roof. The free touch of air would have chased the dæmon. Alas poor Tom! warmth, and snugness, and comfort, whole windows, and an entire ceiling, were the death of him. Alas poor Tom!

M.

DICK PROTEUS: A CHARACTER.

I HAVE often been pleased at observing the great advantage of a good person and appearance in general life, and more particularly in professional situations. Many persons, for instance, would think nothing of a very little insignificant-

looking man as a lawyer, especially if, in addition to his diminutiveness, he should happen to have a squeaking voice (not but that they might judge very erroneously); whereas a tall, stout, portly man, makes an *impression* at first sight; his heavy, decisive sort of step on entering a room, with creaking shoes probably, awes a timid client, while his *hem*, as he clears up his voice to speak, absolutely embarrasses; and yet I have known two or three men of this sort who have worked their way to fortune by dint of *appearance*, (Heaven forbid I should say *impudence*), whose talents were far inferior to those of others whom I have known of the diminutive starveling breed; and it has positively seemed as if the public had resolved that the *appearance* of starvation should be followed by the reality.

This applies in a great degree also to the professions of physic and divinity; and I was led to make the remark by accidentally meeting the other day with one Dick Proteus, an old acquaintance of mine, who is a 'jolly bachelor,' with a trifling property on which he lives, and which enables him to follow his great propensity of *seeing sights, &c.*; at least he is enabled to spare the *time*, for his income is too scanty to allow him to pay much *money* for the gratification of his wishes. He therefore has several suits of clothes, and other matters and things, for various occasions, and is really as adroit in the use of his temporary disguises as the most accomplished swindlers; but certainly for a much more harmless purpose.

If some cause is about to come on in any of the courts which is of more than ordinary importance and attraction, whether it be a *crim. con.* or a libel case in the King's Bench, or Common Pleas, or a matter of life and death at the Old Bailey, Dick is sure to be there; and, instead of tipping the tipstaff a trifle to get in, he puts on his full suit of black and his gravest look of importance, bundles up two or three *brief-like* papers, which he carefully ties with a bit of new *red tape* (there is much forensic virtue in this red tape); and carrying them either under his arm, or letting the end appear very conspicuously out of his pocket, he swaggers and bustles up to the side door of the court, which is chiefly set apart for the gentlemen of the long robe and the solicitors, and which is guarded by a Cerberus. Here, if the least delay takes place in his admission, he bounces about,—he is *concerned* in the cause—he *must* be admitted *instantly*—and so he invariably is; I have positively seen a little legal gentleman, whom I knew by sight, pushed on one side by the guardian of the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, that Dick might be admitted; while the other was sternly refused unless he could show his certificate. Thus Dick obtains a seat at the solicitors' table, hears and sees *every thing in the world*, and *all that sort of thing*; which enables him to report at the coffee-house such little matters as do not appear in the papers.

If there is to be a grand review within a moderate distance of the metropolis, Dick sports his military suit, as he calls it, which consists of a pair of hussar boots, with straight spurs screwed into the heels, a blue great-coat fringed and tasseled in a most glorious style, a pair of artificial mustachios (how he fastens them on I know not), white leather gloves, and an adjutant-like cane in his hand. Thus equipped, you would think he had *served* in the Peninsula. Unfortunately he cannot ride; if he could, I know he would stretch a point, and hire a nag at one of the livery stables. He tried once, but the confounded spurs nearly caused him a broken neck; and since that time he has never mounted any thing but a stage-coach, by one of which he is usually conveyed to the neighbourhood of the review-ground, where his military appearance ensures his admission within the outer line. Sentinels have even *presented* arms as he passed; a circumstance which he never fails to report with great glee.

The same suit of black that makes him a lawyer *pro tempore*, makes him a clerical gentleman; only by tying his neckcloth in the stock fashion, laying down the frill of his shirt flat, carrying a black stick, wearing black silk gloves, and looking demure; to be sure this does not do much for him; it only gets him a good pew at a fashionable chapel, or at a church where a bishop may happen to preach; but then Dick must see and hear every thing.

I once recollect, when a great personage went to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, that Dick had his blue coat furnished with the regulation naval anchor

buttons, and his *chapeau de bras* mounted with a gold loop and button; and this, with a white waistcoat, blue pantaloons, and a little brass, got him into the dock-yard, and all the other places where royalty appeared. He called himself lieutenant P., and was actually invited to a dance on board of the flag-ship; but he very prudently declined this, fearing that he might not behave himself in a sailor-like way on ship-board; but (though he did not say so) I am inclined to think that he was afraid, if they once got him into a king's ship, they would keep him there. He complained indeed of the expense of this trip, but then he reconciled himself thus. Had not he *seen* the king; *bowed* to the king, and the king to him; indeed, had he not seen and heard more than half of the world beside? who would grudge a trifle for so much gratification?

I have known him at a contested election, that he might get a good place on the hustings in Covent-garden to hear the speeches, go into a haberdasher's shop, and get a favor made of the popular candidate's color, pin it on his breast, and bustle through the crowd, crying 'Burdett for ever,' and having his back slapped all the way for a *prime good fellow*, and *nothing but a good one*, while in his heart he hates mobs, and is in his principles rather aristocratic. I remember, when Hunt was popular, Dick had a white hat (the then radical fashion), that he might go safely into all the *rows*. When such schemes as these fail, he pretends to be a newspaper reporter, exhibits his book, and, with a pencil in hand, seems to note down the speeches.

Another little appendage of Dick's has frequently stood his friend at a lord mayor's show, an execution, or any other striking or attractive sight; and this is neither more nor less than a small silver-headed constable's staff, which he only pulls out on extraordinary occasions, and that he may, as Caleb Quotem says in the *Wags of Windsor*, 'get a good place to see the review.' The last time he used this was at the late coronation, where he was seen in the front of the crowd, repeating the cry 'keep back,' in Stentorian tones.

My worthy friend has some more peculiarities; but for the present I think I have given *quantum sufficit*.

J. M. LACEY.

LOVE, COURTSHIP, AND MARRIAGE.

On these subjects some are inclined to be gay and others grave. As I am (certainly against my will, and contrary to my expectations) an old maid, now in the 64th year of my age, I intend to be serious on this occasion; in the hope that the advice of experience may be useful to those who are as I once was, but no more can be.

Not only is marriage honourable, but we are so formed that it becomes desirable to almost every one; so that the monastic doctrine of celibacy is a creed unknown to the laws of our nature or to Nature's God. It by no means follows, however, that every woman or man who is not married is therefore disgraced in society; on the contrary, I must be allowed to believe, that an old maid may be the most virtuous and respectable of human beings. Though I consider it my misfortune to be as I am, I challenge that censorious spirit which has almost shut me out of society to say, why an old maid is not entitled to the respect of the wise and the good. I know indeed that I cannot, and therefore I shall not, attempt to justify the cause of my having continued so to this time; but I will offer such observations as may induce other ladies to avoid the rock on which my hopes have been three times wrecked.

Love I consider as the hinge upon which universal nature turns: the most delicate and tender springs of love are excited in the minds of the opposite sex by the real or imagined excellency of ours. Here I may remark, that passion for our sex may, and often does, exist without love; but where real affection takes possession of the heart, there begins the most troublesome and uncomfortable time in life, namely, that of courtship. Those who consider that as a season of pleasing pastime or amusement, know nothing of real love; for that always creates a complicated variety of fears, of doubts, desires, the anticipation of the time of meeting the object of affection, the pleasure expected in the company of the beloved individual; this again is torn asunder by the idea of soon parting, and the panting of the heart during absence, even if love be returned, is not a slight matter; and while this is doubtful, the aching anxiety and disquietude of mind cannot be

illustrated by any figure that I know of. It is, therefore, more particularly to this point that I wish to call the attention of young and lovely maidens, and to advise them not to *affect* too much pretended independency, as I have done and now regret. Great caution is requisite for a woman in receiving the addresses of a lover, to discover his natural disposition, his moral and religious habits, the tendency of his mind, his situation and prospects in life, the degree of respectability which he bears in society, according to his station, more particularly as to his veracity and integrity, and also the general reputation of those with whom he chiefly associates. To enable a woman to deliberate with herself on all these points, some inquiry ought to be made from those who have the opportunity of knowing something of the person. Many, perhaps most, of the inquiries are more properly made by the relatives or friends than by the female herself: it should, however, be intimated to the lover that such inquiries are to be made; for in all cases open dealing is best. During such inquiries, though addresses may be encouraged, yet they should neither be received nor rejected. When the questions are properly answered, the person and manners having previously become agreeable to the woman, the addresses ought to be received by her. So far I have played my part well no less than three times; but here is the shipwreck to which I alluded. No farther could I go. I never could be persuaded to fix the day of union; and this appears to have been the error so fatal to my happiness. As I always avoided this from false modesty, by making various excuses, and alleging imaginary reasons, my lovers in succession began to think that they were trifled with; for every man of sense knows that, when he has gained a woman's heart, her consent, and that of her friends, it is the province of the female and her relatives to appoint the day of marriage, for it is always believed that a man is prepared before he expressly solicits the lady's consent; and, having gained this, no man of delicacy will urge the matter farther than by continuing his attention and kindness. In consequence of my evasive delay, my lovers became cool and indifferent, and after a short time wholly gave me up, and to all appearance despised me. My lovers were all men of respectability and good sense, and I loved them most affectionately. When I found that the visits of the last became very rare, I endeavoured to bring him back, and rallied all my courage for that purpose; but he replied, 'Though I am a lover, still I have the spirit of a man, and the woman who could sport with my feelings, as Miss A. H. has done with mine, in the situation in which by her permission I had placed myself, is altogether unworthy of being the wife of any man of a generous mind. I do not throw any serious imputation upon her character; but I will have nothing farther to say to her.'

This lover left me when I was in the 35th year of my age, and I have had none since that time. The reason of all my lovers leaving, and now despising me, no doubt had been from the same cause, my own neglectful treatment of them; for no discovery of conduct otherwise improper could have been made, nor do I think that malignity itself ever attempted to sully my reputation. I am reckoned a woman of considerable accomplishments, pleasing and even inviting manners, domestic habits, and good sense. I am not a beauty, neither am I ugly: my relatives are rather numerous, and all in respectable life as people of business. In my 21st year I had my first *real* lover. Soon after the death of my mother I came into the possession of some property in her right. In my 30th year I had my second *real* lover; and in my 36th, by the death of my father, I was so far enriched that my income amounted to about 1700l. a year. I mention these circumstances respecting my personal appearance, manners, and property, not with a view of boasting, but merely to show marriageable women that I was not altogether without those qualities and appendages which are thought to attract the notice of the other sex; but they were rendered worse than useless to me by my abuse of them.

I say then, when a woman, whatever may be her rank or station, feels the natural disposition of our sex for matrimony, and is once fully satisfied in her own mind that her lover is worthy of her regard, and that his proposals are candid and honorable, he is fully entitled to the most tender and delicate treatment and attention from the object of his affections; for when a man feels for a woman that high degree of esteem which induces him openly to declare himself a candidate for her love, and

thereby tenders to her his own person, and with it every thing that can be valuable or dear to him, it is evident that he makes her the best and most liberal offer that can be made. By appearing to accept the offer, she is supposed to acknowlege that she feels in her heart something like a corresponding flame; but if she treats him lightly, or with evasive answers, his feelings may be more easily imagined than described. I must here remark, that a woman's conduct at this stage of the courtship makes an impression on the mind of her lover which he never can forget. If her conduct is candid, liberal, and generous, she establishes in the mind of her future husband a genuine respect and true confidence, which will form the basis of domestic harmony, and produce a degree of felicity that will not be easily shaken. On the contrary, if she should treat him in a distant, cold, undetermined, and hesitating manner, approaching to prevarication, or show any of that littleness or cunning of which females are sometimes accused, she is quite sure to lose a friend who might otherwise become a good husband.

There are perhaps only three circumstances that can induce a man to continue his addresses where he is improperly treated. Though it may be true (as I firmly believe it is to a certain degree,) that love is blind, yet a man must be weak indeed if he does not know what sort of treatment he is entitled to, and not receiving it, he will leave the lady in disgust, either because it is probable that she would not make an affectionate wife, or because her mind is so weak as to be incapable of following any known or fixed principles. She is, therefore, unworthy to be the wife of any generous intelligent man; or if her admirer is silly enough either not to see these things, or to pass over them, he must be too foolish for any one to expect that he could make a good husband.

The second circumstance which can induce a man to continue his addresses to a female who treats him disrespectfully, is like that of a noble living poet, —the ambition and pride of conquest, in order to torment and punish her for such disrespect, and make her smart under his iron rod during the remainder of their lives. It must be admitted that the minds of such men are brutified and their hearts ossified; yet such men there are!

The third case is that of a fortune-hunter. A man of this description pretends to feel great love for a woman, for whom he never felt the least spark of genuine affection; her fortune is the only object of his ambition. These base men are to be found in every rank of society, though unworthy of any class. More than all other men, they will submit to the drudgery of courting women of almost any color or cast, disposition or habits, learned or illiterate, polished or vulgar, provided only that they have property. Such a man will submit to the freaks and whims of the opulent lady with pleasantry and graceful good-humor, as if he thought it impossible that the woman whom he pretends to adore could do or say any thing improper; but very soon after marriage he will assume another tone, and frequently squander on other women that fortune which he obtained by mean sycophancy to the maiden whose property it was. She thus becomes the wife of a tyrant, the drudge of a despot, or perhaps worse than his widow.

To avoid these misfortunes, let a woman consider that when she is convinced of the merit and fair pretensions of her lover, he is from this instant entitled to a degree of respect beyond that which is due to any other man; and an old adage, 'Delays are dangerous,' in this case is strictly applicable, because those who are most likely to make good husbands will not be trifled with. They may meet with other women just as good who will not treat them cavalierly; or they may be induced to change their minds by the whispers of slander, from which the most virtuous women are not always exempted.

'Delays are dangerous,' because those who may think themselves slighted are yet determined to conquer, in order to punish the woman whom they pretend to adore. The person of the lady is then exposed to much greater risk with the pretended lover than most women imagine; and, if this demon-like lover can triumph over her virtue, she is then almost an outcast of society, and her seducer will think it a condescension in him to marry her to hide her disgrace.

Delays are also dangerous, because when a lover leaves his sweetheart, from whatever cause, though she may be perfectly innocent and without the least imputation on her chastity, yet she is in some considerable degree tainted in the estimation of all other men, as they generally imagine that there must be some-

thing not quite correct; or, after keeping company so long, the lovers would not have parted. Our sex ought always to remember the great advantage that the men have over us, because they can ask, but we must wait until we are asked.

I am not, however, to be understood as encouraging hasty or unadvised marriages; on the contrary, it still appears to me a subject which requires the most deliberate inquiry, mature consideration, and serious reflection.

The substance of all that I mean to say is, that no woman can wholly conceal from an intelligent lover the impression that he has made on her heart; therefore, when it is so, she ought to be candid, and if her reasons for dismissing him should be stronger than her desire of retaining him, she ought to state her sentiments, and dismiss him in the most respectful manner; but, when she has no pretence for dismissing him, she ought to accept his proposals, and not protract the time unnecessarily. I have lately observed, in the pleadings on a cause for the breach of a promise of marriage, that more than three-fourths of those actions, on an average of forty-five years, have been occasioned by the females inconsiderately protracting the union after they had given their consent, until their lovers, feeling themselves trifled with, have finally left them. I now repeat, that although my honor is unsullied, I have been three times deserted by as honorable men as ever lived; and that was certainly my own fault. Be warned therefore by me, young ladies, and remember that delays are dangerous.

'My flow'r is gone, my fragrance fled,
The dust on ev'ry leaf is spread.'

A. H.

Hampstead,
May 8, 1823.

THE ATTACHMENT OF HIGHLAND PIPERS TO THEIR CHIEF.

From the invention of pipe music, until the feudal jurisdiction gave way to a more enlightened spirit of freedom, and so long as the feudal customs were in some measure retained, the piper had pre-eminence over the whole multifarious establishment of a chieftain. The office became hereditary by the sons qualifying themselves to succeed their fathers; or, on the failure of sons, the nearest of kin was trained to figure as the 'voice of war;' and a certain extent of land, called the piper's portion, from one generation to another, followed that appointment. The piper felt himself bound to live and die for his chief; and many instances of heroic self-devotion are still preserved by tradition.

In the first of a long series of feuds between the men of Athol and Argyll, a piper, belonging to Campbell of Achnabreck, seeing the laird encompassed by foes, rushed among them, and, stationing his person before the laird, continued to play for the encouragement of his warriors. Darts and spears assailed him; and he fell beside the expiring object of his care. Both were left for dead; but Achnabreck recovered a little, as the piper had staunched his deepest laccrations. He blessed the hand of faithful service; yet assured him that no healing power could avail; and if the piper could make his way to Achnabreck castle, to defend the boy who soon should be his chief, the father would die satisfied. Then, and not till then, the piper endeavoured to prolong his own days; and reached the fortress in time to prepare for resisting the men of Athol. The herb, vulgarly called plantain, was in ancient surgery valued as a specific for 'wounds of steel;' and, whenever the piper arrived at Achnabreck castle, the old nurses and hen-wife of the family employed all their skill and exertion in collecting a quantity of plantain leaves for the leech to beat with a pestle of birch. When formed into a cataplasm, this was applied fresh to the orifices, and frequently renewed.

Before the enemy attacked the castle, the piper was in a condition to fulfil the last injunction of his laird. The Athol men were defeated; but the piper had been the mark for missiles, and by the loss of blood was reduced to insensibility. The cataplasm restored him so far, that he desired to be conveyed to the great hall of the castle. His pipe (as inseparable from his fingers, as are the colors of a regiment from the hands of a brave young ensign) was still in his hand, and he composed a pibroch; he then leaned to the wall, singing as a chorus—'My defect, my lamentable defect, was to have been without three hands; one for the pipe, and two for the sword.' With these aspirations of valor on his lips he expired. His pipe, hardened and deeply tinged with blood, was long preserved in the family of Achnabreck. The form was very simple, being a bag of sheep-

skin, in which reeds were fixed, just as they had grown in a marsh; and the sound holes were rudely cut with a knife. The streamers were of woollen yarn, manufactured perhaps by the lady and her daughters; the threads were fine; the prevailing colour red, probably dyed with a plant called *rhu*, with which the ancient Gael gave to their garments a hue between crimson and scarlet. The streamers of this primitive pipe were nearly all moth-eaten, and so much stained with blood, that no color, except yellow, could distinctly be discerned. They were like a broad Highland garter, and seemed to have been fringed at the ends.

The island of Ilay (the residence of the Macdonalds) being invaded while the chief was absent, the enemy had made great progress, when a superannuated piper descried the returning fleet of his clan approaching the isle unprepared to encounter a foe. On account of his great age, this 'echoing voice of battle' had been superseded by his son, but all the fire of his youth rekindled to prevent the hazardous advance of the insular chief; and he played extempore the pibroch, which to this day pertains to the head of the Macdonald family. The chieftain properly interpreted the seasonable warning; but the invaders slew the piper for disappointing them, as they had concerted an ambush to intercept the unguarded warriors.

The Macdonalds of the Isles were sovereign princes. They were crowned standing upon a stone, seven feet square, in which were excavated places to admit the feet of the king. The bishop of Argyll anointed him lord and king of the isles; seven priests officiated to make responses, and to assist the monarch in ascending and descending from the stone. After the coronation ceremonial, 'the sword of his fathers' was put into his hand. Remains of the regal castle are still extant, and the vestiges show the extent of his wealth and power. In the fifteenth century, the lord of the isles dying without male issue, the territory was divided among heirs general, and at a later period became subject to the Campbells. On the north-west side of Ilay there is a curious and almost subterranean labyrinth, employed by some of the lords as a refuge for helpless infants, timorous women, and superannuated men, in times of great danger. The famed Allister Dhu, an insular warrior, was a terror to all the mainland proprietors, except Niel Oig, by which patronymic were distinguished the ancestors of Campbell of Duntroon, with whose family the lords of the Isles had an ancient bond of friendship. When Allister Dhu ravaged all the coasts of Argyllshire, he spared the castle and did not molest the followers of Niel Oig; and, having completed his spoil, he and a few favourites passed three days and three nights in jollity with his friend of the turrets. He departed on the most amicable terms with his host, which, most unfortunately, were violated by a dwarfish creature, half knave, half fool, who made sport for the visitants. Thinking himself aggrieved by a Macdonald, he lurked on the barbican of the castle, and with an arrow mortally wounded the offender, as he sat close to the lord of the isles, steering his bark out of the bay of Crinan. Having few clansmen at hand to enforce his remonstrances, Allister Dhu deferred vengeance, and hastened homewards to retaliate the apparent treachery. He soon returned with a fleet of war-barks, and sent a boat to reconnoitre the state of the castle. The piper happened to be on the side of a promontory at some distance from the castle. The streamers of the pipe directed the invaders to the spot, and from their manner of questioning him, and the aspect of their fleet, he inferred a hostile purpose. He told the men of the isles that, if they wished to take Niel Oig unprepared, they must permit him to sound the evening pibroch. They had bound him as their prisoner; and, on his seeming acquiescence in their design, they unbound him; but his pibroch announced the near incursion of a foe. The language of warlike music would appear to have been universally understood. The Macdonalds literally cut in pieces the faithful adherent of Niel Oig. Not half a century ago, his grave was shown by old people, and it was said to have been hewn in a rock washed by the flowing tide; but closed by a cement, which had become as solid as the stone.

Lament for a Piper slain for the leader of his people.—Mangled, cold, and low, lies the echoing voice of warning, when the peril of devouring flames hung over the turrets. Stiff, powerless, and gashed with wounds, is the hand that proclaimed aloud from hill to hill the coming sleep of the bright-haired chieftain of the sky, dropping to repose in the western wave.

Lovely is thy ever-returning course, O warm-bosomed chief of day!—heroes stride in thy light on fields of clashing spears. The feast of victory gladdens beneath thy beams of gold and crimson, repeated in beauty from the waveless lake, or calm face of the ocean; and, if the keen edge of death hath pierced a mighty heart, the failing eyes are turned to thee, since thou only canst travel far as the name of the brave. Far as thy shining steps, and long as thy rolling years, the memory of heroes shall reach and endure.

A blue rock of renown speaks to generations unborn of the faithful and true that died for the leader of his people. Future warriors shall listen to his deeds in the mouths of bards, and their fire of valor shall rise to a brighter flame in the contest of danger. Echoing voice of war!—Voice that unsheathed a thousand far-gleaming swords, and led the burning soul to victory! For thee the crowding followers of Niel Oig are sons of grief, and warriors of the isles mourn over thy narrow house. They lament for the voice of battle; the voice of terrible joy, lost by the wrath of Abhach Gorach; and for a bond of friendship, knit by the strong hands of a long line of heroes, torn and consumed in sudden rage. The men of the isles, and of the castle of turrets, as a roaring winter flood, had swept away the hosts of Erin and Lochlin, and, as tender flowers wrapped in the folds of mountain winds, the invaders of Argathela were hurled to the dust. The men of the isles and of the turrets have renewed the bond of friendship, and again shall they swell together the song of bards, rejoicing in their bonded strength.

Allister Dhu, lord of unnumbered isles, and king of heroes, came to the castle of turrets, to a friend where all were foes, and where all had bent before the blasts of his power. No deathful steel met a follower of Niel Oig—no brand of fire was kindled among the rooftrees of their dwellings. Allister Dhu came to the castle of turrets; and, out of his thousands, only seven of his guard; and had he come alone, unarmed, still he was safe, for his life was fenced around by the friendly heart of Niel Oig. He came; the leader of the castle of turrets spread his feast of friendship; and in friendship the Lord of the Isles departed.

O Abhach Gorach, that high-souled lord saved thee from tossing on the tree of shame; but blasted before thee is thy path for ever. On thee lies the wasting curse of a people. Withered be the hand that stretched the bow-string, and darker than the gloom of night be the eyes that guided the arrow! Chief of the sons of music! bravest to kindle the answering spirit of valour! When onward rolled the fight of steel, it was pleasant to follow the heaving of thy breast, and the fast gliding changes of thy fingers!

Grey in the sounds of war, his locks wandered in the evening breeze, and mixed with the streaming ensigns of the pipe, as he strode along the dark-browed height. A ship draws near; he salutes the sons of the isles. As the fern of autumn whistles to the evening squall that soon shall tear her arms, so, fearless of danger, replied the warlike voice of the turrets. All breathed peace. No scout of ocean listens for the distant sound of *irans*, or watches for hostile sails, yet the keen glance of the son of music descries afar off the fleet of Clancolla as a tall waving wood, and his soul feels the warning of a fight. A boat draws close to the base of the headland.

'Come to our feast of shells,' said the men of the isles.

'I wait the call of Niel Oig,' answered the son of music.

'Our call comes first,' cried the riders of the currents.

'Twice ten arms reckon more than two,' said the son of music, and, though in bonds, his soul was strong. Calmly he looked on their gleaming points of death as he spoke.

The chief of the turrets mans his walls from hour to hour, and if the voice of evening fails to ring the call of sleep for the bright-haired chief, crowding warriors shall rush from every glen and mountain, to ask why lags the song of rest, and their fame shall not be unheard among the great in arms. The thongs are unbound from his arms; the heaving of his broad chest gives warning of a foe—that breast of valour is assailed by deathful points. Dauntless he smiles, and with furious strokes his stately form is hacked as a splintered pine. The king of the isles urges close upon them his tall ship, crying shame on the steel that pierced and gashed the brave unarmed. The benches of the rowers are deep in blood; no sea, no flowing river, can wash out the stains. The men of the isles, to soften the anger of their chief, push

hard for the shore: they scale the rock—they fire the walls of the castle; the blaze spreads on the wings of the wind. Three turrets, scathed and unroofed, load with smoke the face of dun night, and, as lightnings quiver among masses of dark clouds, the shooting flames circle around the trembling stars. The lord of the isles has moored his fleet near the rock of the castle, the leader of the turrets sends a herald bard to inquire, wherefore a friend of the last moon appears at his walls with the battle-axe and fire-brand of a foe? Abhach Gorach, thy shrieks, as the boding owl of night, betray thy deed of evil. The tree of shame is thy doom, but the king of the isles scorns a poor revenge. The right hand of peace is grasped between the chief of warriors and Niel Oig. The bond of friendship again unites their souls; and the heroes, with all their men at arms, bewail the valiant and true, fallen as a noble stag struck down by a rugged barren rock, dashed in storms from a craggy steep. A blue rock of renown covers the mouldering bones near the lovely bay of ships, and the mouth of song shall roll his name to ages unborn. Heroes mighty in times of old, from their halls of long repose, shall float on bright-skirted clouds, to hail the faithful and brave who died for the head of his people. Future breakers of shields shall listen to his praise, and their prowess shall blaze with higher light. His bed of rest shall be dear to the musing sons of song and mentors of the fields of fame. His spirit, dwelling in light, shall be gladdened in the boast of his last deed—his deed of faith and valour!

B. G.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S SON.

Yes! it is ours!—the field is won,
A dark and evil field!
Lift from the ground my noble son,
And bear him homewards on his bloody shield.

Let me not hear your trumpets ring,
Swell not the battle-horn!
Thoughts far too sad those notes will bring,
When to the grave my glorious flower is borne!

Speak not of victory!—in the name
There is too much of woe!
Hush'd be the empty voice of Fame;
Call me back his whose graceful head is low!

Speak not of victory!—from my halls
The sunny hour is gone;
The ancient banner on my walls
Must sink ere long—I had but him—but one!

Within the dwelling of my sires,
The hearths will soon be cold,
With me must die the beacon fires,
That stream'd at midnight from the mountain-hold.

—And let them fade, since *this* must be,
My lovely and my brave!
Was thy bright blood pour'd forth for me,
And is there but for stately *youth* a grave?

Speak to me once again, my boy!
Wilt thou not hear my call?
Thou wast so full of life and joy,
I had not dream'd of this—that *thou* could'st fall!

Thy mother watches from the steep
For thy returning plume.
How shall I tell her that thy sleep
Is of the silent house, th' untimely tomb?

Thou didst not seem as one to die,
With all thy young renown!
Ye saw his falchion's flash on high,
In the mid-fight, when spears and crests went down!

Slow be your march—the field is won,
A dark and evil field!
Lift from the ground my noble son,
And bear him homewards on his bloody shield!

F. H.

SKETCH FROM NATURE

(On seeing Julia at the Grave of her Father).

She knelt beside me—and mine eye once glanced
Upon her form;—'twas but a glance;—but ne'er
From my remembrance will it pass away!
Her arms were folded on her breast; her head
Bow'd down most meekly, as became the place;—
And her dark eye-brow, and still darker hair,
Shaded a countenance wherein was l
Of beauty than *expression:* it was l
As is the lily in the spring; it bore
Some touches of the frame's and mind's disease,
Some suffering and some woe. Her half-closed eye
Was bent to earth, and shaded by a lash,
Long, dark, and shining as the raven's wing.
Her lip was motionless, and it did seem
As though her supplication sped at once
Forth from her lovely bosom to her God.
There was a wither'd flow'ret on her breast—
Perchance an emblem of the hopes which there
Had blossom'd and there faded.——I have view'd
Woman in many a scene. I have beheld
Her gay and glorious in the festive hall,
Eager for conquest; and I too have mark'd
The winning languish and seductive smile,
Both dear and dangerous to the youthful heart;—
And I have stray'd with Beauty by my side
Through the still glade, at evening's placid hour,
By the pale radiance of the moon, whose beam
Hath silver'd o'er her smiles; and she hath look'd
As she had thrown her soul into her eyes;—
And I have seen her, by the fever'd bed
Of sickness, pillow the pale cheek, and bathe
The fainting brow; and, like a form of light,
Whispering peace, where else there had been none.
But *never* by the side of woman yet
Such thrilling and unearthly feelings stole
On my o'ercharged heart, as when I saw
That pious maiden commune with her God.

W.

Sevenoaks.

THE CHURCH-YARD.

(From an Author's Portfolio).

There are trains of human feeling too painful to be called pleasing, yet tinged with so much pleasure as to tempt the mind often to wander through their mazes. Among these we may reckon that mood of melancholy into which the mind involuntarily falls, when engaged in meditations upon the spot where sleep the many dead. This feeling is a great favorite of mine; and whithersoever I go, my first visit is always paid to the church-yard. There I seem to become acquainted with those weary pilgrims, now at rest, who have passed that 'bourne whence no traveller returns.' It is true my acquaintance seldom exceeds a knowlege of their names and ages. Do our every-day connexions of life extend farther? Seldom now the beam of friendship lends a ray to illume the dreary hours of life. In such a tone of feeling I lately entered St. Pancras church-yard. I sat down upon a tomb: the funeral bell tolled; the sound fell upon my ear like the awakener of slumbering sorrow. To that spot I had followed two endeared relatives; at each vibration of the sound my heart sunk deeper in my bosom, and rose more heavily. I observed the approach of the funeral train. It was a hearse drawn by six horses, ornamented with nodding plumes, followed by many coaches, and attended by many servants on horseback. I had been meditating on the changes of mortality; I had been reading the varied remembrances placed on the sacred spot by the gentle feelings of surviving relatives: there was one monumental stone crowded with a long list of titles, and beside it another, which had only the name of the mouldering tenant. I read with pleasure such as seemed to have come from the heart, and which were inscribed by the hand of affection. I turned with disgust from the list of titles, vainly and uselessly enumerated, to read, with delight, the affectionate tributes of heartfelt sorrow and of endearing kindness. The funeral had now reached the church; it was followed by another, that of an infant, borne in a parish shell, upon the shoulders of a pauper, and followed only by its widowed mother: she appeared disconsolate and comfortless, as though the last tie that bound her to earth had then been riven, and her cup of affliction had been meted to the brim. I pondered on the many changes of this life, on the wide difference of human beings. Could they all have the same feelings for each other? Was a greater degree of sorrow manifested in the pomp of the emblazoned hearse, the sable plumes, and the long train of horsemen? the horses and their riders, perhaps, were equally strangers to grief. Whilst the poor widow was waiting to obtain admission, her eyes glanced towards the gorgeous train; they seemed to ask, what availed all your wealth? it could not save your life. And I perceived that, even amidst all her own afflictions, she had still a tear to drop upon the sorrows of others. Surely that tear will blot from the recording page of heaven many a registered fault. The service was now over: these two beings had been placed beside each other—the one, nursed in the lap of wealth, was attended by it to the tomb. The other, who had perhaps sometimes been destitute even of the necessaries of life, had been attended by poverty to the grave. There the contrast ended. One earth received them, one fate awaits them! and, when the last dread trump of heaven shall rouse them from their deadly slumber, both shall rise and receive at the judgment seat of Almighty Power that fate which their deeds on earth have deserved.

Absorbed in these thoughts, I did not perceive, until close to me, the approach of a gentleman and a lady: they were young and in mourning. 'There,' said the gentleman, 'is my sister's grave;' and, as he pointed to a stone, my eyes wandered involuntarily in the same direction. The tomb and the inscription seemed to have been the offerings of heartfelt gratitude; one was plain and unadorned, the other pathetic. The words were these: 'In memory of T. Constable, Esq. late of Blackheath, aged 79 years. They who knew him best most esteemed him. This stone was erected as a frail memorial of the gratitude of his affectionate nephews. Also of Mary Elizabeth Lance, niece of the above, who died at the age of two years and eleven months. Her life, though short, was long enough to make the parting bitter to all who knew her.' 'Poor Mary!' said the young lady with a sigh, 'I left you blooming in health and loveliness, and in one little week you have ceased to exist.' Her heart seemed to melt at the painful association of her thoughts, and she wept. Two or three

persons were standing by: one of them made an observation aloud: the gentleman took a pencil from his pocket, and wrote upon the stone the following lines:—

'Blame not the tears, O world, that o'er her grave are shed
By those who lov'd her living, and who mourn her dead.'

In my opinion, they conveyed a very severe rebuke. The strangers felt the remark, and retired. Unwilling longer to intrude upon the solitude of grief, I followed their example, and left the spot, musing upon the vanity of human life, and the change which all must undergo.

WALKS IN THE COUNTRY.

NO. IV.

WOOD-CUTTING.

'Ye fallen avenues, how oft I mourn
Your fate unmerited!'—Cowper.

May 8th.—A glorious evening!—balmy, dewy, sunny, fresh; the very weather for that loitering and lingering walk, when one stops every moment to admire and enjoy.—'We must go to the avenue—the beautiful avenue!—I have not seen it since my return from town. How lovely will be the contrast of the rich, deep, browny shades of the oak tops, gorgeously lighted by the western sun, with the vivid and tender greens of the surrounding hedgerows, so full of elms, and the deep emerald tint of the turf underneath! Let us go to the avenue, the beautiful avenue, the pride of the village! How the nightingales will sing from those magnificent perches this sultry evening, this evening that breathes at once of spring and summer, of hope and fruition; that is indeed the very May the old poets were wont to describe. Let us go to the avenue—my avenue, if love and enjoyment can give a title to so exquisite a possession.' As I said this, I remember now that in two very dear faces there was a vexed and uncomfortable expression—a look of mutual intelligence—an air of bad news. But I was at once glowing with the sultriness of the season, and freshened by the delicious and balmy coolness of the hour; and, hurried on by these new and delightful sensations (rendered doubly delightful by the recent transition from the smoky atmosphere of London), walked gaily forth, as if there were no such thing as disappointment in the world;—whilst they (oh who are there that would not gladly, with a fair excuse before them, leave bad news to tell itself!) said nothing.

On I went up the hill, along the common, rejoicing in the surrounding loveliness, my very soul seeming to expand in that intense feeling of beauty which is the privilege or rather the compensation of woman—feeble, sensible, imaginative woman! On I went, till sounds other than of nightingales burst on my ear,—the deep and frequent strokes of the woodman's axe; and coming suddenly opposite the avenue I discovered the terrible havock and devastation which that axe had committed. Above a hundred of the finest trees lay stretched on the velvet turf—Heaven knows what may be the fate of thousands that remain, for the work of destruction is still going on! There they lay in every shape and form of desolation: some bare trunks stripped ready for the timber carriage, with the bark built up in long piles at the side; some with the spoilers busy about them, stripping, hacking, hewing; others with their noble branches, their brown and fragrant shoots all fresh as if they were alive—majestic corses, the slain of to-day. Oh! as I made my way up that magnificent path, once perfect and regular as the columns of a Grecian temple, grand and awful as the aile of a Gothic cathedral, now broken, mutilated, disjoined, its fair proportion for ever lost, its noble beauty overthrown—Oh how I loathed the man who could be tempted by hard money into such a work! If he were poor, very poor, one might pity him—for poverty, real, genuine, miserable poverty, absolute want—does turn the heart to stone. But he has no such excuse—and to cut down such an avenue as this—an avenue leading to his own mansion—an avenue planted by his own immediate ancestor—the finest thing in the county—an academic grove—to do this for hard money! Goth! Vandal! Turk! no name is bad enough. He is recently come into this country from a distant residence—I have never seen him—I do not know him, thank Heaven! and I do not mean to know him; for, except this outrage, people speak well of the man, and it would be too much to be forced to like him. No—I will keep my privilege of railing—my woman's privilege. He has cut the trees, they say, to buy his son a commission: no

doubt. The organ of destructiveness must be finely developed in that family. He who cut those trees has little to learn in the way of killing. The avenue is like a field of battle. The young lads who are stripping the bark, the very children who are picking up the chips, seem awed and silent, as if conscious that death is around them. The nightingales sing faintly and interruptedly—a few low frightened notes like a requiem.

Ah! here we are at the very scene of murder, the very tree that they are felling! They have just hewn round the trunk with those slaughtering axes, and are about to saw it asunder. After all, it is a fine and thrilling operation, as the work of death usually is. Into how fine an attitude was that young man thrown as he gave the final strokes round the root; and how wonderful is the effect of that supple and apparently powerless saw, bending like a riband, and yet overmastering that giant of the woods, conquering and overthrowing that thing of life! Now it has passed half through the trunk, and the woodman has begun to calculate which way the tree will fall; he drives a wedge to direct its course;—now a few more movements of the noiseless saw; and then a larger wedge. See how the branches tremble! Hark how the trunk begins to crack! Another stroke of the huge hammer on the wedge, and the tree quivers as with a mortal agony, shakes, reels, and falls. How slow, and solemn, and awful it is! How like to death, to human death in its grandest form! Napoleon at St. Helena, Cæsar in the Capitol, Seneca in the bath, could not fall more sublimely than that oak!

M.

A VISIT TO A FEMALE FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY;

in a Letter to a Friend.

MY dear Beaumont—When shall we again enjoy such a day as we spent together last week? Not soon, I am afraid; for our future pursuits will probably be very different, and our spheres of action widely apart. We have been so little separated since our school-boy days—we have been so much accustomed to open our minds to each other with freedom, and to draw truth from the bottom of her well with cords of our joint spinning, that it was a long time before I could think of our separation with perfect composure. This kind of moral partnership must now be dissolved; and, in our future course through the world, each of us must trade upon his own intellectual capital.

You will not expect to be gratified with an account of my journey to this town. Traveling is now so regular a process, that a man can calculate to a minute when he will arrive at a given place. Now this may be very delightful to one who merely wishes to be at the end of his journey; yet it has destroyed the *romance* of locomotion. No opportunity is now afforded of viewing the remains of a Roman wall, or of hearing a lecture upon castrametation from some traveler of the Oldbuck species within sight of an old camp. There is now no stopping on Sundays to share a landlord's dinner, and attend as well to your spiritual as to your corporeal comforts. His majesty's mail is the true perpetual motion—the most remorseless of machines—it turns neither to the right nor to the left, but keeps the noisy tenor of its way, in spite of all opposing difficulties. This is not the kind of traveling I like best. In passing the deserts of a turnpike-road, I wish to be allowed occasionally to enjoy an oasis.

I left the mail at P——, and took a post-chaise to W——. You know the country of the lakes, so it is needless to try my hand at description; besides, you are a tasteless one, and, like a beau of the last century, profess to prefer the perfume of a flambeau to that of the 'ripe harvest of the new-mown hay.' I shall therefore confine myself in this letter to the task of describing a character which is frequently found in the middling class of country towns. I must tell you, however, that I do not commence my task with very favorable impressions. I am of opinion with Madame de Staël, that 'le sejour des petites villes est tres ennuyeux. L'esprit des hommes s'y retrécit; le cœur des femmes s'y glace; on y vit tellement en présence les uns des autres, qu'on est oppressé par ses semblables: ce n'est plus cette opinion à distance qui vous anime et retentit de loin, comme le bruit de la gloire; c'est un examen minutieux de toutes les actions de votre vie, une observation de chaque detail, qui rend incapable de comprendre l'ensemble de votre caractère; et plus on a d'indépendance et d'élévation, moins on peut respirer à travers tous ces petits barreaux.'

After a pleasing ride, I arrived safely at my aunt Pottinger's door about seven o'clock in the morning. I was most kindly received by the good old lady, who welcomed me with fine northern cordiality. As she is the representative of a pretty large class, I must endeavour to make you acquainted with her. My aunt, then, is a widow of some fifty or 'by'r Lady, inclining to three-score.' She has never been twenty miles from her house in the whole course of her life, and has consequently contracted a most sublime notion of the dignity and importance of the place of her birth. She thinks there is no *real gentility* (to use one of her favorite phrases) out of W——, and looks down with supreme contempt upon the pretensions of all the neighbouring towns. A place called M—— excites her spleen in an especial manner. She pronounces that in *real gentility* that town is at least a century behind W——; and whenever she happens to see a young lady with a face of more than ordinary beauty and a good figure, whose manners do not exactly correspond with my aunt's peculiar notions of *real gentility*, she pronounces, with seemingly oracular certainty, that the lady is 'some person from M——. Her education, as it frequently happens with ladies of a *certain age* in this part of the world, has been very defective; consequently her English is not of the purest kind; indeed she makes mistakes which would give additional point to the character of Mrs. Malaprop. She affects to despise modern accomplishments and manners; cannot bear the sight of a piano-forte or a French Grammar; and modern music is an abomination to her. She speaks in raptures, however, of a Mr. Leoni, a great singer, who once came to W——, and I often hear her humming parts of songs in the ancient taste, such as 'Some how my spindle I mislaid'—' Pretty little fluttering thing;' but her favorite is 'Horidan (as she calls it, meaning Corydon, I presume,) and Phillis.' My aunt is very expert in the use of her needle, and she thinks this the only true accomplishment. The late Mr. Angerstein could not be more proud of his noble collection of pictures than she is of the results of her skill in this art. Every chair-cover in her house glows with monstrous pionies and non-descript roses. She particularly values a sampler, worked, as she informed me, in her twentieth year, with most *ashideous* attention, and it certainly is a curious production. On the left is a British sailor, with a *very* blue jacket, who is in the act of waving a flag over his head, which, I do not know for what reason, is inscribed with my aunt's name. On the right is a shepherdess. She wears a full-blown rose in her bosom; and the skirt of her gown, which is of a deep-red color, is tastefully drawn through the pocket-hole, so as to display a pair of blue shoes with very high heels, and an immense knot of riband. Petticoats of most embarrassing shortness serve to display a very well turned ankle. A bird, which it would have puzzled Linnæus himself to class, is perched upon her finger, towards which she looks with most tender regard. I have often inquired what was the history of this sailor and shepherdess; but I never could get a satisfactory answer. My aunt looks mysteriously on these occasions. I am inclined to think that more is meant than meets the eye, and that there is some secret reference to her early loves. The two figures support a scroll which contains the following lines:—

'Accomplishments like these were certainly designed,
Not so much to adorn as to improve the mind;
The needle, always working to this end,
Should point to virtue, and to it as a centre tend.'

A foot or two in some of these lines, might, perhaps, be spared; but I imagine my aunt never cared much about her poetical feet, so long as she avoided false steps in those appertaining to her own person. There is some confusion in the lines, arising from a want of proper attention to the difference between my aunt's and the magnetic needle. This leads me to suppose that the sailor has had something to do with the inscription. The greatest enjoyment my aunt has is a game at quadrille. Almost every evening she meets a party of ladies of her own standing; and, with sorrow I say it, she is on these occasions very disagreeable—exceedingly snappish and fault-finding, and apparently angry with herself and every one about her.

So much for my aunt Pottinger. You must allow I have been very good in writing so long a letter so soon after my arrival. Pray let me hear from you soon, for you know how much I like my letters *town-made*.

Give my love to Fanny, (you may salute her in my name if you have no ob-

jection), and remember me kindly to Poyntz and Fielding.

Very truly yours,
EDGEWORTH EGERTON.

JACQUELINE, OR THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

'TWAS autumn: through Provence had ceased
The vintage, and the vintage-feast.
The sun had set behind the hill,
The moon was up, and all was still,
And from the convent's neighbouring tower
The clock had toll'd the midnight hour,
When Jacqueline came forth alone,
Her kerchief o'er her tresses thrown;
A guilty thing, and full of fears,
Yet ah, how lovely in her tears!
She starts, and what has caught her eye?
What—but her shadow gliding by?
She stops, she pants; with lips apart
She listens—to her beating heart!
Then, thro' the scanty orchard stealing,
The clustering boughs her track concealing,
She flies, nor casts a thought behind,
But gives her terrors to the wind;
Flies from her home, the humble sphere
Of all her joys and sorrows here,
Her father's house, of mountain-stone,
And by a mountain-vine o'ergrown.
At such an hour, in such a night,
So calm, so clear, so heavenly bright,
Who would have seen, and not confess'd
It look'd as all within were blest?
What will not woman, when she loves?
Yet lost, alas, who can restore her?
She lifts the latch, the wicket moves,
And now the world is all before her.

This pleasing passage, from a poem by Mr. Rogers, is here introduced for the illustration of the annexed engraving. The fair fugitive, not expecting her father's previous consent to her marriage with a youth with whose family he is at variance, hopes at least to secure his acquiescence when the knot is tied. She quickly returns, presents her lover in the form of a lawful husband, implores and receives pardon from her affectionate parent.

QUENTIN DURWARD,
by the Author of Waverley. 3 vols. 1823.

THE fertile fancy of the *Great Unknown* (for so he is still called) seems to be inexhaustible. He pours forth new creations, apparently with little effort, and exerts his wonderful faculties with undiminished vigor. Amidst such a numerous offspring, some may not be so accomplished as others; but all are far superior to the ordinary produce of teeming brains. The hero of the Peak is despised by some as a rickety bantling, while more candid observers regard him as one who, though occasionally under a cloud, frequently emits luminous coruscations. The Monastery also is less admired than Waverley; but it has various beauties to counterbalance its inconsistencies and absurdities.

A vain and arrogant critic has affirmed, that the avidity of the public for the perusal of every new piece announced by this author is almost entirely produced by the mystery in which his name is enveloped; but the mystery, we think, no longer exists; and no consideration of that kind can sufficiently account for the admiration with which his works are received. It is also pretended, that his characters are not the fruit of deep observation, but merely of a superficial glance and cursory view; but we are rather inclined to maintain, that they show a profound insight into the human mind, and that he is conversant in all the emotions which can agitate the heart. The absence of a complicated plot is also imputed to him as a defect; but the majority of novel-readers, we think, must allow that he offers to the world a progressive story, which, if not always regular, is generally so interesting as to absorb every extraneous feeling in the desire of continued perusal.

The introduction to the present novel details the old story of an accidental discovery of manuscripts and family memorials, which served as a foundation for the ensuing narrative. It contains a well-drawn character of 'one of the few fine old specimens of nobility who are still to be found in France.' A native of Scotland is supposed to have met with this ultra-royalist, to have excited his attention, and conciliated that favor which opened the stores of his *bibliothèque*.

This story so far combines history with fiction, as to exhibit some real personages, whose characters are drawn with the most forcible accuracy. Louis XI., in particular, is exhibited in a true light, and in lively colors, as a shrewd and crafty politician, a base selfish hypocrite, a jealous and vindictive tyrant, as destitute of the chivalrous courage of the



times as of honor and virtue, addicted to low pleasures and obscure debauchery, and at the same time devoted to the most fanciful and excessive superstition. Durward, a young North Briton, seeking his fortune in France, meets this prince without knowing him; and a dialogue, curiously characteristic, ensues. Pleased with the frankness of his manners, the king entertains him at an inn, to atone for having mis-led him into a supposed ford, in which he narrowly escaped drowning. Finding that the youth is the nephew of an officer in the Scotish guard then serving in France, he seems to conceive a regard for him, so as to induce the adventurer to exclaim, 'O happy ducking! never came good luck in a better or a wetter form. I have been fairly deluged by my good fortune.' At this inn a beautiful vision enchants the eyes of Quentin, in the form of a girl under fifteen years of age, who, though born to grace a higher station, appears as an humble attendant.

'How now, Jacqueline,' said Maitre Pierre (the king), 'wherefore this? Did I not desire that Dame Perette should bring what I wanted?—*Pasques-Dieu!* —Is she, or does she think herself, too good to serve me?'

'My mother is ill at ease,' answered Jacqueline, in a hurried yet humble tone: 'ill at ease, and keeps her chamber.'

'She keeps it *alone*, I hope?' replied Maitre Pierre, with some emphasis; 'I am *vieux routier*, and none of those upon whom feigned disorders pass for apologies.'

'Jacqueline turned pale, and even tottered at the answer of Maitre Pierre; for it must be owned, that his voice and looks, at all times harsh, caustic, and unpleasing, had, when he expressed anger or suspicion, an effect both sinister and alarming.

'The mountain chivalry of Quentin Durward was instantly awakened, and he hastened to approach Jacqueline, and relieve her of the burthen she bore, and which she passively resigned to him, while, with a timid and anxious look, she watched the countenance of the angry burgess. It was not in nature to resist the piercing and pity-craving expression of her looks, and Maitre Pierre proceeded, not merely with an air of diminished displeasure, but with as much gentleness as he could assume in countenance and manner; 'I blame not thee, Jacqueline, and thou art too young to be, what it is pity to think thou must be one day—a false and treacherous thing, like the rest of thy giddy sex. No man ever lived to man's estate, but he had the opportunity to know you all. Here is a Scotish cavalier will tell you the same.'

'Jacqueline looked for an instant on the young stranger, as if to obey Maitre Pierre; but the glance, momentary as it was, appeared to Durward a pathetic appeal to him for support and sympathy; and with the promptitude dictated by the feelings of youth, and the romantic veneration for the female sex inspired by his education, he answered hastily, 'That he would throw down his gage to any antagonist, of equal rank and equal age, who should presume to say such a countenance as that which he now looked on could be animated by other than the purest and the truest mind.'

'The young woman grew deadly pale, and cast an apprehensive glance on Maitre Pierre, in whom the bravado of the young gallant seemed only to excite laughter, more scornful than applausive. Quentin, whose second thoughts generally corrected the first, though sometimes after they had found utterance, blushed deeply at having uttered what might be construed into an empty boast, in presence of an old man of a peaceful profession; and, as a sort of just and appropriate penance, resolved patiently to submit to the ridicule which he had incurred. He offered the cup and trencher to Maitre Pierre with a blush on his cheek, and a humiliation of countenance, which endeavoured to disguise itself under an embarrassed smile.

'You are a foolish young man,' said Maitre Pierre, 'and know as little of women as of princes,—whose hearts,' he said, crossing himself devoutly, 'God keeps in his right hand.'

'And who keeps those of the women, then?' said Quentin, resolved, if he could help it, not to be borne down by the assumed superiority of this extraordinary old man, whose lofty and careless manner possessed an influence over him of which he felt ashamed.

'I am afraid you must ask of them in another quarter,' said Maitre Pierre, composedly.'

The king then leaves the stranger to his private thoughts, which, we may suppose, are chiefly occupied upon the charming girl. In the night he is fascinated by music both vocal and instru-

mental, which he attributes to the 'black-browed maiden,' of whom he is already enamored.

Quentin is soon after introduced to his uncle, of whom a striking portrait is given:

'Ludovic Leslie was upwards of six feet high, robust, strongly compacted in person, and hard-favoured in countenance, which latter attribute was much increased by a large and ghastly scar, which, beginning on his forehead, and narrowly missing his right eye, had laid bare the cheek-bone, and descended from thence almost to the tip of his ear, exhibiting a deep seam, which was sometimes scarlet, sometimes purple, sometimes blue, and sometimes approaching to black; but always hideous, because at variance with the complexion of the face in whatever state it chanced to be, whether agitated or still, flushed with unusual passion, or in its ordinary state of weather-beaten and sun-burnt swarthiness

'His dress and arms were splendid. He wore his national bonnet, crested with a tuft of feathers, and with a Virgin Mary of massive silver for a brooch. These had been presented to the Scotish guard, in consequence of the king, in one of his fits of superstitious piety, having devoted the swords of his guard to the service of the Holy Virgin, and, as some say, carried the matter so far as to draw out a commission to Our Lady as their captain-general. The archer's gorget, arm-pieces, and gauntlets, were of the finest steel, curiously inlaid with silver, and his hauberk, or shirt of mail, was as clear and bright as the frost-work of a winter morning upon fern or brier. He wore a loose surcoat, or cassock, of rich blue velvet, open at the sides like that of a herald, with a large white cross of embroidered silver bisecting it both before and behind—his knees and legs were protected by hose of mail and shoes of steel—a broad strong poniard (called the *Mercy of God*) hung by his right side—the baldrick for his two-handed sword, richly embroidered, hung upon his left shoulder; but, for convenience, he at present carried in his hand that unwieldy weapon, which the rules of his service forbade him to lay aside.

'Quentin Durward, though he had been early taught to look upon arms and war, thought he had never seen a more martial-looking, or more completely equipped and accomplished man-at-arms, than now saluted him in the person of his mother's brother, called Ludovic with the Scar, or *Le Balafré*; yet he could not but shrink a little from the grim expression of his countenance, while, with its rough mustachios, he brushed first the one and then the other cheek of his kinsman, and welcomed his fair nephew to France.'

Being enrolled, by the advice of his uncle, in the Scotish guard, the youth attends at the palace, and witnesses with surprise the peculiar character of the court, and the extraordinary behaviour of the king. The friends and counsellors of Louis are admirably delineated; and among these the barber is far from being an unimportant personage. This menial, who divided the royal favor with the proud cardinal of Balue (a counterpart of Wolsey), 'was a little, pale, meagre man, whose black silk jerkin and hose, without either coat, cloke, or cassock, were ill qualified to set off to advantage a very ordinary person. He carried a silver basin in his hand, and a napkin, flung over his arm, indicated his menial capacity. His visage was penetrating and quick, although he endeavoured to banish such expression from his features by keeping his eyes fixed on the ground, as, with the stealthy and quiet pace of a cat, he seemed modestly rather to glide than to walk through the apartment. But though modesty may easily disguise worth, it cannot hide court favour, and all attempts to steal unperceived through the presence-chamber were vain, on the part of one known to have such possession of the king's ear as had been attained by his celebrated barber and groom of the chamber, Oliver le Dain, called sometimes Oliver le Mauvais, and sometimes Oliver le Diable, epithets derived from the unscrupulous cunning with which he assisted the execution of the schemes of his master's tortuous policy. He spoke earnestly for a few minutes with the count de Dunois, who instantly left the chamber, while the tonsor glided quietly back towards the royal apartment whence he had issued, every one giving place to him; which civility he only acknowledged by the most humble inclination of the body, excepting in a very few instances, where he made one or two persons the subject of envy to all the other courtiers by whispering a single word into their ears; and at the same time, muttering something of the duties of his place, he escaped from their replies

as well as from the eager solicitations of those who wished to attract his notice.'

The fair attendant at the inn proves to be Isabelle, countess of Croye, who, to avoid being forced by the duke of Burgundy into a hated marriage, has sought an asylum in France, thus furnishing an addition to the more reasonable grounds of complaint adduced by the duke against Louis; but she is soon sent away, and escorted by Quentin into the principality of Liege. During the journey a quaint and lady-like dialogue passes between the young fugitive and her aunt.—'I wish not,' said the junior lady, 'to occasion war betwixt France and my native Burgundy. I only implored permission to retire to the convent of Marmonthier, or to any other holy sanctuary.'

'You spoke then like a fool, my cousin,' answered the elder lady, 'and not like a daughter of my noble brother. It is well there is still one alive who hath some of the spirit of the noble house of Croye. How should a high-born lady be known from a sunburnt milk-maid, save that spears are broken for the one, and only hazel-poles for the other? I tell you, maiden, that while I was in the very earliest bloom, scarcely older than yourself, the famous Passage of Arms at Haflinghem was held in my honour; the challengers were four, the assailants so many as twelve. It lasted three days; and cost the lives of two adventurous knights, the fracture of one back-bone, one collar-bone, three legs, and two arms, besides flesh-wounds and bruises beyond the heralds' counting; and thus have the ladies of our house ever been honored. Ah, had you but half the heart of your noble ancestry, you would find means at some court, where ladies' love and fame in arms are still prized, to maintain a tournament, at which your hand should be the prize, as was that of your great-grandmother of blessed memory, at the spear-running of Strasbourg; and thus should you gain the best lance in Europe, to maintain the rights of the house of Croye, both against the oppression of Burgundy and the policy of France.'

'But, fair kinswoman,' answered the younger countess, 'I have been told by my old nurse, that although the rhingrave was the best lance at the great tournament at Strasbourg, and so won the hand of my respected grandmother, yet the match was no happy one, as he used often to scold, and sometimes to beat, my great-grandmother of blessed memory.'

'And wherefore not?' said the elder countess, in her romantic enthusiasm for the profession of chivalry; 'why should those victorious arms, accustomed to blows abroad, be bound to restrain their energies at home? A thousand times rather would I be beaten twice a-day, by a husband whose arm was as much feared by others as by me, than be the wife of a coward, who dared neither to lift hand to his wife, nor to any one else!'

'I should wish you joy of such a restless mate, fair aunt,' replied Isabelle, 'without envying you; for, if broken bones be lovely in tourneys, there is nothing less amiable in ladies' bowers.'

'Nay, but the beating is no necessary consequence of wedding with a knight of fame in arms; though it is true that our ancestor of blessed memory, the rhingrave Gottfried, was something rough-tempered, and addicted to the use of Rhein-wein.—The very perfect knight is a lamb among ladies, and a lion among lances. There was Thibault of Montigni—God be with him!—he was the kindest soul alive, and not only was he never so discourteous as to lift hand against his lady, but, by our good dame, he who beat all enemies without doors, found a fair foe who could belabor him within.—Well, 'twas his own fault—he was one of the challengers at the Passage of Haflinghem, and so well bestirred himself, that, if it had pleased Heaven and your grandfather, there might have been a lady of Montigni, who had used his gentle nature more gently.'

After various adventures, which are described with spirit and vivacity, the two ladies are consigned to the care of the bishop of Liege, to whom they strongly recommend their brave and trusty guide: but his castle is attacked by the Boar of Ardennes, and he loses his life by brutal violence. Quentin, however, exerts himself for the rescue of Isabelle, amidst the confusion of the murderous assault.

'He forced his way, almost headlong, into a small oratory, where a female figure, which had been kneeling in agonizing supplication before the holy image, now sunk at length on the floor, under the new terrors implied in this approaching tumult. He hastily raised her from the ground, and, joy of joys! it was she whom he sought to save—the countess Isabelle. He pressed her to his bo-

son—he conjured her to awake—entreated her to be of good cheer—for that she was now under the protection of one who had heart and hand enough to defend her against armies.

'Durward,' she said, as she at length collected herself, 'is it indeed you?—then there is some hope left. I thought all living and mortal friends had left me to my fate—Do not again abandon me.'

'Never—never,' said Durward.—'Whatever shall happen—whatever danger shall approach, may I forfeit the benefits purchased by yonder blessed sign, if I be not the sharer of your fate until it is again a happy one!'

The assailants celebrate, by a feast in the castle, their unmerited success.—'At the head of the table sat, on the bishop's throne, which had been hastily brought thither from his great council-chamber, the redoubted Boar of Ardennes himself, well deserving that dreaded name, in which he affected to delight, and which he did as much as he could think of to deserve. His head was unhelmeted, but he wore the rest of his ponderous and bright armour, which, indeed, he rarely laid aside. Over his shoulders hung a strong surcoat, made of the dressed skin of a huge wild boar, the hoofs being of solid silver, and the tusks of the same. The skin of the head was so arranged, that, drawn over the casque, when the baron was armed, or over his bare head, in the fashion of a hood, as he often affected when the helmet was laid aside, and as he now wore it, the effect was that of a grinning, ghastly monster; and yet the countenance which it overshadowed scarce required such horrors to improve those which were natural to its ordinary expression.

'The upper part of De la Marck's face, as Nature had formed it, almost gave the lie to his character; for, though his hair, when uncovered, resembled the rude and wild bristles of the hood he had drawn over it, yet an open, high, and manly forehead, broad ruddy cheeks, large, sparkling, light-colored eyes, and a nose hooked like the beak of the eagle, promised something valiant and generous; yet the effect of these more favorable traits was entirely overpowered by his habits of violence and insolence, which, joined to debauchery and intemperance, had stamped upon the features a character inconsistent with the rough gallantry which they would otherwise have exhibited. The former had, from habitual indulgence, swoln the muscles of the cheeks, and those around the eyes, in particular the latter; evil practices and habits had dimmed the eyes themselves, reddened the part of them that should have been white, and given to the whole face a hideous resemblance of the monster which it was the terrible baron's pleasure to resemble. But, from an odd sort of contradiction, De la Marck, while he assumed in other respects the appearance of the wild boar, and even seemed pleased with the name, yet endeavoured, by the length and growth of his beard, to conceal the circumstance that had originally procured him that denomination. This was an unusual thickness and projection of the mouth and upper jaw, which, with the huge projecting side-teeth, gave that resemblance to the bestial creation, which, joined to the delight that De la Marck had in haunting the forest so called, originally procured for him the name of the boar of Ardennes. The beard, broad, grisly, and uncombed, neither concealed the natural horrors of the countenance, nor dignified its brutal expression.'

(To be continued.)

BRAMLEY MAYING.

Mr. Geoffrey Crayon has, in his delightful but somewhat fanciful writings, brought into general view many old sports and customs, some of which, indeed, still linger about the remote counties, familiar as local peculiarities to their inhabitants, whilst the greater part lie buried in books of the Elizabethan age, known only to the curious in English literature. One rural custom, which would have enchanted him, and which prevails in the north of Hampshire, he has not noticed, and probably does not know. Did any of my readers ever hear of a Maying? Let not any notions of chimney-sweepers soil the imagination of the gay Londoner! A country Maying is altogether a different affair from the street exhibitions which mix so much pity with our mirth, and do the heart good, perhaps, but not by gladdening it. A country Maying is a meeting of the lads and lasses of two or three parishes, who assemble in certain erections of green boughs called May-houses, to dance and——but I am going to tell all about it in due order, and must not forestall my description.

Last year we went to Bramley Maying. There had been two or three such

merry-makings before in that inaccessible neighbourhood, where the distance from large towns, the absence of great houses, and the consequent want of all decent roads, together with a country of peculiar wildness and beauty, combine to produce a sort of modern Arcadia. We had intended to assist at a Maying in the forest of Pamber, thinking that the deep glades of that fine woodland scenery would be more congenial to the spirit of old English merriment, as it breathed more of Robin Hood and Maid Marian than a mere village green—to say nothing of its being of the two more accessible by four-footed and two-wheeled conveyances. But the Pamber day had been suffered to pass, and Bramley was the last Maying of the season. So to Bramley we went.

As we had a considerable distance to go, we set out about noon, intending to return to dinner at six. Never was a day more congenial to a happy purpose! It was a day made for country weddings and dances on the green—a day of dazzling light, of ardent sunshine falling on hedgerows and meadows fresh with spring showers. You might almost see the grass grow and the leaves expand under the influence of that vivifying warmth; and we passed through the well-known and beautiful scenery of W. Park, and the pretty village of M., with a feeling of new admiration, as if we had never before felt their charms; so gloriously did the trees in their young leaves, the grass springing beneath them, the patches of golden broom and deeper furze, the cottages covered with roses, the blooming orchards, and the light snowy sprays of the cherry-trees tossing their fair blossoms across the deep blue sky, pour upon the eye the full magic of color. On we passed gaily and happily as far as we knew our way—perhaps a little farther, for the place of our destination was new to both of us, when we had the luck, good or bad, to meet with a director in the person of the butcher of M. My companion is known to most people within a circuit of ten miles; so we had ready attention and most civil guidance from the man of beef and mutton——a prodigious person, almost as big as a prize ox, as rosy and jovial-looking as Falstaff himself, who was standing in the road with a slender shrewd-looking boy, apt and ready enough to have passed for the page. He soon gave us the proper, customary, and unintelligible directions as to lanes and turnings—first to the right, then to the left, then round Farmer Jennings's close, then across the Holy Brook, then to the right again—till at last, seeing us completely bewildered, he offered to send the page, who was going our way for half a mile to carry out a shoulder of veal, to attend us to that distance as a guide; an offer gratefully accepted by all parties, especially the boy, whom we relieved of his burthen and took up behind, where he swang in an odd but apparently satisfactory posture, between running and riding. Whilst he continued with us, we fell into no mistakes; but at last he and the shoulder of veal reached their place of destination; and, after listening to a repetition, or perhaps a variation, of the turns right and left which were to conduct us to Bramley Green, we and our little guide parted.

On we went, twisting and turning through a labyrinth of lanes, getting deeper and deeper every moment, till at last, after many doubtings, we became fairly convinced that we had lost our way. Not a soul was in the fields; not a passenger in the road; not a cottage by the roadside: so on we went—I am afraid to say how far (for when people have lost their way, they are not the most accurate measurers of the distance)—till we came suddenly on a small farm-house, and saw at once that the road we had trodden led to that farm, and thither only. The solitary farm-house had one solitary inmate, a smiling middle-aged woman, who came to us and offered her services with the most alert civility:—'All her boys and girls were gone to the Maying,' she said, 'and she remained to keep house.'—'The Maying! We were near Bramley then?'—'Only two miles the nearest way across the fields—were we going?—she would see to the horse—we should soon be there, only over that style and then across that field, and then turn to the right, and then take the next turning——no! the next but one to the left.'—Right and left again for two miles over those deserted fields!—Right and left!—we shuddered at the words. 'Is there no carriage-road?—Where are we?' —'At Silchester, close to the walls, only half a mile from the church.'—'At Silchester!' and in ten minutes we had said a thankful farewell to our kind informant, had retraced our steps a little, had turned up another lane, and found ourselves at the foot of that commanding

spot which antiquaries call the amphitheatre, close under the walls of the Roman city, and in full view of an old acquaintance, the schoolmaster of Silchester, who happened to be there in his full glory, playing the part of Cicerone to a party of ladies, and explaining far more than he knows, or than any one knows, of streets, and gates, and sites of temples, which, by the bye, the worthy pedagogue usually calls parish-churches. I never was so glad to see him in my life, never thought he could have spoken with so much sense and eloquence as were comprised in the two words 'straight forward,' by which he answered our inquiry as to the road to Bramley.

And forward we went by a way beautiful beyond description: a road bounded on one side by every variety of meadow, and corn-field, and rich woodland, on the other by the rock-like walls of the old city, crowning an abrupt magnificent bank of turf, broken by fragments, crags as it were, detached from the ruin, and young trees, principally ash, with silver stems standing out in picturesque relief from the green slope, and itself crowned with every sort of vegetation, from the rich festoons of briar and ivy, which garlanded its side, to the venerable oaks and beeches which nodded on its summit. I never saw any thing so fine in my life. To be sure, we nearly broke our necks. Even I, who, having been overset astonishingly often, without any harm happening (though to look at me one would think I should bruise like a ripe peach), have acquired, from frequency of escape, the confidence of escaping, and the habit of not caring for that particular danger, which is, I suppose, what in a man and in battle would be called courage; even I was glad enough to get out, and do all I could towards wriggling the gig round the rock-like stones, or sometimes helping to lift a wheel over the smaller impediments. We escaped that danger, and left the venerable walls behind us.—But I am losing my way here, too; I must loiter on the road no longer. Our other delays of a broken bridge—a bog—another wrong turning—and a meeting with a loaded waggon, in a lane too narrow to pass—all this must remain untold.

At last we reached a large farm-house at Bramley; another mile remained to the Green, but that was impassable. Nobody thinks of riding at Bramley. The late lady of the manor, when at rare and uncertain intervals she resided for a few weeks at her house of B. R., used, in visiting her only neighbour, to drive her coach and four through her farmers' ploughed fields. We must walk: but the appearance of gay crowds of rustics all passing along one path gave assurance that this time we should not lose our way. Oh, what a pretty path it was! across one sunny sloping field, up and down, dotted with trees like a park; then across a deep shady lane, with cows loitering and cropping grass from the banks; then up a long narrow meadow, in the very pride and vigor of its greenness, richly bordered by hedgerow timber, and terminating in the churchyard and a little country church.

Bramley church is well worth seeing. It contains that rare thing, a monument fine in itself, and finer in its situation, We had heard of it, and, in spite of the many delays we had experienced, could not resist the temptation of sending one of the loiterers, who seemed to stand in the churchyard as a sort of out-guard to the Maying, to the vicar's house for the key. Prepared as we had been to see something unusual, we were very much struck. The church is small, simple, decaying, almost ruinous; but, as you turn from the entrance into the centre aile and advance up to the altar, your eye falls on a lofty recess, branching out like a chapel on one side, and seen through a Gothic arch. It is almost paved with monumental brasses of the proud family of B., who have possessed the surrounding property from the time of the Conqueror; and in the centre of the large open space stands a large monument, surrounded by steps, on which reclines a figure of a dying man, with a beautiful woman leaning over him, full of a lovely look of anxiety and tenderness. The figures are very fine; but that which makes the grace and glory of this remarkable piece of sculpture is its being backed by an immense Gothic window, nearly the whole size of the recess, entirely composed of old stained glass. I do not know the story which the artist, in the series of pictures, intended to represent; but there they are, the gorgeous, glorious colors—reds, and purples, and greens, glowing like an anemone bed in the sunshine, or like one of the windows made of amethysts and rubies in the Arabian Tales, and throwing out the monumental figures with an effect almost magical. The parish clerk was at the Maying, and

we had only an unlettered rustic to conduct us, so that I do not even know the name of the sculptor--he must have a strange mingled feeling if ever he saw his work in its present home—delight that it looks so well, and regret that there is no one to look at it. That monument alone was worth losing our way for.

But cross two fields more, and up a quiet lane, and we are at the Maying, announced afar off by the merry sound of music, and the merrier clatter of childish voices. Here we are at the Green; a little turfy spot, where three roads meet, close shut in by hedgerows, with a pretty white cottage and its long slip of a garden at one angle. I had no expectation of scenery so compact, so like a glade in a forest; it is quite a cabinet picture, with green trees for the frame. In the midst grows a superb horse-chestnut, in the full glory of its flowery pyramids, and from the trunk of the chestnut the May-houses commence. They are covered alleys built of green boughs, decorated with garlands and great bunches of flowers, the gayest that blow—lilacs, Guelder-roses, pionies, tulips, stocks—hanging down like chandeliers among the dancers; for of dancers, gay dark-eyed young girls in straw-bonnets and white gowns, and their lovers in their Sunday attire, the May-houses were full. The girls had mostly the look of extreme youth, and danced well and quietly like ladies—too much so: I should have been glad to see less elegance and more enjoyment; and their partners, though not quite so graceful, were as decorous and as indifferent as real gentlemen. It was quite like a ball-room, as pretty and almost as dull. Outside was the fun. It is the outside, the upper gallery of the world, that has that good thing. There were children laughing, eating, trying cheat, and being cheated, round an ancient and practised vender of oranges and gingerbread; and on the other side of the tree lay a merry groupe of old men, in coats almost as old as themselves, and young ones in no coats at all, excluded from the dance by the disgrace of a smock-frock. Who would have thought of etiquette finding its way into the May-houses! That groupe would have suited Teniers; it smoked and drank a little, but it laughed a great deal more. There were a few decent matronly women, too, sitting in a cluster; and young mothers strolling about with infants in their arms; and ragged boys peeping through the boughs at the dancers; and the bright sun shining gloriously on all this innocent happiness. Oh what a pretty sight it was! worth losing our way for—worth losing our dinner—both which events happened; whilst a party of friends, who were to have joined us, were far more unlucky; for they not only lost their way and their dinner, but rambled all day about the country, and never reached Bramley Maying.

M.

TO THE ORWELL.

By Bernard Barton.

The sun may as brightly illumine thy stream;
  The moon-light as softly may sleep on thy tide;
As green and luxuriant the foliage may seem
  Of the beautiful groves which embellish thy side;—
All these may, unchanged in their loveliness, be
What they were when their charms were delightful to me.

And hearts that beat lightly, as mine used to beat,
  And eyes that are carelessly happy and gay,
With the same throbs of pleasure thy beauties may greet,
  With the same glance of rapture thy landscape survey:
But to me, could I now by thy waters sojourn,
The feelings they waken'd no more would return.

'Tis not that indiff'rence has stolen o'er my heart,
  Or shed aught of dimness to weigh down mine eye;
To the first thou could'st still some emotions impart,
  To the last thou could'st yet some enjoyment supply:

But the heart-thrilling feelings thy beauties once fed,
With the morn of existence for ever have fled!

The spell, which in boyhood such magic convey'd
  To thy fairest of features, was never thine own;
The brightness and beauty which over them play'd
  Were shed on those features by childhood alone:—
Half the fancy and feeling which rose from thy wave
The freshness of life to my young spirit gave.

For fancy and feeling, while life is yet new,
  Can brighten its sunshine, and soften its shade,
Till the landscape around us is deck'd to our view,
  With imagin'd attractions, that charm but to fade;
While youth ever ardent, and hopes in their prime,
Believe those attractions enduring as time.

It is good to believe thus, in youth's happy hour;
  While it can be unbroken, O! break not the spell;
When those exquisite hopes of the heart are in flower,
  It is sweet on their fragrance and beauty to dwell,
And wiser to fancy 'twill always be thus,
Than, coldly ungrateful, their date to discuss.

The Creator is honor'd, existence adorn'd,
  By the blissful enjoyments and hopes of the young,
Ere the heart's early homage from good is suborn'd,
  Or its innocent feelings restrain'd from the tongue:
It is good to believe in such visions of youth;
And the soundest of wisdom to trust in their truth.

But O! it is better, and wiser, by far,
  When the cloudless effulgence of youth is gone by,
And the mists and the storms of the world seem to mar
  The glory which once so enchanted the eye;
It is better and wiser, in sorrow and pain,
Through Faith, and through Patience, our hopes to sustain.

Those hopes, humbly cherish'd, may render it sweet
  To recur to attractions too lovely to last;
And the scenes they have brighten'd more fondly we greet
  When a pledge for *the future* is drawn from *the past;*
And, in Faith's eagle vision, 'tis given us to see
From what once we have been, what yet we may be.

Flow on then, sweet Orwell! nor will I regret
  That some of thy earlier enchantments have flown;
Enough if their memory remain to me yet,
  And *this* be the lesson their spells have made known,
That when the warm raptures of boyhood are past,
Faith, Hope, and Endurance, their sway can out-last!

SHORT CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Memoirs of the Private Life of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, by Madame Campan.—Some may think that a work of this kind is now out of date, and that the character and conduct of Louis XVI. and his queen are no longer objects of interest; but, when new light is thrown on public affairs, and the history of an important period is rendered more accurate and satisfactory, we ought not to despise the offered information. It may be supposed that the fair writer is partial to a mistress whom

she long served; yet her statements appear to be worthy of credit, and she has justly vindicated the queen from the calumnies with which she was assailed.

A Narrative of the Escape of Louis XVIII. from Paris, and of his Journey to Brussels and Coblentz, in 1791.—The present head of the Bourbon family has thus enrolled himself in the list of royal authors. When a copy of this pamphlet was offered to a bookseller some years ago, he declined the purchase, from a doubt of its authenticity: indeed, he thought that it was fabricated by some partisan of Napoleon, with a view of discrediting the king's talents. It was at length printed by Mr. Baudoin, whose apprehensions of giving offence at court were removed by that vanity which induced the royal writer to wish for literary reputation. He has not, however, acquired fame by this flimsy production. It betrays a paucity of ideas, and is composed in a loose and incorrect style.

In the opinion of Talleyrand, it chiefly evinces a taste for gluttony and a want of courage. 'C'est le voyage d'Arlequin,' said that sarcastic politician, 'manger et avoir peur, avoir peur et manger.'

An Itinerary of Provence and the Rhone, by John Hughes, A. M.—Mr. Hughes appears to be a scholar and a well-informed man; but he has not shown himself on this occasion to be an interesting writer. His title, indeed, makes no ostentatious pretensions; yet a mere *Itinerary* might easily have been rendered more pleasing and attractive. Numerous etchings, the produce of his own talent, are added, which, however faithful they may be, deserve not the name of embellishments.

Travels through Sweden, Norway, and Finmark, to the North-Cape, by A. de Capel Brooke.—The manners of the northern Europeans, and the romantic scenery of regions rarely visited, are well delineated by captain Brooke, whose pencil, at the same time, ably supplies that deficiency of effect which attends even the most vivid descriptions. Being a follower of Linnæus as well as an artist, he also plunges into the stream of natural history, but seems to be occasionally carried out of his depth by the current. He does not sufficiently exercise his judgment, when the dreams and wonders of bishop Pontoppidan fall under his notice. He does not indeed believe, with the common people in Norway, that the lemmings (which resemble rats) fall from the clouds, but seems disposed to adopt some idle stories which ought to be universally exploded.

Travels in Egypt and the Holy Land, by William Rae Wilson.—There is little novelty in the account of Egypt, given by this writer; and his narrative is deficient in precision of remark and justness of reasoning. He speaks of the well known process of chicken-hatching, by artificial heat, as a *novum opus* or new work: perhaps, he only means that it was new to him. When he speculates, he seems not to have a proper acquaintance with the subject; but his descriptions of many parts of the Holy Land may amuse those readers to whom the wonders of that region are unknown.

La Calata degli Ungeri in Italia.—This is an historical romance, founded on the invasion of Italy by the Hungarians in the year 900. The author is David Berrtoletti, who is a great admirer of the Scotish novels, some of which he has translated in a spirited manner, if not with perfect accuracy and fidelity. His style, in his own romance, approaches to elegance; his descriptions are animated; his sentiments are just and pertinent; and the story is well conducted; but he does not captivate his readers like the author of Waverley.

Memoirs of the Lives and Characters of George Baillie of Jerriswood, and of Lady Grisel Baillie.—This is an interesting work, written by Mr. Baillie's daughter, lady Grisel Murray, who made a distinguished figure at the English court in the reign of George the Second. It does not appear that this lady intended her memoirs for the public eye; for, if she had, she probably would have taken an ample survey of the political transactions, in which her father, and her grandfather the earl of Marchmont, were concerned. Her delineations of character and manners are vivid and spirited, and the various incidents are related in a pleasing style.

A Collection of Poems, chiefly Manuscript, edited by Joanna Baillie.—The taste and talent which the fair editor of

this volume is known to possess will doubtless recommend it to the notice of the public. Her object was to procure a variety of contributions, not only from the poets who have established their fame, but from the *unfledged* bards who are attempting to soar in the regions of Parnassus. The first poem is the production of sir Walter Scott, entitled Macduff's Cross. It is a dramatic sketch, and refers to the privile granted to the family of the chieftain) of finding an asylum at the cross, if 'slaughter should be committed on a sudden impulse.' It is a spirited piece, and does not discredit its celebrated author. The two next pieces are by Sotheby; one of which, the Lay of the Bell, is an imitation, not very happy, of Goethe. Some poems of the late Mrs. Hunter contribute to increase the respectability of the volume, particularly in a religious sense. Southey's pieces are more absurd than poetical; and those of Wordsworth are ludicrous, without being so intended. The stanzas of lady Dacre, on the model of Petrarch, are elegant and pathetic. Miss Fanshawe thus satirises the present mode of dancing:

'——— behold advancing
Modern men and women dancing!
Step and dress alike express
Above, below, from head to toe,
Male and female awkwardness.
Without a hoop, without a ruffle,
One eternal jig and shuffle;
Where's the air, and where's the gait;
Where's the feather in the hat?
Where's the frizz'd toupee, and where,
Oh, where's the powder for their hair?
Where are all their former graces?
And where three quarters of their faces?
With half the forehead lost, and half the chin,
We know not where they end, or where begin.'

An epistle from the same lady to lord Harcourt is lively and playful. The Belshazzar's Feast of Mrs. Hemans, and the Fall of Babylon, by Mr. Hall, are superior to lord Byron's poem on the same subject. Some pieces by the son of the late Mr. Sheridan indicate classical taste and an elegant mind; and Mr. Maldon's Evening promises a speedy acquisition of high fame. The Rev. Mr. Marriot is content to be pleasant: he compares marriage to a Devonshire lane, and says,

'——— tho' 'tis long, it is not very wide.
For two are the most that together can ride;
And ev'n then, 'tis a chance but they get in a pother,
And jostle and cross, and run foul of each other.'

Matins and Vespers, by John Bowring.—This writer evidently possesses a considerable portion of literary talent, and deserves our praise for enlisting the charms of poetry in the cause of religion and virtue. Some of the hymns, indeed, are tame and languid; but others are animated and poetical. We ought to add that he modestly disclaims the merit of originality, and allows that these pieces 'are full of borrowed images, of thoughts and feelings excited less by his own contemplations than by the writings of others.'

Fables for the Holy Alliance, Rhymes on the Road, &c., by Thomas Brown the younger.—We are not in the habit of reviewing political publications, to which class this volume chiefly belongs; but the fame of its author, Mr. Moore, entitles it to our notice. We cannot, however, speak of it in very favorable terms. We do not profess to give an opinion either friendly or hostile to the conduct of those exalted and sapient personages who wield the sceptre of empire, and hold the balance of power; but we think that their bold assailant has not, in these fables, given many specimens of the wit and talent which he is known to possess. He shines more in amorous and Anacreontic poetry than in satirical effusions. The Rhymes on the Road are preferable to the Fables. We shall merely quote one little piece, because it may excite a smile, without seriously injuring the interests of matrimony.

'*Love and Hymen.*

Love had a fever—ne'er could close
His little eyes till day was breaking;
And whimsical enough, heav'n knows,
The things he rav'd about, while waking.

To let him pine so were a sin—
One, to whom all the world's a debtor—
So doctor Hymen was call'd in,
And Love that night slept rather better.

Next day the case gave farther hope yet,
Though still some ugly fever latent:—
'Dose, as before'—a gentle opiate,
For which old Hymen has a patent.

After a month of daily call,
So fast the dose went on restoring,
That Love, who first ne'er slept at all,
Now took, the rogue! to downright snoring.'

CHARACTER AND MANNERS OF A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL;

from Mrs. Cappe's Memoirs.

'Sir Rowland Wynn was at that time between fifty and sixty years of age, and had been a widower many years. His manner of living was not wholly dissimilar to that of an English baron in ancient times, and was at once impressive of awe by its magnificence, and of respect by the general happiness it appeared to diffuse. The splendid mansion, situated in an extensive park, approached by a long avenue of trees, and sheltered on the north-east by a wood of stately oaks, which had firmly withstood the winter blasts of successive centuries, had all the grandeur without the terrific gloom of the ancient Gothic castle. The family consisted of not fewer than sixty or seventy persons, among whom were many workmen and artificers, who were constantly employed in it, and dined regularly in the servants' hall. A pack of fox-hounds was kept, not so much for the amusement of their master, although he was himself partial to the exercise of hunting, as for a sort of rallying point that should draw around it the neighbouring gentlemen. But it was at Christmas that the resemblance to the seat of the ancient baron was most striking. At this cheerful season open house was kept for three days; all the farmers and cottagers upon the estate were invited along with their wives to dine in the great hall, precisely at two o'clock, where the worthy master of the whole family (for they all appeared as his children) presided at one long table with the men, and his amiable daughters at a second table with the women.

'The venerable boar's head, decorated with evergreens, and an orange in his mouth, according to ancient custom, was the centre dish at each table. A band of music played during dinner; after which the particular circumstances of every farmer and cottager were carefully inquired into, and many little plans formed for the alleviation or relief of their various anxieties or distresses. In the afternoon some of the daughters of the most respectable farmers were invited to partake of tea, coffee, cakes, and sweetmeats; and the evening concluded with a dance, in which they were permitted to join with the young ladies of the family and their other visitors. At nine the dancing ceased; the farmers' wives and daughters returned home, and the family and their guests adjourned into another apartment to supper.

'The broken meat was regularly distributed three times a week, and milk given every day to the poor inhabitants of two large villages which adjoined the west side of the park. I do not affirm that this mode of charity was of all others the most useful or enlightened; but to a passing observer it was strikingly impressive, and the whole effect on a young mind was greatly increased by the other appendages of a large establishment; such, for instance, as the number of orderly attendants all arranged in their proper ranks, and the respectful manner of the neighbouring gentry. The fascination, however, would not have been complete, or at least it would have continued but a very short time, had not the appearance, character, manners, and occupations of the possessor himself supplied the finishing charm. His person was singularly graceful, his countenance beamed with benevolence, and in his address there was all the politeness without the formality of what is called the old school. He had been early left a minor, under the guardianship of his uncle, my mother's father, and of Dr. Trimnell, bishop of Winchester, who had married one of his aunts, his father and mother having both died at Bristol within a week of each other, when he was very young. He was sent by his guardians to Geneva, where he principally received his education, and where he imbibed those principles of civil and religious liberty which afterwards united him in close friendship with the late highly revered lord Rockingham, and the upright, virtuous, Sir George Saville. Before their day, however (about the year 1732), he stood a contested election for the county of York, on the Whig interest, against Sir Miles Stapleton; but losing his election, and not choosing to represent a borough, he never had a seat in parliament: but, as a magistrate, he was active, judicious, and indefatigable, regular in his hours of doing business, exact in the distribution of justice, and very careful of his time. It was his constant custom to rise early in a morning, in winter long before daylight, and to kindle his own fire. His letters were usually written before the family breakfast, which was always exactly at nine o'clock; and he afterwards gave audience to a crowd of various descriptions of per-

sons in succession, who were generally in waiting for his assistance or advice. He was not possessed of shining talents, or eminent for literary attainments; but his judgement was accurate and discriminating, and, although he was uniformly cheerful and condescending, yet there was an air of dignity about him which forbade every approach to undue familiarity. No one ever thought of asking him an improper question, or of making him an impertinent reply; and he possessed a certain readiness and point in his manner, which seldom failed of producing the desired effect.'

NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY FROM THE SHORES OF HUDSON'S BAY TO THE MOUTH OF THE COPPER-MINE RIVER, AND THENCE, IN CANOES, ALONG THE COAST OF THE POLAR SEA,

by Captain John Franklin, 4*to*. 1823.

No people, in the present age, display a more enterprising spirit than the British nation. While the arts are improved by sedulous perseverance, maritime science is extended, new sources of human intercourse are discovered, and important advances are made in natural history. When exploratory expeditions have been proposed, no thoughts of inconvenience, privation, or danger, have deterred the active individual or the bold seaman, or have precluded the voluntary offers of zealous service. The patience, resolution, and fortitude, of the associates of captain Parry, could not easily be exceeded; but the attendants of Mr. Franklin have at least equaled that hardy party in every requisite exertion, and their sufferings appear to have been greater.

It was in concert with Parry, though not in a close coalition, that Franklin's adventurous journey was undertaken. He was desired by the government to penetrate to the Arctic Sea, survey the coast to a great extent, and make every discovery that circumstances would allow. It is not our object to trace his course with minute or tedious particularity: we shall merely glance over his narrative, and notice those parts which are more striking than the rest.

At Cumberland-house, where the party wintered, the cold was intense, and the scene was dreary, but not altogether comfortless. The native inhabitants of the district were friendly, and readily supplied the strangers with provisions. In a territory which extends 150 miles from east to west, only 120 hunters of the Cree tribe were found, forming the whole body of male adults. Some of these had several wives; but the majority had only one, and some were unmarried. The women marry very young, have a custom of suckling their children for several years, and are besides constantly exposed to fatigue, and often to famine; hence they are not prolific, bearing, upon an average, not more than four children, of whom two may attain the age of puberty. Upon these *data*, the amount of each family may be stated at five, and the whole population in the district at five hundred. It appears, that the Crees are a vain, fickle, improvident, and indolent race, but observant of the rights of property, susceptible of the kinder affections, and very hospitable. Their spirit of boasting is remarkable, and is, indeed, the most offensive part of their behaviour. Every Cree is in dread of the medical or conjuring powers of his neighbour, but at the same time exalts his own attainments to the skies. 'I am god-like,' is a common expression among them; and they prove their divinity by eating live coals, and by various tricks, most of which are too clumsy for the most awkward of our jugglers. A medicine bag, furnished with a small piece of indigo, blue vitriol, or vermilion, is, in the possession of a noted conjuror, such an object of terror to the rest of the tribe, as to enable him to fatten at his ease upon the labors of his deluded countrymen.

The Crees are pacifically inclined, but they are sometimes involved in disputes with 'the Stone Indians,' who rival them as hunters, and surpass them as warriors. 'Among these communities,' says Mr. Franklin, 'the greatest proportion of labor falls to the women: we now saw them employed in dressing skins, and conveying wood, water, and provision. As they have often to fetch the meat from some distance, they are assisted in this duty by their dogs, which are not harnessed in sledges, but carry their burthens in a manner peculiarly adapted to this level country. Two long poles are fastened by a collar to the dog's neck; their ends trail on the ground, and are kept at a proper distance by a hoop, which is lashed between them, immediately behind the dog's tail; the hoop

is covered with net-work, upon which the load is placed.

'The boys were amusing themselves by shooting arrows at a mark, and thus training to become hunters. The Stone Indians are so expert with the bow and arrow, that they can strike a very small object at a considerable distance, and will shoot with sufficient force to pierce through the body of a buffalo when near.

'The buffalo-pound was a fenced circular space of about a hundred yards in diameter; the entrance was banked up with snow, to a sufficient height to prevent the retreat of the animals that may once have entered. For about a mile on each side of the road leading to the pound, stakes were driven into the ground at nearly equal distances of about twenty yards; these were intended to look like men, and to deter the animals from attempting to break out on either side. Within fifty or sixty yards from the pound, branches of trees were placed between these stakes to screen the Indians, who lie down behind them to await the approach of the buffalo.

'The principal dexterity in this species of chase is shown by the horsemen, who have to manœuvre round the herd in the plains, so as to urge them to enter the roadway, which is about a quarter of a mile broad. When this has been accomplished, they raise loud shouts, and, pressing close upon the animals, so terrify them, that they rush heedlessly forward towards the snare. When they have advanced as far as the men who are lying in ambush, they also rise, and increase the consternation by violent shouting and firing guns. The affrighted beasts, having no alternative, run directly into the pound, where they are quickly despatched, either with an arrow or gun.'

So slow were the movements of the exploring party, and so frequently were they detained at different stations by the inclemency of the weather, that almost two years had elapsed from the commencement of the journey, when preparations were made for a voyage down the Copper-Mine River. Attended by some Canadians, Esquimaux, and Indian hunters, the captain proceeded toward the grand object of his anxious wishes. Dr. Richardson had gone forward with another party; but a junction was effected shortly afterwards. The navigation of the river did not prove so difficult as they had been led to expect; but the impracticability of navigating it upwards from the sea, and the want of wood for forming an establishment, appeared insuperable objections to rendering the collection of copper in that part worthy of mercantile speculation. The Copper mountains vary in height from one thousand two hundred to one thousand five hundred feet. A party of twenty-one persons, including some of the natives, visited them in search of specimens of the ore. They traveled for nine hours over a considerable space of ground, but found only a few small pieces of native copper. The uniformity of the mountains is interrupted by narrow valleys, traversed by small streams; and the best specimens of metal were found among the stones in these valleys.

The natives of this district are in some respects less barbarous than some of the tribes in this part of America; but their general character is the same. They hold women in the same low estimation as the Chipewyans do, looking upon them as a kind of property, which the stronger may take from the weaker, whenever there is just reason for quarreling, if the parties are of their own nation, or whenever they meet, if the weaker party are Dog-ribs or other strangers. They suffer, however, the kinder affections to show themselves occasionally; they, in general, live happily with their wives: the women are contented with their lot, and we witnessed several instances of strong attachment. Of their kindness to strangers we are fully qualified to speak; their love of property, attention to their interests, and fears for the future, made them occasionally clamorous and unsteady; but their delicate and humane attention to us, in a season of great distress, is indelibly engraven on our memories. Of their notions of a Deity or future state, we never could obtain any satisfactory account; they were unwilling, perhaps, to expose their opinions to the chance of ridicule. Akaitcho (their chief) generally evaded our questions on these points, but expressed a desire to learn from us, and regularly attended divine service during his residence at the fort, behaving with the utmost decorum.' Hence Mr. Franklin concludes, that a well-conducted Christian mission to this quarter would be productive of the happiest effects.

In consequence of those interruptions

of navigation, which were occasioned by the rapids in the Copper-Mine River, the canoes and baggage were dragged over snow and ice, at different portages, for 117 miles; but this labor, and other inconveniences, seemed to be forgotten when the adventurers were gladdened with the sight of the Arctic or Polar Sea. On this ocean they made a coasting voyage to the eastward. No ice appeared, and the islands near the coast were found to be rocky, barren, and of columnar structure. In this direction they proceeded for five days, passing the nights on shore. They then weathered a cape, and turned into an extensive inlet, which they called Coronation Gulf. They spent a considerable period, and encountered no small danger, in exploring its various recesses, from the dilapidated state of their canoes, which were formed of no stronger material than birch bark. At length the risque of famine rendered a return expedient and necessary. They drew towards the head of the gulf, and attempted to ascend the course of a river, which flows into it, on the south-west. They, however, found the stream so confined by precipitous rocks, and so obstructed by rapids, that they relinquished their purpose of proceeding by water; and from the materials of their damaged canoes formed two smaller ones, to cross any stream or lake which might intersect their line of march. They now proceeded in the direction of Point Lake, through a flat and uninteresting country, interspersed with small sheets of water. The difficulty of subsistence was aggravated by the increasing severity of the weather, and they continued to toil onwards, amidst snow and ice, frequently unable to obtain even the comfort of a fire, and obliged to depend on the skill and success of their hunters, in a season and situation alike unpromising. One canoe was broken by a fall, and the other was rendered unserviceable, at the time when it was most needed. They were compelled to allay the cravings of hunger with an unpalatable weed, called Tripe de Roche; even this miserable resource frequently failed, and they were driven to devour the leather of their shoes, the putrid skins of animals, and bones rendered friable by fire. Stopped as they were at the most critical periods of their march, when existence itself seemed to depend on the loss of a single day, by lakes or streams, which they had not the means of passing, subordination ceased—despair succeeded—some sunk under their multiplied calamities; and even those, whose strength and spirits were yet equal to exertion, dragged their weary limbs along rather in fear than in hope. In this extremity, lieutenant Hood, whose zeal and intelligence had been honorably conspicuous, appears to have been shot by Michael, the Iroquois, who is supposed to have been impelled by hunger to murder two of his companions for the sake of feeding on their flesh. At length, the captain, and some of the party, approached their once cheerful abode of Fort Enterprise; but, instead of the supplies on which they had calculated from the Indians, it was found empty and desolate, and they had yet to struggle with famine and misery. The energies of nature were nearly subdued, when they were rescued from a lingering, and seemingly inevitable, fate, by the arrival of Indians with a small supply of provisions. In justice to Akaitcho, it is proper to add, that although, from indolence and thoughtlessness, he had neglected to fulfil his promises, he no sooner heard of their distress, than he hastened to relieve it. When Mr. Franklin and his remaining companions reached York Factory, it was calculated that they had journeyed by water and by land (the navigation of the Polar Sea being included) 5550 miles.

All who are anxious for the safety and success of captain Parry will be pleased with the following observations, which, though not conclusive, are at least plausible. 'Our researches, as far as they have gone, seem to favour the opinion of those who contend for the practicability of a North-West Passage. The general line of coast probably runs east and west, nearly in the latitude assigned to Mackenzie's River, the Sound into which Kotzebue entered, and Repulse Bay; and very little doubt can, in my opinion, be entertained of the existence of a continued sea, in or about that line of direction. The existence of whales too, on this part of the coast, evidenced by the whalebone we found in Esquimaux Cove, may be considered as an argument for an open sea; and a connexion with Hudson's Bay is rendered more probable from the same kind of fish abounding on the coasts we visited, and on those to the north of Churchill River. I allude more particularly to the Capelin or Salmo Arcticus, which we found in large shoals in Bathurst's Inlet, and

which not only abounds, as Augustus told us, in the bays in his country, but swarms in the Greenland firths. The portion of the sea over which we passed is navigable for vessels of any size; the ice we met, particularly after quitting Detention Harbour, would not have arrested a strong boat. The chain of islands affords shelter from all heavy seas, and there are good harbours at convenient distances.'

As the interests of science derived some accession from captain Parry's late voyage, this journey likewise has not been altogether useless in that respect. It not only extends our knowlege of human nature, but affords a variety of observations on geology, astronomy, meteorology, botany, mineralogy, and zoology. The meteorological observations are apparently new; and the important fact of the influence of the Aurora Borealis on the magnetic needle has been demonstrated by lieutenant Hood.

The work is illustrated and embellished with a considerable number of engravings, geographical and miscellaneous. Those which were executed from the designs of the unfortunate lieutenant exhibit the costume of various tribes, and the features of the country both inland and maritime; the view near the mouth of the Copper-Mine River is particularly striking.

INTELLECTUAL WOMEN.

There is reason to believe, that intellectual women are not sufficiently appreciated in society. There are many (says a writer in the *Album*), who, educated as they now are, remain *mediocre* all their lives, who, brought up with more expansion and information of mind, would have become persons of estimable and agreeable, if not distinguished, intellect. Many dull and common-place women would have made clever men. They have gifts sufficient to imbibe and fructify what may be sown in their minds, but not peremptorily to seek and to acquire knowlege without such advantages. Thus it is, that a clever woman is generally pre-eminently so; for it requires additional energy and grasp of mind to call her powers into action. Women of moderate talent sink into women of no talent at all; while it must be something not much short of genius to break through the cramps and trammels of established society. Why is it that the conversation of nine women out of ten, whom we meet in the world, is of so low a pitch? The answer is,—because they are trained from the cradle to think, that seeming as if they knew any thing in the world worth knowing would be masculine, pedantic, or (worse than all) unlike other people. But if the world could be persuaded that information may be free from pedantry, and literature from folly and absurdity; that, as the present mode is, the tenth woman is worth the other nine together; and, above all, if men were to show preference for talents and acquirements, even though these might be found in a woman; then, timid mamas and cautious dowagers would find that ignorance, affectation, and frivolity, would be the singularity, and to be guarded against accordingly.

It may be said that the education of women is now much improved and heightened—that the days are past when raising paste and mending tuckers were the most esteemed of female accomplishments;—but, after all, what is a woman's education, even at present?—She learns French, it is true,—but is she admitted to the stores which the language contains; or are the words used as an engine for expanding her mind, or enlarging her stock of ideas? She learns Italian, that she may warble an opera song;—dancing, that she may display her shape; music, because almost every body does so. But are the treasures of thought, the triumphs of intellect, ever opened to her view? Is she not taught to consider every subject of the least extent, substance, or solidity, as so totally beyond her reach, that 'a woman's reason' has become proverbial for no reason at all?

We shall be told that to call forth and exercise the intellectual powers of women in the same way as is usual with men would render them masculine, and take away from that delicacy which is their greatest charm. If by delicacy be meant that vapid, mawkish sort of deportment which generally passes under the name, we should rejoice at its extermination: but if real delicacy—that is, spotless freedom from grossness in mind and manner—be inferred, we maintain that it is fully compatible with the utmost power and cultivation of the mind.

We agree with those who reprobate every thing coarse or boisterous in a woman; but, if possessing and exerting vigor of mind be masculine, we wish

from our hearts that all the females of our acquaintance were so.

Many men have a jealous and shrinking fear that giving women the same mental exercitations and advantages as their own sex would render their principles less pure and firm—in plain language, their moral conduct more loose. This opinion has very wide operation, and adds in many to that dread and dislike of intellectual women which fear of personal eclipse or competition has originally caused. But we know few opinions more unfounded, or more pernicious. If it be true that knowlege is power, it is still more true that knowlege is virtue. The more the mind is cultivated, the more plainly are the positive inferiorities and disadvantages of vice brought into view, and the direct self-interest of correct conduct becomes more indisputably apparent. Besides, a weak and ignorant woman may be led astray by means and temptations which would prove wholly hurtless to one of higher faculties. Not only are her guardings more numerous and strong, but the weapons of offence against her are fewer and weaker. In this case, also, so many would not be placed in circumstances of danger, and fewer women would possess that degree of folly which now induces so many to marry a fool with a title, or a brute with ten thousand a year. There would be fewer marriages of interest and ambition on the one hand, and of precipitate weakness on the other. There would be more unions of reason and affection. More women would love their husbands, and, consequently, fewer would betray them.

We consider the original difference of the intellectual powers of the two sexes to be very small, while the ultimate and acquired difference is extreme. Women are deemed unfit for this subject, and unfit for the other: they are left totally uninstructed upon them; and then people argue that this very want of knowlege proves the unfitness. If you were to educate a man in the same manner, would not the result be the same? If he should be told that it was absurd and impossible for him to reason and think, and you were to withhold from him all materials for reasoning and thought, would not his deductions be as ridiculous, and his reflections as insignificant, as those of the verriest Miss that ever played on a piano?—and yet would it be a fair conclusion to draw from this, that men have not, and cannot have, minds above the very moderate level of that of the young lady aforesaid?

It may be asked, what is the use or purpose of giving to women this higher mental cultivation? We answer,—to increase their own happiness, and that of the many whose happiness, in so large a share, depends on them. If a woman be so married that her husband is much from her, how much does she need resources to occupy her solitary time—powers to render grateful that home to which her husband returns from the toils of business and exertion? If, from domestic taste, or unambitious disposition, he lives much at home, still more needful are the qualities which give value and charm to daily intercourse, and make us find in the inmates of our homes and hearts a society the most delightful as well as the most constant?

We may also observe, that the first forming of the mind of a child is intrusted to women. Is not this of itself sufficient to render the highest mental powers desirable in them? How many have felt, in the whole course of their subsequent lives, the ill effects of the early training of a foolish mother! It is not every man who can ever entirely free himself from the nonsense dosed into him in childhood; and there are few who can do it at an early period of life. The fable of the thief who bit off his mother's ear is of much more general application than is usually thought. But, if the mother mis-trained the boy, who mis-trained the mother? That is the chief tendency of our argument.

There are two points, however, on which we wish not to be mistaken. The first is, we would not be thought to undervalue or decry the accomplishments which are usually taught to women. We allow, that, where a real taste for drawing or more particularly for music is evinced, it should be cultivated to the utmost. The delight which nearly all derive from listening to sweet sounds is very materially increased by their being breathed by a beautiful or beloved object. But that a girl with neither eye, ear, nor voice, should be tortured into drawing, playing, and singing,—that hours upon hours, every day for years, should be sacrificed to a disliked or indifferent art,—that, in a word, these things should be considered necessaries of education instead of additions to it,—is, we must think, absurd and pernicious.

And, after all, in a person to whom these tastes are not natural, they speedily pass away. The second year after marriage makes many an instrument and voice mute, and causes many a portfolio to be thrown aside, where money, labor, talents, whole years, had been devoted to the acquisition of the accomplishment.

The other point, concerning which we wish to be clearly understood, is, that we would not have any thing we have said construed into admiration of 'the blues,' or those women who *profess* learning and science. As the abuse of a thing will always bring its use into some doubt or discredit, the fopperies, the affectations, the shallowness of the blues, have caused the power and attainments of really intellectual women to be doubted, or, where that could not be, to be decried and ridiculed. But the very existence of this sect goes to support the advantage of the tenets of our creed. If women were more generally well-informed, there would be no place for empty and ignorant pretenders.

It may be objected that our remarks merely tend to prove that talented and well-educated women are preferable to those who are silly and ill-instructed, and that it was not necessary to support by argument a self-evident position. But strange as it may appear, we assert, that scarcely any hypothesis has less practical belief. Will any body deny that a woman who is distinguished for talent or acquirement is always sneered at as a pedant in petticoats? Is she not shrunk from by the men, and scoffed and carped at by the women? Is there not among many men (and not mere foplings) a dread of a clever woman, somewhat similar to that which is felt toward mad dogs and other dangerous animals? And has not a dancing, flirting, frippery woman, with a pretty face, more *succès de société* in a week, than 'an intellectual woman' in her whole lifetime? If these questions cannot be negatived, we trust that we shall not be considered as having discussed a mere truism. We shall conclude with quoting some lines, which serve to embody the different qualities we have been endeavouring to advocate;—

'Her highly-gifted nature shone
In every look, and word, and tone—
In every feature was express'd
Goodness of heart, which she possess'd
Beyond all measure;—in *her* face,
An eye the most unskilled could trace
The brilliant talent—lofty mind—
The strong sound sense, we seldom find
Even in man; while woman's soul
Softened and feminized the whole.'

THE PREACHING OF A POET;

from the third Number of the LIBERAL.

'IT was in January 1798 (says Mr. Hazlitt) that I rose one morning before daylight, to walk ten miles in the mud, and went to hear this celebrated person preach. Never, the longest day I have to live, shall I have such another walk as this cold, raw, comfortless one. *Il y a des impressions que ni le tems ni les circonstances peuvent effacer. Dusse-je vivre des siècles entiers, le doux tems de ma jeunesse ne peut renaitre pour moi, ni s'effacer jamais dans ma mémoire.* When I got there, the organ was playing the 100th psalm, and, when it was done, Mr. Coleridge rose and gave out his text, 'And he went up into the mountain to pray, HIMSELF, ALONE.' As he gave out his text, his voice 'rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes,' and when he came to the two last words, which he pronounced loud, deep, and distinct, it seemed to me, who was then young, as if the sounds had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe. The idea of St. John came into my mind, 'of one crying in the wilderness, who had his loins girt about, and whose food was locusts and wild honey.' The preacher then launched into his subject, like an eagle dallying with the wind. The sermon was on peace and war; on church and state—not their alliance, but their separation—on the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christianity, not as the same, but as opposed to one another. He talked of those who had 'inscribed the cross of Christ on banners dripping with human gore.' He made a poetical and pastoral excursion; and, to show the fatal effects of war, drew a striking contrast between the simple shepherd boy, driving his team afield, or sitting under the hawthorn, piping to his flock, 'as though he should never be old,' and the same poor country-lad, crimped, kidnapped, brought into town, made drunk at an alehouse, turned into a wretched drummer-boy, with his hair sticking on end with powder and pomatum, a long cue at his back, and tricked out in the loathsome finery of the profession of blood.

Such were the notes our once-loved poet sung.

And for myself, I could not have been more delighted if I had heard the music of the spheres. Poetry and Philosophy had met together, Truth and Genius had embraced, under the eye and with the sanction of Religion. This was even beyond my hopes. I returned home well satisfied.

'On the Tuesday following, the half-inspired speaker came. I was called down into the room where he was, and went half-hoping, half-afraid. He received me very graciously, and I listened for a long time without uttering a word. I did not suffer in his opinion by my silence. 'For those two hours,' he afterwards was pleased to say, 'he was conversing with W. H.'s forehead!' His appearance was different from what I had anticipated from seeing him before. At a distance, and in the dim light of the chapel, there was to me a strange wildness in his aspect, a dusky obscurity, and I thought him pitted with the small-pox. His complexion was at that time clear, and even bright—

As are the children of yon azure sheen.

His forehead was broad and high, light as if built of ivory, with large projecting eyebrows, and his eyes rolling beneath them like a sea with darkened lustre. 'A certain tender bloom his face o'erspread,' a purple tinge as we see it in the pale thoughtful complexions of the Spanish portrait-painters, Murillo and Velasquez. His mouth was gross, voluptuous, open, eloquent; his chin good-humored and round; but his nose, the rudder of the face, the index of the will, was small, feeble, nothing—like what he has done. It might seem that the genius of his face as from a height surveyed and projected him (with sufficient capacity and huge aspiration) into the world unknown of thought and imagination, with nothing to support or guide his veering purpose, as if Columbus had launched his adventurous course for the New World in a scallop, without oars or compass. So at least I comment on it after the event.'

MY BIRTH-DAY;

by Mr. Moore.

'My birth-day'—what a different sound
That word had in my youthful ears!
And how, each time the day comes round,
Less and less white its mark appears!
When first our scanty years are told,
It seems like pastime to grow old;
And, as Youth counts the shining links,
That Time around him binds so fast,
Pleased with the task, he little thinks
How hard that chain will press at last.
Vain was the man, and false as vain,
Who said—'were he ordain'd to run
His long career of life again,
He would do all that he *had* done.'—
Ah, 'tis not thus the voice, that dwells
In sober birth-days, speaks to me;
Far otherwise—of time it tells,
Lavish'd unwisely, carelessly—
Of counsel mock'd—of talents, made
Haply for high and pure designs,
But oft, like Israel's incense, laid
Upon unholy, earthly shrines—
Of nursing many a wrong desire—
Of wandering after Love too far,
And taking every meteor fire,
That cross'd my pathway, for his star!
All this it tells, and, could I trace
Th' imperfect picture o'er again,
With pow'r to add, retouch, efface
The lights and shades, the joy and pain,
How little of the past would stay!
How quickly all should melt away—
All—but that Freedom of the Mind,
Which hath been more than wealth to me;
Those friendships, in my boyhood twined,
And kept till now unchangingly;
And that dear home, that saving ark,
Where Love's true light at last I've found,
Cheering within, when all grows dark,
And comfortless, and stormy round!

Fine Arts.

A MINUTE survey of the various exhibitions which are now in full display would exceed our limits: our readers must, therefore, be content with such a succinct concentration of intelligence respecting the fine arts, as will correctly exhibit the most prominent features; but, before we enter upon our survey, it may not be improper to state, that on the 21st instant a considerable number of artists met at the Free Masons' tavern to deliberate upon the expediency of erecting an extensive suite of rooms for the exhibition and sale of the designs of architects, the works of painters, sculptors, and engravers; and that the result of the

meeting was the formation of a society, calculated for the promotion of every branch of the polite arts.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

This institution commenced under favorable auspices, and was encouraged in its progress by the taste and the fostering care of our late sovereign. It has now subsisted for above one half of a century, and in that period our artists appear to have made a considerable proficiency in their various departments. In some of the years of exhibition they have perhaps declined; but, upon the whole, an improvement has been cheerfully witnessed, and readily acknowleged.

As it may be thought that we are in duty bound to begin with the contributions of the president, we first observe, that seven pieces, all of which are portraits, owe their attractions to his pencil. They are not all equally excellent; but all bear the marks of skill and talent. The portrait of the earl of Harewood strongly resembles the original; but some think that the figure stoops too much, and that, as he is not supposed to be in his house, he ought to wear a hat. The beautiful countess of Jersey is delineated with grace and elegance; but the coloring is too gaudy. The archbishop of York has a grand and imposing dress, with an air of conscious dignity bordering on pride; we may add, that he seems to look too old. Mr. Robinson, the new chancellor of the exchequer, must be pleased to see himself so well represented as he here appears; but the portrait of lord Francis Conyngham is more pleasing to many of the spectators. We do not particularly admire the picture of Sir William Knighton. Who the young lady is, to whom the president's seventh portrait refers, we do not know; but the piece is charming and attractive.

Only one picture is exhibited by Mr. Philips; but that possesses great merit. At the first sight it did not greatly please us; but some works of art, like some characters, seem to improve upon acquaintance. The attitude of the illustrious personage represented by the artist is well chosen, being at once commanding and natural. 'This is certainly (says C. M. Westmacott,) a most splendid picture, every way worthy of the great talents of the artist, and the intention of his patrons. It is a full length of the duke of York in his robes of state, with two pages in the back-ground; the disposition of the drapery is excellent, and the coloring of a crimson velvet robe exceeds in effect any thing we have seen. The likeness is powerful, but a little flattering as to age: there is great force and a very happy union of colours, blended with strong effect. It is a noble gallery picture, which will hand down the name of the artist to posterity, and ensure him a wreath of fame as bright and lasting as can grace the brow of the most distinguished of his compeers.' We may add, that the piece is remarkably well finished, not being slighted in any respect. It was executed by the order of the corporation of Liverpool, and will permanently grace the public hall of that town.

There is another portrait of the duke of York, which has also excited great attention. The artist is Mr. Wilkie, who has evidently imitated the manner of Rembrandt. The duke is supposed to be employed in reading, although he probably reads very little. The reflection from the paper in his hand to the face is correct, but not so striking as it might have been rendered.

Seven portraits are displayed by Sir William Beechey; and that they are ably delineated no one will doubt. His best production, in our opinion, is that which represents a lady and her child. The light and shade are finely contrasted: a freedom of style and an elegant simplicity are happily united. Tutored in the paternal school, young Beechey has also produced two portraits which reflect credit upon his talents.

Mr. Lonsdale makes a distinguished figure on this occasion. His portrait of the duke of Sussex is admirable both for fidelity and skill: that of Sir Alexander Grant impressively reminds us of a veteran Highland chieftain; and that of Mr. Hofland bears a strong resemblance to the ingenious artist whom it represents. Mr. Shee's portrait of Mr. C. Tooke seems almost to be 'instinct with life.' Sir Henry Raeburn's pieces are elegant and spirited. Mr. Pickersgill's representation of judge Best is not very happy; but his *Improvisatrice*, which, though a fancy subject, is a single head, is well conceived, and ably conducted to the striking effect which the artist intended. Mr. Jackson has produced five portraits, which do not detract from his established reputation.

Although the exhibition, as usual

abounds in portraits, works of more general attraction are still admired and encouraged. Among these, the Solar System of Mr. Howard stands conspicuous, if not foremost. It embodies 'the wandering fires that move in mystic dance not without song;' and it illustrates this fine passage of Milton:

'Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light.'

It is indeed a brilliant and captivating composition, abounding in the most elegant attractions. The situations of the different planets are allegorically represented in the most fascinating forms: an airy gracefulness shines through the whole circle, and great beauty of expression recommends the female personages to a repeated view. The piece is in a manner pregnant with poetical feelings: it is rich in the brightest materials of art, and glows with every charm that can lend a grace to the pencil. The same artist exhibits four portraits, but they sink into insipidity when compared with this striking specimen of art.

The veteran Fuseli has favored the public with only one piece, and it is much more calculated to please the judicious admirers of art than the grotesque performances which have sometimes proceeded from his eccentric pencil. It bears the title of the Dawn, and displays the figure of a young man reclined on a bank, preparing to witness the return of day. The drawing is apparently correct, and the light is well managed.

There are few pictures purely historical in the collection; and those which appear in that class are not of the first order. Mr. Allan's production, however, claims distinct notice, and is entitled to some degree of praise. The subject is thus stated:—'John Knox admonishing Mary queen of Scots on the day when her intention to marry Darnley had been made public.' The figure of the reformer is well drawn, as is also that of the queen; but both countenances are deficient in expression. The apartment, and its appendages and furniture, are well painted; the Gothic back-ground harmonises with the general tone of the picture, and in coloring and silvery effect the artist has been particularly fortunate. Mr. Cooper's Defence of Colchester is an animated piece, and he re-enforces the truth of history by delineating the chief characters from original paintings.

'Christ crowned with Thorns,' by Mr. Westall, may be thought deserving both of censure and praise. The prominent personage is a stiff, straight, and formal figure, and not very accurately drawn: in every respect the artist ought to have made this part of his subject as perfect as all his art and judgment could have rendered it. The Centurion is represented with more effective skill, and various beauties are interspersed. Of the Rose and Lily, by the same academician, we cannot refrain from speaking in high terms; the late Mr. Christie would have called it 'a gem of the first water.'

Milton's Masque of Comus has furnished Mr. Hilton with a fine subject, which he has rendered particularly attractive. A critic, who is sometimes very severe, is so enraptured with this piece, as to affirm that the principal figure, a Bacchanalian, is fully equal to the most florid effort of the mighty pencil of Rubens. It may fairly challenge all competition in the British school; nor has it to fear comparisons with any foreign productions: it abounds with all the true poetic feeling of genius, brightened by refinement; is as finely conceived as it is correctly drawn, and has the true harmony of keeping. There is throughout a richly captivating glow, that charms and delights the observer; while the eye, ravished with the scene, is lost in wonder and admiration.' The lady is stationed in the enchanted chair; her attitude and expression are well conceived; and a powerful and pleasing breadth of light is diffused over her.

From the Winter's Tale Mr. Thomson has borrowed an incident, which he has wrought into a capital picture, entitled 'the Child exposed by Antigonus on the Sea-shore, found by the Shepherd.' The story is well told, and the composition skilfully arranged. The infant is beautifully delineated, both as to drawing and color. The old shepherd lifting up the rich embroidered mantle affords a fine contrast to the sleeping child. The interest also is not a little heightened by the attitude of the astonished boy at the old man's prize. This seems to be one of the chief attractions in the present exhibition.

The dramatic representations of Clint are forcible, and even masterly. In one piece he has given good likenesses of three *amateurs*, enacting Brutus, Cassius, and Mark Antony; while the other is a scene from the Spoiled Child, in which Tayleure, Mrs. Harlowe, and Clara Fisher,

are exhibited with great truth and humour. Singleton has one theatrical subject; but it is of a fanciful nature, being a representation of Bottom and Titania. He curiously varies his subjects, having made a transition from the Holy Family to Homer and Mr. Bond.

Mr. Wilkie has distinguished himself by an admirable picture, of which he took the idea from Burn's Justice: 'An officer giveth sufficient notice what he is, when he sayeth to the party, I arrest you in the king's name; and in such case the party at their peril ought to obey him.' Hence the piece is entitled the Parish Beadle. Some of his former pictures would appear tame and flat by the side of this. Whether we refer to the silvery tones of the lights, or the rich deep tints of the shadows, or what is technically termed the *handling*, we must pronounce it one of his finest specimens as to general execution. In the story, however, he has not been so successful. The boy, in the grasp of the beadle, appears the only one taken into custody. If we may judge from the groupe, he was the last to need coercion; nor is it clear whether the whole party be in custody or not. This we think a fault. Incidents of common or low life should always be so represented as not to require a catalogue to explain them.

A picture of a different complexion does not detract from Mr. Wilkie's reputation. We allude to a 'Study in Chalk, or Portrait of a Gentleman in the Dress of a Dutch Farmer;' a sketch which has been thus justly characterised: 'Among the varieties of the antique academy, this drawing is highly conspicuous for the spirit of its execution, but still more for the character and stamp of truth it so eminently possesses. We scarcely know whether more to compliment the painter on his talents, or the gentleman on his personation: he not only looks, but stands the character. Touches of nature like this are worth all the finish that labor can produce without them.'

We are sorry that Mr. Stephanoff and Mr. Bigg have been so sparing in their contributions, each having furnished only one piece. Their domestic subjects are well chosen, and executed in a pleasing, if not always masterly manner. The Reconciliation, by the former, refers to the offence given by an eloping daughter to her father, who is soon disposed to forgive her. Mr. Bigg's Village Coal-merchant is less interesting; but the figures are happily grouped.

The landscapes are numerous, and some are excellent. One of a classical description, by Mr. Turner, seems to claim the pre-eminence, although it is censured for bad coloring, and a want of adherence to nature. It is a view of the 'Bay of Baiæ, with Apollo and the Sybil' [Sibyl]. The conception is grand, and the display is magnificent.

Mr. Collins has depicted a mountainous scene in Cumberland, and a fish auction on the Devonshire coast, with his usual excellence. In the rural district, the peneiling of all the *minutiæ* in the foreground, the manner of varying the light, and the grouping of the figures, may justly be admired. In the other picture, where the dropping of a stone is substituted for the auctioneer's hammer, each head is a finished miniature of natural expression, and the bay and points of land are skilfully touched.

In the representation of a market-day at Rotterdam, we perceive the taste and spirit of Calcott. It is, indeed, a brilliant gem, yet not altogether faultless. The buildings partake too much of the horizon-tint, and there is a great want of shadow; but there is still room for admiration.

A view of the cathedral of Salisbury from the bishop's grounds, a study of trees and a cottage, are pleasing specimens of Mr. Constable's talents. Mr. Hofland's Cavern of the Peak also deserves very favorable mention. The coloring is good, the drawing unexceptionable; and nature is closely followed. His view of Ulles-water is beautiful; the moon-light scene near Bolton Priory is soft, mellow, and natural; and not only Cockneys, but much better judges, admire his survey of London, taken from One-tree Hill, Greenwich.

As other exhibitions call for our notice, we must reserve for our next number the conclusion of our remarks on the grand display of the Royal Academy.

Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-Colors.—This exhibition evidently increases both in variety and in beauty. Some men of great talent belong to the association, and there seems to be a strong spirit of emulation among the members, which cannot fail to be productive of good effects in the improvement of pictorial art.

The first piece which we shall notice

(but we do not say that it is the best) is styled, 'the Ceremony of the Recognition at the Coronation of George IV.' It is the joint production of Stephanoff and Pugin; it is splendid in color, well arranged, and affords a good idea of the imposing ceremony and the fine appearance of the ornamented abbey. Mr. Mackenzie has also given, though on a very small scale, a view of the coronation; and the perspective strikingly exhibits a magnificent vista, with all its venerable Gothic accompaniments.

The Tomb of Thomson, by Mr. Varley, is a beautiful garden scene, taken from the seat of the earl of Shaftesbury, at Richmond, where the poet had a garden and a bower, in which he passed many of his happiest hours. This choice of a subject is honorable to the feelings of the artist, and he has treated it with a due poetic sense of the elegant sequestration and natural beauties of the spot. The view of Harlech Castle, and other romantic or picturesque scenes delineated by Mr. Varley, are additional proofs of his taste and skill. The views of castles by the secretary (Mr. Copley Fielding) prove the power of this industrious and highly-gifted artist, in the display of those scenes which call for the labor of the architectural painter, united with that of landscape. He has, indeed, given us views of every description, and all with as much truth and beauty as facility. The lakes of Cumberland in their various elemental effects, the sea shore, the Welsh mountains frowning in magnificence, and the valleys smiling in fertility, are alike displayed with great effect by his practised pencil.

A scene near Newnham, by Mr. Turner, is a fine picture, of an old shepherd watching his flock at sun-rise, 'whose rising makes their fleeces gold.' 'The West Front of the Cathedral at Rheims' is excellent. This is one of a class of pictures, of which there are many in the exhibition, by Mr. C. Wild, taken chiefly from churches on the continent, affording an ample field for contemplating the beauties of ancient ecclesiastical architecture; but the principal work of this artist is the 'Chapel of the Virgin in the Church of the Jesuits at Antwerp;' it is beautifully chaste, and leaves a high opinion of the transcendent talents of its author. Above the altar is introduced a copy of the celebrated Assumption of the Virgin in the cathedral of Antwerp, that subject, painted by Rubens, having originally adorned this chapel. A view of Rouen Cathedral, by S. Prout, is an excellent and correct performance; and 'Receiving Ships at Portsmouth' is very good, and is, perhaps, one of his best pictures. Most of the productions of this gentleman are marked 'sold,' as are many others in the exhibition,--a strong proof that the art of painting in this line is not destitute of patronage. A view of Charing Cross, by C. Moore, is a good picture, and gives an accurate view of the surrounding buildings; but the drove of oxen might well have been omitted.

'A Picture of Youth, or the School in an Uproar,' is humorous, and ably delineated. The countenances of the boys are very expressive, and the whole is highly creditable to the artist, Mr. Richter. 'The Evening Gun,' by J. Wichelo, is a very pleasing performance; and 'Solitude, a scene in the interior range of the Grampian Mountains,' by G. F. Robson, is charmingly pourtrayed, and will command general admiration. Miss Barret's 'Luncheon' is pretty to the eye, and would be very inviting to the taste, if the refreshments which are seemingly offered were real.

'Boats on the Thames,' and some other pictures in this gallery, advantageously display the talents of Mr. Cox, of Hereford, as a painter of aquatic scenes; but his most prominent picture is 'the Embarkation of the King at Greenwich.' In this piece we not only observe a manifestation of his general merits, but a richness of coloring, a vigor and comprehensiveness in delineation, and a character of splendor and vivacity, admirably suited to the subject.

The British Institution.—This gallery is enriched with many fine pictures, which were not exhibited in the last year. Great pains have been taken by the directors to procure a numerous collection of the works of sir Joshua Reynolds, and they have been so fortunate as to obtain sixty-four, among which are many of his best productions. While we lament the apparent contrast between those of the old masters, uninjured by time, and the decaying tints of that celebrated artist, we are pleased with an opportunity of tracing his progress from youth to maturity, and to the full blaze of his fame. Indeed, the general effect of this concentration of his talent is enchanting. Among the pieces added to the last collection, we find his portrait of the present

king (when prince of Wales) standing by the side of his charger, an admirable head of an old man (a study from Ugolino), the sleeping and laughing girls, infancy, &c.

Among the Italian paintings we are desired to believe that we behold the 'Liberality and Modesty' of Guido; but it is the opinion of good judges that the exhibited piece is only a copy. The picture that seems to attract more than any other is the Flora of Leonardo da Vinci: it is sweet in its conception, accurate in the drawing, and mellow in the coloring. There is also a fine specimen of the talents of Claude, in which a breadth of effect is united with a minuteness of detail. Among the Flemish pictures we observe two beauties from the pencil of Rubens,—the Salutation, and Hippolytus thrown from his Car.

Mr. Glover's Exhibition.—To this collection about thirty pieces have been recently added, tending to increase the celebrity of this artist. Three views of Byland Abbey are very pleasing, as are also two of the monastery of Rivaulx; and a cattle piece is remarkably natural and correct. Scenes well chosen, a beautiful sky, trees admirably drawn, glowing with light or finely shadowed, and appropriate figures, form the character of this gentleman's landscapes. He has procured the co-operation of Mr. Price, a promising youth, who has delineated Wast-Water, in Westmoreland (a difficult subject), with tasteful effect, and has illuminated the middle of the scene with a gleam of sunshine, artfully managed. A son of the ingenious exhibitor has also produced some pieces not destitute of merit.

Music.

Monthly Report.—The public attention was not so strongly excited by the annunciation of the first concert of the new academy as the directorial committee expected. His majesty would probably have attended the performance, if he had not been indisposed. It was not on that account postponed, but took place at the Opera-house, on the 24th of April, under auspices seemingly favorable, if we may judge from the number and respectability of the audience. Selections from the oratorio of Palestine formed the first part of the entertainment; the second and third acts were miscellaneous, being supplied from the stores of Mozart, Rossini, Beethoven, &c. The quartetto, 'Lo star-led Chiefs,' was the best specimen of the first part; and Rossini's fine quartetto, *Cielo! il mio labbro* (with Camporese and De Begnis) was perhaps the most delightful gratification which the whole evening produced, though it was difficult to decide against the beautiful trio *Cruda sorte*. Mozart's *Sul Aria* was also given by Miss Paton and Miss M. Tree; but the retiring modesty of the latter performer seemed to be almost overpowered by the *gusto* of her companion, who, we think, would do well to study Mozart's music thoroughly, ere she ventures to elaborate, with all her might, such a beautifully simple pastoral. Mrs. Salmon also deserves a gentle hint. She neither arrived in time, sang in time, nor remained in the house a sufficient time to finish her allotted part. The gentlemen-singers, however, did their duty, and were all effective. The instrumental department was also very ably sustained; and, if this concert is to be taken as a specimen of what may be expected from the new institution, many will be inclined to think that it may prove a beneficial establishment; but we cannot judge properly before we witness the proficiency of the pupils.

The other public concerts which have lately amused the idle and the opulent have not exhibited any particular features: we shall therefore proceed to take brief notice of the musical publications.

Kelvin Grove, recently introduced and sung by Braham, in the opera of Guy Mannering, is a Scotish melody, lively and pleasing, and has been arranged for the Harmonicon with new symphonies and accompaniments, which are not destitute of elegant simplicity.

A grand March for the Piano-Forte, by Mrs. Fitzwilliam, late Miss Copeland, proves that this lady adds the skill of a composer to her theatrical talents. The key in which it is written is one of superior sweetness, when the instrument is

well tuned; but, as that is not always the case, many would prefer a different key.

The Vocalist, or the Rudiments of Solfeggio, in Eighty Practical Lessons, by John Parry, may be recommended as a good miscellany for the use of learners. The bass accompaniments, with which the lessons are invested, may be deemed unnecessary by those who are of opinion that a simple chord would keep the pupil's attention more closely fixed upon the note which he is required to pronounce and sustain; but this objection does not seriously detract from the value of the work.

In *the London Collection of Glees, Duets, and Catches,* edited by Mr. Parry, we find the established compositions of the old masters, associated with popular compositions of a recent date: the selection is judicious, and the arrangement appears to be unobjectionable.

Sento fra Palpiti, arranged as a duet for the harp and piano-forte by G. G. Ferrari, will neither increase nor diminish the reputation of that composer. The part which refers to the harp is written with propriety; but the performance has no striking traits of power or elegance.

A Favorite Theme, with variations for the flute, &c. by T. Berbiguier, will please the amateurs of flute music. The composer has added a well-harmonised piano-forte accompaniment; and the whole indicates taste and science.

Mayseder's celebrated *Polonoise,* although it was arranged expressly for the violin, has been adapted as a flute solo, with a piano-forte accompaniment, by Mr. Nicholson, but not with such accuracy or skill as might have been expected from that able performer.

The Melodies of Various Nations, with symphonies and accompaniments, by Mr. Bishop, will, we predict, become a popular work. The poetry is furnished by Mr. Bayly, who has proved himself to be not unqualified for the task. In the first number twelve melodies are given, which, while they possess various degrees of merit, are marked by some trait of sweetness or sensibility, that will render the whole very acceptable. 'To those (says a musical journalist) who are not so familiar as persons of science or sentiment should be with the exact beauty of Mr. Bishop's style, we recommend an examination of his symphony at page 14, every bar of which displays the master. The arrangement of the Italian subject, page 28, is a perfect *bonbonnière;* the Bohemian air, '*Can we banish the past,*' is highly interesting; and page 63, with its sequel, bears conclusive testimony to all the grace and power we have ascribed.'

A Man to my Mind, a ballad by W. H. Cutler, is one of those spirited trifles, which meaning and elegance are sure to render agreeable, even though deprived of the advantages resulting from the situation for which it was composed. We learn from the title-page, that Mrs. Fitzwilliam introduced it at Drury-lane Theatre; and, in the hands of that lively young actress, no portion of gaiety or humor can possibly be lost. Mr. Cutler has here achieved a difficult mixture of the comic and the graceful; and we shall be glad to see his talents more extensively employed.

The same composer has favored the public with another ballad, the *Rose and the Myrtle,* which is tasteful and pleasing.

A Grand Duet Concertante for the Harp and Piano-Forte bears the name of Mr. Bochsa; but it appears that he is only entitled to the merit of the harp part, while Mr. Potter supplies the other moiety of the publication. There is no doubt of his being a skilful harmonist; but this piece does not afford a striking specimen of his talents.

Six Fantasias on favorite Airs, for the Piano-Forte and Violoncello, by G. H. Caunter, serve only to show, what few will deny, that the productions of mere amateurs are inferior to the compositions of professional men.

Other Eyes may be as bright, and *Oh, there are Blisses in Love,* by Mr. Reeve, may be admired by the partial friends of that composer; but we think that good judges will not honor them with approbation.

Drama.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

No very important novelty has lately appeared at this house, so as to fill it to an overflow. The last opera, although it is occasionally repeated, does not excite strong interest; and a more effective piece is required. In the mean time, *Otello* (as the Italians call it) has been revived, and, in some of its characters, admirably performed. Signor Garcia, in particular, represented the jealous Moor with the finest effect. In the opening scene with Rodrigo, he exhibited great taste and delicacy of execution; and his acting and singing in the last scene of the first act were also inimitably fine. It is scarcely necessary to say that the Desdemona of Madame Camporese was of the first order. Her expressive countenance charmed us in the beautiful solo and chorus, *Che smania! aimè, che affano!* and her minor air in the chamber, accompanied by the harp, was exquisitely given. Signora Caradori performed the part of Emilia with spirit, and her singing was delightful; and Rodrigo found an able representative in Curioni.

A new ballet, entitled *Aline*, has been produced under the direction of M. Aumer. It is founded on a French tale, in which a lover meets his mistress in several situations, as a peasant, as a lady of fashion in Paris, and as queen of Golconda. The dances are well executed, and the change of scene is favorable to this species of representation. The piece is tasteful, and pleasingly varied, and the story happily introduces the dances.

In consequence of the secession of the elegant Mercandotti, whom her opulent husband will not suffer to appear on a public theatre, Madame Anatole now figures as the heroine of ballets. In spirit, expression, and agility of movement, she equals her fair friend, to whom, however, she is inferior in point of grace.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

The late revival of the *Travellers, or Music's Fascination*, brought forth the strength of the company in a very pleasing manner. Braham and Miss Stephens, perhaps, never sang better; and although there is little merit in the piece itself, the acting was in some parts excellent. The scenery and accompaniments of the Chinese Sorcerer were transferred to this opera with that striking effect which enhanced, in the opinion of many, the charms of vocalism.

A farce with a most absurd title has been unsuccessful. It was called *8l. 10s. 1d. if quite convenient*. The chief drollery arose from the very frequent appearance of a troublesome tailor to the prodigal hero of the piece, with a demand for the speedy payment of his bill. Even the rich humor of Liston could not secure the piece from that condemnation which it merited.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

An opera of considerable merit has lately filled this house. It bears the appellation of *Clari, or the Maid of Milan*. The principal characters are personated by Abbot, Fawcett, Pearman, Miss M. Tree, and Mrs. Vining. The plot is borrowed from Marmontel's Laurette: it is well conceived and judiciously arranged, and is thus distributed through the three acts of which the piece consists. The first scene is a lady's dressing-room in the ducal palace, to which Clari has been conveyed. She is represented as reposing in an adjoining apartment, while the servants, who are preparing for her waking, are anxiously desirous of knowing who she can be, and why the duke so suddenly and so mysteriously brought her into his palace. This scene, in its conception and execution, reminded us of the introduction of Amy Robsart, in the novel of Kenilworth. It is followed by the representation of a short play, which the duke has ordered to amuse her, and which, by some chance, represents in its story the incidents which had occurred to herself. The scene in this secondary play, the village of Vevay, in Switzerland, is beautiful. The act ends with this play, and with the impression it produces upon Clari. In the second act, the duke eludes his promise to marry her; and, in the following scene, she makes her escape from his mansion. The third act opens with the village wedding of one of Clari's friends: her own fate approaches to a crisis; she

returns to her paternal habitation, and is followed by the duke, who offers marriage. She is reconciled to her parents, and united, like Pamela, to the lover who would have seduced her, if her virtue had not resisted all his solicitations. Her innocence imparts to the story that delicacy which the French tale does not possess, and augments the interest of the play. Miss Tree, the heroine, sang very agreeably on this occasion, and Fawcett, her supposed father, was interestingly pathetic in the scene of reconciliation.

Among the well-attended benefits we may reckon those of Miss Paton and Miss M. Tree. The former lady brought forward, in the character of Letitia Hardy, her younger sister, who acted with some indication of talent, but seemed to be rather too foolish in her temporary assumption of idiotism. One of the sisters of Miss Tree attempted the part of Olivia, and was not altogether unsuccessful; and a still younger sister represented the page, in the Marriage of Figaro, with great animation and vivacity, and with a good conception of the character.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

BALL DRESS.

DRESS of blush-colored *crêpe lise*, ornamented with rouleaux of satin, forming a kind of flounce in open squares; between each square is a puffing of crape; the whole surmounted with a full rouleau of satin, over which are placed, alternately, bouquets of white roses, and of Catalonian jessamine. The corsage trimmed in a kind of treillage-work, to answer the border. The sleeves short and full; and the hair surmounted by a wreath of roses. Pearl ear-pendants and necklace, formed of two rows of pearls, twisted, and fastened in front with a large ruby: gold chain, with convent cross of pearls depending.

WALKING DRESS.

Pelisse of etherial-blue *gros de Naples*, trimmed down the bust and front of the skirt with rouleaux of satin, forming a herring-bone, and terminating at each outward point by elegantly wrought drop buttons; a full rouleau of *gros de Naples* at the border of the dress next the hem. Frill of Urling's patent lace. Robinette hat of white satin, trimmed with broad figured riband; a lace cornette under the hat. Blue kid half-boots, and jonquil kid gloves.

For the above fashionable dresses, we are indebted to the taste of Miss Pierrepoint, Edward-street, Portman-square.

MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

The ladies of Great Britain, to whom we, in particular, dedicate this work, have long shone pre-eminent for the taste and elegance displayed in their attire; and as London now is thronged with those who rank high in fashionable life, we present them from such sources the following detail of the various changes that have taken place in the metropolis since last month.

The spencers and pelisses worn for the promenade, are of *gros de Naples*, and are very slightly trimmed, either in the *chevron* or herring-bone style, as represented in our engraving of a walking dress: when the herring-bone kind of trimming prevails, it is more rich and fanciful than the other. Cloaks or mantles of figured *gros de Naples* are much used for carriage costume; but the hoods have vanished, and the cloak has three large capes, richly trimmed at the edges, with a pagoda falling collar of the same material: the rest of the cloak is only ornamented by a very narrow binding of satin. The spencers are made with a French collar, and the mancherons are shaped like a half melon; the bust is trimmed across with rouleaux of satin entwined with narrow beading,



Walking Dress.

Invented by Miss Pierpoint & engraved for the Lady's Mag.



Ball Dress

[illegible] engraved for the Lady's Magazine [illegible]

and these rouleaux supply the place of brandenburgs.

The bonnets are of a becoming shape, but they mark two extremes: some are remarkably short at the ears; others wrap over, till they meet almost under the chin; but the shape of this last is becoming, notwithstanding; it is generally of straw or Leghorn, and well calculated for a walking head covering: for Hyde-park, morning exhibitions, and public walks, the Robinette hat is the last novelty that has been introduced. Feathers are yet more worn on hats and bonnets than flowers; they are chiefly those of the vulture, or else round ostrich feathers; the latter are placed drooping over the left side: some white crape hats have, however, been seen in carriages, with a light and simple wreath of flowers round the crown: many straw and chip bonnets are trimmed at the edges with two rows of gossamer gauze laid on in bias, the same as they were seen last autumn: the open straw bonnets are not very general, unless the weather is mild, without being too sunny; they are then numerous; but they seem to be preferred as a carriage bonnet, when lined with white satin, and ornamented with a plume of white feathers, with colored tips: some of these open bonnets are of the most beautiful workmanship, and elegant patterns.

Never was there more diversity seen than there is at present in the trimming of gowns: we hope that ladies will continue the very light and appropriate trimmings, now so much the prevailing mode; yet we are sorry to say, that some ladies, very eminent for fashion, have introduced a few heavy antique ornaments at the borders of their dresses. Colored muslins, either plain or beautifully printed, seem more in favor for morning dress than white; though white is partially worn, and never will be out of fashion. The trimmings on these gowns consist of rows of trpile flounces, very narrow, falling over each other, and placed at equal distances; the mancherons on the sleeves consisting of plaitings to correspond with the skirt, and the body made in the drawn frock style, confined across by bands of embroidered muslin. Trimmings on silk gowns, which are much in favor for half dress, are formed of rouleaux, rosettes, wheat-sheaves, representations of sea-weed, and festooned flounces of gauze or Italian crape; the bust, if the dress is made high, is ornamented *en chevrons*. Ball dresses are of white net over white satin; the border enriched with puckerings and wavings of satin: when flowers are used as ornaments on ball dresses, they are scattered very sparingly; but satin ornaments, blond, and colored gauze, are much more prevalent in trimmings.

The hair in full dress is much elevated on the crown of the head; rainbow-gauze drawn through the hair, and a splendid diadem comb placed backward, is much admired for an evening party head-dress. Dress hats are of colored gauze, surmounted by plumes of white marabouts, tipped with the color of the hat. Turbans with one long white feather, waving over the front, are favorite head-dresses for matronly ladies; they are in the Moorish style, and are enriched with pearls. At the Opera, colored gauze Spanish hats, and black with white feathers, are the most distinguished head-dresses; the feathers are very long, and are tipped with rose-color, blue, lilac, in short, with every color that can be imagined. The cornettes for morning dress are of fine lace, and are beautifully simple and becoming as to shape.

The favorite colors for bonnets are mignonette blossom-color, lemon-color, and celestial blue. For gowns, Esterhazy, silver-grey, slate purple, and tea-color; the same colors, with the addition of mignonette leaf-green, are the favorites for spencers and pelisses.

Turbans and ribands, when colored, are chiefly jonquil, lavender, pink, and celestial blue.

MODES PARISIENNES.

The departures for the country seats of the wealthy Parisians are now beginning to take place: some are already gone to Sceaux, others to St. Cloud; but these take care to inform themselves every week of the newest fashions that take place in the French capital.

In the public promenades, the shawl is twisted round the form in elegant drapery; but especial care is taken not to conceal the Maltese collar, or in any way to derange the triple ruff of well-stiffened *gauffrée* gauze. Mantles are still worn when the weather is at all chilly; they are, however, of a light and elegant make, and are of Barége silk. Spencers are likely to be very prevalent this summer; they are of levantine or

satin, and are ornamented in front with *languettes.*

Yellow gauze hats are displayed in the public promenades, and in carriages; they are generally bordered with blond: rouleaux of the same material as the hat are used as ornaments, and make a kind of mosaic work, interspersed with flowers: the flowers are honey-suckles, laurel in blossom, or Cape-heath. Crape hats are ornamented with plaited straw, and have two or three pine-apples embroidered on the crape in open work; the stalk and leaves are green, and the fruit straw-colored. White chip hats and bonnets, placed very much on one side, are likely to continue long in favor: the crown is composed of long pieces sewed together, which are placed in a vertical direction; between each of these are two bindings of different colors: a branch of the chestnut-blossom is the prevailing ornament on these bonnets.

Chequered Barêge silks are very fashionable: these are called the Ipsiboe Barêge; the ground is green, with large yellow chequers. The walking dresses are made with five small plaits from each shoulder to the belt, and these brought together form a V, the point of which is concealed by the belt. Evening dresses are made of black lace, the body like that of a drawn frock; it is worn over white satin; it is simply ornamented with a white blond tucker that draws modestly over the neck. A rose-colored crape dress, trimmed with rouleaux of satin, is much admired as a concert costume. At the opening of the ball at Sceaux, a very pretty rural nymph had over her ball dress a little apron of Barêge silk, of a plaid pattern.

The hair elegantly arranged, with a small wreath of flowers and leaves in gold, is much admired as a ball head-dress for young persons. Turbans of Elodia-blue, sprinkled with silver, are frequently seen on the heads of married ladies at dress parties; and dress hats of white satin, ornamented with wreaths of satin foliage. Ornamental combs and Glauvina pins are favorite head-ornaments at balls. Small caps, simply ornamented, are more worn in undress than cornettes.

Gold and polished steel, with the exception of rubies in full dress, are the favorite ornaments in jewellery.

The new reticules are shaped like a book, and hang to the wrist or fingers by little cordons twisted, of raw silk.

The favorite colors for ribands are lilac, rose-color, yellow, and celestial blue. For hats, bonnets, and spencers, lavender, auricula-brown, American green, and marshmallow blossom-color. For colored turbans, straw-color, pink, and celestial blue.

ADDRESS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank *Jack Sketch* for his communication respecting the fine arts; but we do not think that a survey of Castle-Howard, or of other mansions which he proposes to examine, would be generally interesting.

A writer relates the adventures of a Giant with *white Blood:* but we should suppose that giants have red blood as well as dwarfs. Some animals are termed *white-blooded* by naturalists; but, in the human species, that is a symptom of declining health.

The application of Mr. E. P. for a *certain place* is ill-timed, as no vacancy has occurred.

If Stella would attend more to the dictates of common sense, as well as to the rules of composition, she might write a better Essay than that which we have received from her.

The poetical (we ought rather to say, *metrical*) pieces, lately sent by G. M. and Eliza Barker, cannot justly be deemed worthy of admission.

Juvenis is too young to be capable of writing for the public.

Errata. Page 256, near the end,—after *regard,* read *now* for *how,* also *now* before *accusing,* and after *her* and *feet.*

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REMARKS ON THE PLEASURE DERIVABLE FROM LETTERS.

THERE are few persons, even in this cold-hearted age, who have not experienced a thrill of delight at the sound of a postman's knock; for, though they may be untroubled with the tender affections, the sympathies of friendship, or the anxieties of love, they cannot fail to be interested about letters of business. In a commercial city, the eager faces that watch for the arrival of the mail are an amusing study, and an ingenious modern artist has drawn from the post-office a subject for a very pleasing picture. But, as it would be impossible to say any thing new upon a topic which has formed a theme for the panegyric of numerous writers from the elegant Pope to the mercantile clerk, who employs a spare quarter of an hour in lauding that excellent institution which 'speeds the soft intercourse from soul to soul,' our present essay is confined to such letters as pass through the medium of the press, and are entirely independent of the hot and cold effusions of caprice, which can raise us to the altitude of delight, or plunge us into the depth of despair; which are perused with eager joy, and cherished until the folds are ragged and the ink turned yellow, but frequently lead to such disappointment, that, as we sicken at the hollowness and insincerity of the writer, or laugh at the pretended indissolubility of the tie which the merest trifle has dissolved, we throw the once-valued correspondence into the fire, and turn calmly away from the *auto da fé*, wherein blaze the protestations and professions which have been to us like the cordial drop that makes the bitter draught of life go down—insolent defiances which have irritated us to madness, and treaties whereon we thought the whole happiness of our existence depended. It is not thus with letters which are emblazoned in print; they never fatigue, never grow 'stale, flat, and unprofitable:' every thing that relates to an age which has passed is interesting; we are eager to become acquainted with the hearts of men whose names are familiar in the page of history, and this knowlege is scarcely to be obtained except by a perusal of their correspondence, or (what is equally pleasant) biography written by themselves, or by such indefatigable collectors as Boswell. Great authors, who compose learned histories, disdain to enliven their works with private anecdotes of political characters; and, therefore, if we wish to be really entertained, we must consult their authorities, and the sources whence they drew those descriptions of persons, which, though very fine and very true, make not half so deep an impression upon the mind, as traits gathered from their own letters, or those of their contemporaries. How is the curiosity raised, and balked, by a reference to such and such papers, which to us may be a sealed book, shut up a hundred miles off in the British Museum, or the Bodleian, guarded by grim dragons of librarians, and only to be approached by passports as difficult of attainment as the seal of Solomon. We are forced to be content

with the bits and scraps doled out to us by the few who have obtained access to these hidden treasures, though they satisfy the cravings of literary appetite as little as abridgements of travels and beauties of poets, wherein you are at the mercy of an editor, who generally contrives to omit the best parts. Still there is a vast quantity of very entertaining information extant to reward the diligent reader, though we cannot penetrate quite so far back as we could wish. What a pity it is that writing did not become a fashionable accomplishment before the reign of Henry the Eighth, and that Jane Shore's expertness at her pen was a matter of astonishment to sir Thomas More, or that she and the lady Elizabeth, afterwards queen of Edward the Fourth, whose well-known diary gives such a striking picture of the manners of the times, did not transmit to posterity, in their letters from town to their friends in the country, such a detail of London news as would have cleared up all Walpole's historic doubts, and told us whether Rivers, Vaughan, and Grey, were justly executed as the leaders of a faction, or the innocent victims of a cruel usurper. We must ever regret that we cannot be well acquainted with the court gossip of the early reigns as we are with those of Elizabeth and her successors. What pleasure and information, for instance, might be derived from the letters of Margaret, countess of Richmond, whose good sense occasionally shone through the gloom of superstition, and whose wisdom did not disgrace the court of her politic son, the fortunate antagonist of Richard the Third! But her bigotry taught her to pray almost perpetually, and to hear a succession of masses, when her religious duties might have been performed in a manner equally acceptable to the Deity, amidst a proper attention to temporal cares and secular pursuits. Yet even her devotional zeal did not inspire her with a cheerful hope of Heaven; for, at her numerous confessions, 'such floods of tears issued forth out of her eyes,' that, had not bishop Fisher, when he tells the story at her funeral sermon, informed us of her piety and her charitable deeds, we must have concluded that she was the most desperate sinner of the age. Without participating in that indiscriminate hatred of crowned heads, in which the writers of our republican school love to indulge, we may suppose that she was a little affected by the crimes of some few of the thirty kings and queens whom she reckoned among her relatives, and wept beforehand for the cruel fate of the pious and excellent prelate, who celebrated her virtues under the frightful government of her tyrannical grandson. The bishop's letter to Cromwell, during his harsh confinement in the Tower, which ended only in death on the scaffold, makes us shudder at the horrors of that gloomy fortress. He tells the minister that 'he had neither shirt or suit, or any other clothes but that be ragged and torn too shamefully;' yet he would easily suffer that, if they would keep his body warm. After complaining that his health was sensibly affected by the wretchedness of his diet, he concludes thus: 'Wherefore, good master secretary, eftsoons I beseech you to have some pity upon me, and let me have such things as are necessary to me in mine age.' Cromwell relieved the prelate's distresses as much as he dared under the control of a bloody and relentless tyrant; and, though this minister is in some histories only painted as the obsequious servant of a wicked master, his bold defence of his early patron Wolsey, his constant intercession for disgraced ministers and favorites, and his charities to Fisher, sir Thomas More, and others, which are not noticed by historians, excite in us the strongest admiration of his virtues. Gratitude, unhappily so rare an attribute of man, he showed not only in the strenuous efforts which saved the fallen cardinal from being impeached for treason by the house of commons, but in the remembrance of services rendered him whilst in a state of poverty, which men who have risen to unexpected honors often deem it dignified to forget. In early life, traveling on the continent in great distress, he arrived at Florence without the common necessaries of life. Frescobaldi, a merchant, perceiving his forlorn condition, and that he was a foreigner, not only furnished him with clothes, but made him a present of a horse, and gave him sixteen ducats to defray the expense of returning to his own country. Being afterwards reduced to poverty himself, he came to London in order to recover fifteen hundred ducats which were due to him. Cromwell recognised his Italian benefactor, who was not equally quick-sighted, and who little expected to find the destitute stranger of Florence a favorite at the English court. The grate-

ful minister rendered him effectual assistance by procuring the payment of the money which he claimed, and requited his former munificence by a present of sixteen hundred ducats. His example did little in a ferocious age; and when cast like a broken tool away, because he had promoted his fickle master's marriage with Anne of Cleves, whom Holbein had flattered too grossly in his portrait, archbishop Cranmer alone was found to speak a word in favor of one who had ever pleaded for the unfortunate.

Anne Boleyn's pathetic letter to her implacable husband is so well known as scarcely to require a comment; her innocence was too manifest for posterity to need those powerful asseverations which availed so little in the breast of a man determined to make her the sacrifice of a new passion. What an interesting work might she who could write so eloquently have afforded us, had she pourtrayed the history of her sensations in a confidential correspondence, her early joy at the conquest which her charms had made of a king, her agitation during the long period in which the divorce of Catharine of Arragon was depending, her glories on her triumphal entry into the city of London (when the conduits ran with wine, and history both sacred and profane was ransacked to afford pageants for her honor), her perfect satisfaction at the death of her predecessor, which she trusted had secured her crown,—the enjoyment, which her natural vivacity and gay spirit rendered so exquisite, of the pleasures which surrounded her,—and her speedy apprehensions at the sight of lady Jane Seymour, of whom it is said, that when she first came to court, Anne caught view of a jewel in her breast, and seized it so eagerly, that she hurt her own hand with the violence! It was the king's picture.

Philanthropists, and those who can feel interested in the reputation of a dead queen, must deeply lament that Anne Boleyn's more unfortunate, because less commiserated successor, Catharine Howard, did not leave any written documents, by which we might have formed our opinion of her principles and disposition. A modern writer observes, 'She protested innocence when first accused; and, in the frenzy of her alarm, she afterwards allowed inferences which should have been regarded with tenderness, and examined with caution, when the delirious extremity of her distress was held in remembrance;' and again, 'It would appear that the guilt of this unfortunate female was equally problematical with that of Anne Boleyn: but the latter repudiated queen has found an advocate in every historical writer favorable to the principles of the Reformation, while the former has been given up to obloquy with scarcely one dissentient murmur.' Participating in the miserable fate which attended so many individuals belonging to her illustrious family, she is the only one who has been consigned to the grave without a tear, or a sigh to her memory. The blood of the Howards, in several successive reigns, was poured out upon the earth like water, perishing by the sword and by the axe. The first duke of Norfolk lost his life on the field of Bosworth: his successor narrowly escaped death upon the scaffold by the dissolution of the tyrant Henry, and by a slight sense of humanity, which made even that unscrupulous age revolt at commencing a new reign with an execution. The jealous monarch had already wreaked his vengeance upon the accomplished heir, the gentle earl of Surrey, 'done to death by slanderous tongues,' the victim of a cruel sister, the beautiful but black-hearted duchess of Richmond. Another duke of Norfolk lost his head upon the block, under Elizabeth, for his attachment to the hapless Mary Stuart, and his son was detained in miserable captivity for ten years, deprived even of the sight of his wife and children by Mary's merciless rival. The misfortunes of these noble personages, their devotion to their religion, and their steady adherence to every cause which they espoused, have been sung and chronicled, their virtues celebrated, and all their faults excused; but there has been no advocate found for the stigmatized queen of Henry, no catholic knight errant to uphold the innocence of the fair papist, although doubts of her guilt have been justly entertained, or protestant historian sufficiently liberal to espouse the injured lady's cause. One would think that Hume, who was neither protestant nor catholic, might have been pleased with an opportunity of exercising those talents which were so successfully employed in rescuing the Stuarts from the most odious of those heavy accusations brought against them by people who talk of liberties which never existed before the Revolution.

The policy of Henry the Seventh, in breaking the power of that tremendous aristocracy which enslaved both king and people, raised the commons to a height which it would have been impossible to attain under the feudal system, when a powerful baron could bring six hundred followers with him to attend the court; and, in return for these benefits, the ungrateful plebeians cut off the head of one of his descendants, and are never satiated with their abuse of the rest. We who enjoy the full benefit of the blessings occasioned by the unhappy contest between Charles and his parliament, or James II. and the protestants, ought not to quarrel with them for trying to retain their supposed inheritance unfettered by those trammels which their forefathers never would have permitted *. It is true that the lives of kings were not more secure from violence before the Revolution; but we believe every monarch would prefer assassination by a rival to a public death on a scaffold.

It should seem that people can have very little to grieve about, who waste their sorrow for the fate of persons long since returned to their original dust; but this may be a wrong conclusion. We think little of the dead until we are obliged, by the falsehood or the indifference of the living, to place those warm affections which we cannot subdue upon the tenants of the tomb. Before experience has taught us the bitter lesson that our endeavours to deserve the precious boon of true friendship have been unavailing, we think more of letters from the post than from the press; and it is not until we are ashamed of loving those who seem no longer to love us in return, that we seek an intimate acquaintance with the illustrious dead, and those histories, which in early youth we only read for information, become a source of interest and solace in our riper years. Horace Walpole says, that 'in reading history we alternately shudder and laugh;' we have very little right to do either: the *temptations* to sin and folly have been removed, rather than the *inclination*. England has had experience which might have taught caution to stones, and we have little merit in adopting measures which prudence proclaimed from the corners of the streets. Human infirmities still exist, and we have gained little on the score of wisdom; humanity, we fear, has rather become a fashion and a necessity, than the natural offspring of the heart. None but a madman would plunge into treason in the hope of gaining a throne, or endeavour to wrest an estate from his neighbour in any place except a court of law. We slander and backbite, instead of cutting each other's throats, though the latter may be the kinder action of the two, and we are only less wicked, because there is less opportunity to commit evil, and appear more amiable, because we are ashamed to imitate the honest confessions of our ancestors, who scorned to disguise their feelings. Were titles and honors to be obtained through the medium of bloodshed and butchery, and if the law which decrees death to the offender should lie dormant, is there the slightest chance that we should not, high and low, educated and uneducated, relapse into anarchy, confusion, and murder? Our virtues are those of necessity, our vices are our own; and we must correct the sins which are only impugnable at the bar of Heaven, before we boast of our purity from the crimes which stain the annals of our former history. Instead of applauding modern excellence, and anathematizing the guilt of our ancestors, we ought to make allowance for their crimson deeds, and grant the due meed of approbation to every solitary virtue which flourished in a soil so uncongenial to its growth. Even Mary, doubly and trebly dyed as she was in iniquity, justly and constantly as she is held up to execration and hatred, was not quite so destitute of every feeling of tenderness as the history of her reign would lead us to suppose. The virtues of lady Jane Grey made some impression on her heart, and she would have spared the life of that amiable princess, had not the insurrection of the weak duke her father threatened the safety of the throne. Her letters to her husband showed that in him at least she had 'garnered up her heart;' and it was her misfortune that the narrowness of her creed, the sufferings of her mother, certainly in the termination of the divorce to be ascribed to the policy of the protestant party, eager to render the

* We do not agree with our fair correspondent in her political allusions. The conduct and proceedings of Charles I. and his two sons were so arbitrary and unjustifiable, that an excuse founded on the want of a formal and precise constitution cannot be admitted as a satisfactory vindication of their tyranny.

quarrel mortal between the king and the pope, and the constant persuasions of such men as Gardiner and Bonner, produced those horrible persecutions which affright us by their barbarity. It may appear an affectation of charity to write a word in vindication of this cruel woman; but who can avoid pitying a creature surrounded by the darkest gloom of superstition, beset by wicked counsellors, and urged to commit murder for conscience' sake? We gladly turn away from the contemplation of her appalling reign, which does not furnish us with any letters more entertaining than the first love epistle of John Knox to the lady whom he calls his dear sister, to the gayer period of Elizabeth, when the fiends who still ruled the hearts of men began to be ashamed of their ugliness, and strove to conceal their horrid faces in masques and festivals. Crimes were still committed in open day; but they were achieved with somewhat more of good-breeding than before, and people who had long forgotten to be merry, who had been induced to consider queens' coronations as preparations for their funerals*, and had witnessed the multiplied horrors of religious murder, enjoyed themselves without much fear, although poisoning had recently come into fashion. It was the golden age of letter-writing; and we are as well acquainted with the chit-chat of the maids of honor and the courtiers, as if we had lived in those days of cloth of gold.

ANALYSIS AND REVIEW OF THE NOVEL OF QUENTIN DURWARD;

(concluded from page 280.)

As the novel proceeds, we have too much of history mingled with it; and, however fond we may be of kings and other illustrious and exalted personages, we are not pleased to see either the king of France or the duke of Burgundy exhibited in a more conspicuous light than the gallant northern adventurer, who is the worthy and estimable hero of the piece. History is better than fiction, because truth is preferable to falsehood or mere invention; but we may have too much even of a good thing.

Quentin retires with Isabelle from the scene of danger. 'With the tenderness of a mother, when she conveys her infant out of danger, the young Scot raised his precious charge in his arms; and while she encircled his neck with one arm, lost to every thought but the desire of escaping, he would not have wished one of the risks of the night unencountered, since such had been the conclusion.'

In journeying to a place of safety, our hero and the young countess begin to approximate to each other.—'The artificial distinction which divided the two lovers (for such we may now term them) seemed dissolved, or removed by the circumstances in which they were placed; for, if the countess boasted the higher rank, and was by birth entitled to a fortune incalculably larger than that of the youth, whose revenue lay in his sword, it was to be considered that, for the present, she was as poor as he, and for her safety, honor, and life, exclusively indebted to his presence of mind, valor, and devotion. They spoke not indeed of love; for, though the young lady, her heart full of gratitude and confidence, might have pardoned such a declaration, yet Quentin, on whose tongue there was laid a check, both by natural timidity and by the sentiments of chivalry, would have held it an unworthy abuse of her situation, had he said any thing which could have the appearance of taking undue advantage of the opportunities which it afforded them. They spoke not then of love, but the thoughts of it were on both sides unavoidable; and thus they were placed in that relation to each other, in which sentiments of mutual regard are rather understood than announced; and which, with the freedoms which it permits, and the uncertainties that attend it, often forms the most delightful hours of human existence, and as frequently leads to those which are darkened by disappointment, fickleness, and all the pains of blighted hope and unrequited attachment.'

In the progress of the fugitive party, Isabelle falls into the power of the count of Crevecœur, by whom, however, she is kindly treated, and not altogether deprived of the company of her humble lover. After their arrival at Peronne, incidents founded on historic truth oc-

* Henry's treatment of his queens induced the duchess dowager of Milan to send word to him, that 'she had only one head—if she had been born with two, one of them should be at his majesty's service.'

cur between the king and the duke. These we shall pass over, and hasten to some particulars connected with our hero and heroine.

The young lady being placed in a convent, until she may be disposed to give such evidence as will suit the duke's views in criminating the king, Quentin demands an interview with her.—'The countess Isabelle entered on the other side of the grate, and no sooner saw him alone in the parlour, than she stopped short, and cast her eyes on the ground. 'Yet why should I be ungrateful,' she said, 'because others are unjustly suspicious?—My friend—my preserver, I may almost say, so much have I been beset by treachery—my only faithful and constant friend!' 'As she spoke thus, she extended her hand to him through the grate, *nay* [*and even*] suffered him to retain it, until he had covered it with kisses, not unmingled with tears. She only said, 'Durward, were we ever to meet again, I would not permit this folly.'

'If it be considered that Quentin had guarded her through so many perils—that he had been, in truth, her only faithful and zealous protector,—perhaps my fair readers, even if countesses and heiresses should be of the number, will pardon the derogation.

'But the countess extricated her hand at length, and, stepping a pace back from the grate, asked Durward, in a very embarrassed tone, what boon he had to ask of her? 'Let it be reasonable,' she said, 'and such as poor Isabelle can grant with duty and honor uninfringed; and you cannot tax my slender powers too highly. But, oh! do not speak hastily—do not say,' she added, looking around with timidity, 'aught that might, if overheard, do prejudice to us both.' 'Fear not, noble lady,' said Quentin, sorrowfully; 'it is not here that I can forget the distance which fate has placed between us, or expose you to the censures of your proud kindred, as the object of the most devoted love to one, poorer and less powerful—not perhaps less noble than themselves. Let that pass like the dream of a night to all but one bosom, where, dream as it is, it will fill up the room of all existing realities.'

'Hush! hush!' said Isabelle: 'for your own sake,—for mine,—be silent on such a theme. Tell me rather what it is you have to ask of me.'

'Forgiveness to one, who, for his own selfish views, hath conducted himself as your enemy.'

'I trust I forgive all my enemies,' answered Isabelle;' but oh, Durward! through what scenes has your courage, your presence of mind, protected me!—yonder bloody hall—the good bishop—I knew not till yesterday half the horrors I had unconsciously witnessed!'

'Do not think on them,' said Quentin, who saw the transient color, which had come to her cheek during their conference, fast fading into the most deadly paleness—'Do not look back, but look steadily forward, as they needs must who walk in a perilous road. Hearken to me. King Louis deserves nothing better at your hand, of all others, than to be proclaimed the wily and insidious politician, which he really is. But to tax him as the encourager of your flight—still more as the author of a plan to throw you into the hands of De la Marck—will at this moment produce perhaps the king's death or dethronement, and, at all events, the most bloody war between France and Burgundy which the two countries have ever been engaged in.'

Being summoned to a council of Burgundian and French nobles, Isabelle is desired to give her testimony.—'As the young lady was introduced, supported on one side by the countess of Crevecœur, and on the other by the abbess of the Ursuline convent, Charles exclaimed, with his usual harshness of voice and manner,—'Soh! sweet princess—you, who could scarce find breath to answer us when we last laid our just and reasonable commands on you, yet have had wind enough to run as long a course as ever did a hunted doe—what think you of the fair work you have made between two great princes, and two mighty countries, that have been like to go to war for your baby face?'

'The publicity of the scene, and the violence of Charles' manner, totally overcame the resolution which Isabelle had formed of throwing herself at the duke's feet, and imploring him to take possession of her estates, and permit her to retire into a cloister. She stood motionless like a terrified female in a storm, who hears the thunder roll on every side of her, and apprehends, in every fresh peal, the bolt which is to strike her dead. The countess of Crevecœur, a woman of spirit equal to her birth and to the beauty which she preserved even in

her matronly years, judged it necessary to interfere. 'My lord duke,' she said, 'my fair cousin is under my protection. I know better than your grace how women should be treated, and we will leave this presence instantly, unless you use a tone and language more suitable to our rank and sex.'

'The duke burst out into a laugh. 'Crevecœur,' he said, 'thy tameness hath made a lordly dame of thy countess; but that is no affair of mine. Give a seat to yonder simple girl, to whom, far from feeling enmity, I design the highest grace and honor. Sit down, mistress, and tell us at your leisure what fiend possessed you to fly from your native country, and embrace the trade of a damsel adventurous.'

'With much pain, and not without several interruptions, Isabelle confessed, that, being absolutely determined against a match proposed to her by the duke of Burgundy, she had indulged the hope of obtaining protection of the court of France.'—'Of that, doubtless,' said Charles, 'you were well assured.'—'I did indeed so think myself assured,' said the countess,—'otherwise I had not taken a step so decided.'

No proof being given of an invitation on the part of Louis, the duke is not satisfied with the lady's evidence. Quentin is then ordered to appear; and his testimony is also favorable to the king. The proceedings of the assembly are now interrupted by the sudden appearance of a herald from Liege, whose costume, language, and manners, are described with grotesque humor. This messenger, sent by the Boar of Ardennes to demand a confirmation of his title to the bishopric of Liege, amuses the nobles nearly as much as the mirthful sallies of the duke's jester, of whom it is said, that 'he was by no means a jester of the common stamp. He was a tall fine-looking man, excellent at many exercises, which seemed scarce reconcileable with mental imbecility, because it must have required patience and attention to acquire them. He usually followed the duke to the chase and to the fight; and at Montl'hery, when he was in considerable personal danger, wounded in the throat, and likely to be made prisoner by a French knight, who had hold of his horse's rein, Tiel Wetzweiler charged the assailant so forcibly, as to overthrow him and disengage his master. Perhaps he was afraid of this being thought too serious a service for a person of his condition, and that it might excite him enemies among those knights and nobles, who had left the care of their master's person to the court-fool. At any rate, he chose rather to be laughed at than praised for his achievement, and made such gasconading boasts of his exploits in the battle, that most men thought the rescue of Charles was as ideal as the rest of his tale; and it was on this occasion he acquired the title of Le Glorieux, by which he was ever afterwards distinguished.

'Le Glorieux was dressed very richly, but with little of the usual distinction of his profession; and that little rather of a symbolical than a very literal character. His head was not shorn; on the contrary, he wore a long profusion of curled hair, which descended from under his cap, and, joining with a well-arranged and handsomely-trimmed beard, set off features, which, but for a wild lightness of eye, might have been termed handsome. A ridge of scarlet velvet, carried across the top of his cap, indicated, rather than positively represented, the professional cock's-comb, which distinguished the head-gear of a fool in right of office. His bauble, made of ebony, was crested, as usual, with a fool's head, with ass's ears formed of silver; but so small, and so minutely carved, that, till very closely examined, it might have passed for an official baton of a more solemn character. These were the only badges of his office which his dress exhibited. In other respects, it was such as to match with that of the most courtly nobles. His bonnet displayed a medal of gold; he wore a chain of the same metal around his neck; and the fashion of his rich garments was not much more fantastic than those of young gallants, who have their clothes made in the extremity of the existing fashion.'

The herald from Liege is found to be a Bohemian adventurer, who had in vain endeavoured to carry off Isabelle, while she was under the protection of Quentin. For his various iniquities, he is, by the duke's order, first hunted and then hanged. The circumstances of his death are related with some traits of pathos; and his last words communicate such intelligence as eventually and strikingly promotes our hero's interest.

After vehement disputes, Louis and the duke are apparently reconciled, and

two objects occupy their attention. One is, the disposal of Isabelle in marriage; the other, a joint expedition against the murderous bandit, De la Marck. Both princes resolve to undertake an enterprise which appears to be just and honorable; and, with regard to the countess, the duke, as her lord paramount, thus declares his will, which Louis does not presume to oppose.—'He who best avenges the bishop's murder, and brings us the head of the Boar of Ardennes, shall claim her hand of us; and, if she denies it, we can at least grant him her fiefs, leaving it to his generosity to allow her what means he will to retire into a convent.'—'Would you hold me out,' said the offended lady, 'as a prize to the best sword-player?'—Charles replied, that no disgrace would result to her from the contest, as the *successful prizer* must be a gentleman of unimpeached birth and unstained bearings: —'Be he such (said the duke), and the poorest who ever drew the tongue of a buckle through the strap of a sword-belt, he shall have at least the proffer of your hand.'—Some of the nobles having stated their intentions of contending for the prize, 'No one thinks of me (said the jester), who am sure to carry off the prize from all of you.'—'Right, my sapient friend (said the king); when a woman is in the case, the greatest fool is ever the first in favor.'

When the combined troops have reached the vicinity of Liege, and have commenced an attack, Quentin imparts to the two princes the intelligence of the enemy's schemes, received from the Bohemian; and they profit by it, so as to baffle his views. Knowing also the usurper's disguise, he hopes to discover and kill him, that he may win the fair object of all his hopes. He singles him out, and boldly assaults him; but, being called away by the cries of a distressed female, he leaves to his uncle the task of completing his success.

'When high mass had been said in the cathedral, and the terrified town was restored to some moderate degree of order, Louis and Charles, with their peers around, proceeded to hear the claims of those who had any to make for services performed during the battle. Those which respected the county of Croye and its fair mistress were first received; and, to the disappointment of sundry claimants, who had thought themselves sure of the rich prize, there seemed doubt and mystery to involve their several pretensions. Crevecœur showed a boar's hide, such as De la Marck usually wore; Dunois produced a broken shield, with his armorial bearings; and there were others, who claimed the merit of having despatched the murderer of the bishop, producing similar tokens—the rich reward fixed on De la Marck's head having brought death to all who were armed in his resemblance.

'There was much noise and contest among the competitors; and Charles (internally regretting the rash promise which had placed the hand and wealth of his fair vassal on such a hazard) was in hopes he might find means of evading all these conflicting claims, when Crawford pressed forward into the circle, dragging Le Balafré after him, who, awkward and bashful, followed like an unwilling mastiff towed on in a leash, as his leader exclaimed,—'Away with your hoofs and hides, and painted iron.—No one, save he who slew the Boar, can show the tusks!'

'So saying, he flung on the floor the bloody head, easily known as that of De la Marck, by the singular conformation of the jaws, which in reality had a certain resemblance to those of the animal whose name he bore, and which was instantly recognized by all who had seen him.

'Crawford,' said Louis, while Charles sate silent, in gloomy and displeased surprise, 'I trust it is one of my trusty Scots who has won this prize?'

'It is Ludovic Lesly, sire,' replied the old soldier.

'But is he noble?' said the duke; 'is he of gentle blood?—otherwise our promise is void.'

'He is a cross ungainly piece of wood enough,' said Crawford, looking at the tall, awkward, embarrassed figure of the archer; 'but I will warrant him a branch of the tree of Rothes for all that —and they have been as noble as any house in France or Burgundy, ever since it is told of their founder that

'Between the Less-lee and the mair
He slew the knight and left him there.'

'There is then no help for it,' said the duke; 'and the fairest and richest heiress in Burgundy must be the wife of a rude mercenary soldier like this, or die secluded in a convent—and she the only child of our faithful Reginald de Croye!—I have been too rash.'

'And a cloud settled on his brow, to the surprise of his peers, who seldom saw him evince the slightest token of regret for an adopted resolution.

'Hold but an instant,' said the lord Crawford, 'it may be better than your grace conjectures. Hear but what this cavalier has to say—Speak out, man, and a murrain to thee,' he added apart to Le Balafré.

'But that blunt soldier, though he could make a shift to express himself intelligibly enough to king Louis, to whose familiarity he was habituated, yet found himself incapable of enunciating his resolution before so splendid an assembly as that before which he then stood; and, after having turned his shoulder to the princes, and preluded with a hoarse chuckling laugh, and two or three tremendous contortions of countenance, he was only able to pronounce the words, 'Saunders Souplejaw—' and then stuck fast.

'May it please your majesty, and your grace,' said Crawford, 'I must speak for my countryman and old comrade. You shall understand, that he has had it prophesied to him by a seer in his own land, that the fortune of his house is to be made by marriage; but, as he is like myself, something the worse for the wear,—loves the wine-house better than a lady's summer-parlour, and, in short, having some barrack tastes and likings, which would make greatness in his own person rather an encumbrance to him, he hath acted by my advice, and resigns the pretensions acquired by the fate of slaying William de la Marck to him by whom the Wild Boar was actually brought to bay, who is his maternal nephew.'

'I will vouch for that youth's services and prudence,' said Louis, overjoyed to see that fate had thrown so gallant a prize to one over whom he had some influence. 'Without his prudence and vigilance we had been ruined—it was he who made us aware of the night-sally.'

'I then,' said Charles, 'owe him some reparation for doubting his veracity.'

'And I can attest his gallantry as a man-at-arms,' said Dunois.

'But, interrupted Crevecœur, though the uncle be a Scotish *gentilâtre*, that makes not the nephew necessarily so.'

'He is of the house of Durward,' said Crawford; 'descended from that Allan Durward who was high steward of Scotland.'

'Nay, if it be young Durward,' said Crevecœur, 'I say no more.—Fortune has declared herself on his side too plainly, for me to struggle farther with her humorsome ladyship.'

'We have yet to inquire,' said Charles, thoughtfully, 'what the fair lady's sentiments may be towards this fortunate adventurer.'

'By the mass!' said Crevecœur, 'I have too much reason to believe your grace will find her more amenable to authority than on former occasions.—But why should I grudge this youth his preferment? since, after all, it is sense, firmness, and gallantry, which have put him in possession of WEALTH, RANK, and BEAUTY!'

The conclusion is pleasant and lively, and will, we doubt not, excite a smile on the countenance of many a fair reader.

'I had already sent these sheets to the press, concluding, as I thought, with a moral of excellent tendency for the encouragement of all fair-haired, light-eyed, long-legged emigrants from my native country, who might be willing in stirring times to take up the gallant profession of cavaliers of fortune. But a friendly monitor, one of those who like the lump of sugar which is found at the bottom of a tea-cup as well as the flavor of the souchong itself, has entered a bitter remonstrance, and insists that I should give a precise and particular account of the espousals of the young heir of Glenhowlakin and the lovely Flemish countess, and tell what tournaments were held, and how many lances were broken, upon so interesting an occasion; nor withhold from the curious reader the number of sturdy boys, who inherited the valor of Quentin Durward, and of bright damsels, in whom were renewed the charms of Isabelle de Croye. I replied in course of post, that times were changed, and public weddings were entirely out of fashion. In days, traces of which I myself can remember, not only were the 'fifteen friends' of the happy pair invited to witness their union, but the bridal minstrelsy still continued, as in the 'Ancient Mariner,' to 'nod their heads' till morning shone upon them. The sack-posset was eaten in the nuptial chamber—the stocking was thrown—and the bride's garter was

struggled for in presence of the happy couple whom Hymen had made one flesh. The authors of the period were laudably accurate in following its fashions. They spared you not a blush of the bride, not a rapturous glance of the bridegroom, not a diamond in her hair, not a button on his embroidered waistcoat; until at length, with Astræa, they 'fairly put their characters to bed.' But how little does this agree with the modest privacy which induces our modern brides—sweet bashful darlings—to steal from pomp and plate, and admiration and flattery, and, like honest Shenstone,

'Seek for freedom at an inn.'

'To these, unquestionably, an exposure of the circumstances of publicity with which a bridal in the fifteenth century was always celebrated must appear in the highest degree disgusting. Isabelle de Croye would be ranked in their estimation far below the maid who milks, and does the meanest chars; for even she, were it in the church-porch, would reject the hand of her journeyman shoemaker, should he propose *faire des nôces*, as it is called in Parisian signs, instead of going down on the top of the long coach to spend the honey-moon *incognito*, at Deptford or Greenwich. I will not, therefore, tell more of this matter, but will steal away from the wedding as Ariosto from that of Angelica, leaving it to whom it may please to add farther particulars, after the fashion of their own imagination.

'Some better bard shall sing in feudal state
How Bracquemont's castle oped its Gothic gate,
When on the wand'ring Scot its lovely heir
Bestow'd her beauty and an earldom fair.'

Having thus given a sketch of the novel, we may be allowed to add, that it neither derogates from, nor adds to, the fame of its author. It contains a pleasing variety of characteristic traits; the manners of the age are exhibited with seeming truth and correctness; and a dramatic form and the vivacity of dialogue lessen the usual monotony of narrative; but the story is improbable, the incidents are not arranged or connected with skill, and the language is deformed by inaccuracies and solecisms.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE QUESTION, WHETHER PARLIAMENTARY PRIVILEGES OUGHT TO BE CONCEDED TO FEMALES.

THOUGH ladies are not allowed to have seats in parliament, or personally to assist in making laws, I do not see (says the author of *Heraldic Anomalies*) why, when they possess sufficient property, they should not, in some way or other, enjoy the elective franchise. I am only speaking of the justice or equity of such a claim, if it were properly urged. I am not dissatisfied with the disqualification, if ladies themselves are not so. I think they are just so much the more amiable, as they are detached from politics. But it is remarkable, that in the reign of Edward III. when he wanted to raise money for the defence of Ireland, he scrupled so much to tax *any person's* property without *their consent*, that regular writs were issued to the *ladies* who possessed land there, commanding them to send their proper attorneys to consult on the exigency of affairs. If this could be done by attorney in those days, why not now? the acting by attorney might obviate some of the most objectionable impediments to the personal interference of British ladies in contested elections. As to *influence*, it is a *different* question. Perhaps the real difficulty is to be found there; and, if so, their disqualification may be regarded as a compliment. There is certainly no calculating the extent of female influence. 'The movements of the tender passions,' says Mr. Turner, in his History of the Anglo-Saxons, 'are more eccentric than the wanderings of the heathy meteor, and yet, under the Anglo-Saxons, females were admitted into their *Witena-Gemot*.' I confess my own opinion is, that one elegant, accomplished and beautiful *Miss* Bull, might now and then outweigh all the *John Bulls* in the kingdom, and *one female* constituent carry a point against a whole host of the other sex. Of their rhetorical powers we have a good account in the Spectator, No. 252, where may be seen the exceeding force which the *female eye* in particular possesses, as an *instrument* of *persuasion*. See also No. 510 of the same work, marked *thus* in the Index of the 7th volume, *Beauty*, the *force* of it. There is no knowing then what might happen. I am inclined to regard it as a very delicate compliment

paid to the virtues, charms, and accomplishments of the British fair, that they stand excluded from all personal interference in the choice of our legislators, as well as in their proceedings in the senate.

That ladies *may* be *complimented* out of their rights and privileges, I am able to prove from a case in point, which I learned from a very near relation, who was a member of the house of commons at the very time it happened. Till that memorable day, ladies had been freely admitted into the galleries to hear the debates. From some circumstance or other (I will venture to say it was *no* excess of *chattering* and *talking*), it was thought expedient to exclude them; but no particular member could be found bold enough to propose it. At length, however, an opportunity presented itself. A bill being under discussion, which greatly affected the interests of a noble family of high and extensive connexions, the galleries were daily crowded with the female relatives of the party, most of them, as may be easily imagined, in full possession of the highest possible attractions, as *youth, beauty, wit, &c.*, on which, a member got up and begged to put the question to the Speaker, whether the credit and character of the house did not most peremptorily require, that in their deliberations they should be free from any *undue* or *extraordinary* influence, and whether any of that honorable house could cast their eyes up to the galleries and say that they were so at that moment. He would therefore move, that the bevy of beauties should immediately retire. The ladies obeyed, and have never been admitted since in the same manner.

RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE ARTS.

WITHOUT the practice of various arts, life would be a scene of the most comfortless misery. Art is natural to men; and the skill that they acquire after many ages of practice, is only the improvement of talents which they originally possessed. The rudiments of architecture are found in the uncouth form of the primeval hut; the armourer may find the first productions of his business in the sling and the bow, and the ship-wright of his in the canoe of the savage. Even the historian and the poet may discover the primary essays of their arts in the tale and the song which celebrate the wars, loves, and adventures of barbarians.

Destined to cultivate his own nature, or to meliorate his situation, man finds continual objects of attention, ingenuity, and labor. Even where he does not propose any personal improvement, his faculties are strengthened by those occupations in which he seems to forget himself: his reason and his affections are thus profitably engaged in the affairs of society; his invention and skill are exercised in procuring all sorts of accommodation; his particular pursuits are prescribed to him by the circumstances of the age and country in which he lives. In one situation he is occupied with wars and political deliberations; in another, with the care of his interest, of his personal ease, or convenience. He suits his means to the ends which he has in view; and, by multiplying contrivances, he gradually proceeds to the perfection of his arts.

Different ages are generally supposed to have borrowed from preceding generations. The Romans are thought to have learned from the Greeks, and the moderns of Europe from both. By examples of this kind, many are induced to consider every science or art as derived, and, with one obvious exception, allow nothing to be original in the practice or manners of any people. The Greek was a copy of the Egyptian, and even the Egyptian was an imitator.

Men certainly improve by example and intercourse; but in the case of nations, whose members excite and direct each other, why should we look abroad for the origin of arts, of which every society having the principles in itself, only requires a favorable occasion to bring them to light? When such occasion presents itself to any people, they generally seize it; and, while it continues, they improve the inventions to which it gave rise among themselves, or they willingly copy from others; but they never employ their own invention, nor look abroad for instruction on subjects that do not lie in the way of their common pursuits; they never adopt a refinement of which they have not discovered the use.

Inventions, we frequently observe, are accidental; but it is probable, that an accident which escapes the artist in one age may be seized by one who succeeds him, and who is more sensible of its

utility. Where circumstances are favorable, and where a community is intent on the objects of any art, every invention is preserved, by being brought into general practice; every model is studied, and every accident is turned to account. If nations actually borrow from their neighbours, they probably borrow only what they were nearly in a condition to invent. Any singular practice of one country, therefore, is rarely transferred to another, till the way be prepared by the introduction of similar circumstances. Hence arise complaints of the dulness or obstinacy of mankind, and of the dilatory communication of arts from one place to another. While the Romans adopted the arts of Greece, the Thracians and Illyrians continued to behold them with indifference. Those arts were, during one period, confined to the Greek colonies, and, during another, to the Roman. Even where they were spread by a visible intercourse, they were still received by independent nations with the slowness of invention. They made a progress not more rapid at Rome than they had done at Athens; and they passed to the extremities of the Roman empire, only in company with new colonies, and in concert with Italian policy.

The modern race who came abroad to the possession of cultivated provinces, retained the arts they had practised at home: the new master hunted the boar, or pastured his herds, where he might have raised an abundant harvest: he built a cottage in the view of a palace: he buried, in one common ruin, the edifices, sculptures, paintings, and libraries of the former inhabitants: he made a settlement upon a plan of his own, and opened anew the sources of inventions, without perceiving at a distance to what length their progress might lead his posterity. The cottage of the present race, like that of the former, by degrees enlarged its dimensions; public buildings acquired a magnificence in a new taste. Even this taste came, in a course of ages, to be exploded, and the people of Europe recurred to the models which their fathers destroyed, and wept over the ruins which they could not restore.

The literary remains of antiquity were studied and imitated, only after the original genius of modern nations had burst forth: the rude efforts of poetry in Italy and Provence resembled those of the Greeks and the ancient Romans. How far the merits of our works might, without the aid of those models, have risen by successive improvements, or whether we have gained more by imitation than we have lost by quitting our native system of thinking and our vein of fable, must be left to conjecture. We are certainly indebted to them for the materials, as well as the form of many of our compositions; and, without their example, our literature, manners and policy, would at least have been different from what they at present are. This, however, may be said with confidence, that although the Roman and the modern literature savor alike of the Greek original, mankind in either instance would not have had recourse to this fountain, unless they had been hastening to open springs of their own.

Sentiment and fancy, the use of the hand or the head, are not inventions of particular men; and the flourishing of arts that depend on them, may be deemed, in the case of any people, a proof rather of political felicity at home, than of any instruction received from abroad, or of any natural superiority in point of industry or talents.

When the attentions of men are turned towards particular subjects, when the acquisitions of one age are left entire to the next, when every individual is protected in his pursuit, inventions accumulate; and it is difficult to find the original of any art. The steps which lead to perfection are many; and we are at a loss on whom to bestow the greatest share of our praise; on the first or on the last who may have borne a part in the progress.

THE SCHOOL-GIRL; SKETCH THE SECOND;

from an Author's Portfolio.

ON Easter Tuesday, having no engagement upon my hands, I resolved to visit (as I had long promised) my friend ———'s daughter at school. Early in the morning I mounted one of the Black-Heath stages. I was the first passenger, and therefore took the box: I have a great predilection for it—there is an association in the sound of stage-box peculiarly agreeable to one fond as I am of the theatres. In a few minutes the coach was loaded by visitors to Greenwich fair. They were all in high mirth and glee; their jests flew, and their loud

laughter told of a strong anticipation of pleasure. There were three or four clerks and four or five young women, all eager to reach the same spot, and telling (interrupted by their own laughter) of the scenes they had witnessed last year, or arranging plans for the present. The coachman, being no longer under the necessity of trying to beguile the tedious time, drives on: he has a word for every coach he meets: sometimes he gives way to boisterous mirth; at others, checked by something like respect for a customer who is on the other coach, he endeavours to show it by touching his hat: anon he ridicules the horses of an opposition coach, and, with a knowing chuckle and a scornful smile, dashes by, and by a half-turn of the head shows his triumph. He soon forms an intimate acquaintance with his temporary patrons, and they unite to amuse themselves at the expense of all upon the road. Woe to the poor old bachelor who shows his face on that day! His neat wig, his clean-brushed coat, his white stockings and square shoe-buckles, are fair objects of mirth to these thoughtless beings, who, whilst they bawl their inquiries after all the good folks in the ark, never reflect that each fleeting moment of life brings them rapidly on to that point which is now their beacon of mirth. I thought I was present at the performing of '*a righte merrye and pleasaunte comedye*,' and felt some regret when this jovial party left the coach at the foot of the hill, and entered with buoyant spirits the spot sacred to those now almost forgotten games, '*Kiss in the ring*,' and '*Within these arms I have caught thee*'—and '*Kisses must thy ransom be*.' I say nothing of the diverting though somewhat dangerous runs and rolls down Flamstead-hill. These are the scenes which in my youth I loved: now they dwell upon my memory like a dream; and, when I recur to their first brightness and freshness, I cannot but smile to think that these weak limbs and grey locks were ever partners in the giddy scenes that are now only agreeable by retrospection, or by the pleasure which they afford to others. On this spot where I once used to gambol, as full of tricks as a wild forest colt, I am now glad to sit beside an old pensioner, and feel much pleasure when following the details of war, of 'hair-breadth escapes i'th' imminent deadly breach—of moving accidents on flood or field,' so plainly told in a volume taken at random from his majesty's warlike library in the hospital. One was a particular favorite of mine: he had fought with Duncan, Howe, Rodney, and Nelson; he was with the last of these heroes when he fell, and he never told the story of that great commander's death without weeping like a child. Oh, how I sympathised with him!

The coach now silently and slowly rolled across the heath: when it stopped at the school, I looked up at the windows. A multitude of anxious and inquiring eyes seemed to ask 'who is it? Whom can he want?' An exclamation of joy directed my eyes to the window where, all smiles and joy, stood my little favorite Marianne: one wave of her hand, one welcoming word—and in haste she flew to meet me at the door. I asked permission for her to spend the day with me; it was granted, and she went to get ready—a young lady's toilette at school is soon despatched. We left the house to spend the day with one of my friends, who lives in Woolwich barracks. Marianne was delighted at the change of scene. Many lively remarks were drawn forth by the objects there presented to her notice. Not a warlike name in the repository occurred but she had some historical trait to record concerning it; not a flower was noticed but some poetical legend was thereby recalled to her memory. Moore was her favorite, and his delightful rhapsodies were repeated by her with a sweetness worthy of the author. She gave me a violet—'Here,' said she, 'take this little flower and keep it for my sake; place it between the leaves of your Lalla Rookh upon the lines,

> 'And sings at the last its own death-lay,
> And in music and perfume dies away.'

I have done so.—Thus her innocent fancies wandered from subject to subject, and each thought gave place to another in the rapid imagination of a lively and innocent girl, whose only sorrows are fugitive cares, and whom, if occasionally depressed to-day, the morrow's sun may light to the brightest visions of happiness. These, thought I, are thy halcyon hours—couldst thou but think so. How often in after-life will thy memory revert with pleasure to the time when thou wast a school-girl, when the little jars of school friendship were thy imaginary woes, and thy great-

est distress was a disappointment in a new frock, or a wet afternoon that deprived thee of a promised pleasure! All these will give way to greater woes, perhaps of thy own making. Love may plant a thorn in that tender bosom, and leave thee to grieve in solitude, because there may be one who cannot or will not return an affection he knows not how to appreciate, or who may endeavour to turn the interest he claims in your generous heart to thedestruction of its peace, and of your future happiness.

The hour of departure now arrived, and I was charged with a multitude of messages; even the cat and the bird claimed a place in her remembrances; and, as at parting I stooped to kiss her, I perceived a tear steal down her cheek: but, when I mounted the coach, a smile struggled to shine through, and perhaps, in the pleasure of recounting to her companions the wonders of the day, she forgot the pang of parting. In after-life, and in more trying situations, my dear girl, may the cause of all thy tears be as easily obliterated from thy too sensitive mind, and may thy young and ardent heart only melt as now at the sorrows of others—may all thine own be imaginary, and may hope and joy illumine the whole prospect of thy mind's hemisphere!

Some of the same party returned by the coach: but oh! how different now were their thoughts from those of the morning! Their bright dawning hopes had been blighted: a heavy shower in the evening had succeeded to the brilliant sunshine of the day. Vexed, uncomfortable, and wet, these children of pleasure were returning to grieve over disappointment and spoiled clothes. It had been a real April day to them, though it had been productive of nothing but pleasure to W. H. L.

SHORT OF THE MARK, OR THE MISHAPS OF JACK ALLBUT.

SOME philosophers have insisted largely on the disadvantages of being too handsome, and others have pathetically deplored the misfortunes of ugliness. Many have sympathised with the sorrows of the short, and many have dilated on the miseries of the long with kindred prolixity. All appear to have unanimously agreed in collaudation of the middle point between those opposite extremes, extolling in every thing the golden mean, as the *ne plus ultra* of human happiness and perfection.

Presumptuous as it may appear to differ from the unanimous judgement of the great lights of philosophy, I cannot help believing that there exists a certain mediocrity of exterior, far more prejudicial to its possessor than either extreme of beauty or deformity. I do not well know what to call it; it just falls short of what it ought to be. Men of this character of person are not so properly bad as imperfect works. They are sketches or outlines, not finished pictures. The shades are wanting, the coloring is deficient, and there is a total disregard of keeping. In many of her productions, the whole character of which is by no means attractive, Nature yet appears to have fulfilled all her intentions, and to have produced a complete work. The pigmy and the giant may be perfect beings each in their kind. Even in the most ordinary or even ugly beings, there is often a consistency which prevents the feeling of utter dissatisfaction. In the sable complexion and angular proportions of the negro, there is not less harmony than in the waving lines and roseate bloom of Circassian beauty. Nature had a certain model for each, and she has worked up to it in both. She has given us, it is true, a more pleasing specimen of her powers in the second instance than in the first; but we cannot avoid feeling that she has as completely effected all that she intended in the one as in the other. We desire no *specific* alteration in either. The idea of improvement never enters our heads. We do not wish to see an aquiline nose or a rosy cheek upon the negro. We feel that the work is perfect, however disagreeable. But, in the case of the unlucky *ébauches* to which I have alluded, it is quite otherwise. In them nature appears to have intended something good, and to have begun with care, but, growing tired, to have stopped short in the midst of her operations, or rather to have hurried over the details of the work with a slovenly rapidity. We contemplate such productions with a feeling of regret and dissatisfaction. We are sorry that so little has been done where so much was attempted.

My friend Jack Allbut was precisely a piece of work of this kind. He was almost all that he ought to be, but not

entirely so. He was almost tall enough, almost well-proportioned, almost handsome; but in all those particulars he fell short of the proper standard. Better would it have been for Jack, had he been irremediably ugly or diminutive, or had he possessed that consistent mediocrity of appearance between which and every approach to beauty the line is strongly marked. But unluckily he had enough of the latter quality to stimulate though not to satisfy his vanity; enough to excite the hope of admiration, but not to secure him against frequent disappointment.

His person had, as Brown would have said, its capabilities; and, whether for his own sins or those of his ancestors, he was cursed with a genius to take advantage of them. He devoted himself altogether to the study of dress. His talents, which might have raised him to respectability if rightly employed, were wholly directed to the improvement of his exterior, and early in life he arrived at the unenviable distinction of being a first-rate coxcomb. Five hours out of every day were devoted to the adornment of his person, and the principal part of the rest to its exhibition.

The art of the toilette, like every other, is not to be completely acquired at once. Time and practice are requisite for its perfection. Jack's first attempts in this way did not evince any extraordinary degree of skill or judgement, and his failures sometimes exposed him to very ludicrous distresses. He was, as I have observed, rather under the middle size. In the effort to appear tall, he acquired in walking a habit of springing upon his toes, and stretching his neck upwards like a fowl in the act of swallowing water. This gave him a fantastic and ridiculous air. He next adopted heels of a prodigious height, which, combining with the tightness of his boots, made him hobble in his gait, and produced upon his feet corns, bunnions, and callosities, in all their torturing varieties. The consequence was, that between boot-makers, chiropodists, attritors, infallible salves, and unrivaled solvents, he was reduced at the age of five and twenty to the predicament of a gouty cripple.

He either had, or fancied he had, at one time, a tendency to grow corpulent. His 'beau ideal,' with regard to the person, consisted in a slender shape, and accordingly his clothes were made so excessively tight, that they were perpetually bursting, and consequently were very soon worn out. All his movements were horribly impeded by this unnatural state of tension. He could not make a bow without the dislocation of a brace, or the detachment of a button. He could not stoop to pick up a lady's fan without making a vent in the knees of his breeches. A hearty dinner was sure to work serious damage in his costume. In winter the tenuity of his covering refrigerated the system, and its tightness in summer acted as a perpetual diaphoretic. Syncope was produced by his stays, and strangulation by his cravat; a compression of the midriff resulted from the one, a constant cephalalgia from the other. These, however, were not the most ridiculous of his afflictions. His hair was inclining to red, though not of a disagreeable shade, but his eye-brows and eye-lashes were naturally of an intense white. This anomaly he determined to rectify. He had heard of crude antimony as a specific for the disease of white eye-brows, and resolved to try it. The color it produced formed an absurd contrast to his hair, and to the eye-lashes, which he did not venture to touch; and it was laid on with so little skill and discretion as to be palpable to every observer. The skin was colored as well as the hair, and his countenance thus assumed a mingled expression of ludicrous ferocity. Thus disguised, he went among his intimates, and was every-where received with a horse-laugh.

He next tried the pencil, but with no better success. The skin was darkened, but the white hairs still glistened above it. After a variety of experiments, he found means to make a tolerable imitation of nature with some kind of brown paint. Still, however, the operation of painting was tedious: if it should not be performed with excessive care, the deception might be discovered, and the effect was always liable to a casual removal. When he had succeeded thus far, an advertisement chanced to meet his eye, setting forth the marvellous virtues of some infallible dye for the eye-brows and whiskers. It was to produce a color natural, beautiful, and permanent. It bade defiance to the shrewdest scrutiny and to all the detergent powers of alkaline ablution. His ears pricked up at the intelligence, his heart beat with anticipated triumph; he lost not a

moment in procuring the valuable liquid, for a bottle of which he only paid the moderate sum of thirty shillings. He was so confident of the success of his intended experiment, that he invited a large party of friends to dine with him at a coffee-house on the very day on which he intended to apply the liquid. He enjoyed in prospect the admiration his appearance would excite. How would he dispel the lurking doubts of some, and confirm the wavering faith of others! He meant to pass his hand repeatedly across his brows, and complain of the excessive heat; to call for a napkin to wipe his forehead, and even to apply a wet cloth to it under the pretext of an incipient head-ache. How would he startle the infidel by the result of these experiments! what incredulity could be proof against the evidence of the senses?

But alas! those splendid day-dreams were destined to be rudely dissipated. He applied the liquid, and, after the expiration of an hour, he went to the glass to witness its effect. But oh, what language can describe the appalling apparition that burst upon his sight? His brows, the hair, skin, and parts adjacent, presented one blaze of the most intense crimson. He looked like an Irishman with the recent marks of an affectionate shillelagh upon his temples, or like the blood-boltered ghost of Banquo. He tried, but ineffectually, to remove the sanguine stain. He washed, he scrubbed, he scraped, all to no purpose. One part of the advertisement at least was true, and he found to his cost that the permanence of the dye was no empty boast. So far was the discoloration from yielding to his efforts, that every washing seemed to increase its depth and intensity. The only effect of his labor was to add, to the disfigurement of his countenance, a most violent degree of pain and irritation. Finding that it was useless to make farther attempts for the removal of the stain, he shut himself in his room, pretended illness, and despatched notes of apology to the friends whom he had invited to dinner. No one received his notes; the gentlemen met, and dined together at their own expense: one of them indulged himself in very severe reprobation of what he termed Jack's ungentlemanly conduct. The latter heard of this, and, as soon as he was able to appear abroad, sent a challenge to the offender. They met, and my friend was severely wounded in the left shoulder. Such was the result of his eccentricity!

THE BARD.

'Twas eve, and low'ring clouds scowl'd on the earth,—
The setting sun shone dimly in the sky,
And stain'd the heav'ns with deep and crimson hue.
The wind began to rise in fitful gusts,
And the low thunder rumbled forth its voice.
There was a crag that tower'd o'er its peers,
Against whose base the foaming torrent dash'd,
Dark beetling pines encased its rugged sides:
Within the hollows of its cavern'd breast
The eagle built his eyrie. No man e'er
Had gain'd its height. Proudly it seem'd to scorn
The 'banner'd keep' below, where grandeur dwelt.
Upon this crag an aged minstrel sat
With rev'rend look undauntedly serene:
His head was white with age; from his pale face
A sad expression gleam'd—'twas tinged with grief
Unutterably deep; his left hand grasp'd
His harp; his right upheld his hoary head
In attitude of thought; his dark blue eye
Was fix'd intensely on the waves below.
The wind came sighing through the harp, and bore
Upon its wings a wild yet 'witching strain.
The minstrel gave a melancholy start,
Then waked his harp, and, with a swelling burst
Of harmony that chased the eagles' sleep,

Pour'd out the volume of his soul in song;
'The mighty are dead, and the helpless are low—
The wine from the goblet no longer shall flow,
In its stead human gore the fell demons shall quaff,
And the blood shall distil from the horrid jaw's laugh.
Hark! the wind comes rattling on—
Now the bloody deed's begun!
Woman's cry avails her nought;
Death and vengeance have been bought!
Hell's foul fiends now act their part.
Ha! they strike his noble heart.
See! he falls! his life-blood flows,
And death's dark shades around him close.
Hark! the matron's rending screams!
Oh! her heart's gore bubbling streams:—
Now in death's arms they silent sleep;
No eye is there their doom to weep.
Unhappy fate, that I should see
This direful scene of agony!
Now the fiends the vassals kill;
Gory slaughter drinks her fill:
The high and vaulted hall rebounds
With the yell of these hell-hounds:
Their crimson swords with blood are reeking;
But who is he they now are seeking?
See! they range the castle round,
They search in vain,—his robe is found!
But the sweet infant son has fled.
Unnumber'd with the tombless dead,
He breathes afar from these alarms
Encradled in his nurse's arms;
She has escap'd from death and strife,
And saved her young lord's valued life.

Now the flames are mounting wide!
Now on the clouds they fiery ride!
Now they fasten on the towers!
Now they sear the leafy bowers!
Now with ire they furious rave—
The murderer's boast—the victims' grave!

Future years now pass me by
As yon dark clouds wend through the sky;
The ravening wolf has prowl'd the walls,
And the raven croaks in the lonely halls.
The voice of revelry is mute;
And, instead of the harp's sweet tone, is heard
The ominous cry of the night's lone bird.

Brighter themes now claim my lay.
The doleful night has turn'd to day;
There are nobles and knights of high degree,
And the flower and pride of chivalry;
There are peerless dames of matchless charms
To greet with smiles the honor'd in arms;
There are beaming eyes and fiery glances
For lady's love to shiver lances—
And all that is splendid, and all that is fair,
And all that is gorgeous and splendid, are there.

There is a knight with steed and rein
Now bounds upon the battle plain;
He is that son which Heaven preserv'd,
For whom revenge has been reserv'd;
And he hath challeng'd the trait'rous knight
To the combat fierce, to deadly fight,
And the hour of strife is ready and nigh,
And the knights prepare their prowess to try.
The trumpets sound with awful breath,
Heralding the doom of death;
The beatings of the heart are hush'd,
For the warriors to the strife have rush'd.
Hark! their charge is like the thunder;
See! their shields are rent asunder;
Their shining brands like meteors flash,
And their steel arms incessant clash;
Purple gore o'erspreads the plain,
Issuing from every vein;
The youth has cleft the traitor's casque;
Finish now thy glorious task.
He faints! he faints! the murderer falls!
And the young victor on him calls,
His foul and damning acts to name!
Recreant to knighthood and to fame;
He speaks, he dies, the deed is done!
Murder's reveal'd! the battle's won.'
* * * * * *
Night cast her sable shade o'er heaven and earth—
The song of prophecy was heard no more;
That harp was silent! and the bard that waked
The wild eventful strains had vanished.

J. LEATHWICK.

VERSES TO A MARRIED LADY;

by the Author of the 'River Derwent.'

WERT thou unmarried, lady! it were meet
(In duty bounden, as a son of song)
That I should lay such tributes at thy feet
As must to grace and beauty still belong,
With store of compliments of newest make,
And patented for gallantry's own sake.

Thine eyes—but wherefore *eyes?*—the luminaries
Which in thy countenance so mildly shine,
Should then, by fancy's talisman vagaries,
Be metamorphos'd into stars divine,
That sparkling in an atmosphere serene
Should mock the bright orbs of the Paphian queen!

Thy cheeks, more blooming than the rose or peach,
Thy brow, more spotless than North Georgian plains,
Should borrow similes and forms of speech,
Mocking each mortal rhetorician's pains;
And tropes, all marshal'd with poetic skill,
Should gallop forth obedient to my will.

But, since maternal cares have won for thee
Praise for the virtues which but mothers know,
All useless would such recognitions be,
Of tales oft told by many a youthful beau,

And, doubtless, thought of as a passing word
By parents utter'd, and by wisdom heard.

But truce to raillery—though thou lovest it well—
I dare not, though I would, such words declare.
Me suits it better the delight to tell
With which thy hospitable board I share,
A stranger visitant, but welcom'd here
With friendly voice, and still more friendly cheer.

Long be thou happy in thy children's love,
And they in thine! and as a mother's care
Is best repaid when they unfetter'd move
In path of duty, may they ever share
The smiles which now they bask in 'neath the sky,
All sunny bright with hours of infancy!

I know not whether I may farther urge
My stumbling Pegasus, or here must stop,
As if upon decorum's utmost verge.
I would not leap down from yon steeple-top,
Lest I should break my neck upon the way;—
And that would spoil my pleasure for the day.

So, fearing lest in this I may offend,
I draw the bit, and willingly dismount,
Making of my adventurous course an end,
But not before I silently recount
The kind attentions shown by thee and thine,
And treasur'd up within this heart of mine.

W. B. C.

TRAVELS IN SCANDINAVIA,

by Edward Daniel Clarke, LL. D.

4to. 1823.

On a former occasion we paid that tribute of respect which was due to the merit of this esteemed and respectable divine; and we now think it our duty to take notice of those literary remains which were found in his library, forming an useful supplement to his interesting Travels. He has made his last journey, and gone to another country, from whose bourne he will not return to gladden the eyes of his mortal friends.

The volume opens with an account of Christiania, the present capital of Norway, where, amidst some remains of barbarism, a considerable degree of civilisation may be found. The connexions of that country with Great-Britain tend to the maintenance of this civilisation; and the progress of refinement has not (as in England) destroyed that hospitality which is the virtue of barbarians. The house of Mr. Anker, and its varied contents, were at the service of every decent stranger; and he treated Dr. Clarke with the greatest respect. Our author's account of this gentleman's establishment is curious:—'In Mr. Anker's library, public lectures were delivered to the young Norwegians by himself and others. The following words were inscribed in large letters over the door of this apartment: DOCENDO DISCIMUS*. Here we saw a complete apparatus for philosophical and mechanical purposes, the work of Nairne and Blunt of London; astronomical instruments, globes, and a museum of antiquities, and of natural history, containing minerals, shells, &c. 'I must send to England,' said he, 'for almost every thing: all the linen of my family is sent annually to London to be washed.' And when we observed that the stock of linen must be very large to admit such an arrangement, he added, 'that it was absolutely necessary to have a large stock of every thing in Norway, and each man must keep it within his own stores.'—'We cannot,' said he, 'go to market, or to shops, as you do in English towns: here, those who would live handsomely

* By teaching, we learn.

must collect into their own warehouses, from all parts of the world, whatsoever they may have occasion for, from the flour of which they make their bread, to the beef, the pork, the poultry, and all the stores necessary for a whole year's consumption.' This makes living in Norway perhaps more expensive than in any other part of Europe. Mr. Anker told us that he had thirty servants on his own establishment, and that his brother kept sixty. The fuel consumed on his premises, for the number of different stoves, amounted to about four times as much as a nobleman's family would consume in Copenhagen; and we were rather surprised to hear him say that fire-wood was an expensive article, in such a region of timber. But horses constitute the article of heaviest expenditure to a gentleman in Norway, owing to the general high price of hay, which had been particularly scarce during the last spring. The common price of hay averaged about five pounds a ton; this year the price had been doubled; and indeed it could hardly be had for money. Mr. Anker's stud amounted to twenty horses for pleasure, besides draught-horses; and he had eight or ten carriages. The great preparation for the year's consumption in Christiania, as in all the rest of Norway, is made in the autumn. The season of slaughter, for the supply of the whole winter, takes place in the month of October; and the number of cattle killed on this occasion is astonishing. The smallest and most private families salt a certain quantity; but in the larger houses it is a work of peculiar exertion, especially for the mistress. To become a good Norwegian wife, a lady must absolutely be educated in Norway. The mistress of each family presides over all the autumnal hoarding of provisions, and in person directs every operation. In one morning that we called upon Mr. Anker, eighteen bullocks had been slaughtered, and his stock was not by any means complete. Some of the meat is pickled; the rest dried. The fat is melted into tallow, and nothing wasted. Even the blood is saved.'

We read with regret the account of the melancholy state of some parts of Norway. In Wermeland, for instance, 'the peasants were all in black, as if for a general mourning; and this costume, added to their poverty and the sterile aspect of the country, had a melancholy appearance. We hardly entered a house without seeing some lamentable object, either sick or deformed. The soil itself is of a nature to bid defiance to cultivation: it consists of loose masses of stone, which can neither be removed nor rendered in any way productive. It seemed to be the very region of poverty and despair, denuded and smitten by the hand of Heaven. In perusing the manuscript journal of a friend who had traveled the same route only three months before, we found similar observations made as to the melancholy aspect of all this district, and to the impressions made upon his mind upon seeing all the inhabitants dressed in black clothes.'

Proceeding into Sweden, Dr. Clarke was anxious to visit the iron mines of Persberg. The approach to this spot was terrific:—'There is no place (he says) where human labor is exhibited under circumstances more tremendously striking. As we drew near to the wide and open abyss, a vast and sudden prospect of yawning caverns and of prodigious machinery prepared us for the descent. We approached the edge of the dreadful gulf whence the ore is raised, and ventured to look down, standing upon the verge of a sort of platform, constructed over it in such manner as to command a view into the great opening as far as the eye could penetrate amidst its gloomy depths: for, to the sight, it is bottomless. Immense buckets, suspended by rattling chains, were passing up and down: and we could perceive ladders scaling all the inward precipices, upon which the work-people, reduced by their distance to pigmies in size, were ascending and descending. Far below the utmost of these figures a deep and gaping gulf, the mouth of the lowest pit, was, by its darkness, rendered impervious to the view. From the spot where we stood, down to the place where the buckets were filled, the distance might be about seventy-five fathoms; and, as soon as any of these buckets emerged from the gloomy cavity, or until they entered it in their descent, they were visible; but below this point they were hid in darkness. The clanking of the chains, the groaning of the pumps, the hallooing of the miners, the creaking of the blocks and wheels, the trampling of horses, the beating of the hammers, and the loud and frequent subterraneous thunder from the blasting of the rocks by gunpowder, in the midst of all this scene of excavation

and uproar, produced an effect which no stranger can behold unmoved.'

The danger of the descent alarmed even the bold mineralogist; and he derived little consolation from the remark of one of the miners, that a woman had fallen as she was descending to her work. Being asked what became of her, one of the guides, slapping his hand forcibly against his thigh, as if to illustrate the manner of the catastrophe, said, 'she became (*pankaka*) a pancake. This reminds us of the cool answer of an English ferry-man, who, being asked whether people were not sometimes lost in the passage, exclaimed, '*lost!*' oh no—a friend of mine was lately drowned here; but he was *found* the next day.'

Dr. Clarke and his companions penetrated to the bottom of the mine—'Here (he says) we had no sooner arrived, than our conductors, taking each of us by the arm, hurried us along, through regions of 'thick-ribbed ice' and darkness, into a vaulted level, through which we were to pass into the principal chamber of the mine. The noise of countless hammers, all in vehement action, increased as we crept along this level; until at length, subduing every other sound, we could no longer hear each other speak, notwithstanding our utmost efforts. At this moment, we were ushered into a prodigious cavern, whence the sounds proceeded; and here, amidst falling waters, tumbling rocks, steam, ice, and gunpowder, about fifty miners were in the very height of their employment. The magnitude of the cavern, over all parts of which their labors were going on, was alone sufficient to prove that the iron ore is not deposited in veins, but in beds. Above, below, on every side, and in every nook of this fearful dungeon, glimmering tapers disclosed the grim and anxious countenances of the miners. They were now driving bolts of iron into the rocks, to bore cavities for the gunpowder, for blasting. Scarcely had we recovered from the stupefaction occasioned by our first introduction into this Pandæmonium, when we beheld, close to us, hags more horrible than perhaps it is possible for any other female figures to exhibit, holding their dim quivering tapers to our faces, and bellowing in our ears. One of the same sisterhood, snatching a lighted splinter of deal, darted to the spot where we stood, with eyes inflamed and distilling rheum, her hair clotted with mud, dugs naked and pendulous; and such a face, and such hideous yells, as it is impossible to describe:—

——'Black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell.'——

If we could have heard what she said, we should not have comprehended a syllable: but as several other *Parcæ*, equally Gorgonian in their aspect, passed swiftly by us, hastening tumultuously towards the entrance, we began to perceive, that if we remained longer in our present situation, *Atropos* might indeed cut short the threads of our existence; for the noise of the hammers had now ceased, and a tremendous blast was near the point of its explosion. We had scarcely retraced with all speed our steps along the level, and were beginning to ascend the ladders, when the full volume of the thunder reached us, as if roaring with greater vehemence because pent amongst the crashing rocks, whence, being reverberated over all the mine, it seemed to shake the earth itself with its terrible vibrations.'

The still more famous mine of Fahlun, in Dalecarlia, is described with spirit and with scientific accuracy: but we pass on to a subject more generally interesting to our fair readers,—a nuptial festival.—At Hedmora, 'we heard the sound of musical instruments, as if a band were approaching; and presently two carts, bearing the performers, and filled with other men and women, decorated with ribands and a variety of gaudy trinkets, entered the yard of the inn. The appearance of these merry-makers was most grotesque. Each cart was conducted by a single horse, upon which sate the driver, more than 'half-seas over,' playing upon a fiddle, the most common instrument of Norway and Sweden. The carts were crammed with boors of both sexes, having their hats and clothes bedizened with nuptial favors, who, with the most ludicrous grimaces, some fiddling, others singing, were endeavouring to express their rude mirth by all sorts of gestures and noises. They had been to a wedding the day before,—Sunday. We asked them to dance, and they consented, upon the condition of our treating each of them with a dram of their favorite beverage, Swedish brandy flavored with aniseed. The whole party then prepared to exhibit their agility; and we expected to be gratified with a sight of the curious old provincial

dance of the Dalecarlians. But they began with waltzes; and, after swinging each other in whirls with a degree of violence that made an approach rather dangerous, ended in the graver measures and attitudes of the minuet, which we found better suited to the sort of doubtful equilibrium maintained by most of them: with the minuets the dance ended.'

The Swedes are justly represented by our author as a friendly and good-humored people, particularly toward strangers; but a person who has a regard to delicacy would perhaps be offended or disgusted at the *grossness* of their hospitality.—' When Englishmen are invited to dine with the inhabitants [*of Stockholm*], it is a constant practice to prepare a quantity of what is called roast beef for their reception at table: and the opinion which all foreigners have, that we cannot dine without a copious allowance of animal food, especially of beef, is very diverting. The host gathers consequence to himself in having provided this kind of diet, and, smiling at his guests, calls out, in an emphatical tone, ' rosbif' (for so it is generally written and pronounced), as the mangled heap of flesh which bears this name is handed round; not having the smallest resemblance to any thing so called in England, but consisting of lumps of meat piled upon a dish, tough, stringy, and covered with grease. Of this if you do not eat heartily, offence is sure to be given. In fact, if an Englishman wish to render himself agreeable to the Swedish gentry, he ought to prepare himself by fasting for at least two entire days before he visits them. If he do not devour every thing that they set before him, and with a degree of voraciousness proportioned to their good wishes for his making a hearty meal, he will never give satisfaction.'

In a voyage from Stockholm to the isle of Aland, Dr. Clarke and his companions were in great danger of shipwreck; but they arrived safely on the island, and had various opportunities of witnessing the free, unconstrained, and indelicate manners of the people. The post-house of Vardo, in this respect, furnished a striking scene.—' A more curious sight could hardly be imagined. At our entrance, nobody was up. The members of the family held a conversation with our boatmen, but we saw none of them. The floor of the only room they had, and of which we had taken possession, was covered with straw and sedge, according to the custom of the country at Christmas, and once a practice, even in the king's houses, in England. Peeping from behind their hiding-places, as soon as they perceived that strangers had entered this apartment, they were all stirring: and presently there fell out from every side of the room the naked figures of men, women, boys, and girls, who had been piled in tiers one above another, as in a ship's cabin: being concealed from view by so many sheep-skins, which were suspended as curtains before their cots. This motley groupe, amounting in all to thirteen persons, without a rag to cover them, squatted themselves upon the floor in the middle of the chamber, and began altogether the business of their brief toilette. The women put on two pairs of woollen hose, and over these a pair of greasy boots. The toilette being ended, they all, with one accord, began to blow their noses into the palms of their hands, and to wipe them upon their clothes. Then the men kindled their tobacco-pipes; and hawking and spitting commenced. Nor were the women unoccupied: for, a large fire being lighted, the females of the family quietly took up their petticoats, and sate before it, very leisurely gartering their stockings. This being done, a girl now handed round their breakfast: it consisted of, first, a dram to each person, served in a small silver cup; secondly, a portion of black biscuit, with about two ounces of fresh butter. At this meal they sate, without ceremony or order, each where and with whom he pleased, chatting and laughing in groupes, apparently contented and happy. It was rather new, to see mothers with their children at their breasts disengage their tender infants from the nipple, to pour down their little throats a portion of the dram which came to the mother's share; but still more remarkable to see these young dram-drinkers lick their lips, roll their eyes about, and stretch out their puny hands, as craving more,—showing how accustomed they were to this beverage.'

This inattention to decorum may reasonably be blamed, and this habit of drinking is also censurable; but the moral virtues are by no means extinct among these islanders, and their exterior respect for religion is evinced by the fulness of their congregations at the performance of divine service.

WALKS IN THE COUNTRY.

NO. V.

THE COWSLIP-BALL.

MAY 16.—There are moments in life when, without any visible or immediate cause, the spirits sink and fail, as it were, under the mere pressure of existence: moments of unaccountable depression, when one is weary of one's very thoughts, haunted by images that will not depart—images many and various, but all painful! friends lost, or changed, or dead! hopes disappointed even in their accomplishment; fruitless regrets, powerless wishes, doubt and fear, self-distrust, and self-disapprobation! They who have known these feelings, (and who is there so happy as not to have known some of them?) will understand why Alfieri became powerless, and Froissart dull; and why even needle-work, that most effectual sedative, that grand soother and composer of woman's distress, fails to comfort me to-day. I will go out into the air this cool pleasant afternoon, and try what that will do. I fancy that exercise, or exertion of any kind, is the true specific for nervousness. 'Fling but a stone, the giant dies.' I will go to the meadows! the beautiful meadows! and I will have all my materials of happiness, Lizzy and May, and a basket for flowers, and we will make a cowslip-ball. 'Did you ever see a cowslip-ball, my Lizzy?'—'No.'—'Come away then; make haste! run, Lizzy!'

And on we go fast, fast! down the road, across the lea, past the workhouse, along the great pond, till we slide into the deep narrow lane, whose hedges seem to meet over the water, and win our way to the little farm-house at the end. 'Through the farm-yard, Lizzy; over the gate: never mind the cows; they are quiet enough.' 'I don't mind 'em,' said miss Lizzy, boldly and truly, and with a proud affronted air, displeased at being thought to mind any thing, and showing by her attitude and manner some design of proving her courage by an attack on the largest of the herd, in the shape of a pull by the tail. 'I don't mind 'em.'—'I know you don't, Lizzy; but let them alone, and don't chase the turkey-cock. Come to me, my dear!' and, for a wonder, Lizzy came.

In the mean time my other pet, Mayflower, had also gotten into a scrape. She had driven about a huge unwieldy sow, till the animal's grunting had disturbed the repose of a still more enormous Newfoundland dog, the guardian of the yard. Out he sallied growling from the depth of his kennel, erecting his tail, and shaking his long chain. May's attention was instantly diverted from the sow to this new playmate, friend or foe, she cared not which; and he of the kennel, seeing his charge unhurt and out of danger, was at leisure to observe the charms of his fair enemy, as she frolicked round him, always beyond the reach of his chain, yet always with the natural instinctive coquetry of her sex, alluring him to the pursuit which she knew to be vain. I never saw a prettier flirtation. At last the noble animal, wearied out, retired to the inmost recesses of his habitation, and would not even approach her when she stood right before the entrance. You are properly served, May. Come along, Lizzy. Across this wheat-field, and now over the gate. Stop! let me lift you down. No jumping, no breaking of necks, Lizzy! And here we are in the meadows, and out of the world.' Robinson Crusoe, in his lonely island, had scarcely a more complete or a more beautiful solitude.

These meadows consist of a double row of small enclosures of rich grassland, a mile or two in length, sloping down from high arable grounds on either side to a little nameless brook that winds between them, with a course which in its infinite variety, clearness, and rapidity, seems to emulate the bold rivers of the north, of whom, far more than of our lazy southern streams, our rivulet presents a miniature likeness. Never was water more exquisitely tricksy:—now darting over the bright pebbles, sparkling and flashing in the light with a bubbling music, as sweet and wild as the song of the woodlark: now stretching quietly along, giving back the rich tufts of the golden marsh-marygolds which grow on its margin; now sweeping round a fine reach of green grass, rising steeply into a high mound, a mimic promontory, whilst the other side sinks softly away, like some tiny bay, and the water flows between, so clear, so wide, so shallow, that Lizzy, longing for adventure, is sure she could cross unwetted,—now dashing through two sandbanks, a torrent deep and narrow, which May clears at a bound; now sleeping half-hidden beneath the alders and hawthorns and wild roses with which the banks are so profusely and variously

fringed, whilst flags*, lilies, and other aquatic plants, almost cover the surface of the stream. In good truth it is a beautiful brook; and one that Walton himself might have sitten by and loved, for trout are there; we see them as they dart up the stream, and hear and start at the sudden plunge when they spring to the surface for the summer flies. Isaac Walton would have loved our brook and our quiet meadows; they breathe the very spirit of his own peacefulness, a soothing quietude that sinks into the soul. There is no path through them, not one; we might wander through them a whole spring day, and not see a trace of human habitation. They belong to a number of small proprietors, who allow each other access through their respective grounds, from pure kindness and neighbourly feeling, a privilege never abused: and the fields on the other side of the water are reached by a rough plank, or a tree thrown across, or some such homely bridge. We ourselves possess one of the most beautiful; so that the strange pleasure of property, that instinct which makes Lizzy delight in her broken doll, and May in the bare bone which she has pilfered from the kennel of her recreant admirer of Newfoundland, is added to the other charms of this enchanting scenery; a strange pleasure it is, when one so poor as I can feel it! Perhaps it is felt most by the poor, with the rich it may be less intense—too much diffused and spread out, becoming thin, as it were, by expansion, like leaf-gold; the little of the poor may be not only more precious, but more pleasant to them: certainly that bit of grassy and blossomy earth, with its green knolls and tufted bushes, its old pollards wreathed with ivy, and its bright and babbling waters, is very dear to me. But I must always have loved these meadows, so fresh, and cool, and delicious to the eye and to the tread, full of cowslips, and of all vernal flowers: Shakspeare's Song of Spring bursts irrepressibly from our lips as we step on them:

'When daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then on every tree—'

'Cuckoo! cuckoo!' cried Eliza, breaking in with her clear childish voice; and immediately, as if at her call, the real bird, from a neighbouring tree (for these meadows are dotted with timber like a park), began to echo my lovely little girl, 'cuckoo! cuckoo!' I have a prejudice very unpastoral and unpoetical (but I cannot help it, I have many such), against this 'harbinger of spring.' His note is so monotonous, so melancholy; and then the boys mimic him; one hears 'cuckoo! cuckoo!' in dirty streets, amongst smoky houses, and the bird is hated for faults not his own. But prejudices of taste, likings and dislikings, are not always vanquishable by reason; so, to escape the serenade from the tree, which promised to be of considerable duration, (when once that eternal song begins, on it goes ticking like a clock)—to escape that noise I determined to excite another, and challenged Lizzy to a cowslip-gathering; a trial of skill and speed, to see which should soonest fill her basket. My stratagem succeeded completely. What scrambling, what shouting, what glee from Lizzy! twenty cuckoos might have sung unheard whilst she was pulling her own flowers, and stealing mine, and laughing, screaming, and talking through all.

At last the baskets were filled, and Lizzy declared victor: and down we sate, on the brink of the stream, under a spreading hawthorn, just disclosing its own pearly buds, and surrounded with the rich and enameled flowers of the wild hyacinth, blue and white, to make our cowslip ball. Every one knows the process; to nip off the tuft of florets just below the top of the stalk, and hang each cluster nicely balanced across a riband, till you have a long string like a garland;

* Walking along these meadows one bright sunny afternoon, a year or two back, and rather later in the season, I had an opportunity of observing a curious circumstance in natural history. Standing close to the edge of the stream, I remarked a singular appearance on a large tuft of flags. It looked like bunches of flowers, the leaves of which seemed dark, yet transparent, intermingled with brilliant tubes of bright blue or shining green. On examining this phenomenon more closely, it turned out to be several clusters of dragon-flies, just emerged from their deformed chrysalis state, and still torpid and motionless from the wetness of their filmy wings Half an hour later we returned to the spot, and they were gone. We had seen them at the very moment when beauty was complete and animation dormant. I have since found a nearly similar account of this curious process in M.. Bingley's very entertaining work, called 'Animal Biography.'

then to press them closely together and tie them tightly up. We went on very prosperously, *considering;* as people say of a young lady's drawing, or a Frenchman's English, or a woman's tragedy, or the poor little dwarf who works without fingers, or the ingenious sailor who writes with his toes, or generally of any performance which is accomplished by means seemingly inadequate to its production. To be sure we met with a few accidents. First, Lizzy spoiled nearly all her cowslips by snapping them off too short; so there was a fresh gathering: in the next place May overset my full basket, and sent the blossoms floating, like so many fairy favors, down the brook. Gathering the third: then when we were going on pretty steadily, just as we had made a superb wreath, and were thinking of tying it together, Lizzy, who held the riband, caught a glimpse of a gorgeous butterfly, all brown and red and purple, and skipping off to pursue the new object, let go her hold; so all our treasures were abroad again. At last, however, by dint of taking a branch of alder as a substitute for Lizzy, and hanging the basket in a pollard-ash, out of sight of May, the cowslip-ball was finished. What a concentration of fragrance and beauty it was! golden and sweet to satiety! rich to sight, and touch, and smell! Lizzy was enchanted, and ran off with her prize, hiding amongst the trees in the very coyness of ecstasy, as if any human eye, even mine, would be a restraint on her innocent raptures.

In the mean while I sate listening, not to my enemy the cuckoo, but to a whole concert of nightingales, scarcely interrupted by any meaner bird, answering and vying with each other in those short delicious strains which are to the ear as roses to the eye; those snatches of lovely sound which come across us as airs from heaven. Pleasant thoughts, delightful associations, awoke as I listened; and almost unconsciously I repeated to myself the beautiful story of the Lutist and the Nightingale, from Ford's Lover's Melancholy. Here it is, Is there in English poetry any thing finer?

'Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales
Which poets of an elder time have feign'd
To glorify their Tempe, bred in me
Desire of visiting that Paradise.
To Thessaly I came, and living private,
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions
Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
I day by day frequented silent groves
And solitary walks. One morning early
This accident encounter'd me: I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention
That art or nature ever were at strife in.
A sound of music touch'd mine ears, or rather
Indeed entranced my soul: as I stole nearer,
Invited by the melody, I saw
This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute
With strains of strange variety and harmony
Proclaiming, as it seem'd, so bold a challenge
To the clear choristers of the woods, the birds,
That, as they flock'd about him, all stood silent,
Wond'ring at what they heard. I wonder'd too:
A nightingale,
Nature's best-skill'd musician, undertakes
The challenge; and for every several strain
The well-shaped youth could touch, she sang him down.
He could not run division with more art
Upon his quaking instrument than she,
The nightingale, did with her various notes
Reply to.
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
Into a pretty anger, that a bird,
Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or notes,
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
Had busied many hours to perfect practice.
To end the controversy, in a rapture
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly
So many voluntaries, and so quick,
That there was curiosity and cunning,
Concord in discord, lines of differing method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.
The bird (ordain'd to be
Music's first martyr) strove to imitate
These several sounds; which when her warbling throat
Failed in, for grief down dropt she on his lute,
And brake her heart. It was the quaintest sadness
To see the conqueror upon her hearse
To weep a funeral elegy of tears.
He looks upon the trophies of his art,
Then sigh'd, then wip'd his eyes; then sigh'd, and cry'd,
'Alas! poor creature, I will soon revenge
This cruelty upon the author of it.
Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
Shall never more betray a harmless peace
To an untimely end:' and in that sorrow,
As he was pushing it against a tree,
I suddenly stept in.'

When I had finished the recitation of this exquisite passage, the sky, which had been all the afternoon dull and heavy, began to look more and more threatening; darker clouds, like wreaths of black, smoke, flew across the dead leaden tint; a cooler, damper air blew over the meadows, and a few large heavy drops plashed in the water. 'We shall have a storm, Lizzy! May, where are ye? Quick, quick, my Lizzy! run, run! faster, faster!'

And off we ran; Lizzy not at all displeased at the thoughts of a wetting, to which indeed she is almost as familiar as a duck; May, on the other hand, peering up at the weather, and shaking her pretty ears with manifest dismay. Of all animals, next to a cat, a greyhound

dreads rain. She might have escaped it; her light feet would have borne her home long before the shower; but May is too faithful for that, too true a comrade, understands too well the laws of good fellowship; so she waited for us. She did, to be sure, gallop on before, and then stop and look back, and beckon, as it were, with some scorn in her black eyes at the slowness of our progress. We in the mean while got on as fast as we could, encouraging and reproaching each other. 'Faster, my Lizzy! Oh what a bad runner!'—'Faster, faster! Oh what a bad runner,' echoed my saucebox. 'You are so fat, Lizzy, you make no way!'—'Ah! who else is fat?' retorted the darling. Certainly her mother is right; I do spoil that child.

By this time we were thoroughly soaked all three. It was a pelting shower, that drove through our thin summer clothing and poor May's short glossy coat in a moment. And then, when we were wet to the skin, the sun came out, actually the sun, as if to laugh at our plight; and then, more provoking still, when the sun was shining, and the shower over, came a maid and a boy to look after us, loaded with cloaks and umbrellas enough to fence us against a whole day's rain. Never mind! on we go, faster and faster; Lizzy obliged to be most ignobly carried, having had the misfortune to lose a shoe in the mud, which we left the boy to look after.

Here we are at home—dripping; but glowing and laughing, and bearing our calamity most manfully. May, a dog of excellent sense, went instantly to bed in the stable, and is at this moment over head and ears in straw; Lizzy is gone to bed too, coaxed into that wise measure by a promise of tea and toast, and of not going home till to-morrow, and the story of Little Red Riding-Hood; and I am enjoying the luxury of dry clothing by a good fire. Really getting wet through now and then is no bad thing, finery apart; for one should not like spoiling a new pelisse or a handsome plume; but when there is nothing in question but a white gown and a straw bonnet, as was the case to-day, it is rather pleasant than not. The little chill refreshes, and our enjoyment of the subsequent warmth and dryness is positive and absolute. Besides, the stimulus and exertion do good to the mind as well as body. How melancholy I was all the morning! how cheerful I am now! Nothing like a shower-bath—a real shower-bath, such as Lizzy and May and I have undergone, to cure low spirits. Try it, my dear readers, if ever ye be nervous—I will answer for its success.

M.

THE CAMBRIDGE DECAMERON;

FOURTH TALE.

ILLUSTRATION OF THE PASSION OF HATRED.

It became now the turn of the elderly lady to speak, whom we have called Honoria, who thus addressed the party around her, in a voice of cheerful kindness.

Miss Edgeworth, in her excellent novel of Belinda, says, 'we hear a great deal about *love* in the world, yet *hatred* is not less busy in it, of which we say nothing.' As I have lived long enough to witness the truth of this observation, and wish to give a little variety to our subjects of discourse, allow me to offer this passion of hatred to your contemplation; for, however revolting it may appear, be assured, that as human beings we are all a little subject to its influence, and that it sometimes approaches us in such a questionable shape, that we may fall 'in hatred,' without being aware of it, as well as 'in love.' In many respects these opposite passions resemble each other, and it is certain that they frequently succeed each other—the presence of each (as a medical man would say) is alike indicated by anxiety, watchfulness, frequent change of color, great absence of mind, and great fear that the thoughts of the heart may be discovered. These are constantly employed in both cases on the object of the passion; and as, in that of love, we all labor under an intense desire to bestow the whole world upon one object, for whom all wealth, honor, and enjoyment, are too little, so in the other, there is equal longing in the heart to vilify and injure it. Shylock declares, 'that all men desire to *kill* the thing they hate;' but I really acquit the race of common haters of any such bloody intention; for I think that, generally speaking, they would be content with less: besides, they have the sense to know that they could torment a dead enemy no longer, and to torment in some shape or other is the great business of their lives.

Love, considered either as a gentle affection, or a positive passion, is generally displayed in the morning of existence; whereas hatred requires for th most part a summer's sun, and flourishes in its more vivid characteristics in the meridian of life. You may see a family of sisters behave very prettily to each other at a boarding-school, where they are all dressed alike, and taught alike, although some little objects of rivalry may occur on the subject of exhibition in a song or a dance. But look at these ladies some years afterwards, when each is married and become the mother of a family. Their children are then taught to hate each other by prescriptive right; for, however different the situations in life of their respective fathers may be, each of the said sisters never fails to expect that *her* children shall wear the best clothes, have the best masters, cut the best figure. She who carries this point, ensures the *hatred* of the rest: she who of necessity fails, concludes that she has a right to *hate* those above her. Thus hatred is engendered on every side, the ties of blood are rent asunder, and seeds of ill-will are sown, which bring forth profuse crops in the ensuing years of existence.

That species of love also which brings at least two-thirds of our married couples together is a plant of early growth, and can spring up with little depth of soil in the morning of life, which it adorns with the gayest flowers that humanity can boast. But we all know they are very evanescent, and in the course of a few years give way to hatred, as a plant of a more hardy race, seemingly calculated to afford more solid satisfaction to their riper years.

Do not start, ladies—I am certain I can remind you of various instances in the circle of all our acquaintance, of people cultivating the lofty and sublime emotions of *hatred*, in a manner which proved that it was either congenial to their nature, or an object of their ambition. I dare appeal to every one, whether they have not heard many a husband and wife say, 'my dear,' with a curl of the lip, a fierceness in the glance of the eye, and even a dilatation of the whole enraged form, which proved that they said in their hearts 'my devil.' In how many instances do we see persons, who went together with the same views, belonged to the same class of society, and might be therefore supposed likely to have the same conceptions of happiness, perpetually thwart each other, for the pure pleasure of feeding or expressing hatred! Emma Green, was a very prudent girl when young, but, in the character of Mrs. Stint, is notorious for extravagance, which she very honestly ascribes to the true cause. 'Well, I confess I didn't want a pelisse, but I ordered it just to vex Mr. Stint, he is so miserly.'—'I am so glad the carriage was overturned, you can't think; for Mr. Stint will be obliged to buy another, and that will so gall him.'—'I lost the odd trick on purpose, the moment I knew he had any thing depending.'—Mr. Rosoman has been pointed at for his infidelities to his lady; it is said, 'he falls in love with every pretty woman he sees,'—but he has himself assured many that he is subject to no such weakness; he merely flirted with one, 'to plague his wife,' with another, 'to shew Mrs. Rosoman her beauty was nothing to him'—on one occasion, 'he mortified her bitterly, by paying attention to the plainest woman he could find,' and, on another, 'suffered himself to be bored to death by a positive fool, just by way of rendering his wife excessively wretched,'—for this end he has wasted his fortune, and injured his fame: is he not then sincere in his hatred?

Hatred is also like love, from being in its commencement timid, and childish in its developements, and your little puny haters are amazingly ridiculous in their paltry efforts of annoyance, insomuch that we are apt to speak of them as 'people who have a great regard for each other, only apt to quarrel;' and, in this stage of the passion, it is certain that they are ready to undo, in some moment of returning tenderness or awakened conscience, all which they have perhaps been doing for months to evince dislike and hostility. For their consolation they may, however, rest assured, that if they have the resolution to persist in anxiously investigating each other's errors, whether real or supposed, in giving way to irritation and peevishness, and industriously seizing every opportunity for a quarrel, there is no doubt that in time they will establish *hatred* in their hearts, and have an actual enjoyment in the exercise of that spleen, contradiction, fret-

fulness, and rage, which are the natural progeny of such a parent.

Notwithstanding the great pains which many married persons take with each other for the propagation of this passion, yet after all there are few 'good haters,' few that would satisfy Dr. Johnson, or any good judge; but I well remember an elderly couple, who had attained a state which I apprehend was as near perfection in this case as the weakness of human nature admits.

As the loving glances and occasional toyings of some newly married couples are often disgusting to the single and the fastidious, so were the regular snarlings and loud altercations of this remarkable pair alarming to the nervous and peaceable; and very few persons had courage to invite them together, since they were aware that their room would be an arena for 'colloquial warfare' between the doughty opponents during the whole evening; a case I have heard my father and mother lament many a time. When I was young and giddy, I conceived it the best part of a country tea-drinking; and as they never came in at the same time, or agreed even to use the same conveyance, I well remember that the moment one party was landed, I never failed to seat myself near them, in order to have a good view of the countenances of each on the *entrée* of the other.

Mr. Cave, though now a country gentleman, had formerly been a merchant, and increased his fortune (which was very large) with an excellent character for probity, liberality, and activity. It was probably the latter principle, united to a naturally keen sarcastic turn, which originally led him to devote the unemployed hours of his retired life to quarreling with his lady; and, as she was 'nothing loth' to accept such a desideratum in lieu of the gay spirit-stirring scenes of the metropolis, it was no wonder, that they practised sparring as a pair of intellectual gladiators, in such a style as to rival the gross material operations of Spring, Neate, and the rest of the fighting fraternity. Not a day arose but each party *punished* the other—their whole lives were passed in chancery—and in the hour of warfare both were addicted to fibbing, and in lieu of claret it is certain that clear water fell from the eyes of the lady, and the gentleman literally frothed at the mouth.

But I must describe this pair of worthies, who, by the way, were only unworthy as a *pair*; for, taken separately, they were pleasant people and good neighbours. Mr. Cave was a square, Dutch-built, rather than portly man, remarkably neat in his person; with a clear healthy complexion of ruddy brown, and a small round hazel eye, moving in a large socket of pure white, equally calculated for looking very fierce or very funny:—his nose was a short, snubby affair, and combined, with a considerable projection in the lower part of his face, to remind you of a bull-dog; an expression farther aided by his teeth, which were singularly large and white, and from the form of his lips were always presented to the eye when he began to speak—as the speech arose to anger, so did the long compact file of masticators reveal their crescent phalanx, and display their terrors. It might be truly said, 'that Mr. Cave snapped at his wife, as if he could bite off her head."

Mrs. Cave, on the contrary, was a demure-looking personage, and, when her features were in a composed state, considerably resembled a sober tabby cat, in the repose of purring tranquillity. No one could give, in her neat little form and lady-like costume, fewer indications of amazonian strength of lungs, or that shrewish virulence of tongue, which we deem essential to the character of a *scold;* yet it is only justice to say, that, when the proper subject was before her, no woman could acquit herself with more spirit, or display more tact and science. Although she had no pretension to *blue stockingism,* she had yet sufficient reading to give an apt quotation or a ridiculing allusion; she was sufficiently eloquent for all the purposes of provocation, and sufficiently dull to defeat the purposes of keen and delicate irony (not that it was a prevailing weapon in the hands of her *caro sposo*). In attack, I believe, she was inferior to her better half; but her powers of reply and rejoinder were admirable, and she had moments of concentrated defence and offence, in which, by the addition of a sneering smile, a sarcastic tone, or a stare of idiotic indifference, she became altogether irresistible.

Oh! for the powers of the great wizard of the North, in that moment of inspiration when he described the bear-baiting to our maiden queen, (or that

other wizard, alone greater than he, whose cause was on that day advocated!) to enable me to describe the way in which I remember Mr. Cave entered our house one warm evening, about ten minutes after his lady had alighted.

My father welcomed him at the door, and my mother pressed him to take a seat near her, to which request he acceded with polite readiness; for no man behaved better to his neighbours' wives than Mr. Cave. On the part of my poor mother, this was a movement of policy, as she thereby drew him to the greatest distance from his lady, for whom however he cast his eyes around, with that impatient glance of trembling solicitude, known only to the *lover* and the *hater*. At the moment of espial, she was in earnest conversation with a female friend, whose large person and flounced clothing somewhat obscured her; but, at the mention of her husband's name, she hitched her chair forward, shook her plumes, as if preparing for action, drew up her mouth, fixed her small grey eyes full upon him, and stopped short in the midst of her communication to the lady, with the air of one who is suddenly arrested, and compelled to enter on some tremendous scene of danger and defiance.

'So, Mrs. Cave, you are here, I perceive?'

'Yes, Mr. Cave, and so are you.'

This, you will perceive, was the recognition, though neither amiable nor amicable, of these redoubted warriors; it was however followed by symptoms of apparent tenderness. 'I hope you got well here, Mrs. Cave?'

'Very well, I thank you, sir — I came *alone*.'

The last word was the spark for which the train was prepared: to have refused it would have been cruel; yet it would have been refused, if it had not been the signal for pleasure to the hand that launched it. The dialogue proceeded.

'Yes, ma'am, you did come *alone*, and you are welcome to drive alone to the devil for me.'

'Thank you, Mr. Cave, I can follow *you* there at my leisure, and shall certainly find a bad journey the better for being free from bad company.'

Whilst these words were passing, every nerve was in agitation on each side. The husband grinned, the wife growled in an under tone, then bristled, sparkled, crowed in exultation. The company interfered by questioning each party; and Mr. Cave, being obliged to answer, was led to relate some conversation of a singular nature, on which one of the ladies inquired of Mrs. Cave, 'do you think the man spoke truth who told Mr. Cave this curious story?'

'I think,' she replied, 'there is not a word of truth in the affair.'

The answer had a double and a doubtful meaning; but Mr. Cave, delighted with the opening obviously presented, flew into a glorious rage, accused his wife of calling him 'a liar,' and observed, that people given to falsehood were always remarkably incredulous. He insisted that the man in question had spoken truth, although not one person present had a doubt of its falsehood, from which circumstance, the well-pointed though low and short replies of Mrs. Cave had a powerful effect, which goaded him to madness, and the battle raged in all the fury of civil war.

But alas! I cannot retrace the open accusation, keen repartee, sarcastic innuendo, sly insinuation, or vulgar reproach, which in the natural honesty of violent passion (that generous leveler of all ranks and degrees) forced its way from the lips of these accomplished *haters*. In fact, it was impossible for any, uninitiated in slander, to refrain from believing that from words they would proceed to blows, and even the friends who knew them best hastened the moment of arranging the card-tables, and placing them once more at a distance from each other. Here they sunk at once, as if with exhausted energies, into tame, regular, well-behaved partners; but, as the evening advanced, the eyes of each were observed frequently to be sent out in quest of the other, and it was evident that they waited anxiously for some lucky departure, some turn in the tables, by which there should arise a happy necessity for placing them opposite each other, and they might enjoy the felicity of 'spitting venom' through teeth and eyes, with that decent pretext which a sober rubber so kindly supplies to many far inferior practitioners.

The lucky moment came at last, and with it came the 'tug of war,' where 'Greek met Greek,' though not in the usual sense of a card-table. Never shall I forget the deep suppressed groan which said more than words—the upward cast of the eyes, denoting the utter despair

inflicted by a partner's imbecility,—the fierce air with which the cards bounded from the fingers at some moments, and the contemptuous languor with which they fell from them in others,—the terrible battalion of ivory which was arrayed in order of battle on one side, and the thin, compressed, scarlet lips, reddened by rage, and elongated by derision, on the other.

Such were the symptoms of the ruling passion during the awful silence demanded by the game: but, when the last card was laid down, out burst the smothered flame, and alike whether winning or losing, each loudly condemned the other's play, and proved that even cards themselves were in their case used merely as a vehicle by which radical hatred sought to vent its effusions; nor did they ever cease to rail till they were driven out of hearing.

This *talented* couple (to use a fashionable phrase) had only one son, of whom it might be said that his father loved him to excess, and his mother idolized him; but his *parents* neglected him. It was supposed by many, that both, being unhappy in their marriage, lavished on their son all the affection and tenderness of their hearts, and found in him a consolation for the affliction of their ill-starred union. Nothing could be more false than this conclusion, though the premises had much truth. Both loved their child; but, as they constantly thwarted each other even in this, so the kind offices of each were rendered void by the other. Besides, they were frequently too busy in the infliction of mutual torment to attend to him; and they had too much pleasure in this employment to require from him those consolations which the world erroneously deemed necessary to support them in this state of warfare. The state itself was the business of their lives, the exercise of their minds, the joy of their hearts,—daily bickerings, nightly reproaches, were, by the force of habit and the tendency of nature, rendered necessary to them. Quarreling gave zest to their food, improved their digestion, quickened their faculties; it was the effervescing acid which gave briskness to all their motions, vivacity to their conceptions, and set them on that sharp canter on the down hill of life, which generally characterizes only young and ardent spirits. They were so nearly matched in prowess, that neither had any claim on the pity of friends; and though for a time the ladies were inclined to think, 'that really Mr. Cave would have been a very good kind of man, had he met with a different wife,' and the gentlemen agreed, that Mrs. Cave was a pleasing woman, but unfortunately married;' yet by degrees the whole village perceived that they were a pair of salamanders, who could not only live in the fire but enjoy it, and would be out of their element if placed in a cooler atmosphere.

It was, however, not surprising that their much-to-be-pitied son sought for a milder temperament, or that, with the curiosity common to youth, he endeavoured to learn how far love could operate in rendering life as piquant as hatred did. He fell violently in love with a pretty rustic, whose widowed mother's little parlour struck him as the quietest place he had ever met with,—a quality, in the opinion of Alfred Cave, of such transcendent merit, that it was no wonder he preferred Sally Abbot's cottage to his father's halls. When this affair transpired, Mr. Cave was excessively alarmed, consulted with my father, and prudently resolved to send his son to a distance, and would probably have succeeded in breaking off the courtship, if my mother had not unluckily advised, that it should be kept from the ears of Mrs. Cave, whose heart, she said, 'would be broken by such a degrading attachment.'

Away went Mr. Cave, and poured the news upon his wife, as if he sought, by one overwhelming tide, to ensure 'a consummation he devoutly wished;' and he had certainly the delicious satisfaction of seeing the wife of his bosom, the mother of his son, writhe beneath the blow he inflicted, in despite of the noble struggles made by her fortitude, for the sake of snatching this cup of enjoyment from his lips. With such an instrument of torture in his grasp, how could Mr. Cave be expected to resign it?—the degrading love, the expected marriage, the rustic progeny of Alfred, were thumb-screws, racks, and broiling-irons to his wife, who was a woman of family, and considered her really handsome son, by the aid of her blood and his father's money, a match for the first woman in the county. Mr. Cave could not allow even his love for the son to interpose so far as to deprive him of the pleasures of hatred, and the affair went

on to its natural conclusion; the marriage took place before the mother had recovered from the blow inflicted by her husband.

When this *denouement* took place, Mr. Cave, in his turn, received a terrible shock, and perceived, when too late, that, in pursuing a transitory amusement, he had incurred an abiding misfortune. He was terrible in his expressions of rage, and denounced upon the heads of the offenders curses both 'loud and deep,' which ended by an assertion that they should never touch a shilling of his—'poverty and misery should be their portion.'

'Happiness and competence you mean,' said Mrs. Cave, with once more an exulting smile—'the happiness which belongs to an affectionate husband and a grateful wife; the competence which arises from a *mother's jointure*.'

'Jointure!' cried Mr. Cave, starting—'you will live twenty years at least—jointure! indeed.'—

'I shall not live twenty months—perhaps not ten.'

Mr. Cave looked earnestly at his wife, and perceived, with feelings of astonishment and mortification, that, although her complexion was flushed at the moment, she was wonderfully altered within the last few weeks. It was now *his* turn to suffer; he foresaw that she would enjoy her triumph, and die in pure spite—that she would also be kind to Alfred in mere contradiction; which was the more provoking, because, notwithstanding the present ebullition, he knew that his own heart would soon lead him to be likewise kind to his son. He now endeavoured to brace himself to firmness, and this was a difficult task.—Every time he looked at his wife, he saw she was about to slip from his grasp, and he felt that he should be lost without her. Time was precious; he was in the condition of the child who wants to save his cake and to eat it; he wished at once to use the power of tormenting his wife, whilst he had her, and was yet afraid to use it, lest it should facilitate her escape.

Mrs. Cave lost no time in conveying to Alfred all her ready money, and such other personal property as would secure him from present want; but she did not desire to see him, prohibited her servants from naming his wife in her presence, and abstained from her usual airings, lest she should meet them; and, from the rapid decline of her health, it appeared that my mother had been indeed too true a prophet in her view of this unequal union. As soon as Mr. Cave discovered this, he walked over to the cottage, forgave his son, accepted his new daughter, and finally presented both, with a look of exultation, to his lady.—

Mrs. Cave was as good as her word; she died within a few months, maintaining to the last her powers of contention, doubtless to the satisfaction of her husband, who was as constantly her attendant as love itself could have rendered him. It was her pleasure to be buried with her ancestors, and her husband's to inter her in the handsome new vault he had made in the church-yard of his parish. Day after day this point was disputed with vehemence on one side and pertinacity on the other; but, as the weakness of life was fast ebbing to its close, Mrs. Cave became sensible that she must procure an ally or yield to the enemy. Fortunately she found one in the attorney, who affirmed that the nature of her settlement permitted her to make a will, of which she immediately availed herself, by bequeathing her body to her native earth, and providing for her funeral expenses from funds indisputably her own. Armed with this instrument, she held up her skinny hand on her husband's next visit, exclaiming,

'Now, my dear, we shall see, I say we shall see, where I am to be buried!'

'Yes, my dear, we *shall*—you are to be buried where I choose—we are one flesh (though God knows not one spirit), and *your* bones are *my* bones, and shall be laid where I please.'

'I deny that—death dissolves matrimony—the surgeon, the sexton, are more welcome to my bones than you are. I have kept my vows till death—it parts us, and—see, the ring is falling off my finger, 'tis a sign that all is over—and'—

Mrs. Cave was seated in an easy chair, supported by pillows: she had not strength to more, but her bright ghastly eye pursued her wedding ring, which from recent agitation fell upon the carpet. Mr. Cave took it up, and, as he sought to replace it on the thin wasted finger, certain remembrances of the first time when he placed it on that hand (then a very lovely one) came over him, and for the moment obliterated the traces alike of time and hatred. He

trembled, and tears were on his cheek, as he said in a faltering voice, 'Let me put it on again, Betsy—you have indeed been a faithful wife to me through life —do not forsake me at last.'

The dying woman threw down the will—she raised her feeble arms, and, putting them round her husband's neck, said in a faint voice,

'Lay me in the vault—we will not part now.'—The revulsion of feeling was too much for a being whose life hung upon a hair—a short sigh followed, and all was over.——

I remember that the villagers talked much of the funeral, which was a very grand one, and delayed as long as possible. Alfred Cave's situation was canvassed next, and many persons observed, 'that it was happy for him that he could provide for his pretty rustic wife by his mother's jointure; for it might be concluded that his father would marry again:—he was yet a smart man, in good health, and with fine spirits; he had never been fairly reconciled to his son's marriage, and would undoubtedly look out for a suitable wife as soon as decency might permit; for, as every body knew how he lived with his late lady, it would be folly in him to affect being a mourner.'

The neighbours, however, formed an erroneous conclusion. Mr. Cave did not indeed affect to be a mourner, nor did he say a word good or bad respecting his wife; but he was observed by his servants to adopt many little matters in his establishment, which she had been accustomed to recommend, and he to oppose. He became silent, dull, and absent, and wandered about his house and grounds, till at length he was observed to pay frequent and long visits to her grave, from which he generally returned somewhat better than he set out. Perhaps, poor man, he indulged at these moments in some ideal dispute with the departed, which refreshed his fading powers—perhaps, he there repented his share of the error which had pervaded and in one sense embittered their lives. Be this as it may, one thing is certain, that when the winter set in, and he could no longer pay these mournful visits, all his spirits fled, his appetite forsook him, his strength failed, he refused all society, and without any express disorder sunk into the grave, the prey of *ennui* and dejection; thus proving that hatred is a more active passion than love, and must be more fatal in its effects, since it inevitably leaves the unhappy breast where it has rankled indisposed towards those consolations which, in the hour of its most distressing privations, can soothe and bless the affectionate and tender heart.

A MEMOIR OF THE POET ZHUKOVSKI.

If the Russians do not equal the subjects of Great-Britain, the French, or the Germans, in the different branches of polite literature, it must be allowed that they have in our time made a considerable progress in those ornamental and ennobling attainments. Some of their poets are ingenious and elegant, and their miscellaneous writers are respectable. As Wasili Zhukovski bears a high rank among both classes, some biographical particulars respecting him may perhaps be acceptable to our readers. He was born in the province of Tula, in 1783, and received his education in the military seminary at the university of Moscow. He entered the army, and retired as a captain of the staff, but served again in the campaign of 1812. His poetical talents were developed at an early age; nor was it long before he commenced his career as an author. In 1808 he became editor of the popular journal entitled 'The Intelligencer.' His poems, which soon obtained a marked popularity, have passed through many impressions. To his original pieces he added spirited translations from Schiller, Matthisson, Goëthe, and Burger. In 1817, he published a versified legend of the 'Twelve Sleeping Virgins.' From the year 1814, he resided chiefly at Dorpat, where he applied himself to the study of modern languages, particularly that of Germany, for which he had conceived a strong predilection, having familiarized himself completely with the beauties of Schiller and Goëthe. In 1816, the university of Dorpat conferred upon him a high mark of esteem, by presenting him with the diploma of a doctor of philosophy. He had now established his reputation as a poet, particularly by several patriotic songs, highly flattering to the martial spirit of his nation; and these productions rendered his name familiar in every district of the Russian empire. His 'Camp Minstrel,' and his

'Bard on the ruins of the Kremlin,' are among the most successful of his works; nor are his epistles less favorable specimens of his genius, especially that addressed to the emperor Alexander after the capture of Paris. This application of his talents procured for him not only popularity and renown, but more solid advantages. Alexander conferred upon him several marks of honor, accompanied with a considerable pension (in reward as he was pleased to express it), for the eminent services he achieved for the literature of his country, and the glory with which his patriotic muse had adorned the bravery of his countrymen, and their martial exploits. He was afterwards appointed reader of the Russian language to the princess Alexandra Feodorowna, whom he accompanied on her travels. During these travels, from which he returned in the last year, he became intimately acquainted with Germany, and with many of its most distinguished characters; and he will doubtless communicate to the public a narrative of his adventures in that country.

While he was employed in transplanting many of the flowers of German poetry into his native idiom, the Germans were, on the other hand, equally sensible of his merits, and eager to render them intelligible to their countrymen. M. von Bonn, of Dorpat, published a masterly version of several of Zhukovski's pieces in his work, entitled 'Poetical Productions of Russia!' His poetry has been compared to that of Schiller, who certainly had a decided influence upon his taste; yet it must not be supposed that the Russian is a mere imitator: there rather appears to have been an original sympathy of thought and expression between the poets. A certain attachment to the ideal, a predilection for the elegiac, sentimental, and heroic;—a warm enthusiasm for moral sublimity;—the devotion of faith, love, friendship, and patriotism, characterize all the productions of the northern bard. In other respects, his powers are rather descriptive than creative: and hence, although eminently successful in the delineation of particular emotions and situations, he has never produced a complete character, either in epic composition or in tragedy. His style is condensed, bold, pure, and energetic; and his versification generally harmonious, although he occasionally sacrifices beauty of sound and rhythm to force of expression. Admirable as a writer, he is no less estimable as a man; and, at the same time, a highly prepossessing exterior announces to every beholder an amiable disposition, and that ingenuous candor and simplicity which confer an additional lustre on great talents.

MOON-LIGHT ON THE SEA-SHORE.

By Mr. James Bird.

'Tis sweet to wander on the lonely shore,
  When all around is silent, and at rest,
Save the wind's whistle and the billow's roar,
  Or sea-bird, screaming from her rocky nest;
While moon and stars a flood of splendor pour,
  That gilds the rock, the shore, the wave's white crest,
And glittering bark, that sails majestic by,
Her couch the wave—her canopy the sky!

I love the sacred stillness of the night,
  When her fair queen leads forth the host of heaven;
Then all is peace—the soul's unclouded light
  Burns with ethereal flame; and then are given
Thoughts that refine the spirit and excite
  The hope that is immortal; and the leaven
Of earth is purified; then joy and love
Beam forth serenely as the orbs above.

TO AMELIA.

O do not forget me, O do not forget,
  If mine eye should ne'er light on thee more!
Oft, oft, shall I think of the hour that we met,
  Of the days and delights that are o'er.

When splendor and fortune have spread their soft wiles,
  When distance hath borne thee away,
When pleasure allures, and when happiness smiles,
  When the world all around thee looks gay;

O do not forget me, O do not forget!
  For alike in thy weal or thy woe
The sun of dear memory never shall set;
  It shall follow wherever you go. C. M. B.

THE IRISH FORTUNE-HUNTER.

'I AM fond of a girl who is pretty,
  For then I can look on her face;
And I like a fair maiden who's witty,
  And one who can frolic with grace.

'But all this will not do without *money*;
  She *must* have some gold in her purse;
And I hope soon to find a dear honey,
  Who will take me *for better, for worse*.

'A kind and good husband I'll prove,
  Until all her money has flown;
And then she may mourn her rash love,
  And I'll go where my tricks are unknown.'

Thus a lively young Irishman spoke,
  And in England this course he pursued:
And, to prove that he was not in joke,
  Thus did he three women delude.

With polygamy now he was charg'd;
  And no ray of hope seem'd to gleam:
But he found bail, and soon was enlarg'd,
  And pass'd over to Dublin by *steam*.

As he was not to work much inclin'd,
  To borrow or cheat he resolv'd;
But creditors were not all kind,
  And in trouble the knave was involv'd.

As no friend will give farther relief,
  In prison he lingers forlorn;
And he cries in vexation and grief,
  'Oh! I wish I had never been born!'
C. C.

AN ADDITIONAL TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO THE MEMORY OF CANOVA, IN A LETTER TO MATTHISSON FROM MRS. FREDERICA BRUN.

It was in the winter of 1802 that I had the pleasure of first becoming personally acquainted with Canova. He was at that time in the full vigor of life, and at the summit of his reputation. His figure was rather small, but muscular; his complexion was a light brown, like that of the Italians in general, looking pale, but healthy; he had a very animated and expressive countenance, a high forehead, and a deep-seated, black, ardent eye, announcing fecundity of thought, and beaming with genius. Every hour passed with him was rich in enjoyment and instruction, whether he received us in one of his *studii*, or visited us in our romantic residence, the Villa di Malta. His conversation was at all times free and interesting, equally willing to give and to receive; for one might converse with him in an agreeable and instructive manner on all subjects of history, literature, and art, as he was exceedingly well-informed, open-hearted, and full of the most noble impartiality. Of this last, and of his freedom from all irritable self-love, I will give you some examples, and show you the ingenuous openness of his character, such as it appeared to me during my acquaintance with him.

I was very frequently in one or other of his *studii* alone, or accompanied by some of my friends among the Roman artists. We conversed without restraint on the works before us, and his numerous performances delighted me.

Thus I viewed, with profound admiration, his first bust of Napoleon, then first consul, which I thought equal to any work of the ancients. It was a masterpiece of characteristic expression, of physiognomy, and of the art of modeling. When he had finished what I would call the heroic statue of the emperor (in

1807, I think), he had the kindness to invite me to see the model, which was not yet dry. The statue, viewed as a whole, appeared to me grand and beautiful, and all the parts seemed to be in harmony with each other; yet I had some doubts. He observed it. 'Ma parlate (said he encouragingly), ditemi tutto quel che pensate.' On this I said to him, that the arm bearing the globe appeared to me rather deficient in muscle. 'Regardez à present bien attentivement,' said he, (for he spoke sometimes French and sometimes Italian); he then caused the statue to be turned round; 'Le trouvez-vous encore?' I answered in the affirmative. 'J'y penserai,' replied he. May I be allowed to add to his honor, and not to gratify a petty vanity, that he came to me a few days afterwards, and said, 'Avete avuto ragione; ho mutato quel braccio.' He was never more amiable than when, in the animation of discourse or in the fulness of his heart, he broke out into the most agreeable of all patois, his native Venetian dialect.

One day he took me alone through his largest work-room. I had expressed in the warmest terms my admiration of the statues of Amor, Psyche, and Hebe; of some admirable busts; the single figures for the monument to the memory of the archduchess Christina, the *first* female Dancers, &c.; and passed in silence between the colossal groups of the raving Hercules and Lichas, and the Theseus and Minotaur: on which he said, smiling, 'Je vois bien que vous n'aimez pas mes Colosses.'—'J'avoue franchement (said I) que je préfere vos Hebes, vos Psyches, vos Amours et vos Venus.' He did not seem offended at my frankness. But he set a great value on his colossal figures. His Penitent Magdalen was, above all, his favorite. Another time he led me to this singular work, which I had often seen before, and appreciated according to my conviction. I stood with him before it in silence; and he, on this occasion, a little piqued, said, 'Eh bene, non vi piace?'—'Cher Canova, il me paroit que vous avez là peint avec le ciseau, comme Raphael Mengs a souvent sculpé avec le pinceau.' He could not help laughing; and exclaimed 'Per bacco, potrebb' essere che aveste ragione.' On the appearance of Thorwaldsen's first statue, the admirable Jason (1803), which excited a great sensation, he said, 'Quest' opera di quel giovane Danese è fatta in uno stilo nuovo e grandioso.'

Once entering unexpectedly into Canova's room, I found him busily engaged in finishing one of his best statues of Venus. As he came towards me with a look of dissatisfaction, I attributed it to displeasure at being disturbed, and was going out again. 'Non è questo (said he, friendly), ma son già quatordici giorni ch'io sudo intorno a quel maladetto ginocchio, sarebbe pure stato meglio ch'io mi fosse fatto pittore!' I smiled, and asked him if he had ever tried it. 'Signora, si!' (replied he,) e domani vi mostrero gli miei quadri."

On the following day he conducted me to his modest dwelling, where he kept the pictures painted by him twelve years before, during his stay at the place of his birth, and gave me the following account of their origin:

'I had nothing to do, and I had a very handsome model at command, but I did not understand how to paint: I often had a mind to try, but the gentlemen of the profession whom I consulted—*ne facevano il misterio della santissima Trinita!* This made me impatient; I bought canvas, paint, palette, and pencils, and painted what you here see; but I did not know how to prime the canvas, so that you will see the threads of the linen every where, if you look close.'

These paintings (they cover the walls of a moderate apartment) chiefly of the size of life, or a little less, painted slightly, and as it were *alla prima*, are in coloring, and even in the carnations, some of the most true and pleasing which have been painted in our times. It is not improbable that this pencil, guided by such a Venetian eye for coloring, would have combined the glow of Titian and the charm of Correggio, had not his earlier passion for sculpture prevailed: and thus the painter, so highly endowed by nature, became the great, but too often painting sculptor.

In the spring of 1809 he had finished the model for the equestrian statue of Bonaparte, and I had the pleasure of seeing it with him. The horse was not completed, and the statue was supported on a kind of stage. It was a beautiful work, far too beautiful; for he had combined in the expression of the emperor's countenance all the agreeable features of the family, who were handsome, and very like each other. 'Mais, mon cher Canova, vous rendrez donc la posterité amoureuse de ce cruel conquerant! ce n'est pas là l'expression du premier buste!'

He replied quickly, 'Ah, quest' occhi de pesce morto, metteranno paura ai nostri nipoti!' In a word, he could not prevail upon himself so often to repeat the austere imperious countenance, in strict conformity to truth. But nothing, perhaps, more accurately designates his whole character, both as a man and an artist, than the following anecdote.

In the summer of 1808 we lived on the cool Mount Albano. In the spring of the year Thorwaldsen had modeled his Mars, and, during the summer, the statue of Adonis. One morning early we were most agreeably surprised by a visit from our friend Canova. Being early, we went down to the romantic di Doria, and strolled through the shady groves. Canova stopped suddenly, and said, 'Avete veduto quell' ultima statuetta del vostro compatriota.' I replied, that I had been prevented by the heat. He answered, with much vivacity, 'Questa statua è bella è nobile è piena di sentimento; il vostro amico davero è un uomo divino!' He stopped short for a moment, and then added, in French, 'Il est pourtant dommage que je ne sois plus jeune.'

I was so deeply affected, so delighted, at the ingenuousness of soul which these words (spoken with so much simplicity, and almost unconsciously), manifested, that I felt tears come into my eyes, and could only press to my heart, without speaking, the arm which led me. There are sensations so delicate, so pure, that they will not bear being expressed in words—Canova perfectly understood me.

LINES SUGGESTED BY MR. BAILY'S ADMIRABLE BUST OF W. H. DAVIES, ESQ. M. P.

lately exhibited at the Royal Academy.

Come hither ye, who, in the open brow
And manly forehead, trace, or *think* ye trace,
The soul's high bearing, the benignant glow
Of generous feeling, or the lofty sense
Of firm integrity severely just!
Here ye may study safely—never hand
From the slow-yielding marble drew a form
More animate with life, or more replete
With pure unflattering strict identity.
If here ye trace not the capacious mind,
The penetrating eye, the fluent lip,
The stubborn virtue, obstinately good,
Heroic rectitude and strong resolve,
A noble spirit and a tender heart,
Blending high energies and gentle deeds,
(Connubial friendship, and paternal love,
And all the softer charities of life,)
With stern unbending honor—burn your books,
Nor give the name of science to research
So blind to truth.

ANECDOTES OF NAPOLEON.

In the recent work of the count de las Cases, styled a 'Journal of the private Life and Conversations of the Emperor Napoleon, at St. Helena,' many curious particulars are recorded, and, in various parts, instruction is mingled with amusement. Traits of political wisdom are interspersed with varied hints and opinions, and military details are succeeded by literary topics. We shall not follow any precise method or order in our extracts from this publication, but shall merely give a few passages which have attracted our transient notice in glancing over the volumes.

Speaking of the earlier years of his life, Napoleon 'said he had received, as part of his patrimony, the first vine in Corsica, in size and productiveness. It

was called l'Esposata, and he felt it his duty not to mention it but with gratitude. It was to that vine, that he was indebted in his youth for his visits to Paris; it was that which supplied the expenses of his vacations. We asked him what was to become of it. He told us that he had long ago disposed of it in favor of his nurse, to whom he had given about one hundred and twenty thousand francs in lands and houses in the island. He had even resolved to give her his patrimonial house; but finding it too much above her situation, he had made a present of it to the Romalino family, his nearest relatives by his mother's side, on condition that they should transfer their habitation to his nurse. In a word, he had made a great lady of her. She had come to Paris at the time of the coronation, and had an audience of the pope for upwards of an hour and a half. 'Poor pope,' exclaimed the emperor, 'he must have had a good deal of spare time!' She was, indeed, extremely devout. Her husband was a coasting trader of the island. She gave great pleasure at the Tuileries, and enchanted the family by the vivacity of her language and her gestures. The empress Josephine made her a present of some diamonds.'

'During the consulate, and even during the empire, Napoleon used at public festivals to go out late at night, for the purpose of seeing the shows and hearing the sentiments of the people. He once went out in this way accompanied by Maria Louisa; and they both walked arm in arm on the Boulevards, highly amused at seeing their majesties the emperor and empress, and all the grandees of the court, represented in the magic lanterns.

'Napoleon was once standing in front of the Hotel de la Marine, viewing a public illumination. Beside him was a lady, who to all appearance had formerly moved in a distinguished sphere, accompanied by her daughter, a very pretty girl, to whom she was pointing out all the persons of note, as they passed to and fro in the apartments. Calling her daughter's attention to a certain individual, she said, 'Remind me to go and pay my respects to him some day. We ought to do so, for he has rendered us great service.'—'But, mother, replied the young lady, 'I did not know that we were expected to show gratitude to such people. I thought they were too happy in being able to oblige persons of our quality.'—'Certainly,' said the emperor, 'La Bruyère would have turned this incident to good account.'

'He sometimes went out in disguise early in the morning, traversing the streets of the capital alone, and mingling with the labouring classes of the people, with whose condition and sentiments he wished to make himself acquainted. In the council of state I have often heard him advise the prefect of police to adopt this plan. He called it the *Caliph system of police*, and said he esteemed it to be the best.

'On his return from the disastrous campaigns of Moscow and Leipsic, Napoleon, in order to maintain the appearance of confidence, frequently appeared amidst the multitude with scarcely any attendants. He visited the market-places, the fauxbourgs, and all the populous districts of the capital, conversing familiarly with the people, and he was every where received and treated with respect.

'One day, at La Halle, a woman with whom he had been holding a little dialogue, bluntly told him he ought to make peace. 'Good woman,' replied the emperor, 'sell your herbs, and leave me to settle my affairs. Let every one attend to his own calling.' The bystanders laughed and applauded him.

'On another occasion, at the Fauxbourg Saint-Antoine, when surrounded by an immense concourse of people, whom he was treating very condescendingly, some one asked whether affairs were really as bad as they were represented to be. 'Why, certainly,' he replied, 'I cannot say that things are going on very well.'—'But what will be the end of this?'—'Heaven knows!'—'Will the enemy enter France?'—'Very possibly; and he may even march to Paris if you do not assist me. I have not a million of arms. I cannot do all by my own individual efforts.'—'We will support you,' exclaimed a number of voices.—'Then I shall beat the enemy, and preserve the glory of France.'—'But what must we do?'—'You must enlist and fight.'—'We will,' said one of the crowd; 'but we must make a few conditions!'—'What are they?'—'We will not pass the frontier.'—'You shall not be required to do so.'—'We wish to serve in the guards,' said another.—'You shall do so.'—The air instantly resounded with acclamations. Registers were immediately opened, and two thousand men enlisted in the course of the day. Napoleon returned

to the Tuileries; and, as he entered the Place Carousel on horseback, surrounded by the multitude, whose acclamations rent the air, it was supposed that an insurrection had broken out, and the gates were about to be closed.

'On his return from Elba, he made another visit to the Fauxbourg Saint-Antoine, where he was received with equal enthusiasm, and conducted back to the palace in a similar manner. As he passed along, the multitude who escorted him halted before the principal hotels, and manifested their disapprobation by angry words and gestures. He observed that he had scarcely ever been placed in so delicate a situation. 'How many evils might have ensued,' said he, 'had a single stone been thrown by the mob! had an imprudent word, or even an equivocal look, escaped me, the whole Fauxbourg might have been destroyed; and I am convinced that its preservation was to be attributed wholly to my presence of mind, and the respect which the multitude entertained for me.'

'When the subject of conversation was the repugnance of women to let their ages be known, the emperor made some very lively and entertaining remarks. An instance was mentioned of a woman who preferred losing an important lawsuit to confessing her age. The case would have been decided in her favor, had she produced the register of her baptism; but this she could not be prevailed on to do.

'Another anecdote of the same kind was mentioned. A certain lady was much attached to a gentleman, and was convinced that her union with him would render her happy; but she could not marry without proving the date of her birth, and she preferred remaining single.

'The emperor informed us that a distinguished lady, at the time of her marriage, had deceived her husband, and represented herself to be five or six years younger than she really was, by producing the baptismal register of her younger sister, who had been dead some time. 'However,' said he, 'in so doing, poor Josephine exposed herself to some risk. This might really have proved a case of nullity of marriage.' These words furnished us with the key to certain dates, which, at the Tuileries, were the subject of jesting and ridicule, and which we then attributed wholly to the gallantry and extreme complaisance of the Imperial Almanac.'

'Being ready to talk upon every subject, he exclaimed, 'Pray, am not I said to be given to the belief in predestination?'—'Yes, sire, at least by many people.'—'Well, well! let them say on; one may sometimes be tempted to imitate, and it may occasionally be useful. But what are men! How much easier it is to occupy their attention, and to strike their imaginations, by absurdities than by rational ideas! But can a man of sound sense listen for one moment to such a doctrine? Either predestination admits the existence of free will, or it rejects it. If it admits it, what kind of predetermined result can that be which a simple determination, a stop, a word may alter or modify, *ad infinitum*? If predestination, on the contrary, rejects the existence of free will, it is quite another question; in that case a child need only be thrown into its cradle as soon as it is born; there is no necessity for bestowing the least care upon it; for if it be irrevocably determined that it is to live, it will grow though no food should be given to it. You see that such a doctrine cannot be maintained; predestination is but a word without meaning. The Turks themselves, the patrons of predestination, are not convinced of the doctrine, or medicine would not exist in Turkey; and a man residing in a third floor would not take the trouble to go down by the longer way of the stairs, but would immediately throw himself out of the window; you see to what a string of absurdities that will lead,' &c.

'Adverting to French literature, he said, that 'the Mélanie of La Harpe was a turgid declamation, in perfect conformity with the taste of the times, founded in fashionable calumnies and absurd falsehoods. When La Harpe wrote that piece, a father certainly had not the power of forcing his daughter to take the veil; the laws would never have allowed it. This play, which was performed at the beginning of the Revolution, was solely indebted for its success to the momentary caprice of public opinion. Now, that the inducement is over, it would be a wretched performance! La Harpe's characters are all unnatural. He should not have attacked defective institutions with defective weapons.'—He added, that La Harpe had so completely failed in his object with regard to his own impressions, that all his feelings were in favor of the father, while he was shocked at the daughter's

conduct. He had never seen the performance, without being tempted to start from his seat and call out to the daughter; 'You have but to say, No, and we will all take your part; you will find a protector in every citizen.'

'After dinner he read Beverley and the Père de Famille to us. The latter, in particular, excited his animadversion. To us it seemed a paltry production. What most amused him, as he said, was that it belonged to Diderot, that Coryphæus of the philosophers, and the Encyclopedia. All it contained was, he said, false and ridiculous. He entered into a long examination of the details, and concluded with saying, 'Why reason with a madman in the height of a raging fever?' It is remedies, and a decisive mode of treatment, of which he stands in need. Who does not know, that the only safeguard against love is flight? When Mentor wishes to secure Telemachus he plunges him into the sea. When Ulysses endeavors to preserve himself from the Sirens, he gets himself tied fast, after having stopped the ears of his companions with wax,' &c.

'He afterwards sent for the Corinna of Madame de Staël, and read some chapters of it. He said he could not get through it. Madame de Staël had drawn so complete a likeness of herself, in her heroine, that she had succeeded in convincing him that it was herself: 'I see her,' said he, 'I hear her, I feel her, I wish to avoid her, and I throw away the book. I had a better impression of this work on my memory than what I feel at present. Perhaps, it is because, at the time, I read it with my thumb, as M. l'Abbé de Pradt ingeniously says, and not without some truth. I shall, however, persevere; I am determined to see the end of it; I still think that it is not destitute of some interest.'

Of his brother's *Charlemagne* he said, 'How much labor, ingenuity, and time, 'have been thrown away on this useless book; what a wreck of judgment and taste! Here are 20,000 verses, some of which may be good, for aught I know; but they are destitute of interest, design, or effect. It might have been regarded as a compulsory task, had it been written by a professed author. Why did not Lucien, with all his good sense, consider that Voltaire, master as he was of the French language and the art of poetry, failed in a similar attempt, though that attempt was made in Paris, in the midst of the sanctuary. How could Lucien suppose it was possible to write a French poem when living at a distance from the French capital? How could he pretend to introduce a new metre? He has written a history in verse, and not an epic poem. An epic poem should not be the history of a man, but of a passion or an event.'

REAL SCENES IN THE LIFE OF AN ACTRESS.

Having recommended the first part of 'May you like it' to the notice of our readers, we now call their attention to the second portion, which consists of moral and pathetic tales, strongly tinctured, like those in the former volume, with a religious spirit. There is one which strikes us more than the rest; and of this we shall give the substance and the essence.

'While a hand knocked loudly against the door of the principal dressing-room in the Exeter theatre, a merry voice said, 'We are waiting for you;—every thing is ready.' A young woman, who was sitting alone in the apartment, started up: 'I will come instantly,' she replied: but her heart began to beat violently—she pressed her hands to her bosom, as if to stop its throbbing, and stood awhile irresolute and forgetful. Her dress and hair were slightly disordered:—she could not wait to arrange them as with eager haste she passed on the stage. The prompter spoke to her, and the next moment she stood before the applauding and crowded audience. It was the benefit of this young actress; and Venice Preserved had been chosen by the marchioness of R—— as the play for that evening. The actress awoke from her distracting thoughts—the sound of applause broke upon her ear; and, as she courtesied to the throng, a deep and beautiful blush mounted even to her pallid temples. She began to speak, and every murmur died into stillness. As the sweet tones of her tremulous voice rose into more distinct clearness, Helen forgot her own melancholy; all the soft tumults of a more than anticipated success blended with her deep and tender enthusiasm, and gave a charm like reality to the character she represented: she seemed, indeed, the young and sorrowful creature whom the poet has drawn, con-

fiding, gentle, and loving, among lawless and licentious men; touched to the heart by their cold brutal violence, and yet complaining only with sorrow and surprise at the weakness of her wretched husband; reserving not a thought for her own suffyrings, even till the powers of thought were gone, and life had become a broken and unconscious dream of vanished happiness and woe; ah, even till that very unconsciousness had acted with resistless force upon her frame, and the broken heart had ceased not only to feel, but to throb. Who gazed upon Helen Gray, and felt not this? Tears and silence were the plaudits she received as the curtain fell.

'The curtain rose again:—a light laugh was heard, and the laugh changed into a wild and sportive song. The timid gracefulness of her manner, and the melting tones of her voice, alone betrayed the same being who had been so lately in grief and madness. The freshness of health and joy was smiling in her countenance; flowers clung to the careless rings of her hair, and her steps had all the buoyancy of artless mirth. For some time this unceasing gaiety continued; once or twice Helen passed her hand across her brow; it seemed only to toss back the curls which fell in such rich profusion half over her laughing eyes. But, at last, her delightful voice stopped:—she tottered dizzily to the side of the stage;—she extended her hands to cling for support to the scene;—the actors hastened to her assistance—they lifted her from the floor on which she had fallen—the blood was gushing from her mouth—her eyelids were closed—her lovely arms hung down heavy and motionless, as they bore her from the stage.

'The performance ceased, and the stage was soon crowded with inquirers as to the state of the poor actress. She was not dead, but her life was declared to be in great danger; and she was carried, still insensible, to her lodging.'

This incident being quickly reported in every part of the town (for the adventures of eminent theatrical performers are sure to excite general notice), a young lady is induced by compassion and curiosity to visit the fair tragedian.

'The young actress was sitting up in a large chair near the open window, enjoying the sweet freshness of a fine May morning. Laura saw, for the first time, how beautiful Helen Gray still was; her face and form were indeed well suited to represent the loveliest characters of the drama: the former bore a striking resemblance to the picture of Laura Bianca by Titian; and, till I beheld Helen Gray, I hardly believed there was a human face so lovely. The young actress had the same perfect contour of face and regularity of features, the same large lustrous eyes with their expression of tender earnestness, the same rich hair, simply parting on her forehead, with ripples of gold on its waves of darker auburn; the same small matchless mouth, all glowing with the deepest rose-hues. But Helen was very pale; and her figure bore no resemblance to the full and rounded proportions of the lovely portrait; illness had reduced her to a slightness almost incredible.'

After some conversation,—'Helen paused, and seemed to be musing on deep and afflicting thoughts: a silence ensued, and then Laura said, 'Would you like to see a clergyman? I have an excellent friend, who would, I am sure, come to you, at my request.'

'Helen rose up, weak and trembling as she was, from her chair, and, clasping her hands together, exclaimed, 'You have named almost the first wish of my heart. Will any clergyman come to me?'—'He *will* come, I may safely promise you he will,' said Laura, gently leading the sick woman back to her chair. 'Nay, I must leave you,' she added, holding up her finger, as if to command obedience, 'if you do not promise me to compose yourself, and to be very prudent and careful.' She was really alarmed at the agitation of joy which Helen discovered, who now sat very quietly, and smiled while she wiped away her tears.

'Laura learned from the mistress of the house, that the husband of the sick actress was a profligate unfeeling wretch, who had lived upon the talents of his wife, till her exertions had preyed upon, and at last destroyed her health.'

Mr. Curzon, the minister, soon makes his appearance.—'After having conversed with her, he perceived that some untold anxiety constantly weighed upon her mind, and he told her what he thought. She confessed that his conjectures were right, but seemed rather to avoid the subject. He had too little curiosity, and too much delicacy, to ask her to confess any thing to him; but he earnestly entreated her to discover every secret of her heart, in humble prayer, to

her Heavenly Father. After he had read to her, and prayed with her, he was about to depart, surprised and delighted with the clear knowlege she possessed of spiritual things; a knowlege that showed that her heart was really touched and affected, and that the book of God was no longer a sealed book to her. He was about to depart, when he heard her soft voice, meekly imploring him to return for a short time. 'God has given me strength to speak to you now,' she said; 'I was too weak in purpose before. There *is* a secret which lies like lead upon my heart, which must be told before I can die in peace. My husband, sir, is not very kind to me; but, although he neglects me, I am sorry to say any thing against him; I am the most improper person to do so: although he does neglect me, he has a high opinion of his wife; he believes that I am virtuous; he has the most perfect confidence in me. I need not tell you more,' she continued, hanging down her head, and speaking in a voice half-choked with repressed feeling; 'I need not tell you more than this: he has been deceived in me—his seemingly virtuous wife has been false to the vows she plighted to him before God.' Helen dropped her head upon her folded arms, and sobbed aloud. When she had recovered herself, she said, 'I have told you my guilty secret, sir; the worst seems over, for I feel strength now to tell my husband. Might I request you to come and pray with me to-morrow evening? By that time I shall have seen my husband; he has promised to come here to-morrow, at three o'clock.' Mr. Curzon had been at first inclined to dissuade her from this confession to a brutal and profligate wretch, who had himself violated every duty of a husband. He thought of her declining health, and feared lest the trial should prove too great for her: he said something on the subject, but Helen was determined; she told him that she felt as if power would be given her. He therefore agreed to her request.——It was long after three o'clock when the husband appeared. Helen turned very pale, as he carelessly touched her hand. 'Who is this with you?' he inquired in a loud whisper, looking round on Mr. Curzon with a bold and scrutinizing glance. The old gentleman instantly replied to his whisper, surveying him with a calm but earnest look; 'My name is Curzon, and I am a clergyman. I heard that your wife was a dying woman, and I came to read the Bible to her, and to pray with her.' The man grumbled out a few indistinct words, and fixed on his wife a sullen scowl, which seemed to threaten that his displeasure should be more plainly declared at a future time. 'Husband,' said Helen, quite calmly in a feeble voice, 'I understand you; but allow me to go to my grave in peace: I shall not be long here, and I cannot consent to trifle any longer with my soul. I must think of God; and therefore I do not now fear to speak of *Him* to you. Husband, husband!' she continued, perceiving that the savage expression of his countenance remained unchanged, 'let me be heard for once! You will think of this unkindness when I am dead, and be then sorry. What have we both been without religion?'—The man sat down in sullen, careless silence. 'Now, I will speak,' said she, looking up with her face, deadly pale; 'Richard,'—the man did not seem to notice her—'in the presence of this gentleman, hear me speak. I have sent for you, to tell you what has been too long concealed! You have thought me a virtuous wife, I know you have; in all your unkindness, you have had a full confidence of my innocence. I confess that I have deceived you, that I am a guilty creature!'—'It is a lie,' said the man, indignantly, startled into attention by her words. The blood rushed into his face, and he struck his hand almost furiously on the table; 'It is a lie, Helen, and no one shall dare to tell me otherwise.' Poor Helen sunk back in her chair, and covered her face with her hands, colouring so deeply, that her cheeks and forehead deepened into crimson, when opposed to her pale fingers. 'My dear Richard,' she continued, in a faltering voice, leaning forward and looking earnestly in his face; 'before God, and as a dying woman, I declare that I am,—no, not *am*, I hope I *am not* now; it was many years ago. I have been * * * Do not ask any particulars; but forgive me before I die.'

'The man met the earnest gaze of his wife, it seemed, very sternly at first; he heard every word she uttered, and still sat with his eyes fixed on her, and then on vacancy. Helen moved slowly from her chair; she approached her husband; her knee trembled beneath her, as she placed her hand on his, and said, meekly and entreatingly, 'Will you forgive such

a creature?' His chest began to heave violently, a storm seemed convulsing his frame, it was the storm of passionate grief; he could not control it; the large tears gushed into his eyes; the bold and profligate sinner wept.

'Helen did not move, her hands were clasped on his knee, her face had fallen on her bosom. They feared that she was insensible: she was any thing but insensible, her whole soul was wrapt in a transport of prayer; her husband lifted her up, and placed her tenderly in her chair. He sat down near her, still weeping, and holding her hand. Oh! how different did she look from a guilty creature! how pure and how touching was the expression of her countenance! the fair lids veiling her soft blue eyes, from which the tears quietly trickled over her pale cheeks; her lips moving in prayer. 'My love, my dear injured wife,' said her husband—the very man, whose appearance had seemed to declare that he was lost to every sense and feeling; 'it is I who should ask forgiveness. If you are a sinner, what, what am I? You have my forgiveness freely. Can you ever forgive me?'—'As I hope God, for Christ's sake, will forgive me,' she replied. 'I cannot bear it any longer,' said the man; 'I will come to you again soon, I must go for a short time.'—'Richard!' she said. The man stopped: Helen did not speak, but she looked toward the Bible which lay open upon the table. 'I know what you would tell me,' said he; 'that book has taught you to act thus; I can never forget it.'—'It is the book of life,' exclaimed Helen. The man came back from the door, he placed his hand upon the Bible, and then looked at Mr. Curzon. 'Take it, it is yours,' said the old clergyman; 'and may God's blessing be with it!' Richard Gray took up the book—The door closed on him.'

'Being requested to re-visit the dying penitent, Laura returns to the house. 'Helen sat in a large chair before the window: in the full radiance of the moonshine, her face appeared of a deathy paleness, and her white garments glistened with dazzling lustre; she looked like one already dead, and beautiful in death. Laura supposed that she was asleep, and stealing very softly to her side, she sate down in silence. Helen was not asleep—she raised her eyes, and held out her hand to her friend: that hand was icy cold, and moist with the damps of death; but tenderly it returned the pressure of her friend's. The prayer-book, in which Helen had accompanied Mr. Curzon during his performance of the sacrament service, still lay open on the table: she leaned forward, drew the candle nearer, and turning over a few leaves, gave the book to Laura: her finger pointed to the commendatory prayer for a dying person at the point of departure; and she looked up, with a smile on her face, to Laura, who perfectly understood the wish expressed in her countenance. They knelt down, and Laura then first perceived a person who had been sitting also in silence in a darker corner of the chamber—he was the husband of Helen Gray. They knelt down; Helen endeavoured to rise, but was unable to do so: supported by the nurse, she sat upright in her chair, with her hands clasped together, till Laura had finished praying. Then Helen sunk back again, and remained in silent thought, with her eyes fixed on her kind friend for some minutes; again a smile beamed over her face, her lips unclosed; but she seemed immediately to recollect that she was forbidden to speak, and quietly extended her hand towards the paper and pencil: she vainly attempted to write, but she could not guide the pencil properly; Laura endeavoured to assist her, but the pencil fell from her fingers, and she said, 'I cannot see. Thank God, I have seen you, my dear friend—now the light of the candle looks dim,—now all is darkness: death must be very near me.' Her eyelids closed, she fell back, and Laura feared she was dead; but again she raised her hands, and held them out towards the place where her husband had been sitting: he came to her, and throwing himself on the ground before her, pressed them repeatedly to his lips. Just then Laura heard, as Helen drew her breath, a faint rattle mingled with the sound of her breathing: she had seemed for some minutes to breathe with difficulty. Helen sunk down from her chair; they thought that she was falling—she was not falling, she was striving to kneel, and, supported in their arms, she did kneel—she lifted up her open hands, and, with trembling lips, she slowly uttered out the words: 'He goeth before them, and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice.' She could not speak afterwards—her head sunk on Laura's shoulder. Laura could feel the breath of the dying woman blowing upon her



Drawn by R. Westall R.A. — Engraved by Chas. Heath

SO THRO' THE GROVE THE IMPATIENT MOTHER FLIES,
EACH SUNLESS GLADE, EACH SECRET PATHWAY TRIES;
TILL THE THIN LEAVES THE TRUANT BOY DISCLOSE,
LONG ON THE WOOD-MOSS STRETCH'D IN SWEET REPOSE.

Pleasures of Memory, Part I.

neck:—more and more faintly came that cold damp breath, and with it was heard again the convulsive rattle. Laura could scarcely sustain the weight of the dying woman; a faint and sickening shudder seemed to creep through her own frame: again the cold breath blew upon her neck, and Laura half shrunk away from it. She struggled with her weakness, and bent down affectionately over the pale face which lay upon her bosom; the tears streamed from her eyes—they dropt upon Helen's face, but Helen knew it not—the heavy head sunk lower and lower on her friend's bosom—Helen Gray was dead.'

THE SLEEPING BOY.

In the Pleasures of Memory, many instances are given of the power and effect of recollection, by which distant and long-vanished objects are seemingly brought under the view of the 'mind's eye.'

'Ah, who can tell the triumphs of the mind,
By truth illumin'd, and by taste refin'd?
When age has quench'd the eye and clos'd the ear,
Still nerv'd for action in her native sphere,
Oft will she rise—with searching glance pursue
Some long-lov'd image vanish'd from her view;
Dart through the deep recesses of the past,
O'er dusky forms in chains of slumber cast;
With giant-grasp fling back the folds of night,
And snatch the faithless fugitive to light.
So through the grove the impatient mother flies,
Each sunless glade, each secret pathway tries,
Till the thin leaves the truant boy disclose,
Long on the wood-moss stretch'd in sweet repose.'

The four last lines of this elegant extract more particularly throw light on the annexed engraving.

THE ISLAND; OR CHRISTIAN AND HIS COMRADES;

by Lord Byron, 8vo. 1823.

The enemies of the noble bard say, that he still pesters the world with his compositions, and that it would be better for him and the public, that he should vegetate in indolence, and write no more. But, while we lament the occasional perversion of his talents, we do not wish that he should lay aside his pen. Whenever he writes, he displays marks of talent and of genius; and, when we receive his publications, let us coolly separate the wheat from the tares.

Some may conclude that he declines in merit and in fame, because the great man in Albemarle-street is no longer his publisher: but this is no proof of deterioration or of declension. When we look at a book, a picture, or a print, we do not think of the publisher, the painter, or the engraver: we look, as we ought to do, at the productions themselves, and judge from their intrinsic merits.

The mutiny against captain Bligh is the principal subject of this poem. The crew of the Bounty consisted of

'Young hearts, which languish'd for some sunny isle,
Where summer years and summer women smile;
Men without country, who, too long estranged,
Had found no native home, or found it changed,
And, half uncivilized, preferred the cave
Of some soft savage to the uncertain wave—
The gushing fruits that nature gave untill'd;
The wood without a path but where they will'd;
The field o'er which promiscuous plenty pour'd
Her horn; the equal land without a lord;
The wish,—which ages have not yet subdued
In man—to have no master save his mood;
The earth, whose mine was on its face, unsold;
The glowing sun and produce, all its gold;
The freedom which can call each grot a home;
The general garden, where all steps may roam,
Where Nature owns a nation as her child,
Exulting in the enjoyment of the wild;
Their shells, their fruits, the only wealth they know;
Their unexploring navy, the canoe;
Their sport, the dashing breakers and the chase;
Their strangest sight, an European face:—
Such was the country which these strangers yearn'd
To see again, a sight they dearly earn'd.'

Following the captain's narrative, our author still throws out occasional flashes of poetic spirit.

'"Huzza! for Otaheite!" was the cry;
How strange such shouts from sons of mutiny!
The gentle island, and the genial soil,
The friendly hearts, the feasts without a toil,
The courteous manners but from nature caught,
The wealth unhoarded, and the love unbought;
Could these have charms for rudest sea-boys, driven
Before the mast by every wind of Heaven?
And now, even now prepared with others' woes
To earn mild Virtue's vain desire, repose?
Alas! such is our nature! all but aim
At the same end by pathways not the same;
Our means, our birth, our nation, and our name,
Our fortune, temper, even our outward frame,
Are far more potent o'er our yielding clay
Than aught we know beyond our little day.
Yet still there whispers the small voice within,
Heard through gain's silence and o'er glory's din:
Whatever creed be taught or land be trod,
Man's conscience is the oracle of God!'

In addition to the leading story, we have an account of the adventures and misfortunes of the mutineers in some of the South-sea islands. In their temporary asylum at Toobonai, love finds a place in the breast of a young seaman;

'When every flower was bloom, and air was balm,
And the first breath began to stir the palm,
The first yet voiceless wind to urge the wave
All gently to refresh the thirsty cave,
Where sat the songstress with the stranger boy,
Who taught her passion's desolating joy,
Too powerful over every heart, but most
O'er those who know not how it may be lost;
O'er those who, burning in the new-born fire,
Like martyrs revel in their funeral pyre,
With such devotion to their ecstasy,
That life knows no such rapture as to die:
And die they do; for earthly life has nought
Matched with that burst of nature, even in thought;
And all our dreams of better life above
But close in one eternal gush of love.'

The picture of the fair native, Neuha, the pride of the island, is beautifully drawn.

'Dusky like Night, but Night with all her stars,
Or cavern sparkling with its native spars;
With eyes that were a language and a spell,
A form like Aphroditè's in her shell;
With all her Loves around her on the deep,
Voluptuous as the first approach of sleep;
Yet full of life—for through her tropic cheek
The blush would make its way, and all but speak;
The sun-born blood suffused her neck, and threw
O'er her clear nut-brown skin a lucid hue,
Like coral reddening through the darken'd wave,
Which draws the diver to the crimson cave.'

The mutineers are disturbed in their retreat by the approach of a vessel, sent in quest of those delinquents. The former are defeated in a skirmish, but, with the aid of Neuha, they make their escape in canoes. Pursued by their adversaries, they are again brought to action, and, after another defeat, their situation becomes truly deplorable.

'Beside the jutting rock the few appeared,
Like the last remnant of the red deer's herd;
Their eyes were feverish, and their aspect worn,
But still the hunter's blood was on their horn.
A little stream came tumbling from the height,
And straggling into ocean as it might,
Its bounding crystal frolicked in the ray,
And gushed from cleft to crag with saltless spray;
Close on the wild, wide ocean, yet as pure
And fresh as innocence, and more secure,
Its silver torrent glitter'd o'er the deep,
As the shy chamois' eye o'erlooks the steep,
While far below the vast and sullen swell
Of ocean's Alpine azure rose and fell.
To this young spring they rushed—all feelings first
Absorb'd in Passion's and in Nature's thirst,—
Drank as they do who drink their last, and threw
Their arms aside to revel in its dew;
Cooled their scorched throats, and washed the gory stains
From wounds whose only bandage might be chains;
Then, when their drought was quenched, looked sadly round,
As wondering how so many still were found
Alive and fetterless:—but silent all,
Each sought his fellow's eyes as if to call
On him for language, which his lips denied,
As though their voices with their cause had died.'

All are at length killed by their pursuers, except the lover, who is conducted by Neuha to a secret place of refuge.

'Not distant from the isle of Toobonai,
A black rock rears its bosom o'er the spray,
The haunt of birds, a desert to mankind,
Where the rough seal reposes from the wind,
And sleeps unwieldy in his cavern dun,
Or gambols with huge frolic in the sun:
There shrilly to the passing oar is heard
The startled echo of the ocean bird,
Who rears on its bare breast her callow brood,
The feathered fishers of the solitude.
A narrow segment of the yellow sand
On one side forms the outline of a strand;
Here the young turtle, crawling from his shell,
Steals to the deep wherein his parents dwell;
Chipped by the beam, a nursling of the day,
But hatched for ocean by the fostering ray;
The rest was one bleak precipice, as e'er
Gave mariners a shelter and despair,
A spot to make the saved regret the deck
Which late went down, and envy the lost wreck.
Such was the stern asylum Neuha chose
To shield her lover from his following foes;
But all its secrets were not told; she knew
In this a treasure hidden from the view.'

There is a great inequality in this poem. Various parts are flat and prosaic, while other portions are elegant and spirited. The author has deviated from the strict truth for the infliction of poetical justice; and, in the progress of the story, he has avoided that licentiousness and immorality in which he was accustomed to indulge.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ. WRITTEN BY HIMSELF; 2 vols. 4to. 1823.

Some may say, that these ponderous volumes will overwhelm the poor author, whose fame they are intended to elevate; but we are not so sarcastically illiberal. Mr. Hayley was not, indeed, a great poet or a first-rate author: but he was a man of talent and an elegant scholar. The zeal of his friends injured him by an excess of praise, when they affirmed that he was equal, if not superior, to Pope. His Triumphs of Temper, and his Essay on Epic Poetry, contain many pleasing passages, and evince a considerable portion of good sense; but they do not indicate a powerful genius.

It appears that Mr. Hayley entertained a high opinion of his own merit; for he bargained with the publisher of this work for a considerable annuity, which he punctually received, on condition of leaving to posterity an account of his life.

Whether the speculation may be lucrative or detrimental, we shall not pretend to determine, but shall merely observe that the work might have been compressed into one volume without serious loss or injury to the public.

The following extract may amuse the reader.—Mr. Hayley having ventured to offer a play for representation,—'the sanguine author, and a few of his confidential friends, proposed to themselves much delight, in a prospect of seeing the chief character most advantageously represented by their favorite Powell, as the poet had formed the part of Velasco with a view to the peculiar excellence of that very pathetic actor. His hopes of seeing this play most favorably introduced on the stage arose from the following circumstance. It was highly approved by his friend Mr. Garnier, who happened to be very intimate with the manager, Garrick. Garnier had been a school-fellow of Hayley, and had married one of his relations, the eldest daughter of Sir John Miller, of Lavant, first cousin to the mother of the poet. With his usual good-nature and lively spirit, this gentleman engaged to procure the genuine sentiments of Garrick on the merits of the tragedy; and he took the best possible steps for that purpose.

'He said to him—'Garrick, I have a play for you, of which I think highly. But you shall judge for yourself. All I ask of you is sincerity. If you think it unfit for the stage, send it back to me with any mark of rejection, and we will pester you no more on the subject: but if you think of it as I do, and resolve to produce it, I will then bring to you my friend, the author. But remember you are on honor, and engaged not to ask even his name, unless you have previously determined to try the success of the play.' After the anxious suspense of a few weeks, Hayley received a most encouraging billet from his friend, to say, that he had promised to carry him, the next Saturday morning, to breakfast in Southampton-street with Garrick, who was delighted with the tragedy.

'Saturday morning arrived, and the exulting poet trod on air in his way to the house of the manager. The guests were ushered into a little private room, where Garrick soon saluted them with a profusion of compliments. He said to the poet, 'Sir, I have perused your tragedy with great attention and pleasure; I assure you, that I have not seen, for years, any new production of which I could entertain such very high expectation. But we will talk of it more at large some early day in next week, for Mrs. Garrick is now expecting us to breakfast with her and a few friends. Here is a gentleman here, who knows you very well, and speaks of you with infinite commendation.' He then named a literary acquaintance of the poet, who instantly said, 'Is he with you to-day, sir? I am sorry for it.'—'Why so?' replied Garrick. 'I will tell you very frankly,' resumed the poet; 'he is a man of admirable talents and most fascinating manners; but he has some very singular peculiarities of character, and he will be deeply, though perhaps not ostensibly, affronted, that I did not engage him, instead of my friend Garnier, to introduce me to Garrick.'—'No! no!' exclaimed the courtly manager, 'he speaks of you in the most affectionate terms; but come, my dear sirs, breakfast is waiting for us.' The poet and his friend were then ushered to Mrs. Garrick, who presided at her tea-table, with three or four very agreeable *literati* in her party. The conversation was lively and general; a new appointment was made, in private, by the manager, before Hayley and his friend withdrew, that they should both breakfast with him again on the Tuesday following, and settle all particulars relating to their dramatic business. After breakfast, on the appointed Tuesday, Mr. Garnier said to their host, 'Well, Garrick, let us now proceed to your promise: what day have you fixed for the first rehearsal?'

The manager assumed a face in which politeness vainly endeavoured to disguise his perplexity; and with much embarrassment, he said, 'Why, faith! I have not been able to fix a day; I have been re-considering the tragedy: it is most elegantly written, it is a most charming composition to recite to a small circle; but I am afraid it is not calculated for stage effect. However, it shall certainly be played if you desire it.'—'O no! by no means,' mildly said the poet, with suppressed indignation at the duplicity of the manager; 'I shall instantly put it into my pocket, and I am very sorry, sir, that it has given you so much trouble.' Garrick burst again into a profusion of new civilities, and offers of the kindest good offices on any future occasion. Mrs. Garrick seemed desirous of

soothing the spirit of the poet by personal flattery; and the first hopes of his tragedy thus ended in a farce of adulation. It was a bitter disappointment, to lose the fair prospect of seeing a favorite drama well played; but the mortification was felt much more severely by the wife and mother of the poet than by himself. During the hubble-bubble rejection of the tragedy, by Garrick, the poet had felt a little like Ariosto when scolded by his father, and, instead of lamenting his own defects, he was struck with the idea, what a fine comic scene he could make of the important personage who was giving him a lecture. Indeed, a disappointed poet with his deluded and angry friend, and a shuffling manager and the manager's meddling wife, afforded ample materials for a comedy. But although the laughable group struck the fancy of Hayley, in that point of view, he wrote nothing on the occasion, but employed his vivacity in soothing and cheering the vexed and irritated spirit of his Eliza, whose indignation had been peculiarly excited against Mrs. Garrick, as the manager had incautiously betrayed what ought to have been a secret of his wife, and was weak enough to say, that *she* thought the tragedy *not pathetic*. This appeared such an insult against the talents of her husband, as the feeling Eliza found it hardly possible to forgive.'

The editor, the Rev. Dr. John Johnson, has added to the work a great number of letters, some of which are frivolous and uninteresting. We shall select one from the mass, because it principally relates to Cowper.

'My dear brother in affliction,—I requested our kind sympathetic friend Rose to thank you for your affectionate mournful remembrance of the afflicted Hermit, and to give you some account of me, when I was hardly able to give any account of myself. Since the *second* of this long, but now expiring month, the *second fatal Friday!* (when my dear angel departed, as our beloved Cowper had departed on the preceding Friday), I have existed in that feverish agitation of recent anguish in the heart, which you will easily conceive; and by too great an exertion, in attending my young friend Meyer to Kew, and occasionally to London, after his endearing attention to the funeral of the angelic youth, whose loss we can never cease to feel, I have rather encreased the feverish tendency in my old shattered frame, and seem to myself in a sort of middle state, between life and death. I am now trying, by quiet and solitary meditation, to nurse myself into a firmer tone of mind and body, that if it should prove my destiny to remain a few years longer in this vale of tears, I may not be utterly an idle heavy piece of lumber on the earth.

'You, I hope, my dear Johnny, will feel yourself impelled by the more active promising season of your life, and by your affectionate zeal for the honour of our dear departed bard, to cherish his memory, as you have nobly cherished his declining health; and I hope to see you distinguish yourself, as you ought to do, in the character of his biographer.

'The life of every poet, as amiable as Cowper (if, indeed, there ever existed, or ever may exist, another poet so perfectly amiable,) should be written by an intimate friend, completely sensible of his virtues, and enamoured of his genius. You have every advantage for the successful accomplishment of so soothing a task; and if you modestly suppose, that you want any kind of literary assistance, you know you may freely command two very zealous and sincere friends in Rose and the Hermit. Has the former sent you a little inscription for the engraved portrait of Cowper, which he requested me to write, and which, to oblige him, I wrote extempore, though with a head and heart full of pain, in my recent visit to him? As the multiplicity of his avocations may not have left him leisure enough to copy for you this trifle, it shall find a place on this paper; so here it is for you; and, if you have it already, you will forgive the repetition:—

On the Portrait of Cowper.

'Behold the bard, who captivates all hearts,
In humour's frolic, or in fancy's flight!
To all, whom verse can touch, his verse imparts
Sweet relaxation or sublime delight.'

'And now, my dear Johnny, let me scold you for cruelly withholding from me all those particulars concerning the grave of our dear bard, which, by your mysterious intimations concerning them, would prove highly soothing to my heart and fancy. You kindly meant, perhaps, to draw me, by these mysterious intimations, to visit the interesting spot; and in some propitious season I shall

hope to attain that mournful gratification. In the mean time, have the charity to tell me every thing that relates to the friend, whom I loved so tenderly, whose memory is hardly less dear to me than that of my angelic child, the most mild and magnanimous of martyrs!

'Ah, my dear Johnny! what have we both lost in those two departed spirits! and what an inestimable treasure do we still possess in the recollection of their admirable endowments! Adieu. Write soon, and continue to love

Your affectionate afflicted
HERMIT.'

MISCELLANEOUS VARIETIES.

Aerostatics.—MR. Green lately ascended into the air from the Mermaid Garden at Hackney; and his own account of the bold enterprise is given in the following terms. 'At a quarter before 8 o'clock I entered the car amidst the doubts and fears of a most respectable and numerous assemblage, but they were instantly dispelled by my gradual ascent in an eastward direction, amidst the acclamations of assembled thousands. I was afraid of coming in contact with the tower in Hackney church-yard, which I passed within a very few yards, but avoided it by throwing out a quantity of ballast. Several persons on the top of the tower were so very near to me as to put out their hands to shake hands with me. I could not refrain from laughing at the circumstance, and they cheered me loudly as I passed. After I had thrown out the ballast, I ascended rapidly, and reached an elevation of at least two miles and a half, where I found it so intensely cold, that my fingers were paralysed. I passed over the left of Hackney Wick, the lead-mills in the marshes, Laytonstone, Barking Side, part of Epping-forest, and to the left of Romford; and I descended in a clover-field belonging to Mr. Staines, at Norè-hill, four miles northward of Romford. My fall was so very easy, having checked the accelerated velocity of the descent by the continued discharge of ballast, that I came to the ground without receiving the least shock or concussion. The appearances that I witnessed during my voyage vary greatly from those I had previously observed. The sun was setting at the time I entered the clouds, and the reflection of its rays variegated them, and gave to some of them the similitude of red vapor. The appearance of the river Thames, which on my former ascent resembled a sheet of polished metal, now was obscured from my view by a mass of clouds or vapor rolling over it; the land on each side of it at the same time appearing very distinct. Epping-forest, as I passed over one part of it, appeared of a triangular form, and resembled a coppice covering two acres of land, the trees of which did not appear to my visual organs to be higher than gooseberry-bushes. I mention this to explain a statement made by captain Sowden, who passed over the same forest with a balloon, in company with M. Garnerin, that, 'although Epping-forest did not appear larger than a gooseberry-bush, he could distinctly see the ruts and furrows in the fields.' I have no doubt that this gentleman mistook cross-roads and lanes for ruts and furrows, which any person on a first ascent would be likely to do; and I conceive that his observation as to the gooseberry-bush referred merely to the height of the trees. The beauties of the various scenes—the diversified appearances of the earth, occasioned by the setting of the sun, and the immense horizon which my sight compassed, surpassed every thing I had previously witnessed on my former ascents at an earlier period of the day; and I certainly should have gratified myself by remaining up much longer, had I not pledged myself to return, if possible, to Hackney, the same night; but which I was prevented from effecting by being detained by Mr. Staines, who, very illiberally as I conceived, forcibly seized my balloon, because some trifling injury had been done to his clover by persons who ran into the field to witness my descent, and whose natural curiosity induced them to wish for a close inspection of the aeronautical machine. But, notwithstanding this impediment, I arrived at the Mermaid, at Hackney, at two o'clock on the following morning.'

Remarkable Similarity of Person, and supposed Sympathy.—In the year 1786, Monsieur le Comte de T——— made a tour of the Highlands in the Gaelic costume. He often left his curricle to the care of his valet and groom, with orders to follow at a certain hour to the next inn. In one of those pedestrian excursions, he went to the inn at Fort-Augustus; the landlady, judging from his dress and broken English, that he

was a very ignorant mountaineer, showed him to the kitchen. The maids spoke to him in Gaelic; but he sportively said, they ought to speak English to a poor lad who wished to improve his language and to see a little of the fine world. They treated him with very little ceremony. One employed him in making up the fire; another called for his aid to catch some chickens doomed for the service of hungry travellers; and he feared the delicacy of his hand would betray him, when a merry damsel bade him assist her to pour the water from a pot of potatoes, the iron handle of which almost grilled his palms. She bade him hold out his plaid for a few nice potatoes; but he begged to have a plate, that he might know better again how to use it. He acted the simpleton so perfectly, that the landlady brought him a bit of cold meat to console him for the gibes of her handmaidens. The curricle arrived; the groom dismounted, and took charge of the equipage. The landlady met the valet, a well-dressed Englishman, and asked him with much respect to walk into her parlour; but he inquired for his lord. She replied there was no stranger in the house but a half-witted highlandman. The valet asked to see him, and she was confounded when the fine gentleman advanced cap in hand. *Monsieur le Comte* lost his dinner by giving no directions for it. He called for coffee and some of the cold meat so bountifully bestowed on him by the hostess. He then sent his letters of introduction to the lieutenant-governor, who politely invited him to his house. In crossing the glacis, they met a highlander clothed exactly like the count, and so like him in face and figure, that he was struck by the resemblance. It led him to entertain the ladies with an account of two brothers whose singular likeness and sympathetic feelings are recorded in a manuscript deposited in the public library at Paris. The twins were styled the comte de Ligneville and the comte d'Autrecourt. When children, they often changed dresses, and then their own servants could not say which was the elder brother. Even when they grew up, their voice, gait, and manner, so entirely corresponded, that being both captains of light horse, they exchanged squadrons, and neither the officers nor common men discovered the trick, till they thought proper to undeceive them. They frequently threw each other's wives into great embarrassment by acting in concert to pass one for the other. M. d'Autrecourt being accused of some crime against the state, the comte de Ligneville never separated from him, and by that attendance prevented an assault on his person, as he was in favor at court, and the government feared that he might suffer in lieu of the guilty person. One day Ligneville sent for a barber, and, after getting half of his beard shaven, he said he had forgotten a book in the next chamber; and, giving his night-gown to M. d'Autrecourt, who was concealed there, he remained in his place, and sent him to the barber. The operator resumed his task; to finish what he had begun; but, finding a new beard, the poor fellow believed that he had employed his rasor on the devil. He roared aloud, and, petrified by terror, could not attempt to escape. To compose him, M. d'Autrecourt called Ligneville from the closet; and it was long before the man could give credit even to the evidence of his senses. The wonderful sympathy attributed to these brothers may be mentioned, but cannot be generally believed. The manuscript says, that if one fell sick, the other, though in a distant country, was also indisposed; if one received a wound, the other felt pain; and they often had the same dreams. On the day when one was seized with a fever in France, the other was attacked by a similar disease in Bavaria. D'Autrecourt died, and Ligneville was at the point of death, but recovered.

Strictures on Gaming, by an old Lady.—How strangely infatuated are those who, committing their fortunes to mere chance, throw away their estates, and entail want upon their issue! It is a pity that such madmen are not restrained from ruining their poor innocent wives, children, relatives, creditors, or dependents, by a law importing that, if any commoner should lose above a hundred pounds at a sitting, he shall be deemed a lunatic, and have a commission of lunacy granted against him to his next of kin. Gaming, like a quick-sand, swallows up a man in a moment. Our follies and vices help each other, and blind the bubble, at the same time that they make the sharper quick-sighted. A good man will love himself too well to lose, and his neighbour too well to win, an estate by gaming.

Conjugal Scolding.—In the third year of the reign of Richard III. two women, Isabella, the wife of William Pery, and Alianore Slade, were presented for common *scolds*, and fined *one penny* each, which two pence were the whole perquisites of the court; and, at the same time, an order of the court was made, that the tenants of the manor should not *scold* their *wives*, under pain of forfeiting their tenements and cottages. Now this was all very well and extremely fair, as *apparently* binding upon both parties. But see the mischief of it; at least of the last order of the court. In the twenty-third year of Henry VII. I find another order made, that the tenants' *wives* should not *scold* (their husbands of course) under the penalty of a six and eightpenny fine, half to go to the repairs of the chapel, and half to the lord of the manor. So that, in fact, it would appear, that by the *restraint* laid upon the *husbands* in the third of Richard, the wives gained such an advantage over them, as in the twenty-third of his successor, (*i.e.* only twenty-two years afterwards) to render it absolutely necessary to raise the fine for female scolding from one penny to six shillings and eightpence!—Was ever any thing like it?—*Heraldic Anomalies.*

At East-Loo, in Cornwall, two scolds were thus reclaimed, at least for a time. Hannah Whit and Bessy Niles, two women of fluent tongues, having exerted their oratory on each other, at last thought it prudent to leave the matter in dispute to be decided by the mayor. Away, then, they posted to his worship. The first who arrived had scarce begun her tale, when the other bounced in, full of rage, and began hers likewise and abuse recommenced with double vigour. His worship (Mr. John Chubb) ordered the constables to be called, and each of the combatants thought her antagonist was to be punished, and the event proved each thought right. When the constable arrived, his worship pronounced the following command to him:—'Take these two women to the cage, and there keep them till they have settled their dispute.' They were immediately conveyed thither, and, after a few hours' confinement, became as quiet and inoffensive beings as ever breathed.

Bon-Mot of King George III.—When judge Day returned from India, the minister represented to his late majesty that knighthood would not only be acceptable, but that it was an honor to which the judge was entitled. 'Poh, poh,' said his majesty, 'I cannot turn day into night; it is impossible.' At the next levee, which was about Christmas, his majesty was again entreated to knight Mr. Day. The king inquired if he was married, and was answered in the affirmative. 'Well, well,' said the good-natured monarch, 'then let him be introduced, and I will work a couple of miracles; I will not only turn Day into Knight, but I will make Lady Day at Christmas.'

A more humble jocular Effusion.—An old gentleman of the name of *Gould*, having married a very young wife, wrote a poetical epistle to a friend, to inform him of the happy event, and concluded it thus:

'So you see, my dear sir, though I'm eighty years old,
girl of eighteen is in love with *old Gould*.'

To which his friend replied,—

'A girl of eighteen may love Gould, it is true;
But believe me, dear sir, it is Gold without *U!*'

Fine Arts.

BEING well-wishers to the fine arts, we are pleased with the prospect of success afforded by the new institution, intended for the benefit of British artists, and the promotion of excellence in painting, sculpture, and engraving. The associated members declare, that they have no idea of superseding the Royal Academy and British Institution, their only wish being to act as auxiliaries, or rather as fellow-laborers, in the good cause which those societies are calculated to promote. The scheme is now in so favorable a train, that we hope soon to hear of its complete establish ment.

We are equally pleased to hear of the formation of a British Academy at Rome. The king has already contributed two

hundred pounds for the advancement of this object, which is stated to be 'the erection of a national and permanent school for the fine arts at Rome.' It is well known that many students repair to that city for instruction, but are sometimes obstructed in their views by the want of continued pecuniary means. As the funds of the new academy increase, large apartments will be taken for the students, and will be furnished with a library of art, and casts from the remains of antiquity.

Exhibition of the Royal Academy.— Among the good portraits which remain to be particularly noticed, we cannot avoid the mention of Jackson's representation of Mrs. Agar Ellis, which affords a favorable specimen of his taste and skill. It is a well-painted head; and, in the attitude and the management of light and shade, it is an imitation of the admired piece of Rubens, called the *Chapeau de Paille.* His Lord Braybroke is also a fine portrait, admirably colored. The 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' by Sir Henry Raeburn, is pronounced by a candid critic to be 'one of the most thoroughly legitimate and admirable pictures in the room. It is nature itself, with a developement of an excellent knowlege of art. Sir Henry is perhaps too grey and low-toned in his shadows; but his carnations are fresh and transparent.'

The portrait of Dr. Harrison, by Mr. Shee, is rendered more interesting than it otherwise would have been, by the introduction of such accessories as belong to the character; and we may here observe, that few artists have distinguished their works of this kind by more interesting or appropriate decorations than Mr. Shee; but we must add, that there is too great a gloss on the countenances which he exhibits,—a stiff sort of coat, which checks the undulating effect of light and shade.

Mr. Pickersgill's delineation of Mr. Beaumont, the magistrate, is an excellent piece: both the head and the figure are very well drawn, and the coloring is clear and appropriate.

The 'Battle of the Angels,' by Mr. Ottley, both in conception and drawing, resembles the work of an old master of this delightful art. It is executed on the principles of the old school with an union of simplicity and spirit. It is merely a large black and white picture, on a blue ground; but it has an effect as imposing, as if all the hues of the rainbow had been blended in the performance. The figure of the arch-angel is sublime; and the conflict breathes animation and vigor.

The 'Defeat of the Turks,' by Mr. Dighton, is a painting of considerable merit, full of spirit in composition, drawing, and coloring. The 'Discovery of the Gunpowder-plot,' by Mr. Briggs, is also a valuable performance, though not altogether free from defects, one of which is a want of perspicuity in the manner of telling the story. The 'Paphian Bower' of Mr. Martin is not the produce of a correct taste; the figures are indelicate, and the composition unskilful. 'Instruction thrown away,' by Mr. Clover, is a very pleasing little picture; and Mr. Foster's 'Domestic Quarrels' may be praised, though we do not pronounce it to be equal to the familiar pieces of Mulready.

The Deer-Stealer, by Mr. Ward, is a striking piece, but defective in taste and keeping. Shakespear's Jubilee, by Mr. Sharp, is highly finished, brilliant, and attractive; and the portraits of the performers are admirable likenesses. Mr. Corbould's Song of Death is a performance of great merit. The composition is bold and natural; the light and shade are finely distinguished; and the figures are drawn with force and correctness.

Among the exhibited productions of our sculptors, there are not many of high excellence. The best figure is that of Cupid, by Mr. Westmacott. The god of love stands in an easy attitude, on his right foot; the left leg rests on the bow in a slanting position, which gives great grace, as well as a natural air, to the attitude. The wings seem to be so soft, that we fancy we can blow the feathers apart. He holds his unstrung bow with his left hand. The countenance, looking rather downward, leans to the left. It is a countenance full of sweet, fond, and refined expression; and Psyche may be well satisfied to have such a *follower.*

The same artist has produced a classical composition of great beauty,— Horace's Dream, an alto-relievo. The sleeping infant in this groupe is finely represented, and the female figure on the left is tasteful and delicate.

The finest bust in the sculpture-room is that of Mr. Beaumont, by Mr. Baily; it is a characteristic likeness, elegantly and elaborately finished. His representation of Mr. Flaxman, the veteran sculptor, is also a very pleasing specimen of talent.

Gallery of Raphael, or Raffaelle.—The decay of the fresco paintings of this artist in the Vatican induced Mr. Meulemeester to employ himself for many years in taking water-color copies of those celebrated pictures, fifty-two in number, about one-ninth of the size of the originals. They are indeed fine pieces, possessing much of that general sublimity, and that delicacy of finishing, which belong to the works of that illustrious painter. The artist and the amateur will, we doubt not, be highly gratified by this exhibition; and the Christian will see, with pleasure, how ably the great events recorded in the Scriptures can be represented.

Music.

The concerts of this season have in general been well attended, and the displays of talent have justified the applause which the performers, both vocal and instrumental, have received: but the performances do not call for specific notice. Mr. Vaughan's concert, we believe, was the most productive.

The musical festival at Oxford was well conducted; the pieces were well chosen, and the *eclat* of this harmonious celebrity was more than equal to that which attended the recitation of the prize compositions.

Among the late musical publications, the following seem to be most worthy of notice:

Mr. Cramer has favored us with two *Airs for the Piano-forte*, and variations, executed in a very agreeable style.

Mr. Sanderson has published another number of his *Series of National and Popular Airs*, with variations for the violin, and an accompaniment for the violoncello. He performs his task in a tasteful yet familiar style, calculated either for private or public performances.

La Recreation, a favorite Polacca, composed by Mr. James Salmon for the piano-forte, may be recommended as a pleasing piece; and *an Introduction, slow movement and Rondo*, for the same instrument, by Joseph de Pinna, may be announced in terms of still greater approbation.

Mr. Ries has an *Air with Variations*. The subject, *When the Meteor Lights*, a German air from the melodies of various nations, has a considerable degree of animation.

Mr. Bochsa has an *Andante and second Rondo on a favorite Quadrille for the harp*, to which we do not venture to make any objections.

Madame Dussek has arranged *Di Piacer* for the harp, with an accompaniment for the piano-forte. The brilliancy of the theme is retained, and even augmented. There is also by the same hand a short and easy lesson for the harp on a Scotch air, *the Campbells are coming*.

M. Meyer's *Divertimento*, for the same instrument, is in an agreeable style, and is not too difficult even for a youthful performer.

La Bella Capricciosa, by J. M. Hummel, conforms to the character of excursive fancy which its title implies; and caprice was seldom more captivating.

M. Moscheles' *Rondoletto* is very pleasing, and more simple than the generality of his compositions.

M. Holst, in his *Greek Air with Variations*, has put together the passages best adapted to facilitate execution in a form more interesting to beginners than an exercise, and he has succeeded in producing an attractive little piece.

The new adaptations are *Books of the favorite Airs from Il Barbiere di Seviglia, arranged for the harp and flute, by M. Bochsa;* also, by the same gentleman, *Book X. of Rossini's Operas*, consisting of a first selection from La Gazza Ladra, for the harp and piano-forte, with a flute and violoncello accompaniment. *The second Book of Selections from Pietro l'Eremità*, is just published by *M. Latour*, as duets for the piano-forte. *The two first Books of the Airs from La Donna del Lago*, are also arranged by the same composer for the piano-forte and flute; and, in this shape, the music of the opera is more beautiful and interesting than as heard from the orchestra of the opera-house.

Mr. Clementi has arranged *Mozart's celebrated Symphony, The Jupiter*, for the piano-forte, with *ad libitum* accompaniments for the flute, violin, and violoncello.

Of *Amusemens de l'Opera*, being a selection of the latest operas and ballets of Rossini, Weber, Paer, Winter, Gallemberg, &c. arranged for the piano-forte, two numbers have already appeared.

The Antologio Musicale is of the same description. The twelfth number contains a specimen of the style of Leopold Mozart, father of the celebrated composer.

The vocal list of this period is not very striking. We meet with the *Fairy Queen*, a duet, in the manner of the old writers, by Dr. Carnaby; but the music is applied to words of no very poetical structure. We have also observed *County Guy* (as it is ludicrously called), from the novel of Quentin Durward; the music of which, by Mr. Beale, is too good for the words.

Drama.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

THE desire of attracting by variety prompted Madame Camporese to produce, on the evening of her benefit, a new opera as well as a new ballet, and to diversify the style of singing by the aid of Miss Stephens. The opera was composed by Rossini, and it bears the title of *Ricciardo e Zoraida.*—Agorante, a Moorish chief, is betrothed to Zomira, notwithstanding which he undutifully allows himself to languish for Zoraida. This conflict in the ardent breast of the Moor forms the essence of the plot. To divert the heroine's affections from being carried captive by the wiles, and even threats of the revengeful African, her hand and heart are disposed of to Ricciardo, a chevalier in the suite of Ernesto, a Christian chieftain. The latter, in order to serve the cause of his friend Ricciardo, gains access to the palace and to the confidence of the haughty Moor; and by persuading him that Ricciardo entertains a plot against his injured fair, Zomira, succeeds in detaching him from his passion for Zoraida. On the discovery of these artifices, the Moor becomes enraged, and dooms the lovers to death; in which sentence is also included the lady's father. However, as the Italian tragedy-makers are not very partial to the stiletto or the axe, the *denouement* is very comfortably brought about without these extremities; for Ernesto finds an opportunity of overpowering and disarming the Moor, and the liberated heroine is restored to her faithful lover.

The overture of this piece is not so pleasing as the rest of the music. A duetto in the third scene pleased every person of taste, and a quartetto at the end of the first act was greatly admired, both for composition and vocalism. A trio, commencing with *Cruda sorte, Oh Amor tiranno*, was twice given by Mesdames Camporese and Vestris, and signor Garcia, with electric effect; a solo by the heroine, *Salvame il padre almeno*, was tasteful and brilliant; and the acting of Garcia in the character of the Moor, was nearly equal in merit to his singing.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Without aiming, near the close of the season, at that novelty which we cannot reasonably expect, the manager of this house is indefatigable in his endeavours to amuse and interest the public. The attractions of tragedy, comedy, and opera, are pleasingly varied, and the different talents of the theatrical corps are properly brought into play.

Among the temporary revivals at this house, Alexander the Great and Adelgitha may be noticed, for the good acting of the rival tragedians, Kean and Young. The former of these gentlemen represented the Macedonian hero with great spirit; but he sometimes makes too great a contrast between quietude and animation, by sinking into a tame languor or rising abruptly into the extremity of rant. Young performed the part of Clytus with honest bluntness and great force, and Terry was a respectable Cassander. In Adelgitha, Kean personated Lothaire, a Roman knight, with energy, and Young, as the prince of Apulia, was highly applauded, while Cooper (for whose benefit this tragedy was selected) exerted his talents with an effect which was heightened by the striking situations incidental to the piece.

Mr. Elliston made choice of the Surrender of Calais for his benefit; and on that occasion he acted La Gloire with pleasant and characteristic vivacity, if not with the elastic vigor of youth; while Kean gave to the part of Eustache de Saint-Pierre its stern roughness, not untinctured with the feelings of humanity. The Madelon of Miss Stephens would have been more pleasing, if it had been more lively.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

A farce, by a *noble* but not *excellent* writer, has been lately produced, under the title of *Cent. per Cent. or the Masquerade!* It is not altogether deficient in pleasantry; and, though it was apparently condemned on the first night, it has been since performed with little disapprobation. Lord Glengall may congratulate himself on this resuscitation of his offspring; but it is too feeble and rickety to be long-lived.

Mr. Macready, for his own benefit, attempted the part of Shylock, and the attempt was justified by success. His delineation of the character, indeed, was less intense than Mr. Kean's, but more imaginative, sustained, and marked by more striking individual traits. Amidst the degradation of situation, and the vices of the Jewish character, his spirit seemed to awaken against its oppressors, and to make powerful, though wild efforts, to baffle and requite them. By the half-jocular manner in which he proposed the 'money-bond,' he made the gross improbability seem almost probable: in the delivery of the fine appeal to our common humanity—'Hath not a Jew eyes?' he was singularly impressive; and his scene with Tubal, and his acting at the trial, were replete with finely discriminative touches.—On the same evening, he appeared as Delaval in the farce of Matrimony, and acted with gentlemanly spirit and ease, while Miss Foote gave equal interest to the part of Clara.

Miss F. Kelly, in sustaining the character of Belvidera, did not shine as in Juliet; yet her performance certainly rose above mediocrity. It exhibited some good points, and the concluding scene was admirable.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

This house was re-opened on the 16th, with that promise of a favourable season, which a concentration of talent is likely to afford. A comic prelude was performed,—light and airy, like its title, *Summer-Flies.* It had a pair of lovers, (for what piece can please without love?) a pettifogging knave, and other characters. Morton's comedy of the Cure for the Heart-ache followed. Liston played the old tailor in the most humorous manner; and Mr. Vining, from Bath, failed not to give rather boisterous activity and locomotion to young Rapid. The stitching scene was ludicrous, and presented a good *tableau.* Mrs. Orger, as Miss Vortex, did justice to the character; but Miss Boyce has not the figure or looks of the interesting heiress. Mr. W. West pleased us much in the rustic, and Mr. Williams trusted particularly to the wig off his forehead, for giving droll effect to his personation of the nabob.

On the 17th a new farce, called *Mrs. Smith*, was brought forward. The incidents depend on a similarity in names, and the mistakes consequent upon that circumstance. A married Mrs. Smith, and a widow Smith courted by a second love, are placed in equivocal situations, and the suspicions of husband and lover are respectively excited, till the ladies meet and put an end to the delusions. The piece is sufficiently amusing to bear repetition.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.

The new entertainments of this place justify our mention of them under the head of the Drama. Two theatres have been lately erected. One is furnished with appropriate scenery and decorations, chiefly for the performance of juvenile ballets; and, in the other, theatrical imitations and dramatic sketches are given. The vocal and instrumental concerts are rendered more effective: the fire-works are more splendid than they formerly were, and are exhibited on a magnificent Moorish tower; picturesque cosmoramas have been introduced with striking effect; and, in a French mechanical theatre, *fantoccini* or puppets perform their evolutions. These, however, are not all the amusements; for a 'wonderful young American,' Mr. Blackmore, astonishes the spectators by remarkable ascents and descents on the rope.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

LEVANTINE pelisse of a peach blossom-color, faced and bordered with white satin, slightly pointed; the points distinguished by elegantly wrought silk buttons; the mancherons ornamented with straps of white satin and buttons to correspond, with a pointed cuff of white satin. French collar, surmounted by a double frill of Urling's lace, and fastened in front by a square ruby brooch. Arcadian bonnet to correspond with the pelisse, with a lace cornette underneath, and white lace veil. Sea-green parasol with white border. Black satin slippers, and Limerick gloves.

EVENING DRESS.

Circassian round robe of white gossamer gauze, ornamented down the front with a novel kind of trimming of a most rich and elegant kind, in white satin; the skirt bordered with superb chain festoons of knots in satin. The bust ornamented next the tucker, with a spread out Indian lotos, divided by a ruby. Clotilda turban of tulle, blond and full-blown roses: the hair arranged in the most beautiful ringlets. Pearl ear-rings, and necklace of the same, fastened in front with a ruby clasp. White satin shoes, and drapery scarf of white lace.

For the above tasteful dresses, we are indebted to Miss Pierrepoint, Edward-street, Portman-square.

MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

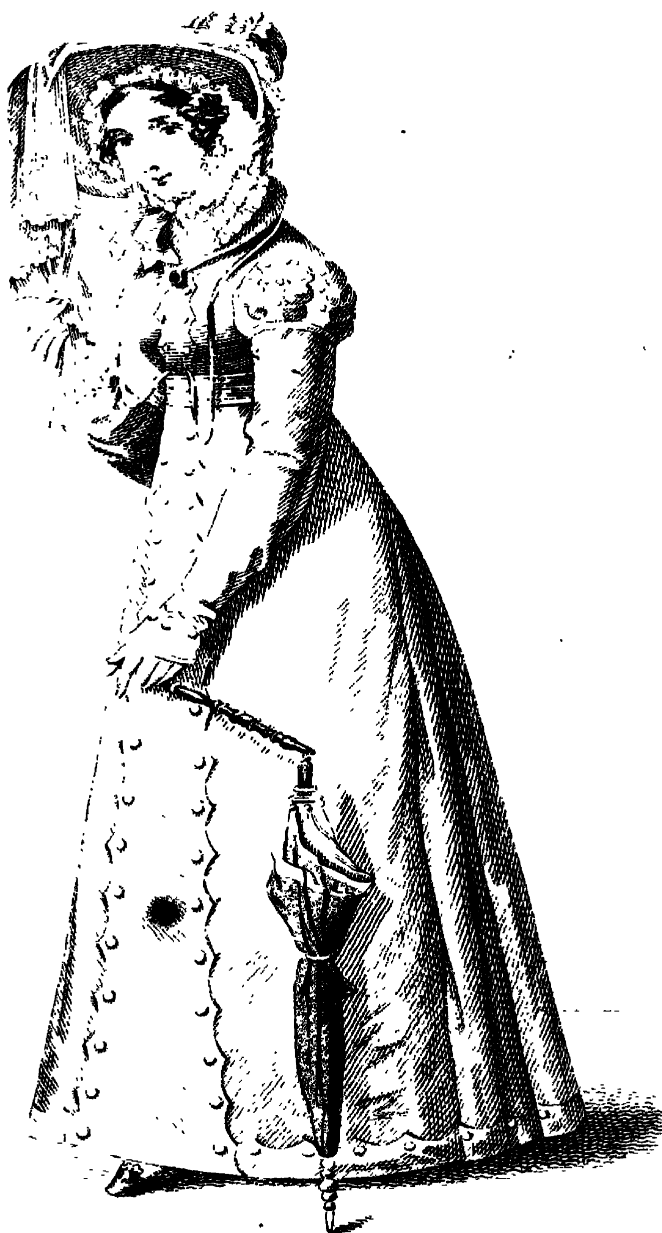
Hyde-park and Kensington-gardens now present a most attractive scene. The verdure of the grass and foliage, yet free from the scorching beams of a sultry sun, with the throngs of well-dressed females, arrayed in every summer color, cheer the gratified sight with the most beautiful and pleasing variety.

The pelisses are of the most lively, yet delicate spring colors, and tie simply down the front with bows of riband, or else they fold over, and are fastened imperceptibly by spring clasps underneath. No pains, however, are spared, that fancy can devise, in ornamenting the bust: the collars almost all stand up, in the French style. Pelisses of white figured *gros de Naples,* wrapping over the bust *à la Circassienne,* and trimmed with gold lace, have been partially introduced; it is a fashion taken from France, and rather too fine to promise any great encouragement from the chastened elegance of an English female's taste. When the pelisse is of a light and becoming color, the hat is the same; and is crowned with a superb plume of white marabouts, carelessly sporting over it. If the pelisse is of violet-color, slate-purple, or Esterhazy, then the hat is of white satin, or figured *gros de Naples,* and is crowned with a full bouquet of full blown roses and white hawthorn in blossom. Flowers in profusion, and of the most brilliant hues, are now placed under the most tasteful bonnet; and, indeed, when they are on the outside of hats, they seem to be preferred to the towering plume. The bonnets are rather small, extremely becoming, and are placed very backward, with a large bow of white satin riband on the right side of the hair, if the flowers are round the crown of the hat: but there is nothing that appears bold in the manner of placing these hats on the head, as they are very perceptibly bent down on the forehead, *à la Caroline,* and the face is often covered by a long white lace veil. The open straw hats, so beautiful for summer wear, and which we had hoped to have seen more patronized, do not seem to take much with the higher orders of fashionables. Leghorn bonnets, trimmed with gauze riband, and sometimes the rim edged with blond, with a long white veil thrown back, are more admired for the promenade, or the morning drive; a pretty carriage bonnet is also much in favor, partaking something of the village shape, but more short at the ears; it is of white figured *gros de Naples,* trimmed at the edge with blond of a rich pattern, and crowned with a full plume of very short curled feathers. Bonnets of colored silk and satin seem more fashionable at present than either chip, straw, or Leghorn: the latter articles will, however, no doubt, succeed to those, when the ardor of summer shall manifest itself after a remarkably cool spring,



Evening Drefs

Invented by Mifs Bermont & engraved for the Ladies Magazine [illegible]



Walking Dress.

Invented by Miss Pierpoint & engraved at the [illegible]

and our belles shall have quitted the capital for their summer recess.

The waists are rather shorter, but the dresses still continue to be made too long; white seems chiefly confined to the *dejeuné* costume; and dresses of *gros de Naples* and levantine of light colors, are preferred for half dress, though a few slight washing silks have been adopted by some ladies for home costume, and will most likely be more general as the weather becomes warmer. Gossamer satins, chiefly white, are much worn at evening parties, public concerts, and music meetings; or tulle dresses over white, or blush color.

The cornettes for morning deshabille are of a becoming simplicity; they are of fine lace, slightly ornamented, and tied with colored riband; some are lined with the same color as the bows and strings, which has a good effect on many complexions. Turbans of every kind are worn in half dress, and the cornette turban of colored gauze, with a few light flowers scattered over it, forms a beautiful head-dress for receiving friendly parties at home. Diadem combs, wreaths of flowers, and small chip hats, crowned with short feathers, are much in favor as head-dresses for young ladies. The hair is divided on the forehead, but the curls are full on each temple, and to give breadth to the face seems now the chief ambition; the flatness of the cornettes, and their being bowed out on each side, when not carried to excess, certainly give rather a lovely appearance to the countenance; for this kind of head-dress, when the cauls were very high, made every lady look ten years older than she really was; but the bent down dress hats with flowers spread out under them, with the wired out mobs, and large curls of hair on each side, make us fear a contrary extreme: there is, however, an elevation of hair, now caused by the braid on the summit of the head, in full dress, which, in a great measure, does away this breadth. Small French caps, in undress, and under bonnets, have a very pretty effect.

The favorite articles in jewellery, are pearls, topazes, chrysolites, and mina nuova.

The most prevailing colors for spencers, pelisses, and dresses, are lavender, mignonet-green, Esterhazy, and lilac.

For turbans and ribands, Canary-yellow, celestial blue, full blown summer rose-color, and red lilac.

MODES PARISIENNES.

In the morning walks, high dresses of *gros d'été* are seen, without any other covering over the shoulders; and when the gown is made low, a simple scarf of lace or gauze, is often the only envelope now added by the Parisian belle. If a mantelet is thrown on, when the weather is at all chill, it seems more for show than use, being left open in front, and only brought close in the evening walk in the country. Pelerines, well made, prettily trimmed, and fastening behind, look well with white dresses, and have been seen on some young ladies who are remarked for the elegance of their taste; these pelerines have a row of beautiful embroidery just above the trimming, which is generally of fine lace or India muslin. The pelisses are of colored lawn, or of muslin, are very modestly and simply made, and fasten down the front of the skirt to the feet. Spencers are very rare. Undressed lawn bonnets are much in fashion for the morning walks: they are set out with whalebone, and their chief ornament is a bunch of grapes. The streamers so much worn on what are called promenade hats, are of broad riband, and very long: some are formed of tiffany, in bias, or of three ribands, all of different colors. Leghorn hats are sometimes bordered with a band of ornamental straw, about an inch in breadth. Shot ribands are very prevalent on hats, and those of different shades, intermingled. Two bands of *spaterie*, with a riband placed between, is also a favorite ornament. Many bonnets have only the rim made of Leghorn, and the caul of *gros d'été*, of some fashionable summer color: this caul is puckered, and the puckerings are confined by bands of straw. Sometimes a broad bias of *gros d'été* is placed round the crown of a straw hat; and a drapery of striped gauze, of straw-color, laid in irregular plaits, through which peep out five or six pinks, placed at equal distances.

Cambric blouses are embroidered with blue worsted, called by the French ladies, *English* blue, which never loses its color by washing; when the blouses are worked in this color, it is in a running pattern. Other blouses have tucks at the border, and have an embroidery between each tuck, of sweet peas, worked in red India cotton. In morning deshabille, plaid dresses of printed cambric

are very general. Ladies who are famed for their taste, dress entirely in white: a white dress with short sleeves, white gloves, a long scarf of white lace, or of figured *tulle*, and white half-boots, laced on the outside of the ancle. An elastic tissue formed of cordons of raw silk, is the favorite belt for half-dress; this is confined by a square buckle, or a clasp of polished steel. Balls at Paris are now at an end; and as to the dresses worn at rural balls, we cannot indeed say any thing decisive: they are, we have heard, chiefly of leno, clear muslin, or some other light washing article, and are slightly trimmed with riband, lace, or flowers, according to the simplicity or *éclat* of the rural fête.

Dress hats are of white *crêpe lisse*, lined with *gros d'été*, of rose-color or lilac: they are placed very backward, and ornamented underneath with eight or ten bows of riband. About the crown are grouped, in a careless manner, marabout feathers, ears of corn, roses, and field-flowers. The morning caps are simple and becoming; yet some ladies affect to wear a dress toque in morning deshabille, made of heavy and ordinary materials. Dress hats are more worn than turbans, except in full costume for an evening party; and then young ladies adorn their hair with jewels or flowers, and the matrons adopt a light gauze turban, ornamented with gems and short feathers.

The half-boots for walking are of fine kid leather, and the shoes of Turkish satin. The newest fashion of fastening the shoes is by two short straps, which are brought together by a gold clasp, representing two hands; these hands are vermillion when the shoes are white or black.

On the watch-hooks sported by some fashionable ladies, whose names consist of five letters only, are five seals, on every one of which is engraven a different letter, forming, altogether, her name.

The favorite colors for dresses of *gros d'été*, are camels' hair brown, *Emma*, Caroline, and Spanish fly-green.

For mantelets and pelisses, Nile water-green, and lavender. For ribands, bonnets, and trimmings, mignonet blossom, red, jonquil, and celestial blue. Dress hats and dress turbans are generally white.

ADDRESS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Horace says (but we are not so pedantic as to quote him here in the original), that all persons, learned or unlearned, are fond of writing verses. He alludes to his own time,—the flourishing age of Rome; and we think that the remark (though palpably hyperbolical) is as applicable to the present time as it could have been to his own generation. Volumes of poems are continually announced; and the editors of periodical works are annoyed by frequent transmissions of trash in a poetical form, which, from a due respect to the taste and good sense of their readers, they are bound to reject. We therefore declare, though not without pain and reluctance, that the *Shipwreck*, and other pieces lately sent, are inadmissible.

We assure the author of the 'Letters between Oscar and Malvina,' that we have only received the second communication. When we meet with the first letter, we will readily insert it. His hint with regard to the publication of an annual miscellany, cheap yet elegant, to be offered by *young sparks* as a present to their Dulcineas, may be submitted to the consideration of some enterprising speculator.

Amelia's 'Pathetic Tale' shall be returned on demand. It is too *fine* and too *moving* for the common sense of our readers.

We are still desirous of a memoir of the late Mrs. Radcliffe, as we have not sufficient materials for the task.

'Summer Amusements' will not suit our purpose, being too frivolous and ill-written.

'Virtue, an Allegory,' degrades a noble subject by its absurdity.

We readily accept the offer of D. J. L.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE;

OR,

MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

A New Series.

JULY 31, 1823.

OBSERVATIONS ON LANDSCAPE GARDENING.

Among the improvements of modern times (and even we, who cling with fond reverence to all the reliques and customs of antiquity which have been spared to us, must acknowlege that they are many), not one can be pointed out as more striking or delightful than that which has been achieved by the new system of landscape gardening. England, with the exception of her northern lakes, destitute of those bold and magnificent features which invite the traveler to distant realms, has been rendered one continued scene of beauty by the taste of a few spirited individuals, who saw nature with a painter's eye, and broke through all the trammels imposed by art in an age of ignorance. Rich in her castles and abbeys, precious remnants of all that was really beautiful in Gothic times, she possesses a feature in the trim, quiet, sequestered village, which meets with no parallel in the gorgeous descriptions of other lands, except perhaps in Dr. Clarke's animated picture of the country of the Don Cossacks, and the embowered cottages of the island of Loo Choo. Nature, less bounteous in her earliest gifts to this land than to others which she has favored with her smiles, has been seemingly stimulated into lavish prodigality by the continued solicitations of the agriculturist and the improver. We are informed that the sloe and the crab apple were the only fruits indigenous to the soil; and the impenetrable forests and deep morasses, wherein the aboriginal inhabitants burrowed like wild beasts, offered so little temptation to the Roman invader, accustomed to the rich fertility of Gaul and Iberia, the glowing abundance of Egypt, and the vegetable treasures of Mauritania, that nothing but a thirst for conquest could have prompted him to seek the sterile climate and its gloomy productions. Under the dominion of these polished strangers, England emerged from its dark horrors, and made such approaches to civilization, as to hold out strong inducements to the rude Saxon, and the hardy Dane, to quit their own inhospitable shores, for a country that promised them the subsistence which their excessive population and scanty means denied. Yet, though the forests had been partially cleared, and the marshes drained, England seems to have been, in a great measure, a scene of desolation and dreariness for a long period subsequent to the Norman conquest. While we admire and enjoy its present high state of cultivation, it is both a curious and an interesting study to contrast it with its appearance in former times.

A modern author, Hallam, has given us an accurate delineation of the manners and habits of society during the middle ages; and the following extract from his work will not be deemed inappropriate to the present subject, by those who wish to be acquainted with the scenery of distant times.—'Though hunting had ceased to be a necessary means of procuring food, it was a very convenient resource, on which the wholesomeness and comfort, as well as luxury

of the table depended. Before the natural pastures were improved, and new kinds of fodder for cattle discovered, it was impossible to maintain the summer stock during the cold season. Hence a portion of it was regularly slaughtered and salted for winter provision. We may suppose, that when no alternative was offered but these salted meats, even the leanest venison was devoured with relish. There was somewhat more excuse therefore for the severity with which the lords of forests and manors preserved the beasts of the chase, than if they had been considered merely as objects of sport. The laws relating to the preservation of game were in every country uncommonly rigorous. They formed in England that odious system of forest laws, which distinguished the tyranny of our Norman kings. Capital punishment for killing a stag or wild boar was frequent, and perhaps warranted by law, until the charter of John. The French code was less severe; but even Henry IV. enacted the pain of death against the repeated offences of chasing deer in the royal forests. The privilege of hunting was reserved to the nobility till the reign of Louis IX., who extended it in some degree to persons of lower birth. This excessive passion for the sports of the field produced those evils which are apt to result from it; a strenuous idleness, which disdained all useful occupations, and an oppressive spirit towards the peasantry. The devastation committed under the pretence of destroying wild animals, which had been already protected in their depredations, is noticed by various authors, and has also been the topic of popular ballads. What effect this must have had on agriculture it is easy to conjecture. The leveling of forests, the draining of morasses, and the extirpation of the mischievous animals which inhabit them, are the first objects of man's labor in reclaiming the earth to his use; and these were forbidden by a landed aristocracy, whose control over the progress of agricultural improvement was unlimited, and who had not yet learned to sacrifice their pleasures to their avarice.'

The effect of such a system on the face of the country must be obvious. The habits and manners of the present age have induced such a passion for locomotion, that there are comparatively few persons who have not, in their excursions of business or pleasure, surveyed a large portion of their native country; and they have thus become acquainted with the palaces of the nobles, the villas of the gentry, and the equally beautiful, but more humble domiciles, of the middling classes, and their attendant parks, pleasure-grounds, orchards, and gardens: but even those who are confined entirely to one spot are enabled to gratify any rural taste they may possess, by the perusal of descriptive works, illustrated by prints, which give faithful delineations of the beauties of the country. The annual pocket-books are rich in these treasures, and every print-shop exhibits a number of landscapes adorned with all the varieties of building, from the Saxon ruin and the Norman castle, to the magnificent erections of Blenheim and Stow, and the recent wonder of Font-hill; and, amid these and similar edifices, the manor-house of the country gentleman, and the decorated cottage of the merchant, are considered worthy of a place; yet these, comparatively speaking, are new features in English scenery. Before the reign of Henry VII., splendid residences were wholly engrossed by the nobility and the ecclesiastics; and England had little of the ornamental kind.

'It is an error to suppose (says the writer last quoted) that the English gentry were lodged in stately or even in well-sized houses. Generally speaking, their dwellings were almost as inferior to those of their descendants in capacity as they were in convenience. The usual arrangement consisted of an entrance passage running through the house, with a hall on one side, a parlour beyond, and one or two chambers above; and, on the opposite side, a kitchen, pantry, and other offices. Such was the ordinary mansion-house of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, as appears, not only from documents and engravings, but as to the latter period, from the buildings themselves, sometimes, though not very frequently, occupied by families of distinction, more often converted into farm-houses, or distinct tenements. Larger structures were erected by men of great estates during the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV., but very few can be traced higher; and such has been the effect of time, still more through the advance or decline of families, and the progress of architectural improvement, than the natural decay of these buildings, that I should conceive

it difficult to name a house in England, still inhabited by a gentleman, and not belonging to the order of castles, the principal apartments of which are older than the reign of Henry VII. The instances, at least, must be extremely few.'

The long peace which characterized the reign of Henry VII. produced great improvement in architecture and agriculture. Cardinal Wolsey, under the government of that monarch's son, was princely in his style of building. Whitehall, formerly called York-house, being an appendage to the archbishop's see, even before it attained its splendid improvements from Inigo Jones, was a magnificent structure, and Hampton-court, and Christ College, Oxford, afford ample proof that his taste was equal to his genius.

Gardens at this period came into consideration, though the esculent vegetables now in common use were not introduced before the reign of Elizabeth; and, even later, the royal table was indebted to Holland for all its salads. Instead of consulting nature, art in its most glaring shape was supposed to constitute the perfection of a garden. The trees were tortured into the resemblance of animals, and cascades were taught to flow over regular flights of stone steps. The Italians, from whom we derived our first ideas of gardening, had, in despite of the superlative excellence of their painters and architects, and the exquisite models which the prodigal hand of nature had lavished around them, fallen into the same errors: statues and stone-work in their pleasure-grounds usurped the place of trees; parterres of flowers were divided from each other by heavy balustrades; and alcoves, cemented by mortar, were more in request than bowers garlanded with vines. In Spain, amidst the luxurious pleasures introduced by the Moors, the taste was also sophisticated; magnificent fountains cooled the noontide heat, and superb pavilions arose; but the hand of man was too easily traced in the elaborate ornaments which profusely decorated these still delicious retreats. In England, formality reigned for many years in undisturbed etiquette. In imitation, perhaps, of the hanging gardens of Babylon, terrace was raised upon terrace, and the same number of trees, and the same oval fish-ponds, occupied each platform. The terrace and the avenue, however, when not thus multiplied till they fatigue the eye, are so beautiful in themselves, that we must always regret when they are sacrificed to what may be called the rage for modern improvement. We therefore join Mr. Price heartily in his indignation at a projected idea of blowing up a noble terrace, too massy to be removed by less violent means; but we dare not say whether Mr. Kent or Mr. Brown was the author of this 'gunpowder plot.'

But, to return to the old-fashioned garden, of which few models still exist, in preference to the well-known satire of Pope, which naturally rises to the mind, leveled at the residence of the duke of Chandos, at Canons, which seems to have been laid out in the very worst taste imaginable, we transcribe the ideas of the celebrated Francis Bacon, lord Verulam, upon the subject, whose notions were doubtless formed by the study of plantations similar to the model which he has transmitted for the instruction of posterity. 'The compass of ground for gardens, speaking of those which are indeed prince-like, ought not to be under thirty acres, and to be divided into three parts—a green in the entrance, a heath or desert in the end, and the main garden in the midst; besides alleys on both sides. And I like well that four acres of ground be assigned to the green, six to the heath, eight to the side-walks, and twelve to the main garden. The green is luxuriant to the eye, and nothing is more pleasant than green grass kept finely shorn. The other gives you a fair alley in the midst, by which you pass towards the front of a stately hedge, which is to enclose the main garden. But as the alley will be long and sultry in the great heat of the season, or day, you ought not to buy the shade in the garden, by going in the sun through the green; therefore you are on either side of the green to plant a covert alley of carpenter's work, about twelve feet in height, by which you may go all the way under shade into the garden. The garden is best to be square, encompassed on all the four sides with a stately arched hedge; the arches to be upon pillars of carpenter's work of ten feet high, and six feet broad, and the spaces between of the same dimension with the breadth of the arch. Over the arches let there be an entire hedge of four feet high, of carpenter's work also, and above this a little turret upon the top of every arch, with room sufficient to receive a cage of birds;

and over every space between the arches, some other little figure, with broad plates of round colored glass gilt, for the sun to play upon. This hedge I mean to be raised upon a bank, not steep, but gently sloped, of about six feet, set all with flowers. I think also that this square of the garden should not be the whole breadth of the ground, but to leave on each side ground enough for diversity of side-alleys, unto which the two covert alleys of the green may bring you; but there must be no alleys with hedges at either end of this great enclosure; nor at the hither end, for hindering your prospect of this fair hedge from the green; nor at the farther end, for hindering your prospect from the hedge through the arches upon the heath. For ordering the ground within the great hedge, I leave it to variety of device; advising, that whatever form you cast it into, it be not too curious or full of work. Images cut out in juniper or other garden stuff I disapprove. They are for children. Little low round hedges, with some pretty pyramids, I like well; and in some places also columns, and high pyramids, of carpenter's work, hedged round. I would also have the alleys spacious. You may have closer alleys upon the side-grounds, but none in the main garden. I would recommend in the very middle a mount, with three ascents and alleys, wide enough for four to walk abreast, which should be perfect circles, without any bulwarks or projections, and the whole mount thirty feet high, and a fine banqueting-house, with chimneys neatly cast, and without too much glass. Fountains are a great beauty and refreshment; but let pools and fish-ponds be banished; for they make the garden unwholesome, and full of flies and frogs. Fountains I understand to be of two kinds: the one that sprinkles or spouts water, the other a fair receptacle of water, of thirty or forty feet square, but without fish, slime, or mud. For the first, the ornaments of images gilt, or of marble, which are in use, do well; but the chief matter is, so to convey the water, that it can never stay, either in the basons, or in the cistern; so that it is never discolored, or gathers any moss or putrefaction. Besides, it must be cleansed every day with the hand; also some fine steps up to it, and pavement. As for the other kind of fountain, which we call a bathing place, it may admit much curiosity and beauty; but we shall not trouble ourselves about it, only that the bottom and sides be finely paved, embellished with colored glass, and things of lustre, and encompassed with fine rails of low statues. But the chief point is the same which we mentioned in the former kind of fountain, that the water be in perpetual motion, fed by a water higher than the bath, and delivered into it by fair spouts, and discharged under ground by tubes of equal dimension, that it stay not. Fine devices of arching water without spilling, and making it rise in several forms, of feathers, drinking-glasses, canopies, and the like, are pretty things to look on, but nothing to health and sweetness. For the heath, which was the third part of our plot, I wish it to be framed as near as may be to a natural wilderness. I would have no trees in it, but some thickets, made only of sweetbriar and honeysuckle, with wild vine amongst them, and the ground set with violets, strawberries, and primroses; for these are sweet, and prosper in the shade. I like also little heaps, in the nature of mole-hills, such as are in wild heaths, to be set, some with wild thyme, some with pinks, some with germander, which gives a beautiful flower to the eye; some with periwinkle, some with cowslips, some with daisies, some with red roses, some with lilies of the valley, some with bear's-foot, &c., part of which heaps to be with standards of little bushes pricked upon their top, and part without; the standards to be roses, juniper, holly, red currants, gooseberries, bays, rosemary, &c. But these standards are to be kept with cutting, that they grow not out of shape. For the side-grounds, you are to distribute them into a variety of private alleys, to give a full shade, wheresoever the sun may be. You are to frame them likewise for shelter, that when the wind blows sharp, you may walk as in a gallery; and these alleys must be likewise hedged at both ends, to keep out the wind. The closer alleys must be graveled; but no grass, for fear of going wet. In many of these alleys, likewise, you are to set fruit trees of all sorts, as well upon the walls, as in ranges. At the end of both side-grounds, I would have a mount of a pretty good height, leaving the wall of the enclosure breast-high, to look abroad into the fields. For the chief garden, I do not deny that there should be some fair alleys ranged on

both sides with fruit trees, and pretty tufts of fruit trees and arbors, with seats set in some decent order; but these should not be set too thick: so leave the garden that it be not close, but the air open and free: as for shade, I would have you content yourself with the alleys of the side-grounds, there to walk, if you are disposed, in the heat of the year or day. For the chief garden is for the more temperate parts of the year, spring and autumn; and, in the heat of summer, for the morning and evening, or overcast days. For aviaries, I like them not, unless they be of such largeness as to be tufted, to have living plants and bushes set in them, that the birds may have more scope and natural nestling, and that no foulness appear on the floor of the aviary. Thus I have made a platform of a princely garden, partly by precept, partly by drawing, not an exact model, but some general lines of it; and in this I have spared no cost, which is nothing to great princes, who for the most part advise with gardeners, and with no less cost put together, with little judgement, various things; and sometimes add statues, and such other things, for state and magnificence, but nothing conducing to the true pleasure and delight of a garden.'

These pleasure-grounds, destitute of trees, manufactured of carpenter's work, colored glass, and gilt images, are described with such sober seriousness, that we have not the slightest reason to suppose that his lordship is jesting with the credulity of his readers. Kenilworth appears to have been laid out in the same taste; and the anecdote of the gallantry of sir Thomas Gresham to queen Elizabeth proves that her majesty participated in the general patronage of carpenters and masons. Upon viewing the residence of the royal merchant, Osterly-house, she thought the court-yard too large, 'affirming that it would appear more handsome if divided in the middle.' Sir Thomas, wishing at once to surprise and gratify his illustrious guest, sent for workmen, who, with wonderful rapidity of execution, raised the division in one night. The queen in the morning had the pleasure of seeing her suggestion completely adopted; and though, as is the case in lord Verulam's plan, there were no groves to nod, each alley had a brother.

This melancholy state of things continued for a long period. The scientific Evelyn, in the reign of king Charles II., though he was a warm patron of the arts, and the first discoverer of the talent of Gibbons, the famous sculptor in wood, in despite of his Sylva, had very narrow ideas of the beauties of nature. St. Vincent's rocks, which we may suppose to have been more picturesque than at present, before the thrifty Bristolians began to sell their sublime and beautiful by the cart-load, are called by him a 'horrid Alp;' and the print which is preserved of his garden at Wotton is as full of monstrosities as the old grounds at Chatsworth, or what are styled the English gardens in the small towns of Germany—'little plots of ground, crammed with grotesque seats, rustic bridges over tortuous canals, and ruins and hermitages half-hidden in tufts of shrubs, to surprise the wanderer in a path meandering like a corkscrew.'

Horace Walpole tells us, that in the garden of the marechal de Biron, at Paris, he saw nine thousand pots of asters, and all the decorations were in a similar taste. St. James' Park, laid out under the immediate inspection of Charles II., has defied every effort at improvement. The mall, and the Birdcage-walk, (so called * from a fancy of the king, who hung up his aviary on the branches of the trees,) and the canal, are still as stiff and as formal as a hoop petticoat and a barrister's wig. The Dutch humor (for we must not call it taste) of William the Third produced Kensington-gardens, beautiful, no doubt, from their extent and verdure, yet still deformed by clipped hedges and wide straight walks, and the frightful specimen of the perfection of brick-work in the green-house. Sir William Temple, though he possessed sufficient judgement to render him desirous of a reformation, despaired of accomplishing any thing effectual in that department, and produced weighty arguments to dissuade any rash projector from attempting an innovation, as success (he opined) was impossible, and failure must be attended with disgrace; but Kent, un-

* May we not rather deduce the name of this walk from *bocage*, a grove, as we know that the common people are in the habit of substituting familiar terms for appellations which they do not understand, and are followed in their corruptions even by many who pretend to correctness.

dismayed by the difficulties which seemed to oppose his wishes, effected an astonishing metamorphosis. To him we owe the invention of the sunk fence, which obtained the name of Ha! Ha! from the surprise it occasioned. This happy device banished the stone boundaries which had been wont to screen the prospect, and opened delicious views of distant fields: but, like all other reformers, Kent carried his projections rather too far. His love of nature led him to plant dead trees, and he committed similar vagaries in order to give a wild and uncultivated aspect to his scenery. His disciples unfortunately reduced their art to a regular system, and too often substituted the clumped lawn and circular belt for those stately avenues, which are recommended by their beauty, as well as their antiquity. Gilpin and Price, those true lovers and excellent judges of the picturesque, entertained a proper veneration for all that was really excellent in the old school of gardening, and were content with making judicious improvements without achieving an entire overthrow of the grand terrace appropriately ornamented with urns and vases, which formed so dignified an appendage to the antique mansion of former days. Pope, perhaps with more affectation than truth, declares that he prided himself on his garden in preference to any of his other works. Who is there that does not regret that it has been destroyed? for though, by his own description, it was trammeled with too many artificial objects to suit the modern ideas of rural scenery, hearts alive to the inspiration of the talent which illuminated his æra, would have visited, as a shrine, the Egerian grot,

Where, nobly pensive, St. John sat and thought,
Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
And the bright flame was shot through Marchmont's soul.'

Horace Walpole did not suffer his love of the antique to shackle his judgement. The beautiful Gothic building of Strawberry-hill was surrounded by pleasure grounds, which could not be improved by any except a Price; and Font-hill alone seems to have surpassed it in the rarity of the flowers and the shrubs, which bloomed in rich prodigality in despite of the ungentle climate. Indeed, to judge from his correspondence, we appear to have the advantage of much finer summers than heretofore visited our island. It is amusing to see how regularly July, under the too liberal patronage of its watery saint, elicited the noble gardener's complaint of the humidity of our atmosphere. 'I perceive the deluge fell upon you before it reached us. It began here but on Monday last, and then rained near eight and forty hours without intermission. My poor hay has not a dry thread to its back. I have had a fire these three days. In short, every summer, one lives in a state of mutiny and murmur, and I have found the reason: it is because we will affect to have a summer, and we have no title to any such thing. Our poets learned their trade of the Romans, and so adopted the terms of their masters. They talk of shady groves, purling streams, and cooling breezes; and we get agues and sore throats with attempting to realize these visions. Master Damon writes a song, and invites Miss Chloe to enjoy the cool of the evening; and the deuce a bit have we of any thing such as a cool evening. Zephyr is a north-east wind, that makes Damon button up to the chin, and pinches Chloe's nose until it is red and blue; and then they cry *this is a bad summer*, as if we ever had any other. The best sun we have is made of Newcastle coal, and I am determined never to reckon on any other. We ruin ourselves with inviting over foreign trees, and make our houses clamber up hills to look at prospects. How our ancestors would laugh at us, who knew there was no being comfortable, unless you had a high hill before your nose, and a thick warm wood at your back! Taste is too freezing a commodity for us; and, depend upon it, it will go out of fashion again.'—In another letter, he says, 'I will be ready to obey your summons, though you should send a water-pot for me. I am in no fear of not finding you in perfect verdure, for the sun, I believe, is gone a great way off to some races or other, where his horses are to run for a king's plate: we have not heard of him in this neighbourhood.' In the next summer there is a similar complaint.—'Have you had such deluges for three weeks well counted as we have? If I had not cut one of my perroquet's wings, and there were an olive tree in the country, I would send one to know where there is a foot of dry land.' We might multiply such examples through a number of

pages; but one more, dated in June, may suffice.—'Instead of coming to you, I am thinking of packing and going to town for the winter, so desperate is the weather. I found a great fire at Mrs. Clive's this evening, and Mr. Raftor hanging over it like a smoked ham. They tell me my hay will be all spoiled for want of cutting; but I had rather it should be destroyed by standing than by being mowed, as the former will cost me nothing but the crop, and 'tisvery dear to make nothing but a water-souchy of it.' Though several heavy and very unpicturesque buildings encumber the ground on the banks of the Thames, in the close neighbourhood of the classic shades of Pope, Garrick, and Walpole, their vicinity to the capital reconciles us to the courtly air of the houses, and the trim dress of the parterres. They are in unison with the gay gondolas gliding over the silvery floods, which flow through highly cultivated fields; the beautiful river assimilates with the calm serenity of its environs; and, content with tranquil loveliness, we do not wish to change its character, but seek for wildness and sublimity amid the more savage scenery of rugged rocks and tumbling cataracts. The most superb work of nature may be improved by the delicate touch of art, applied with a sparing and a tasteful hand, as Gilpin has exemplified in his views of the lakes; and the same astonishing power can create a paradise from dreary heaths and sterile moorlands. A striking exemplification of this remark appears at Fonthill, which may be considered as the perfection of landscape gardening, since it exhibits the beauties of unadulterated nature, without the adventitious aids of statues, temples, arches, inscriptions, and other ornaments, which detract from the merits of Studley, Hackfall, Stow, and many other show-places of equal celebrity.

CUPID, AN APOLOGUE.

Cupid, some time ago, took it into his head to visit the metropolis of the British empire. His object was to discover what profession was most successful with the ladies: in fact, he was on a tour of gallantry. Having determined on his journey, he applied to Plutus for the loan of a few hundreds, well knowing that nothing was to be done with the ladies without money. The old miser refused at first to lend a farthing, alleging that Cupid was already very deeply in his debt, in consequence of a sort of gambling contract into which these deities had entered. The nature of the contract was this: a register was kept, on one side, of the number of rich heiresses, including wards of chancery, who were married every year on this our earth to the needy and adventurous votaries of Cupid. A similar list was formed, on the other hand, of the sentimental lords, young 'squires, and wealthy old fellows in their dotage, who married girls with no other dowry than their youth, beauty, and accomplishments. Cupid, young and inconsiderate, risked his money on the latter speculation, while Plutus, old and crafty, wisely chose the former. At the end of the year the fortunes on both sides were added up, and the difference in the comparative amount was to be paid to him whose list preponderated. It is needless to add that Cupid was an immense loser by this species of stock-jobbing. All his stock of ready cash was soon exhausted; and the late marriage-act left him alarmingly in debt to his rival. Foiled in this scheme, he addressed himself to Mercury, and requested his assistance in raising the wind. The sharping deity declared that he had been such a confounded loser of late at *rouge et noir*, and on the stock exchange, that he was left without even a fraction. He, however, readily undertook to assist his friend with his inventive genius. He repaired accordingly to the mansion of Plutus, who is the only moneyed divinity, in fact, who is the Rothschild of Olympus, and asked him to come and take a dish of ambrosia, and a cup of nectar, at a neighbouring tavern. The latter assented—Mercury plied him well with the sparkling bowl; and so completely was the old gentleman deprived of his senses, that he agreed to advance one thousand pounds on good security.

Cupid, being provided with the needful, unfurled his wings, and set sail for earth immediately. Here we might enter into a magnificent description of his flight; but unluckily we have been forestalled in 'all that sort of thing,' by those confounded fellows, the classic poets, who have actually stolen all our finest thoughts without shame or remorse. Suffice it to say that the little god fluttered on until he came to a vertical point above the British domi-

nions, and then dropped upon the Peak of Derbyshire. Not wishing to be seen in his state of godlike nudity, he hastily put on, according to the old and approved custom of the *cœlicolæ*, a neat surtout of the finest mist manufactured in that quarter. In this disguise he descended the Peak, and sauntered on to some distance. At last he saw a sentimental looking youth, about his own size, reclined under a rock, and reading a novel. He approached him, touched him with the wand of Mercury (which he had borrowed as an useful auxiliary to an adventurer), and threw him into a deep sleep. He then took off his own wings, stripped the young gentleman without ceremony, and arrayed himself forthwith in his costume. This done, he thrust his pinions into his pockets, and, proceeding into the high-road, soon overtook the London mail, and secured a place on the outside.

He determined that his *debut* among the ladies should be as a dandy of fortune. Accordingly, he presented himself before that prince of artists, the inimitable Schultz. By him he was soon equipped with a swallow-tailed coat, huge cossacks, and a braided waistcoat. Tight stays, a red silk stock, an irresistible hat, and Spanish leather boots with heels four inches high, completed his external man. He soon procured an introduction to genteel society, but he speedily discovered that his assumption of the dandy would never do. Fond as the ladies are said to be of ornamenting their own persons, they never fail to despise a man who employs himself too much in the same way. Our celestial exquisite was laughed at by the more experienced of the sex; and, though a few silly girls were heard to say that he was 'a pretty little fellow,' yet even these, he found, regarded him as perfectly harmless. They sported with him as they would with their lap-dogs or parrots, never seemed for a moment to suspect that he was of the masculine gender, and received all his attempts at gallantry with mortifying indifference or inextinguishable derision.

Failing to succeed with the ladies as a town-dandy, he resolved to try his luck as a fashionable country 'squire. His cossacks were changed for white corded inexpressibles, and his high-heeled Wellingtons for neat jockey-boots. A short green frock succeeded swallow-tail, who retired on half-price to Monmouth-street. A red striped waistcoat, with a dozen insides, became a substitute for the braid, and the neck of the little ruffian was involved within the folds of a spotted shawl, the dimensions of which might have sufficed for the swathing of an Egyptian mummy.

The youth now regularly frequented the fives' court, took lessons every morning from Jackson, smoked and drank away his evenings at Tom Crib's, passed the night in street rows and watch-houses, and was a constant attendant at the levee of sir Richard. But all his labor was to no purpose. In vain did he speak, with the utmost fluency and pertinence, the dialect of the most profligate of mankind. In vain was he up to trap. He was 'awake' only where discrimination slept, and always 'abroad' in the 'at homes' of good society. Fruitlessly had he studied under those illustrious professors, Pierce Egan and William Thomas Moncrieff. Vainly did he join the theory of the Adelphi to the practice of the cock-pit. If, as a dandy, the ladies thought him only a harmless little fool, they now pronounced him a disgusting little brute; and the only part of the sex that regarded him with approbation were those whose favors are equally disgraceful to the giver and the receiver.

The next character which he assumed was that of a military beau. He mounted false whiskers and mustachios, and an enormous pair of brass spurs. He took a few lessons of a drill-serjeant, read Southey's account of the peninsular war, and practised for one hour every day in firing at the mark with a pistol. Being aware of the renown of our Hibernian brethren in love and in war, he declared himself a native of the emerald isle, and assumed the title and bearings of captain Cupid O'Callaghan, of Knock-topper, in the barony of Killing-all. He exhibited the usual accomplishments of an Irish officer: he swore lustily, danced with more spirit than grace, attempted 'the overture to Lodoiska' on the flute, and a red hazard at billiards. In this character he was rather more successful than in the two last. Some few ladies pronounced our gallant captain to be irresistible, and the generality allowed that 'the fellow was well enough.' Still his success did by no means answer his expectations. Perhaps he made his *debut* rather too late in the day. At the time of his appearance, an Irish officer had unfortunately be-

come a drug in the market. Be this as it may, he succeeded only with the illiterate, the half-bred, or the very young. The experienced dreaded his want of secrecy, the sentimental were disgusted at his want of refinement, his brogue shocked the genteel, and the educated laughed at his ignorance. He found that boasting would neither make him pass for a man of fortune nor '*un homme de bonnes fortunes*,' and (in spite of the *dictum* of fools) that unqualified impudence was not always the surest road to the good graces of the ladies.

He now changed his style of dress to one of quaint but elegant simplicity, and entered himself as a student at the Middle Temple. Like many others, he suffered law to engage only a very moderate share of his attention. He applied himself to the study of amatory poets, pathetic essayists, and sentimental novelists. He soon became profoundly versed in Rousseau's Eloise, the Sorrows of Werter, Mackenzie, and Geoffrey Crayon. He was familiar with Moore, Byron, Wordsworth, and Leigh Hunt. But his great favorite was Barry Cornwall, the whole of whose poems he could repeat from beginning to end. After a few weeks of hard reading, he made his appearance at an evening party without his cravat, looking, moreover, most interestingly pale and languid, with his hair hanging in ringlets upon his shoulders. He simpered much of woods, groves, and flowers, and 'babbled o' green fields.' He talked profoundly of the intense, the deep-felt, the soul-harrowing, the heart-rending, the brain-maddening, &c. of the 'still sad music of humanity,' of commercing with forms, and hues, and sounds, and odours, of the mystical union of spirits, and the magnetic attraction of souls; and in fine, he concluded with a long and magnificent rhapsody upon the ocean, and the thunder 'beast of the fiery air.'

It grieves me to relate that these laudable efforts were of little use for the promotion of his principal object. It is true that he was regarded by the ladies as a prodigy of genius. But, Lord! he was so retiring, so delicate, so modest, so Platonic, so much like one of themselves! As he had failed before from an excess of impudence, so now the defect of proper assurance was prejudicial to his interest. In addressing the objects of his adoration as goddesses and nymphs, he appeared to forget that they were women; and it is not surprising if, in return, they forgot that he was, or seemed to be, a man. The young misses did not understand the lofty flights of our youthful templar, and the more sensible of the sex smiled at his affectation. In fact, the only ladies with whom he was likely to succeed were a few determined blues, who (with all respect be it spoken) did not present any irresistible temptation to the commission of gallantry.

The next *avatar* of the deity of love was in the shape of a young physician. The importance, the confidence, the secrecy attached to this character, the opportunities it affords of close and unreserved intercourse with the sex, induced him to believe that it would be a certain passport to successful gallantry. But here he reckoned without his host. The profession, it is true, presents all the advantages which he ascribed to it; but, unluckily, it presents them at a time, when the professors are no longer of an age to avail themselves of their privileges. A young doctor has a sinecure place of it, at least, as far as the ladies are concerned. I do not say that this is universally the case; but the exceptions are few, and only prove the rule; and our celestial practitioner was an example, not an exception.

The last experiment made by Cupid was to take orders, and it is almost superfluous to add, that it was attended with the most satisfactory results. He soon made a wonderful impression; even as a reader, he was irresistible. His mellifluous tones enraptured many a female ear, and enslaved many a female heart. But who shall pretend to describe the effect of his maiden sermon? When he mounted the pulpit, arrayed in a new black gown, and band of immaculate whiteness, with golden tresses decently composed, and looks of serious softness, all eyes were upon him. When he spoke, all was 'still as summer's noon-tide air.' His white hand, sparkling with the diamond, and waved in graceful gesture, did more execution than could the red right arm of Mars, or the ægis of Minerva. His discourse was flowery and pathetic; alternately he elevated the imagination, and melted the heart. He produced his cambric handkerchief,—it was as much as to say, 'if you have tears, prepare to shed them now.' The signal was obeyed. He wept himself—and who could resist the seductive example? He pleaded the cause

of charity with an eloquence worthy of the god of love. Could such an advocate plead in vain? The purse-strings of all were opened, and the plate groaned beneath the burthen of female munificence.

Who was now a favorite with the ladies but our youthful preacher? His empassioned oratory, his graceful action, the music of his voice, the whiteness of his hands, the brilliance of his eyes, and his captivating *tout ensemble*, were the eternal themes of admiration. Mothers received him with confidence, daughters with delight. Widow contended with widow, heiress with heiress, for his regards. When he officiated, the church was inundated with ladies, and no evening party could be formed without him. He played bagatelle with the young and whist with the old, and frolicked with both. The mania at last arose to such a pitch, such confusion was occasioned by the rivalry and mutual jealousy of the women, and the envy of the men, that the bishop was induced to interfere to put a stop to the growing evil. The gallant parson, however, who saw that his time was come, suddenly disappeared. Some assert, that he was transferred to a rich living in Yorkshire, where he married the daughter of a wealthy farmer. Others, with more plausibility, maintain, that he is now actually officiating at Gretna-Green. But we, who have always the earliest and most authentic information from our literary correspondents above stairs, can assure our readers that he has positively returned to Olympus, and is so well satisfied with the success of his journey to London, that he has discarded his wings, bow, and quiver, and adopted, as his *insignia*, a clerical band and gown. This hint, we trust, will not be thrown away upon our good friends of the Royal Academy.

E. P.

THE OLD BONNET.

At a season of the year when new bonnets are seen flaunting their flowers or wheat-ears on every side, bedizened with gay colors, or rendered at once modest and spruce by tufts of virgin white, it may not be amiss, before we discharge those which have yielded us good service through the blasts of March, and the fickle smiles of April, to give due consideration to the advantages of an old bonnet.

In the first place, it is obviously a modest and unpretending servant, calculated to shroud a melancholy and retiring countenance. It makes no demands on a smiling, smirking look, at a moment when you are indisposed to the affectation of being young or handsome. It requires not the unavoidable accompaniments of a good pelisse, clean frills, and furbelowed petticoat, nor even casts its humble eyes to your feet, to claim neat shoes and silk stockings, all which elegances are inevitably demanded by the new gauze or the feathered Leghorn. It is admirably calculated to visit a sick friend in, because it gives you naturally a mournful look; and it is unquestionably the precise costume in which you would wish to meet a creditor. If you are desirous of making bargains, the old bonnet is a friend on which you may reckon for saving considerably in the purchase; and so well known are its properties in this respect, that a certain beautiful duchess was accustomed, beneath its kind disguise, to be a constant customer to an honest broker, and would have been so yet in all probability, if the foolish man, on discovering his fair dealer, had not let slip the words 'your grace.' Your old bonnet is also favorable to all deep cogitations, and a manœuvrer may, beneath its friendly shade, plan schemes, and escape difficulties, without that fear of interruption, which inevitably accompanies our sense of gay clothing; when we feel as if 'all eyes were upon us,' from the consciousness of believing ourselves 'fit to be seen.' An old bonnet spares us the pain of refusing any expense which we can ill afford; for no person will ask us for money under such a badge of humility, except the beggar who is content with half-pence. It saves us the charge of a coach, the perpetual trouble of a parasol, the vexation occasioned by showers or dust, and the fever arising from accelerated motion;—not but that there may be moments when we adopt the latter evil to prevent our smart acquaintance from feeling that unworthy sense of shame, which shrinks from being seen in company with a poor though worthy companion. In this respect, the high and titled have a manifest advantage over the middle classes of society; a woman of quality can own whom she pleases, and wear what she likes; and I have seen a countess seat herself in a royal carriage, in a bonnet which all my pre-

dilection for the species, when in a state of advanced existence, would not have permitted me to use, even for a bargaining expedition.

After all, perhaps, the best property of the old bonnet is its physiognomical character, which to any person of observation is scarcely less marked than the protuberances which have led Gall and Spurzheim to dissect brains and develope characters. In London, where people, according to Sterne's admirable comparison, are 'all rubbed together till they become like' smooth shillings, with no original marks;' and where it may especially be said, with Pope,

'That women have no character at all—'

the phrenology connected with the bonnet may not be discernible; but slight indeed must be the powers of *distinguishment*, if, in the church-yard of a country village, the general character and bearing of its female inhabitants cannot be gathered from a survey of their bonnets. I pretend not to denote the finer traits, the more delicate lineaments—these only can be found beneath the bonnet; we will however step upon the battlements, and make observations.

That handsome new gauze bonnet, crowned with flowers, and from which descends the long rich veil, conceals the broad face of Mrs. Cheshire, the retired cheesemonger's lady. See what a lane is made for her by the villagers, with the exception of two ancient sisters in yellowish muslin bonnets, trimmed with washed lilac ribands, whose unfortunate long memories are the plague of the village and of all wealthy new-comers, on whom they fix their eager eyes to discern a want of *caste* through abundance of riches. After them, pass a mother and two daughters in straw bonnets untrimmed, and delicately neat. They are the wife and daughters of the curate. The bonnets were a present from the hall last night, and at this moment excite the sneer of the apothecary's lady, who travels beneath a huge load of black feathers on a velvet head-piece of such a funereal character as to form a reflection on the talents of her husband.

But there is another lane forming. Old Sally Stubbs, the clerk's wife, with her little silk bonnet made out of her husband's hat-band many a year ago,—and dame Dixon, the butcher's helpmate, with her tidy beaver bonnet with new strings—make their appearance. Even the grocer's lady, in her new satin bonnet, gives way, being indeed drawn off by her husband, who is ashamed of her finery. They make room for a middle-aged woman in a very unpretending bonnet, being only a large straw one with a low crown, tied on with a white silk handkerchief, as if it were worn for use only. That is the baronet's lady: she is a patronizer of straw bonnets, and sent those we have noticed to the curate's family; she is in earnest conversation with the vicar's wife, whose neat bonnet is so beautifully trimmed with white sarsenet, intimating that she wears it not only for use but ornament, as forming a part of that proper regard for appearance which belongs to her situation in society, and that she deems it a part of her duty to honor the Sabbath even in her dress, as well as to keep it holy in her worship Surely we need go no farther to show, that the pride of wealth in costly ostentation, the pride of family in despite of poverty—simplicity and dependence, presumption and pretence, conscious greatness and genteel propriety—may all be pretty fairly guessed at under the bonnets which seem to designate so well the minds of the wearers.

A vixen usually wears her bonnet thrown a little back, to give her the full advantage of gazing in the face of an adversary, but closely bent toward her cheeks. A timid, sly, or affected person, usually bends it down in the middle, and glances from beneath the veil, which it is her general custom to adopt. The bold, the free, and the undesigning, wear it thrown too far back for the becoming. The curious are apt to have their bonnets untied, for the advantage (I presume) of losing no sound by which they can gain information; whereas the covetous and selfish tie them tightly down, as if to exclude all petitions, and preserve themselves from all dangers. The conscious beauty wears either a very large bonnet in order to shade her complexion, or a very small one to exhibit its charms. Medium sizes are equally avoided by learned ladies, whose bonnets either exhibit the plainness of quakers, or are composed of finery, shreds of dirty gauze, and tattered flowers, adopted, in each case, with a view of proving that they despise all common-place ideas, and are superior to the vulgar cares and occupations of the sex. A good æconomist exhibits neatness even in an old bonnet; the ribands are straight, the edge unbent,

the lining clean, and no sensation of shame pervades the cheerful countenance beneath it—whereas fringed satin, broken feathers, and dirty strings, often disgrace those expensive productions on the heads of the careless and extravagant, which, under better management, would have furnished bonnets for a year.

Let every man therefore observe how the woman he loves *chooses*, *wears*, and *uses* her bonnet; for so may he form a good notion of the friend and companion whom he is about to take for so long a portion of his existence, that all her qualities, manners, and habits, are of importance. Let him not marry one who, in the moment of alarm for the health or welfare of a friend or relative, remembers what bonnet she has on, whether good or bad; *she* has no heart;—nor let him take her who comes in from a walk, and throws the bonnet he has admired on the table, though perhaps dusty; for she is deficient both in love and prudence. A woman who shows an overweening regard to her bonnet is vain and weak, while one who despises due care on the subject is conceited and affected, or extravagant and fickle! A sound understanding, a gentle heart solicitous to ensure affection, a generous yet discreet disposition, are all necessary ingredients in married life, and may, to the discerning eye, be traced even in such trifles as belong to an old bonnet.

B——.

ON THE CUSTOM OF SEEING COMPANY.

To give an occasional entertainment seems a necessity which it is impossible that any housekeeper addicted to visiting can avoid. When we have traveled the round of our acquaintance, it follows of course that we must be at home ourselves. This is certainly the most fatiguing part of the ceremony, to those who choose to take the trouble of entertaining their guests; but to some the labor is compensated by the gratification which the hilarity of the party affords, whilst others bustle about to no good purpose, and feel that their visitors are as tired as themselves. A certain talent or tact is necessary to qualify a person to preside on these occasions. The same people meeting at different houses will exhibit very different degrees of animation: the whole living mass will sometimes seem to be paralysed beneath the frigid influence of the owners of the house, who at the preceding assembly evinced a buoyancy of spirits and the most lively gaicty. These pains seldom reach the leaders of fashion. They open their houses to five or six hundred friends, and cannot be expected to act the part of presiding deities over such a multitude. If there be a crowd, it is sufficient; and all entertain themselves as they please. There are corners for confidential conversation and regular flirting: persons who are mutually acquainted greet each other; and if, by any chance, a few insignificants, strangers, only known to the noble owners of the mansion, should mingle in the party, they are sufficiently amused by looking on, and being brought in contact with the great, whose names they have been in the habit of seeing daily celebrated in the newspapers as the arbiters of *ton*. Even should a little disappointment of expectations occur; if, according to their estimation, the charms of lady Caroline, or lady Lucy, have been exaggerated by the hireling paid for his mercenary praise, and they find a dowdy-looking personage high on the list of the peerage, or hear a member of the cabinet council utter glaring nonsense—the privilege of gazing upon titled ugliness, and of listening to fashionable absurdity, is an honor, and the dearth of intellectual enjoyment stands for nothing in the comparison.

It is in a smaller sphere that the troubles of seeing company commence. The first grand question is how to accommodate the number invited, unless (more melancholy still!) there is a prospect of not being able to fill the rooms. In the former perplexity, chairs are to be collected from all parts of the house, and tables thrust into remote regions: the difficulty of obtaining a sufficiently splendid illumination being overcome, and the ornaments suggested by taste or fancy being disposed to the best advantage, nothing remains but to open the campaign with *eclat*. Whatever may be the nature of the entertainment, the best planis to begin it at once. An interregnum may prove fatal to the best-regulated arrangements: people will bring chairs into an apartment where such an accommodation was not intended to be allowed, and it is sometimes very difficult to dislodge a ponderous dowager from a position perhaps exceedingly inconvenient for the space allotted for dancing. Let the card-tables be occupied

as soon as possible; and a quadrille, if it be only of eight, established immediately. This, although it may appear forlorn at first, gives a promise of better things to come; it prevents languor, one of the most deadly accidents which can befall a party.

With respect to the guests, some system of policy is requisite. Strangers are indispensable; for, though it is very pleasant for friends to meet with friends, still a new beau or a new belle creates a sensation, and the eternal repetition of the same faces is an abomination which must be avoided if possible. A lion or two are the most desirable appendages; and here the gentry, that is, mere gentlemen and gentlewomen, have an advantage over the nobility, in the greater number of persons who constitute lions in the circles immediately below the ranks of high life. Turks, Persians, and poets, have become so common, that ladies of quality are reduced to the extremity of brain-racking to produce novelties. To have ascended in an air balloon, or descended in a diving bell, would formerly have been an exploit worthy of an apotheosis, and have commanded the grand stare of the company; but these things have been done so often, that they have lost their zest; and no explorer, returning from this side of the Himalaya mountains, or the demi-civilized frontiers of the kingdom of Timbuctoo, will excite any thing like attention in the traveling way from people who have been accustomed to banquet upon wonders. Such luxuries, however, have not yet descended to all ranks. A nobleman, a foreigner, or one of the suite of an ambassador, will make a very good lion in a party of commoners. A Mohammedan in full costume is a treasure, whatever may be his rank on the banks of the Bosphorus, or the shores of the Caspian—and even the minor heroes of the stage, a second-rate Richard, or an amateur Othello, may be exalted into something like a distinguished personage, when nothing better is to be had. A private gentleman not quite disentangled from the trappings of the levee, or attired in a Spanish dress, as he just looks in previous to his attendance at lady C——'s fancy ball; and simple Mrs. B—— in her court plume—add wonderfully to the splendor of a party; and people do ill to neglect the attainment of such cheap embellishments, since a little good management in London may always procure the assistance of these or similar decorations. In fact, there is scarcely any excuse for the dulness of a party in the metropolis. Such a result must be generally occasioned by the most flagrant carelessness on the part of the entertainer; for the ingredient which renders an assembly gay may be had at a trifling expenditure of time and trouble. A fine woman in London, as Mrs. Sullen says can raise an army of forty thousand men; and gentlewomen of smaller pretensions may collect such a number of clever, well-educated, well-dressed beaux, ready to dance in every quadrille, as will supply all the young ladies with partners, without being reduced to the necessity of prevailing upon the indolent dandy part of the assembly to put their delicate limbs in motion, for the eternity of eight bars of music at a time,—a circumstance which is certain to render these professed idlers extremely anxious to break through their self-imposed rules, and to make themselves agreeable, when they find that they are not likely to become objects of consideration by any other mode of conduct.

The question concerning the advantages and disadvantages of quadrilles, which very naturally occurs in a dissertation upon seeing company, is too knotty a point to be decided without much deeper consideration than can be at present bestowed upon the discussion. At the first view the judgement unhesitatingly pronounces a verdict in their favor. They suit apartments of all dimensions, can be executed without detriment to or annoyance from carpets, are perfectly safe upon the weak floor of a modern drawing-room, and require not half of the 'appliances and means to boot,' which made a regular dancing party so formidable an undertaking in former times. How distressing a degree of meanness was there in a miserable muster of six couples for a country dance! whereas a quadrille of twelve makes a very respectable appearance, and is admirably adapted to a room which is rather long and narrow. Besides, quadrilles look particularly well on the corner of a card, and form a tolerable substitute for the insufferable dulness of a round game; but it is feared and confidently asserted that they do not promote the grand business of life, or accomplish the end of dressing and visiting so well as the old-fashioned country dances. There are not so many matches made, or so many

hearts won in the short space wherein partners are united; and the necessity of attending closely to the figure during half of that brief interval, is not altogether pleasant to the giddy and the impatient. The mortification sustained by individuals in the new system of dancing may not seem worthy of consideration or sympathy; yet it is scarcely possible for a philanthropic mind to regard with indifference the distresses of friends and acquaintance. Many persons who were passable performers in the hop, step, and jump, which carried a candidate through the routine of a country dance, have bestowed an infinity of time and trouble in qualifying themselves to make a poor figure in a quadrille:—to many it has been the death-blow to all exhibitions of the sort. Falling into the yellow sere of life, advancing to the verge of too solemn an age for such youthful pleasures, they have felt ashamed to take lessons in a new art, or are not quick in adapting the style and manner to the reigning fashion. A lady who could *sail* with great dignity and decorum down a country dance is totally unable to *swim* gracefully through a quadrille; and again, the jig-step, the shuffle, or the fling, which suited every air, are exploded and useless. The loss of one bar by a dull ear is destructive to the whole set; there is no extrication from a dilemma to be gained by a rapid retreat: when persons are once drawn up on a side of a hollow square, any dereliction of duty is a disgrace; the part must be acted to the end, and the hero of a tragedy could be as well spared from his part as one of the performers in a quadruple alliance. But all this has nothing to do with the lady who sees company; she at least reaps the full benefit of the prevailing fashion, and avoids much anxiety by so easy a method of making young people happy. Those who do not choose to avail themselves of these convenient French dances are properly punished by witnessing the dismal horrors of their own creation; and, if they possess the faintest spark of sensibility, they must suffer severely at the sight. Thin rooms are a certain consequence; for such is the structure of English society, that fifty or sixty individuals will meet and not condescend to exchange a word with each other, unless previously acquainted or ceremoniously introduced. This extreme caution may be very proper in a public assembly in these levelling days; but the respectability of the owners of the house ought to be a guarantee for that of the guests, and surely it is not too much to expect from well-bred and well-educated ladies and gentlemen, that they should converse freely and politely with each other, though they have never met before, and may never happen to meet again. A very large party produces ease, and dulness is not perceptible in a mob. People then talk with their next neighbours, undisturbed by the apprehension of enlightening a listening audience with the private history of themselves and their families; but when there is plenty of room, and the whole company are distinctly visible to each other, the state of affairs assumes the most awful appearance; every individual seems to have made a vow of silence, no voice is heard above a whisper, and in the dead stillness an occasional exclamation from one of the card-tables comes with a startling sound upon the ear. People appear to be chained to their chairs, or they glide about like ghosts. The beaux disappear, man after man; some making a bold retreat in defiance of all solicitations to stay, and others slily taking the opportunity to escape when the watchful eyes of the lady hostess are turned aside. The only method of detaining guests who are independent of carriages, gentlemen who can walk off without waiting for the footman to announce chairs and equipages, is by a timely supply of good cheer; for it is astonishing what an effect the introduction of some unusual dainty has upon the spirits of a party, wearied by the insipidity of a rout. The appearance of a side-table covered with choice fruit, flanked by decanters wherein the experienced eye can detect wine of a superior vintage, instantaneously relaxes the muscles, lights up the eyes, and dilates the corners of the mouths of the whole assembly. The spell is broken, the dumb speak, gentlemen are busily employed in helping the ladies, and sociability succeeds to the icy chilness which prevailed, more frigid in its effects than a Siberian frost. Such a masterstroke of art never fails of success; but there are minor and less expensive manœuvres, by which a certain degree of interest can be excited, and people prevented from being endangered by locked jaws from excessive yawning, or thrown into an irrecoverable lethargy from long exposure to *ennui*. Music and sleight of

hand are the most simple and obvious means that offer. In these accomplished times there are always persons to be found who are able, or at least fancy themselves qualified to support a prominent part in a concert vocal or instrumental; and, as every body, who is at all desirous to keep a fair character with the world, will affect to be fond of the sweet science, an indifferent performer stands a very good chance of meeting with applause, and is sure of the suffrages of those who, destitute of taste, ear, or judgement, confidently pretend to all three, and seem to keep time, and appear to be in raptures, without understanding a single note of music, or receiving the slightest pleasure from the most sublime composition of Handel or Mozart. Others are really attached to the art, and will not quarrel with bad music when better is unattainable; and a third set are glad of an excuse to change their seats by moving toward the piano, or of the opportunity it affords for private conversation at a safe distance. Tricks upon the cards, dexterously executed, will attract a wondering audience; and it sometimes happens that a gentleman will either entertain the company by the exhibition of real talent, or will very obligingly make a fool of himself for their amusement. Such convenient personages are exceedingly valuable, and their acquaintance cannot be too closely cultivated: but should these aids be disregarded or disdained, if a lady will depend upon cards and ice, negus and rout cakes, unless she possesses extraordinary genius herself, is able to keep up the spirit of conversation, and can draw out the talents of her guests to advantage, dulness must inevitably be the order of the night.

There are active spirits in the world, who will overcome all the difficulties of situation and circumstances, and will astonish the inhabitants of a deserted country-town by an unwonted display of beaux,—who have the happy art of attracting gentlemen from distant parts, or with ready dexterity will seise any adventitious supply that a fortunate chance may offer. An exploit of this nature, though achieved in an insignificant place of little provincial celebrity, seems worthy of commemoration. The standard beaux of the town, the four or five privileged by fortune, or pedigree, or office, to give themselves airs, spoiled by constant invitations, began to vote visiting a direful bore, and dancing an impracticable exertion. They could only be prevailed upon to exhibit their fashionable persons at an evening party by the certainty of a supper; and when thus bribed, they made it a rule to lounge in late, and to dance either not at all, or only with their equals—the prettiest girl, the richest heiress, or the lady of the highest consequence in the room. On the day appointed for the celebration of a ball, which promised to be of the same complexion with many that had preceded it, where young ladies took incalculable pains in dressing, unencouraged by the hope of getting partners, or satisfied with the chance of a school-boy or an elderly gentleman enlisting in the service out of mere compassion, a squadron of dragoons marched into the town, and halted for the night. Diffidence, the fear of being guilty of doing an *outré* thing, might have prevented many persons from availing themselves of such a reinforcement; but the giver of the ball was a woman of spirit, and the golden opportunity was not lost by any unseasonable scrupulosity on her part. She despatched a note to the commander in chief, and invited the whole bevy of officers to join her party. Pleased with such unexpected hospitality, and well inclined to exchange a dull room at an inn for music and pretty girls, they readily obeyed the summons. Fully equipped in their glittering uniforms, they paid their respects in proper time, requested introductions to the ladies, and instantly singled out partners for the dance. At the usual late hour the native exquisites, never dreaming how little they had been missed, strolled into the ball-room arm in arm, prepared to yawn, and shrug their shoulders, and complain of a strained ankle, or a tight shoe; but, to their great surprise and consternation, they found themselves suddenly shorn of their beams, unable either to afford pleasure or to inflict pain; their places supplied by gallant strangers, men of fashionable and splendid appearance, dragoon officers in short, from time immemorial the gayest and most delightful beaux imaginable. They saw every body pleased, every body dancing, mothers looking on exulting in the flirtations of their daughters, and the daughters fascinated, charmed, blushing, smiling, and almost too much engrossed to remark the blank and mortified countenances of those men, who had so often superciliously passed them

by, now constrained to endure the annoyance of feeling themselves despised and disregarded. These unfortunates were first astonished, all aghast with amazement at such an unexpected turn of fortune; then they were provoked, ridiculously angry at the discomfiture of their arrangements; they attempted to appear indifferent, but it would not do; if they affected to sleep, nobody tried to arouse them. The last expedient was to enter the lists with their rivals; again were they baffled; the beauties were engaged five or six deep to the officers; and the young men of the place, who were really fond of dancing, and were regular supporters of the balls, foreseeing the demand which this extraordinary influx of beaus would produce, had wisely secured the hands of girls less in request; therefore the disappointed dandies were deprived of their last refuge: some sate down sulkily in corners, whilst others were content to figure off with the plainest and dowdiest damsels in the room, rather than submit to the indignity of being spectators perforce of those revels which they had so often affected to despise.

JULIA COLVILLE; SKETCH THE THIRD;

from an Author's Portfolio.

So fine was the afternoon of a day near the close of October, that I wandered farther from home than was my custom; but suddenly the sky became overcast, the dark clouds rolled heavily, and the wind moaned among the lofty elms and sturdy oaks, the surest presage of a coming storm. I began to hurry homewards; but so rapidly it gained upon me, that I sought the temporary shelter of a thicket, and waited the bursting of the clouds. The wind fell, and a sharp hailstorm pelted most pitilessly; but my camlet effectually resisted its impetuosity; and, like Cupid's arrows fired against the ægis, the hail-stones fell harmless to the ground. The animals fled to the hedges for shelter, and the birds to the half-leafless and half-withered branches of the forest-trees. The hail being succeeded by a torrent of rain, I no longer found protection among the trees, and was about to leave the spot, when my steps were arrested by the sound of an infant's voice, to which its tender age had not yet lent strength; and a female voice, whose gentle tones sounded like the sweetest music in the stillest night, was endeavouring to lull its terrors. I drew nearer, and caught the sound of her words distinctly. In a tone of the deepest melancholy she said, 'Weep not, my dearest—even the drenching torrents and the chilling blasts are merciful, compared to thy father's cruelty. The bitterness of the storm will soon be over, but the deep anguish he has implanted will never pass away. Hush thy cries, my darling; *I* will not forsake thee.' Then bursting into a flood of tears, she kissed her child with all that lovely fervor which gives grace, dignity, and charms to a mother's feelings. I now beheld her; she was seated on the bank; her elegant form was arrayed in a dress which seemed formed with the most exquisite skill and taste to set off all her beauties; but it was a thin and unsuitable garb for the season; it bore no marks of the gaudiness of the rejected or left-off finery of another; it seemed rather the remaining wreck of sudden and unforeseen ruin. On her pale brow beauty still shone through the ravages of fatigue, misfortune, and sorrow. I approached, and addressed her. *Gracious Heaven!—was it a spectre?* I started; but, instantly recollecting myself, I drew the collar of my cloak around my face, and my hat over my brows. My approach caught her attention; she looked up; it was indeed the once gay, lovely, happy Julia Colville. She knew me not, and I tendered her my assistance: she at first declined it; but, when I urged the danger to her infant, a mother's anxiety overcame the timidity of (can I call it?) her guiltiness. Her slender garments were drenched, and clung to her limbs as she walked. Those tresses, in which the fabled Cupid might have loved to hide himself, hung now neglected over her brow, and her dark ringlets drooped on her white neck; and, like the gloomy cedar whose boughs seem to gather a darker shade when waving over a white marble mausoleum, so they shone more jetty, and heightened the lily whiteness of the whitest neck that was ever cast in nature's choicest mould. I spoke little on our way home, as I did not wish to pain her at that moment with the awkwardness of an unexpected, perhaps an unwished for, recognition. On our arrival at my habitation, I insisted on her retiring to rest; for already the effects of the tempest were beginning to show themselves upon her. She complied, and my sister's servant gave her all the

assistance in her power, but was forbidden to mention our names.

Julia Colville was the only daughter of a country gentleman who had never been much in London, and its virtues and vices were known to him only through the descriptions given by the essayists and satirists of the day. His chief delight was to attend to the education of his Julia. When she had finished her studies, her mother wished to send her to her sister in London, to add the last polish to a very accomplished education; and in a luckless hour Julia left her home to visit her aunt, a gay and thoughtless votary of fashion, who thought only of introducing her into polite society. During this visit she became acquainted with Chandos Malcour—a being, as handsome and depraved as the ungrateful Darnley, the husband of the unfortunate Mary. He saw the purity and innocence of her heart, and formed a plan of cold deliberate villany to mar one of the fairest works of nature. Ere she left London, he had acquired an interest in her heart, and she returned home thoughtful and melancholy. In the summer Chandos was quartered in the town near her father's estate; and here he put his scheme into execution. By the allurement of a false marriage he beguiled her from her home, and triumphed over her virtue. At first she knew not the extent of her sorrows, of her injuries; but, when she urged the public acknowlegement of their marriage, she learned the fatal truth; and before she was eighteen she became a mother. Chandos saw the offspring of his guilt without emotion; and, when the infant cried, told Julia, if she could not keep that noisy brat from his sight, he would leave her for ever. The struggle of affection was severe; her infant triumphed in her heart—she could not, she said, part from it. He sent her ten guineas, and never more wrote or sent to her until after I met her. Sordid, unfeeling wretch! yet in the world how many might imagine this a portrait of themselves! She resolved to return to her parents, and by a life of penitence redeem the frailties of her past hours. She had written home, but never had she received one line in answer, and therefore she resolved to go. Two days before her intended departure, her servant robbed her of all she had, and she undertook the journey on foot, and was pursuing it when I found her in her unfortunate situation.

Our unhappy guest the next morning was in a high fever, brought on by excess of cold, fatigue, and anxiety; and in the course of the day she became delirious. I wrote immediately to her father; in her paroxysms she called for Chandos—to him also I wrote. Sometimes she would, in her melancholy moments, call for her infant, whose smiling innocence seemed to soothe the anguish she endured. One evening she seemed more than usually calm—she talked of Chandos—said he would come to-night—she felt assured he would. She begged her child might be left with her; her wish was complied with. My sister, who was sitting in the next room, heard her talking in the kindest manner, and bestowing the most affectionate endearments upon it. The infant cried, and gave a slight scream; and a short interval of silence was followed by the loud and wild laugh of triumphant madness. My sister rose; and I, who had just entered the room, rushed across to the door of Julia's chamber. She was chattering with the most incoherent wildness. As I entered, 'Come in, Chandos,' she said —'the child is quiet now.'—I opened the bed-curtains. What a thrill of horror rushed through my veins! She was in the act of holding her fingers tightly round the throat of her babe—it was dead. 'Let Chandos come—the crying of my child will never vex him more. See—I have sent it to that heaven whose gates are for ever closed against its guilty mother.'—And then she launched into the most extravagant fancies. A letter brought word from the steward of Mr. Colville, that his master, shocked at not having heard from his daughter since her flight, had died broken-hearted, and that her mother was not expected to survive the night—she did not. Malcour then must have intercepted the many letters she had written. Kind Heaven had in mercy taken them, before they had learned the last catastrophe. Malcour came. I saw he was unhappy, and forbore to hint a reproach. Conscience wounds deeper than reproof. When we came to the bed-side, Julia was better—a dawn of reason played transiently over her countenance; her eyes, so lately dim almost to death, had recovered their brightness. She was talking to herself—'See yonder—a host of angels are opening the gates of heaven—they come—they invite me—see how sweetly they smile—stay, bright illusion—oh return not without me—I will come soon—when

I have found my infant—ah! where is it?—'tis there already—nay, do not smile so sweetly on thy nurse—save some kind endearments for thy wretched mother. Heaven knows I have had sorrows enough of late. Unkind father! what, not answer my letters?—but I deserve it all—so good—so kind—how could I leave you?—and oh, my mother!'—She sighed—she wept—her tears ceased—her countenance brightened—'Hark!' said she, 'I hear the angels sing,

'I hear my sister spirits say,
Thy tears have wash'd thy faults away.'

In her gayer moments she had adapted part of the Female Seducers to music; and I had often heard her sing it with great taste and feeling. This might have caused her present delusion. After a short silence the beams of reason returned to the unhappy Julia. She knew Malcour.—'The hand of death, Malcour, is on me; but I forgive you.'—'Henry,' said she to me, 'may Heaven ever shower its kindest blessings on you; and, my dearest Eliza, if you will accept the gratitude of such a guilty thing as I am, I give it you from my soul. Still be kind to my poor babe; let her not suffer for the faults of her parent. I feel now the last sigh rising in my heart. Let me embrace once more in these arms my dearest infant. Be quick—delay may deprive me of this, the mother's last and dearest pleasure. You hesitate.'—Our countenances must have betrayed us.—'What means this awful pause?'—she seemed to ponder—'Ah, what dreadful recollections rush across my brain! there is something here; 'tis undefined—dark shadows grow thick upon my mind—but one object—one fearful object absorbs all else—merciful Heaven, grant it may be the offspring of my fancy!—Tears, Eliza? nay, then, 'tis true—my poor babe is—dead.'—She gave a dreadful shriek—my sister fainted.—'Oh God!—I am then a murderess!—Oh mercy, Heaven! mercy!'—Her feeble frame was exhausted; she sank upon the pillow in an agony of grief, clasped her hands upon her breast, and breathed her last in a deep-drawn groan that told how severely she felt the anguish of her woes.

Chandos stood motionless—his eyes were fixed upon the lifeless form. I left him for a few moments to his meditations, then led him away: the last marks of worldly respect were paid by torch-light to the mother and daughter. Malcour did not live long after this melancholy event: he retired to his own estate, settled his affairs, and died by his own hand. Such were the sorrowful consequences which followed a few short-lived moments of guilty joy.

This tale is founded on fact. There are some among its readers who will be able to descry, through the veil of obscurity necessarily drawn over it, the real actors in this sad tragedy. It was given out that the child had died by accident; and, from the precautions taken at the time, there was no clue to lead any one to imagine that it had happened otherwise. You of my readers who are young—in important steps like these, consult your parents, ever the most proper judges of your actions: so may you escape the unhappy fate of Julia Colville, and hereafter own yourselves obliged to the disinterested advice of

W. HENRY LANCE.

THE BLACK VELVET BAG.

HAVE any of my readers ever found great convenience in the loss, the real loss, of actual tangible property, and been exceedingly provoked and annoyed when such property was restored to them? If so, they can sympathize with a late unfortunate recovery, which has brought me to great shame and disgrace. There is no way of explaining my calamity but by telling the whole story.

Last Friday fortnight was one of those anomalies in weather with which we English people are visited for our sins; a day of intolerable wind, and insupportable dust; an equinoctial gale out of season; a piece of March unnaturally foisted into the very heart of May; just as, in the almost parallel mis-arrangement of the English counties, one sees (perhaps out of compliment to this peculiarity of climate, to keep the weather in countenance as it were) a bit of Wiltshire plumped down in the very middle of Berkshire, whilst a great island of the county palatine of Durham figures in the centre of canny Northumberland. Be this as it may, on that remarkably windy day did I set forth to the good town of B., on the feminine errand called shopping. Every lady who lives far in the country, and seldom visits great towns, will understand the full force of

that comprehensive word; and I had not been shopping for a long time: I had a dread of the operation, arising from a consciousness of weakness. I am a true daughter of Eve, a dear lover of bargains and bright colors; and, knowing this, have generally been wise enough to keep, as much as I can, out of the way of temptation. At last a sort of necessity arose for some slight purchases, in the shape of two new gowns from London, which cried aloud for making. Trimmings, ribands, sewing-silk, and lining, all were called for. The shopping was inevitable, and I undertook the whole concern at once, most heroically resolving to spend just so much, and no more; and half comforting myself that I had a full morning's work of indispensable business, and should have no time for extraneous extravagance.

There was, to be sure, a prodigious accumulation of errands and wants. The evening before, they had been set down in great form, on a slip of paper, only headed thus—' things wanted.'—To how many and various catalogues that title would apply, from the red bench of the peer, to the oaken settle of the cottager—from him who wants a blue riband, to one who wants bread and cheese! My list was astounding. It was written in double columns, in an invisible hand; the long intractable words were brought into the ranks by an easy mode—abbreviation; and, as we approached the bottom, two or three were crammed into one lot, clumped, as the bean-setters say, and designated by a sort of short-hand, a hieroglyphic of my own invention. In good open printing, my list would have cut a respectable figure as a catalogue, and filled a decent number of pages—a priced catalogue too; for, as I had a given sum to carry to market, I amused myself with calculating the proper and probable cost of every article; in which process I most egregiously cheated the shopkeeper and myself, by copying, with the credulity of hope, from the puffs in newspapers, and expecting to buy fine solid wearable goods at advertising prices. In this way I stretched my money a great deal farther than it would go, and swelled my catalogue; so that, at last, in spite of compression and short-hand, I had no room for another word, and was obliged to crowd several small but important articles, such as cotton, laces, pins, needles, shoe-strings, &c. into that very irregular and disorderly storehouse—that place where most things deposited are lost—*my memory*, by courtesy so called.

The written list was safely consigned, with a well-filled purse, to my usual repository, a black velvet bag; and, the next morning, I and my bag, with its nicely balanced contents of wants and money, were safely conveyed, in an old open carriage, to the good town of B. There I dismounted, and began to bargain most vigorously, visiting the cheapest shops, cheapening the cheapest articles, yet wisely buying the strongest and the best; a little astonished, at first, to find every thing so much dearer than I had set it down, yet soon reconciled to this misfortune by the magical influence which shopping possesses over a woman's fancy—all the sooner reconciled, as the monitory list lay unlooked at, and unthought of, in its grave receptacle, the black velvet bag. On I went, with an air of cheerful business, of happy importance, till my money began to wax small. Certain small aberrations had occurred, too, in my œconomy. One article that had happened, by rare accident, to be below my calculation, and, indeed, below any calculation, calico at ninepence, fine, thick, strong, wide calico, at ninepence, (did ever man hear of any thing so cheap?) absolutely enchanted me, and I took the whole piece: then, after buying for M. a gown, according to order, I saw one that I liked better, and bought that too. Then I fell in love, was actually captivated by a sky-blue sash and handkerchief,—not the poor, thin, greeny color which usually passes under that dishonored name, but the rich, full tint of the noon-day sky; and a cap-riband, really pink, that might have vied with the inside leaves of a moss-rose. Then, in hunting after cheapness, I got into obscure shops, where, not finding what I asked for, I was fain to take something that they had, purely to make a proper compensation for the trouble of lugging out drawers, and answering questions.—Lastly, I was fairly coaxed into some articles by the irresistibility of the sellers,—by the demure and truth-telling look of a pretty quaker, who could almost have persuaded the head off one's shoulders, and who did persuade me that ell-wide muslin would go as far as yard and a half; and by the fluent impudence of a lying shopman, who, under cover of

a well-darkened window, affirmed, on his honor, that his brown satin was a perfect match to my green pattern, and forced the said satin down my throat accordingly. With these helps, my money melted all too fast: at half-past five my purse was entirely empty; and, as shopping with an empty purse has by no means the relish and savor of shopping with a full one, I was quite willing and ready to go home to dinner, pleased as a child with my purchases, and wholly unsuspecting the sins of omission, the errands unperformed, which were the natural result of my unconsulted *memoranda* and my treacherous memory.

Home I returned, a happy and proud woman, wise in my own conceit, a thrifty fashion-monger, laden, like a pedlar, with some huge packages in stout brown-holland, tied up with whipcord, and many genteel little parcels, papered and packthreaded in a shopmanlike style.—At last we were safely stowed in the old-fashioned chaise (nothing but old-fashioned roominess would have held us), my little black bag lying, as usual, in my lap; when, as we ascended the steep hill out of B. a sudden puff of wind took at once my cottage-bonnet and my large cloak, blew the bonnet off my head, so that it hung behind me, suspended by the riband, and fairly snapped the string of the cloak, which flew away, much in the style of John Gilpin's, renowned in story. My companion, pitying my plight, exerted himself manfully to regain the fly-away garments, shoved the head into the bonnet, or the bonnet over the head (I do not know which phrase best describes the manœuvre), with one hand, and recovered the refractory cloak with the other. This last exploit was certainly the most difficult. It is wonderful what a tug he was forced to give, before that obstinate cloak could be brought round: it was swelled with the wind like a bladder, animated, so to say, like a living thing, and threatened to carry horse and chaise, and riders, and packages, backward, down the hill, as if it had been a sail, and we a ship. At last the contumacious garment was mastered. We righted; and, by dint of sitting sideways, and turning my back on my kind comrade, I got home without any farther damage than the loss of my bag, which, though not missed before the chaise had been unladen, had undoubtedly gone by the board in the gale; and I lamented my old and trusty companion, without in the least foreseeing the use it would probably be of to my reputation.

Immediately after dinner (for in all cases, even when one has bargains to show, dinner must be discussed) I produced my purchases. They were much admired; and the quantity, when spread out in our little room, being altogether dazzling, and the quality satisfactory, the cheapness was never doubted. Every body thought the bargains were exactly such as I meant to get—for nobody calculated; and the bills being really lost in the lost bag, and the particular prices just as much lost in my memory (the ninepenny calico was the only article whose cost occurred to me), I passed, without telling any thing like a fib, merely by a discreet silence, for the best and thriftiest bargainer that ever went shopping. After some time, spent very pleasantly, in admiration on one side, and display on the other, we were interrupted by a demand for some of the little articles which I had forgotten. 'The sewing-silk, please ma'am, for my mistress's gown.' 'Sewing-silk! I don't know—look about.' Ah, she might look long enough! no sewing-silk was there.—'Very strange!'—Presently came other inquiries—'Where's the tape, Mary?'—'The tape!'—'Yes, my dear; and the needles, pins, cotton, stay-laces, boot-laces;'—'the bobbin, the ferret, shirt-buttons, shoe-strings?'—quoth she of the sewing-silk, taking up the cry; and forthwith began a search as bustling, as active, and as vain, as that of our old spaniel, Brush, after a hare that has stolen away from her form. At last she suddenly desisted from her rummage—'Without doubt, ma'am, they are in the reticule, and all lost,' said she, in a very pathetic tone. 'Really,' cried I, a little conscience-stricken, 'I don't recollect; perhaps I might forget.' 'Depend on it, my love, that Harriette's right,' interrupted one whose interruptions are always kind; 'those are just the little articles that people put in reticules, and you never could forget so many things; besides, you put them down.' 'I don't know—I am not sure.' But I was not listened to; Harriette's conjecture had been metamorphosed into a certainty; all my sins of omission were stowed in the reticule; and, before bedtime, the little black bag held forgotten things enough to fill a sack.

Never was reticule so lamented by all

but its owner; a boy was immediately despatched to look for it, and, on his returning empty-handed, there was even a talk of having it cried. My care, on the other hand, was all directed to prevent its being found. I had had the good luck to lose it in a suburb of B. renowned for filching, and I remembered that the street was, at that moment, full of people: the bag did actually contain more than enough to tempt those who were naturally disposed to steal for stealing's sake; so I went to bed in the comfortable assurance that it was gone for ever. But there is nothing certain in this world—not even a thief's dishonesty. Two old women, who had pounced at once on my valuable property, quarreled about the plunder, and one of them, in a fit of resentment at being cheated in her share, went to the mayor of B. and informed against her companion. The mayor, an intelligent and active magistrate, immediately took the disputed bag, and all its contents, into his own possession; and, as he is also a man of great politeness, he restored it as soon as possible to the right owner. The very first thing that saluted my eyes, when I awoke in the morning, was a note from Mr. Mayor, with a sealed packet. The fatal truth was visible; I had recovered my reticule, and lost my reputation.—There it lay, that identical black bag, with its name-tickets, its cambric handkerchief, its empty purse, its unconsulted list, its thirteen bills, and its two letters; one from a good sort of lady-farmer, inquiring the character of a cook, with half a sonnet written on the blank pages; the other from a literary friend, containing a critique on the plot of a play, advising me not to kill the king too soon, with other good counsel, such as might, if our mayor had not been a man of sagacity, have sent a poor authoress, in a Mademoiselle-Scuderi-mistake, to the Tower. That catastrophe would hardly have been worse than the real one. All my omissions have been found out. My priced list has been compared with the bills. I have forfeited my credit for bargaining. I am become a bye-word for forgetting. Nobody trusts me to purchase a paper of pins, or to remember the cost of a penny riband. I am a lost woman. My bag is come back, but my fame is gone. M.

THE FLOOD OF THESSALY, THE GIRL OF PROVENCE, AND OTHER POEMS, *by Barry Cornwall.* 8vo. 1823.

Writers who have acquired an early fame might be expected to make extraordinary efforts in their subsequent productions, in the hope of justifying and confirming the applausive suffrages of the public: yet there are some who are so elate with the idea of having already established an undying reputation, that they relax in their zeal, and suffer their exertions to become comparatively languid and ineffective. This appears to be in some measure the case with Mr. Cornwall, or rather Mr. Proctor, whose new volume has not fully answered the general expectation.

There are certainly some fine passages and happy flights in the Flood of Thessaly; but, as a whole, it seems to be unworthy of the great and portentous subject. The author is indebted to Ovid for the outline of the story; and, in the various additions which he has made to it, he is not always fully consistent or poetically powerful. Some may admire the following extract; but it is, in our opinion, more turgid and bombastic than sublime.

'Fierce lightnings burnt the sky, and the loud thunder
(Beast of the fiery air) howl'd from his cloud,
Exulting, towards the storm-eclipsed moon.
Below the ocean rose, boiling and black,
And flung its monstrous billows far and wide,
Crumbling the mountain joints and summit hills;
Then its dark throat it bared, and rocky tusks,
Where with enormous waves on their broad backs
The demons of the deep were raging loud;
And, rack'd to hideous mirth or bitter scorn,
Hiss'd the sea-angels; and earth-buried broods
Of giants in their chains toss'd to and fro.'

More pleasing specimens of the poem may now be given.

'The great eagle still
In his home brooded, inaccessible,
Or when the gloomy morning seem'd to break,
Floated in silence o'er the shoreless seas.
Still the quick snake unclasp'd its glittering eyes,
Or shiv'ring hung about the roots of pines;
And still all round the vultures flew and watch'd
The tumbling waters thick with bird and beast;
Or, dashing in the midst their ravenous beaks,
Plunder'd the screaming billows of their dead.
* * * * *
And there the serpent, which few hours ago
Could crack the panther in his scaly arms,
Lay lifeless like a weed beside his prey.
* * * * *
And so they floated on their fated track
Borne onwards till the o'erwhelming rains had ceased,

And the wild winds were sleeping, and around
No noise was heard, save from their beating hearts,
And the lone dashings of the endless seas.'

After the subsidence of the waters, the saved re-peoplers of the earth (Deucalion and Pyrrha) take a survey of the wonderful scene.

—' Recover'd from their trance, and so refresh'd
As the tired spirit is by food and sleep,
The wanderers look'd around. On one fair side
Rose hills, and gentle waters murmur'd near,
And vernal meadows where the wild rose blew
Spread their fresh carpets. In the midst upsprung
A mountain, whose green head some ancient storm
Had struck in twain : rich forests deck'd its heights,
And laurel wildernesses clothed the sides,
And round it flew harmonious winds, whose wings
Bore inspiration and the sound of song.
Lower, and in the shade of that great hill,
A temple lay; untouch'd by storm or flood
It seem'd, and white as when, just hewn, it caught
Ionian beauty from the carver's skill.
Thither they went, perhaps by some strong star
Drawn, or the spirit of the place unseen,
To ask their doom or own the ruling God :
Thither they went, first parents, whom no child
Solaced, yet with hearts lighter than of yore;
The woman paler than when first she flung
Her curling arms around Deucalion's neck,
And he more gravely beautiful, less young,
But nearer heaven and like a dream of Jove.'

* * * * * *

'A new-born world
Open'd upon his sense—a Paradise
Of flowers and fruits, sweet winds, and cloudless skies,
And azure waters winding to the main,
And forest walks, and (far off) sounds, which broke
The sun-set silence—and the songs of birds
Chanting melodious mirth. Vernal delights
Haunted the air, and youth, which knew no pang,
Ran through all living veins, and touch'd all eyes
With beauty;—the tall branches waved their plumes—
The water trembled ; and the amorous sun
Came darting from his orb. Eagles and doves
Pair'd in the ether, and the branching stag
Fled from his shadow on the grass-green plain.'

The Girl of Provence is founded on a remarkable story. A young woman of extreme sensibility so intensely admired the Belvidere Apollo, that she felt all those emotions of love which might have been excited by a living youth, and cherished the fanciful passion until she died in the phrensy of despair.

' She was Apollo's votary, (so she deem'd)
His bride, and met him in his radiant bowers,
And sometimes, as his priestess pale beseem'd,
She strew'd before his image, like the Hours,
Delicate blooms, spring buds and summer flowers,
Faint violets, dainty lilies, the red rose,—
What time his splendor in the eastern glows.

And these she took and strew'd before his feet,
And tore the laurel (his own leaf) to pay
Homage unto its god, and the plant sweet
That turns its bosom to the sunny ray,
And all which open at the break of day,
And all which worthy are to pay him due
Honor—pink, saffron, crimson, pied, or blue.

And ever, when was done her flowery toil,
She stood (idolatress !) and languish'd there,
She and the god, alone ;—nor would she spoil
The silence with her voice, but with mute care
Over his carved limbs a garment fair
She threw, still worshiping with amorous pain,
Still watching ever his divine disdain.'

The delusions of her fancy, the reveries of her passion, and her supposed flight with the phantom of her adoration over strange and beautiful lands and waters, to a paradise of fragrance and beauty, and brightness and melody, in which is a splendid palace, where she reigns in full power with the god of her idolatry, are delineated with graceful elegance, if not with consummate force.

The Letter of Boccaccio is inferior in genuine spirit to lord Byron's Lament of Tasso, and betrays some marks of carelessness and incoherence; but it will gratify the admirers of Italian literature, and not be unpleasing to other readers. We do not approve the Fall of Saturn, a Vision, which is more eccentric and absurd than elegant or beautiful. The poem of Tartarus evinces dramatic talent, and displays scenes of gloomy grandeur. Among the other pieces there is one in which the author endeavours to be humorous, but evidently fails in his attempt.

THEATRICAL HORRORS AND REALITIES.

NOT being very fond of tragedy at a theatre, especially of the melo-dramatic species, as I am convinced that there is enough of tragedy in real life, without going to a play-house to have one's soul harrowed up, I have often been surprised at the morbid taste of some persons, which cannot be gratified unless a theatrical performance is made up of all the most hideous and horrific ideas and circumstances that ever entered the mind of man. I presume that there must be many who have this taste, or the proprietors and managers of theatres, especially the minor ones, would not take the superabundant pains they appear to do, to produce pieces whose titles even are often enough ' to make each individual hair to stand on end.' Any man, who has taken the pains to collect the names of most of the melo-dramatic representations for the last five or six years,

might string together such a catalogue of horrors, as would suffice to frighten all the children of the metropolis for seven years to come; even Raw-head-and-bloody-bones himself could not do the thing better. By the bye, I do not recollect whether the aforesaid gentleman has been dramatised yet; if not, I do think that he and Fee-faw-fum would afford excellent materials for a pair of melo-dramas for next Easter or Whitsuntide, though indeed such stories, from their utter improbability, are not half so horrible as many that are cooked up for the cannibal-like appetite hinted at above; and therefore I would rather see all the *classics of the nursery* ransacked for subjects, than behold, as is too frequently the case, the miseries, misfortunes, and accidents of 'poor human nature,' and sometimes even the afflictive personal visitations of Providence, disgustingly drawn forth, and painfully dwelt upon, to excite feelings which ought rather to be reserved for the real calamities of life, than be exhausted upon such impious mockeries. The things I allude to are much upon a par with the frightful exhibitions, which formerly used to disgrace our streets, of diseased and ulcerated beggars, most of whom were vile impostors, but who are now no longer to be seen, thanks to a stricter police. What else is the frequent introduction on the stage of madness and blindness, of the deaf and the dumb?—One would really think that the favorite places of study for many of our minor dramatists were St. Luke's, and the various hospitals established by benevolence for the relief of suffering humanity; and I see no reason why typhus fever, small pox, St. Vitus' dance, epileptic fits, or any other malady to which our nature is liable, might not form the subjects of a dramatic performance with as much propriety as many that are chosen. Your demons, whether of the wood or of the water; your sea-devils, and devils on land; your banditti, your murderers of all sorts; your deaths 'by flood or field;' your shipwrecks, conflagrations, and blowings up, are nothing at all to what I have hinted at above; therefore let me entreat, in mercy to my species, of the pen-wielders attached to certain theatres, that they will leave the calamities, the afflictions, and the deformities of humble and private life alone, and confine themselves to the *impossible* sort of horrors and wonders that can do no mischief.

There are some theatrical horrors more apt to excite smiles than groans; I allude to the gratuitous ones, and they are numerous and common; these are often pretended to be felt to an extreme degree, when the circumstances, appearing to produce them, were neither horrible in themselves, nor ought to have excited such a feeling in the individuals to whom they were supposed to happen. Then again, horror is frequently kept alive in such an extraordinary way, as to become quite absurd; murders and robberies are committed; persons the most unlikely to have perpetrated them are suspected, apprehended, tried, found guilty, sentenced to death, conducted to the place of execution, and all but hung, drawn, and quartered, when a single word, either from themselves, or some other personages in the piece, would have explained all, and have saved or greatly abridged the horrification of the audience; but it is an understood thing that the saving word is not to be spoken till almost the last moment of the last scene, for fear that tears enough should not be shed, and young and timid people should not be kept awake in their beds during the whole of the ensuing night.

So much for theatrical horrors. But commend me to theatrical *realities*; oh! there is nothing that comes up to a *reality* on the stage. It is true we have realities in our streets, and in our fields, and on our rivers; but what are these when compared with theatrical *realities*? Ye fox-hunters of Leicestershire, ye men of Melton Mowbray, with your hunters, and your hounds, and your foxes,—your break-neck leaps, and dangers and delights of all sorts,—hide your diminished heads! Have we not, when quietly sitting in the boxes at Astley's amphitheatre, seen a *real* fox-chase? And did not the animal run up wooden hills and down again, and did it not cross the stage, and cross the pit too? Go to; ye can show nothing like it; therefore hide your heads, men of Mowbray!—Again; ye men of Newmarket, boast not of your fine heath, and fine horses, and fine races; have we not seen *real* ponies, and *real* boys in striped jackets on them, riding *real* races? Let us not hear again then of Newmarket. Beside all this, have we not seen *real* gigs and post-chaises on the stage, with

real men and women in them; and a *real* French diligence, and five horses to draw it; (think of *five* horses, master Matthew, and all *real!*) and more than all, have we not seen a *real* mail-coach in a theatre?—Break your hearts, ye men of Lombard-street; ye who on the king's birth-day sport such gay nosegays; and ogle the girls so bewitchingly as ye drive along the Strand in solemn procession, break your hearts, I say, for ye are outdone at a playhouse! Of *real* animals, I remember but two other kinds as performers on the stage; the ass and the elephant. The former, I believe, has had possession of the stage longer than most men would imagine; and, as to the latter, he made so bungling a business of it, that his stuffed predecessors were regretted, and wished for in his place.

I must take notice of one *reality* more, and that is *water*. Only think of water, —*real* right-earnest water in a theatre! —Picture to yourself a *real* lake of some ten or twelve feet square, and eighteen inches deep, with people dabbling and splashing about in it like so many ducks in a dirty pool; do more—go and see it*, and then contemplate Winandermere, or the glorious ocean, 'with what appetite ye may.'

J. M. L.

* At Sadler's Wells, the grand aquatic theatre.

AN ADDRESS TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

HAIL, dearest Louisa! and hail to the morn
 That first to your beauty gave birth!
Although I am fetter'd at distance forlorn,
 I cannot but think of your worth.

If, true to affection, some child of the grove
 Would lend me her pinions awhile,
How gladly I'd fly, with the swiftness of Love,
 Exchanging my song for a smile.

And if any mortal those heavenly things
 With beings angelic might share,
Louisa had surely been furnish'd with wings,
 To bear her bright form on the air.

But since the harsh Fates, to our friendship averse,
 Such intercourse ever delay,
Permit me, my love, in this poor humble verse,
 To greet the return of the day.

And since I no train of kind fairies can boast
 On errands of friendship to soar,
I send a rude sprite, in the form of the post,
 To knock with my song at your door.

Accept then, dear girl, from my heart as they flow,
 Of wishes the kindest and best;
Unnumber'd fond pleasures I fain would bestow,
 To find an abode in your breast.

December 25, 1822.

STANZAS.

As circling years progressive roll,
 A thousand fond affections start;
A thousand ties enslave the soul,
 And weave their fetters round the heart.

And did not oft the gushing tear
  Proclaim those earthly chains were riven,
Deluded man would linger here,
  Unmindful of his native heaven.

But, ah! the suff'ring wretch can tell
  How, one by one, they cease to cling;
For stern misfortune breaks the spell,
  And every sorrow snaps a string.

EPIGRAM.

Young Cupid approach'd me with suppliant eye,
  His hair moist with dew, and his wings dropping wet;
Demanding permission his feathers to dry
  At the flames which within me his arrows had lit.

TO AMELIA.

Good night—good night,—my Amelia dear,
  The young white hand I press,
Tells me it is an index here
  That points to happiness,—
A soft responder kind and true,
  So dear at this twilight,
That to my oft-declared adieu
  Still seems to thrill—'Good night.'

The tranquil sigh thy breast that heaves,
  Thine eye so bright that glows,
The lingering smile thy lip that leaves,
  As sunbeams quit the rose—
Tell me that peace is dwelling there,
  And innocence so light;
And happy love comes in, to share
  My Amelia's kind—'Good night.'

And ne'er may ruffian passion come
  To rack thy gentle breast,
Nor viper make thy heart its home,
  And poison all it prest:
But ever thus, with sunny smile
  Of innocent delight,
Thy Charles beloved shall bless thee, while
  He hears and says—'Good night.'

C.

LOOK AND SEE.

A stubborn school-master declared
  That *see* and *look*'s the same;
A man, who this decision heard,
  Said, 'Sir, you're much to blame;

'You've made a wonderful mistake,
  Which you'll not fail to find,
If you'll suppose, for reason's sake,
  That you, alas, were blind.

'If I to you glass-eyes should sell,
  This truth would then befall;
That, though you'd *look* extremely well,
  You could not *see* at all.'

A COUNTRY CRICKET-MATCH.

I doubt if there be any scene in the world more animating or delightful than a cricket-match;—I do not mean a set match at Lord's Ground for money, hard money, between a certain number of gentlemen players, as they are called—people who make a trade of that noble sport, and degrade it into an affair of bettings, and hedgings, and cheatings, it may be, like boxing or horse-racing: nor do I mean a pretty fête in a gentleman's park, where one club of cricketing dandies encounters another such club, and where they show off in graceful costume to a gay marquee of admiring belles, who condescend so to purchase admiration, and while away a long summer morning in taking on cold collations, conversing occasionally, and seeming to understand the game;—the whole being conducted according to ball-room etiquette, so as to be exceedingly elegant and exceedingly dull. No! the cricket that I mean is a real solid old-fashioned match between neighbouring parishes, where each attacks the other for honor and a supper, glory, and half a crown a man. If there be any gentlemen amongst them, it is well—if not, it is so much the better. Your gentleman cricketer is in general rather an anomalous character. Elderly gentlemen are obviously good for nothing, and young beaux are, for the most part, hampered and trammeled by dress and habit; the stiff cravat, the pinched-in waist, the dandy walk—oh they will never do for cricket! Now, our country lads, accustomed to the flail or the hammer (your blacksmiths are capital hitters), have the free use of their arms; they know how to move their shoulders; and they can move their feet too—they can run; then they are so much better made, so much more athletic, and yet so much lissomer—to use a Hampshire phrase, which deserves at least to be good English. Here and there, indeed, one meets with an old Etonian, who retains his boyish love for that game which formed so considerable a branch of his education; some even preserve their boyish proficiency, but in general it wears away like the Greek, quite as certainly, and almost as fast; a few years of Oxford, or Cambridge, or the continent, are sufficient to annihilate both the power and the inclination. No! a village match is the thing,—where our highest officer—our conductor (to borrow a musical term) is but a little farmer's second son; where a day-laborer is our bowler, and a blacksmith our long-stop; where the spectators consist of the retired cricketers, the veterans of the green, the careful mothers, the girls, and all the boys of two parishes, together with a few amateurs little above them in rank and not at all in pretension; where laughing and shouting, and the very ecstasy of merriment and good-humor, prevail: such a match, in short, as I attended yesterday, at the expense of getting twice wet through, and as I would attend to-morrow, at the certainty of having that ducking doubled.

For the last three weeks our village has been in a state of great excitement, occasioned by a challenge from our north-western neighbours, the men of B., to contend with us at cricket. Now we have not been much in the habit of playing matches. Three or four years ago, indeed, we encountered the men of S., our neighbours south-by-east, with a sort of doubtful success, beating them on our own ground, whilst they in the second match returned the compliment on theirs. This discouraged us. Then an unnatural coalition between a high-church curate and an evangelical gentleman-farmer drove our lads from the Sunday evening practice, which, as it did not begin before both services were concluded, and as it tended to keep the young men from the ale-house, our magistrates had winked at, if not encouraged. The sport therefore had languished until the present season, when under another change of circumstances the spirit began to revive. Half a dozen fine active lads, of influence amongst their comrades, grew into men and yearned for cricket: an enterprising publican gave a set of ribands; his rival, mine host of the Rose, an out-doer by profession, gave two; and the clergyman and his lay ally, both well-disposed and good-natured men, gratified by the submission to their authority, and finding, perhaps, that no great good resulted from the substitution of public houses for out-of-door diversions, relaxed. In short the practice recommenced, and the hill was again alive with men and boys, and innocent merriment; but farther than the riband matches amongst ourselves nobody dreamed of going, till this challenge—we were modest, and doubted our own strength. The B. people, on the other hand, must have been brag-

gers born—a whole parish of gasconaders. Never was such boasting! such crowing! such ostentatious display of practice! such mutual compliments from man to man—bowler to batter, batter to bowler! It was a wonder they did not challenge all England. It must be confessed that we were a little astounded; yet we firmly resolved not to decline the combat; and one of the most spirited of the new growth, William Grey by name, took up the glove in a style of manly courtesy, that would have done honor to a knight in the days of chivalry.—'We were not professed players,' he said; 'being little better than schoolboys, and scarcely older: but, since they had done us the honor to challenge us, we would try our strength. It would be no discredit to be beaten by such a field.'

Having accepted the wager of battle, our champion began forthwith to collect his forces. William Grey is himself one of the finest youths that one shall see,—tall, active, slender and yet strong, with a piercing eye full of sagacity, and a smile full of good-humor,—a farmer's son by station, and used to hard work as farmers' sons are now, liked by every body, and admired as an excellent cricketer. He immediately set forth to muster his men, remembering with great complacency that Samuel Long, a bowler *comme il y en a peu*, the very man who had knocked down nine wickets, had beaten us, bowled us out at the fatal return match some years ago at S., had luckily, in a remove of a quarter of a mile last Lady-day, crossed the boundaries of his old parish, and actually belonged to us. Here was a stroke of good fortune! Our captain applied to him instantly; and he agreed at a word. Indeed Samuel Long is a very civilised person. He is a middle-aged man who looks rather old amongst our young lads, and whose thickness and breadth give no token of remarkable activity; but he is very active, and so steady a player! so safe! We had half gained the match when we had secured him. He is a man of substance, too, in every way; owns one cow, two donkeys, six pigs, and geese and ducks beyond count; dresses like a farmer, and owes no man a shilling;—and all this from pure industry, sheer day-labor. Note, that your good cricketer is commonly the most industrious man in the parish; the habits that make him such are precisely those which make a good workman—steadiness, sobriety, and activity—Samuel Long might pass for the beau ideal of the two characters. Happy were we to possess him! Then we had another piece of good luck. James Brown, a journeyman blacksmith and a native, who, being of a rambling disposition, had roamed from place to place for half a dozen years, had just returned to settle with his brother at another corner of our village, bringing with him a prodigious reputation in cricket and in gallantry—the gay Lothario of the neighbourhood. He is said to have made more conquests in love and in cricket than any blacksmith in the county. To him also went the indefatigable William Grey, and he also consented to play. No end to our good fortune! Another celebrated batter, called Joseph Hearne, had likewise recently married into the parish. He worked, it is true, at the A. mills, but slept at the house of his wife's father in our territories. He also was sought and found by our leader. But he was grand and shy; made an immense favor of the thing; courted courting and then hung back;—'Did not know that he could be spared; had partly resolved not to play again—at least not this season; thought it rash to accept the challenge; thought they might do without him——'—'Truly I think so too,' said our spirited champion; 'we will not trouble you, Mr. Hearne.'

Having thus secured two powerful auxiliaries and rejected a third, we began to reckon and select the regular native forces. Thus ran our list:—William Grey, 1.—Samuel Long, 2.—James Brown, 3.—George and John Simmons, one capital, the other so, so,—an uncertain hitter, but a good fieldsman, 5.—Joel Brent (excellent), 6.—Ben Appleton—Here was a little pause—Ben's abilities at cricket were not completely ascertained; but then he was so good a fellow, so full of fun and waggery! no doing without Ben. So he figured in the list, 7.—George Harris—a short halt there too! Slowish—slow but sure. I think the proverb brought him in, 8.—Tom Coper—oh, beyond the world, Tom Coper! the red-headed gardening lad, whose left-handed strokes send *her* (a cricket-ball, like that other moving thing a ship, is always of the feminine gender), send her spinning a mile, 9.—John Willis, another blacksmith, 10.

We had now ten of our eleven, but the choice of the last occasioned some demur. Three young Martins, rich farmers

of the neighbourhood, successively presented themselves, and were all rejected by our independent and impartial general for want of merit—*cricketal* merit. 'Not good enough,' was his pithy answer. Then our worthy neighbour, the half-pay lieutenant, offered his services—he, too, though with some hesitation and modesty, was refused—'Not quite young enough' was his sentence. John Strong, the exceedingly long son of our dwarfish mason, was the next candidate,—a nice youth—every body likes John Strong,—and a willing—but so tall and so limp, bent in the middle—a threadpaper, six feet high! We were all afraid that in spite of his name his strength would never hold out. 'Wait till next year, John,' quoth William Grey, with all the dignified seniority of twenty speaking to eighteen. 'Coper's a year younger,' said John. 'Coper's a foot shorter,' replied William: so John retired. Robert Andrews was next nominated. Every body had been thinking of Andrews, the cleverest fellow in the parish, one who beats each man at what he does best—gardener, mason, butcher, thatcher—master of all trades, and constant to none. There was no doubt that Andrews could, if he chose, out-bowl Samuel Long, and out-bat Tom Coper;—but the curse of genius was on him and on his doings,—fickle as a woman, variable as the wind, certain only in uncertainty. 'Has he ever been known to stick to one job for the duration of a game at cricket?' asked William Grey—and the whole assembly shook their heads. 'Did he not, at the very last match for ribands, ruin his own party by running away from his office of long-stop in the middle of the first innings, before three wickets were down? And did not that lose them the game? And is he not a genius?' Again there was a general head-shaking, and Andrews was abandoned—to my sincere regret, for he is, in spite of this sad fault, intelligent, acute, well-behaved, well-bred, so to say, to a degree scarcely known in his rank of life—joining variety of knowlege to a natural elegance of manner, which corresponds with an elegance of person and feature, more like a portrait of Vandyke or Titian, than a real living man. He has a little girl, a lovely airy creature, who, when he is working near home, may generally be seen hovering about him or tripping at his side. She is almost as graceful as himself, and has the same finely chiseled features. What a beauty she will be as she grows up! Daughters generally lose by resembling handsome fathers; very few manly faces will bear a change of sex, but that of Andrews will. Well! he was rejected; and the eleventh man remained unchosen, almost till the eleventh hour. The eve of the match arrived, and the post was still vacant, when a little boy of fifteen, David Willis, brother to John, admitted by accident to the last practice, saw eight of them out, and was voted in by acclamation.

That Sunday evening's practice (for Monday was the important day) was a period of great anxiety, and, to say the truth, of great pleasure. There is something strangely delightful in the innocent spirit of party. To be one of a numerous body, to be authorised to say *we*, to have a rightful interest in triumph or defeat, is gratifying at once to social feeling and to personal pride. There was not a ten-year old urchin, or a septuagenary woman in the parish, who did not feel an additional importance, a reflected consequence, in speaking of 'our side.' An election interests in the same way; but that feeling is less pure Money is there, and hatred, and politics, and lies. Oh, to be a voter, or a voter's wife, comes nothing near the genuine and hearty sympathy of belonging to a parish, breathing the same air, looking on the same trees, listening to the same nightingales! Talk of a patriotic elector!—Give me a parochial patriot, a man who loves his parish! Even we, the female partisans, may partake the common ardor, 'and though we cannot play, o'erlook the balls.' I am sure I did. I never, though tolerably eager and enthusiastic at all times, remember being in a more delicious state of excitation than on the eve of that battle. Our hopes waxed stronger and stronger. Those of our players, who were present, were excellent. William Grey got forty notches off his own bat; and that brilliant hitter Tom Coper gained eight from two successive balls. As the evening advanced, too, we had encouragement of another sort. A spy, who had been despatched to reconnoitre the enemy's quarters, returned from their practising ground, with a most consolatory report. 'Really,' said Charles Grover, our intelligencer—a fine old steady judge, one who had played well in his day—'they are no better than so many old women. Any five of ours would beat

their eleven.' This sent us to bed in high spirits.

Morning dawned less favorably. The sky promised a series of deluging showers, and kept its word, as English skies are wont to do on such occasions; and a lamentable message arrived at the head-quarters from our trusty comrade Joel Brent. His master, a great farmer, had begun the hay harvest that very morning, and Joel, being as eminent in one field as in another, could not be spared. Imagine Joel's plight! the most ardent of all our eleven! a knight held back from the tourney! a soldier from the battle! The poor swain was inconsolable. At last, one who is always ready to do a good-natured action, great or little, set forth to back his petition; and, by dint of appealing to the public spirit of our worthy neighbour and the state of the barometer, talking alternately of the parish honor and thunder showers, of lost matches and sopped hay, he carried his point, and returned triumphantly with the delighted Joel.

In the mean time we became sensible of another defalcation. On calling over our roll, Brown was missing; and the spy of the preceding night, Charles Grover,—the universal scout and messenger of the village, a man who will run half a dozen miles for a pint of beer, who does errands for very love of the trade, who, if he had been born a lord, would have been an ambassador—was instantly despatched to summon the truant. His report spread general consternation. Brown had set off at four o'clock in the morning to play in a cricket match at M., a little town twelve miles off, which had been his last residence. Here was desertion! Here was treachery! Here was treason against that goodly state, our parish! To send James Brown to Coventry was the immediate resolution; but even that seemed too light a punishment for such delinquency. Then how we cried him down! At ten on Sunday night (for the rascal had actually practised with us, and never said a word of his intended disloyalty), he was our faithful mate, and the best player (take him for all in all) of the eleven. At ten in the morning he had run away, and we were well rid of him; he was no batter compared with William Grey or Tom Coper; not fit to wipe the shoes of Samuel Long, as a bowler; nothing of a scout to John Simmons;—the boy David Willis was worth fifty of him—

> 'I trust we have within our realm
> Five hundred good as he,'

was the universal sentiment. So we took tall John Strong, who, with an incurable hankering after the honor of being admitted, had kept constantly with the players to take the chance of some such accident—we took John for our *pis-aller*. I never saw any one prouder than the good-humored lad was of this not very flattering piece of preferment.

John Strong was elected, and Brown sent to Coventry; and, when I first heard of his delinquency, I too thought the punishment only too mild for the crime. But I have since learned the secret history of the offence; (if we could know the secret histories of all offences, how much better the world would seem than it does now!) and really my wrath is much abated. It was a piece of gallantry, of devotion to the sex, or rather a chivalrous obedience to one chosen fair. I must tell my readers the story. Mary Allen, the prettiest girl of M., had it seems revenged upon our blacksmith the numberless inconstancies of which he stood accused. He was in love over head and ears, but the nymph was cruel. She said no, and no, and no, and poor Brown, three times rejected, at last resolved to leave the place, partly in despair, and partly in that hope which often mingles strangely with a lover's despair, the hope that when he was gone he should be missed. He came home to his brother's accordingly; but for five weeks he heard nothing from or of the inexorable Mary, and was glad to beguile his own 'vexing thoughts' by endeavouring to create in his mind an artificial and factitious interest in our cricket-match—all unimportant as such a trifle must have seemed to a man in love. Poor James, however, is a social and warm-hearted person, not likely to resist a contagious sympathy. As the time for the play advanced, the interest which he had at first affected became genuine and sincere; and he was really, when he left the ground on Sunday night, almost as enthusiastically absorbed in the event of the next day as Joel Brent himself. He little foresaw the new and delightful interest which awaited him at home, where, on the moment of his arrival, his sister-in-law and confidante presented him with

a billet from the lady of his heart. It had, with the usual delay of letters sent by private hands, in that rank of life, loitered on the road in a degree inconceivable to those who are accustomed to the punctual speed of the post, and had taken ten days for its twelve-miles' journey. Have my readers any wish to see this *billet-doux*? I can show them (but in strict confidence) a literal copy. It was addressed

For mistur jem browne
blaxmith by
S.

The inside ran thus:—'Mistur browne this is to Inform yew that ourc parish playes bramley men next monday is a week, i think we shall lose without yew. from your humbell servant to command
Mary Allen.'

Was there ever a prettier relenting? a summons more flattering, more delicate, more irresistible? The precious epistle was undated; but, having ascertained who brought it, and found, by cross-examining the messenger, that the Monday in question was the very next day, we were not surprised to find that *Mistur* browne forgot his engagement to us, forgot all but Mary and Mary's letter, and set off at four o'clock the next morning to walk twelve miles, and play for her parish and in her sight. Really we must not send James Brown to Coventry—must we? Though if, as his sister-in-law tells our damsel Harriet he hopes to do, he should bring the fair Mary home as his bride, he will not greatly care how little we say to him. But he must not be sent to Coventry— True-love forbid!

At last we were all assembled, and marched down to H. common, the appointed ground, which, though in our dominions according to the map, was the constant practising place of our opponents, and *terra incognita* to us. We found our adversaries on the ground as we expected, for our various delays had hindered us from taking the field so early as we wished; and, as soon as we had settled all preliminaries, the match began.

But, alas! I have been so long settling my preliminaries that I have left myself no room for the detail of our victory, and must squeeze the account of our grand achievements into as little compass as Cowley, when he crammed the names of eleven of his mistresses into the narrow space of four eight-syllable lines. *They* began the warfare—these boastful men of B. And what think you, gentle reader, was the amount of their innings? These challengers—the famous eleven—how many did they get? Think! imagine! guess!—You cannot?—Well!—they got twenty-two, or rather they got twenty; for two of theirs were short notches, and would never have been allowed, only that, seeing what they were made of, we and our umpire were not particular.—They should have had twenty more, if they had chosen to claim them. Oh, how well we fielded! and how well we bowled! our good play had quite as much to do with their miserable failure as their bad. Samuel Long is a slow bowler, George Simmons a fast one, and the change from Long's lobbing to Simmons's fast balls posed them completely. Poor simpletons! they were always wrong, expecting the slow for the quick, and the quick for the slow. Well, we went in. And what were our innings? Guess again!—guess! A hundred and sixty-nine! in spite of soaking showers, and wretched ground, where the ball would not run a yard, we headed them by a hundred and forty-seven; and then they gave in, as well they might. William Grey pressed them much to try another inning. 'There was so much chance,' as he courteously observed, 'in cricket, that advantageous as our position seemed, we might, very possibly, be overtaken. The B. men had better try.' But they were beaten, sulky, and would not move—to my great disappointment; I wanted to prolong the pleasure of success. What a glorious sensation it is to be for five hours together winning—winning—winning! always feeling what a whist-player feels when he takes up four honors, seven trumps! Who would think that a little bit of leather, and two pieces of wood, had such a delightful and delighting power?

The only drawback on my enjoyment was the failure of the pretty boy, David Willis, who injudiciously put in first, and playing for the first time in a match amongst men and strangers, who talked to him, and stared at him, was seized with such a fit of shame-faced shyness, that he could scarcely hold his bat, and was bowled out, without a stroke, from actual nervousness. 'He will come of that,' Tom Coper says.—I am afraid he will. I wonder whether Tom had ever any modesty to lose. Our other modest

lad, John Strong, did very well; his length told in fielding, and he got good fame. Joel Brent, the rescued mower, got into a scrape, and out of it again; his fortune for the day. He ran out his mate, Samuel Long; who, I do believe, but for the excess of Joel's eagerness, would have staid in till this time, by which exploit he got into sad disgrace; and then he himself got thirty-seven runs, which redeemed his reputation. William Smith made a hit which actually lost the cricket-ball. We think she lodged in a hedge, a quarter of a mile off, but nobody could find her. And George Simmons had nearly lost his shoe, which he tossed away in a passion, for having been caught out, owing to the ball glancing against it. These, together with a very complete somerset of Ben Appleton, our long-stop, who floundered about in the mud, making faces and attitudes as laughable as Grimaldi, none could tell whether by accident or design, were the chief incidents of the scene of action. Amongst the spectators nothing remarkable occurred, beyond the general calamity of two or three drenchings, except that a form, placed by the side of a hedge, under a very insufficient shelter, was knocked into the ditch, in a sudden rush of the cricketers to escape a pelting shower, by which means all parties shared the fate of Ben Appleton, some on land and some by water; and that, amidst the scramble, a saucy gipsy of a girl contrived to steal, from the knee of the demure and well-appareled Samuel Long, a smart handkerchief, which his careful dame had tied around it, to preserve his new (what is the mincing feminine word?) his new—inexpressibles; thus reversing the story of Desdemona, and causing the new Othello to call aloud for his handkerchief, to the great diversion of the company. And so we parted; the players retired to their supper, and we to our homes; all wet through, all good-humored, and all happy—except the losers.

To-day we are happy too. Hats, with ribands in them, go glancing up and down; and William Grey says, with a proud humility, 'we do not challenge any parish, but, if we be challenged, we are ready.'

M.

THE HUT AND THE CASTLE, A ROMANCE. 4 vols. 1823.

From the title of this work, mitigated and softened as the stern dignity of the castle would appear to be by the unpretending humility of the hut, we cannot expect a romance in the first style of sublimity, but merely look for one of a moderate description and an even tenor, exhibiting many traits of nature and good sense, not outraged by glaring improbabilities. But let us not anticipate, by idle conjectures, the contents of the volumes which now appear before us: let us patiently travel through them, trusting that they will at least be entertaining and instructive, because we consider the writer as an ingenious and intelligent female, an opinion which is justified by her former works, the Romance of the Pyrenees and Santo Sebastiano.

After a commencement which is fashionably abrupt, we are introduced to the family of Fauconberg. Albert, a spirited youth, unwilling to encroach on the small income enjoyed by his mother and two sisters, joins the British army in Spain as a volunteer, and soon obtains, by his zeal and courage, an ensign's commission. His elder brother Gustavus, though adopted by a rich uncle, follows the same course; and, being dangerously wounded, is conveyed, for want of a better asylum, to a hut which Albert erects on the spur of the occasion, upon a 'link of a long chain of thickly wooded crags.' This hut also becomes a sort of hospital for other adventurers. To procure supplies for this little garrison, he sallies forth, and is accosted on his way by an aged female peasant, who requests him to escort an endangered youth to a neighbouring monastery.—— 'Never had Fauconberg beheld a being more prepossessing in aspect than this stripling, who seemed not more than fourteen years of age; his form was delicate almost to the indication of ill health, and his countenance,—though yet unenlivened by the glances of his eyes, and one cheek was blanched, the other flushed by agitation,—was sweet and interesting almost to fascination; and, though clad in the homely attire of a peasant boy, the transcendent grace and elegance of his every movement proclaimed him in disguise.—The woman tenderly embraced and blessed the boy; and Fauconberg, from the spontaneous feeling of compassion, on viewing the fragility of the

boy's frame, kindly took his bundle from him, and slung it over his shoulder on his musket.—'You seem unequal yet to carry burthens,' said Fauconberg, with a sweet smile of benignity, as he performed this kindness; and the youth, surprised at the benevolence of the action, raised his eyes to look at his protector whilst he thanked him; and, as a blush mantled his cheeks, Fauconberg mentally pronounced, that Ganymede had never been borne to Olympus, to serve out nectar, had Jove beheld this youth, the refinement of whose tones, and the purity of whose language, as in a soft melodious voice he uttered his acknowlegements, confirmed the belief of Fauconberg that the place of this young Spaniard was amid the highest order of society.'

This delicate stripling, as the reader may expect, is found to be a young lady, to whom Albert performs an essential service in rescuing her from the assaults of banditti. Her warm expressions of gratitude are checked by the haughty coldness of her Spanish guardian, who intimates to him that his house shall for ever be shut against all strangers from England, as in that country grew the thorn that rankles in the breast of his young ward. Albert fancies that he has discovered, among his companions in the hut, the object of the lady's affection; but his suspicions on that head are neither confirmed nor removed.

At the close of the war, Albert and other disbanded officers return to England; and the *hut* is superseded by the *castle*, in consequence of a whimsical proposition, that Menroy castle, a dilapidated structure, supposed to be haunted, should become the residence of the party, chiefly with a view to agricultural improvement. Sir Frederic Bolingbroke, the owner of this mansion, having liberally given up a great part of his property for the liquidation of the debts of his deceased father, œconomises with the remainder, and superintends the operations of the party. In the same neighbourhood resides an amiable widow, who wishes to allure him into a marriage with her daughter; but he has already conceived a strong passion for her niece, Olivia de la Warr. Upon this lady much of the interest of the novel depends, though she is not the favorite of the hero, Albert, whose heart is enthralled by another beauty.

Captivated by the charms of Olivia, yet suspecting her to be an artful coquette, the baronet resolves to banish her from his thoughts. He is assured of her honor and virtue by a friend, but listens to the panegyric with incredulity.—'That direfully distorting vanity,' he mentally exclaimed, 'which led her heart into its degrading encouragement of a hoary-headed profligate, on whom no woman of inborn delicacy could have beamed a smile of approbation; yes, that vanity has plunged her deeper, and still deeper, in all its deceitful *vortices*. In the retirement of Rosindale, there could be no admiration elicited, except for mental excellence; and she assumed the semblance of those virtues which she never knew, to win the flattering admiration of the guileless females of the cottage.—Oh, Olivia! where has that ingenuous spirit strayed which befitted a mould so heavenly? But am I just, am I charitable, in thus condemning her? Indeed I am not! Can I ever lose the remembrance of that angelic form she assumed to allure me into the perilous belief she was changing to perfection? Can the pang I felt, when she dropped the veil, and betrayed the guile by which she had deluded me, ever be erased from the records of my heart's memory? And if it cannot, why should I shun her? Can I, ought I, to fear her? Is my estimation of female excellence, or my own individual worth, so superficial, as to be vanquished by the alluring smiles of an enchantress, who could smile on unmasked vice, and stoop to false appearances to beguile? No, no, I need not fly; for, in my firm conviction of her possessing no mental excellence, I possess a shield of invulnerability against whatever form of fascination she may assume. Form of fascination? ay, like that in which she glided over the rocks. Oh, what sportive grace! what——But it was all to lure the strangers, no matter of what stamp, she saw approaching. Incorrigibly vain coquette! how I despise your wiles, and will fearlessly brave your potent spells!'

At a masqued ball, in which these and other characters (some of them very pleasantly described) appear, not only sir Frederic makes approaches to a reconciliation with Olivia, but Albert perceives a figure resembling the young lady whom he admired in Spain. He exults in the hope of a fortunate discovery, and pursues his inquiries with anxious zeal. He finds that the daughter of an English nobleman was sent, in consequence of

conjugal discord, to her mother's relatives at Madrid; that she had perished at sea, and her conductor, for a mercenary purpose, had produced another child (whom he had saved from the wreck) as the daughter of his employer; and that the rescued girl was the daughter of general De la Warr, and was in danger of being forced into a nunnery by the bigotry of her pretended protectors. This intelligence rouses him to new exertions. Like a knight-errant he undertakes a journey of gallantry; and, after some hazardous adventures in Spain, he bears off the lady in triumph, and restores her to her fond father. A speedy marriage is consequently expected by the friends of each family; and the delay of that event, when all suspicions of the lady's pre-engaged affections are found to be visionary, gives occasion for a lively dialogue.

'Olivia, whose exuberance of animation was not much subdued by the influence of the blind urchin, with the wild thoughtlessness which had marked her manner ere her residence at Rosindale, suddenly exclaimed,—'Have not you two adventurers deviated from all rule most shamefully? Pray, general—for you know Alethea says, all my knowledge is general now, as *mon oncle* is my oracle—pray, general, is it not in the inevitabilities of the order of knight-errantry, to become prompt captive to the fairest of the fair damsels whom the valiant knight shall rescue from ogres or enchanters, or any such impeders of comfort or security; and for the damsel so rescued, to pay, without pause or demur, the recompense of her heart for ever and aye, upon such beneficial service?—Yet here have you, Sir Knight of the Emerald Isle, rescued by your prowess the damsel Adeline, not once or twice only, but diverse times, from perils most tremendous; and, though fair as knight need wish, you have most shabbily performed the finale of your adventures, heart-whole; whilst the damsel, equally a transgressor, has committed the enormous crime of *errant* ingratitude most unworthily. Really, you must both go back to Spain, begin adventuring again, and mend your ways.'

'Luckily for Adeline, she had Sophia in her arms during this sally; therefore, by appearing wholly devoted to the engaging cherub, she concealed her conscious embarrassment.

''But how do you know, fair accuser,' said the general, smiling, 'that the knight of the Emerald Isle, and the rescued damsel, are absolutely the enormous culprits you proclaim them? Until you can make good your charge, and prove them guilty, we must, like true Britons, consider the accused innocent.'

'Albert, by this time allured from his embarrassment by the fascinating animation of his playful accuser, in something of respondent gaiety exclaimed,—'Suppose I were to plead not guilty to your serious charge, what proofs can you establish, to banish me from my country?'

''Proofs!' replied Olivia; 'can you think, although I have not had, like miss Daggerly, 'an aunt's sister' who spouted law in 'vermin' robes, that I know so little of the wily craft, as to blazon forth to the accused the proofs I have to bring into court? But fear not, I can produce sufficient testimony against you—for, as Rosalind says,—'There are none of my uncle's marks upon you; he taught me to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.'

''What were his marks?—Where do they appear?' retorted Albert, beaming an archly significant glance over sir Frederic.

''You mean *mon oncle*'s marks, of the many giddy offences wherewith he generally taxed our sex; they are as like one another as halfpence are; every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow fault came to match it,' responded Olivia, adroitly turning off the arch allusion to her own well-accoutred lover, by another apt quotation from Rosalind.

''Absolutely, you appear so accomplished in the meanderings of intricacy,' replied Albert, smiling and blushing, as he approached the climax of his *badinage*, 'that I cannot dare to plead my own cause before you. I must, therefore, call in counsel likely to equal you in talent, and present my brief testimonies to an advocate competent to prove my innocence in the unknightly charge with which I am impeached.''

The two lovers are soon brought to an *éclaircissement* by the similar tendency of their mutual inclinations, and a happy union is the supposed result.

THE VESTAL.

It was a day of festival in Rome. The thronging crowds hastened to the Circus, where, drawn in fair array, with bright arms sparkling to the morning sun, tri-

umphant banners rose over the martial ranks. Then came the champions of the chariot race with prancing steeds, making ready answer to the loud clarion's peal. Behold now the youthful hero of the day! he checked his fiery coursers amidst the redoubled shouts that hailed his victory; and then all sounds were hushed, not a whisper rose, though thousands stood to greet his triumph. He then stepped forth with manly grace to claim his just reward. Never did hero wear a form more noble, more august; and no pride arose in his breast for a rival's fall. What female eye or heart could calmly behold him thus unmoved? Even the timid Vestal, who in all the charms of youthful beauty had marked the scene with steady eye, now gave him her heart's full homage; and, when her trembling hands were raised to place the laurel wreath upon his brow, her cheek displayed the varying tints of deep emotion, and in her eye a brighter lustre shone: you might have even heard the beating of each pulse. Then did her thoughts awaken to new life; all around appeared a bewildering dream; Love's brightest visions withered her devotion to idolatry.

To the deep solitude of the mystic temple, the Vestal had returned: within the stately pile there shone a solemn gloom, each sculptured pillar rose in proud majesty along the lengthened aile, till lost in shadowy distance to the view. The hapless Vestal leaned against the altar, whose pale light faintly gleamed on her sad, yet lovely face. Oft had she watched with calm cold eye that flame upon whose brightness all her hopes were centred. Now she stood love-stricken, with drooping head absorbed in thought; there was a deep and fearful lustre in her eye; and on her varying cheek a lover's true abstraction was expressed. Suddenly there burst a gleam of light upon her mind, which told the horror of her fatal secret. Then did each feature mark the struggling pangs of love and reason. The dreadful death, should she forget her vow, caused a faint shuddering; then came the anguish of resigning feelings so newly born for one so lately seen but to be adored. Thoughts thus entangled dissolved a heart already wrought to phrensy. Her brain became dizzy; reeling she fell, and sunk into her lover's arms; for he had dared with unhallowed steps to profane the temple, and had witnessed all the wild agonies of her fatal love. The moment that he clasped her in his arms her unfed lamp expired! With hurried steps the priests advanced; their temple was defiled; the Vestal's doom was signed. Hark! 'twas the sound of solemn music; to its sad and measured time the proud procession marched. Consuls, patricians, priests, and priestesses, with Roman people, entered the fatal precincts. Already was the Vestal's tomb prepared: that hapless victim followed, on her funeral bier. What traces now of loveliness remained to her, so late the brilliant umpire of the Circus, the empassioned mistress of the Temple? Incarceration, with all the deeds of terror, had nearly extinguished the last spark of life; every nerve had lost its power; her head fell lifeless on her shoulder; the color from her cheek had fled; her lip had lost its smile; that light which had shone like the brightest sunbeam in her eye was now dimmed by tears; her pale thin hand hung at her side. Her dark unbraided tresses fell wild and disheveled o'er her faded brow; she wore a look of settled love, which told the breaking heart.

Her sister Vestals, each with faltering step and downcast eye, took a sad farewell. The last arms she fell into were those of the high priestess: she who had strained each nerve in vain to change her wretched doom, now clasped her to her breast with all a mother's anguish for a dying child. Then the shrill clarion gave the horrid sound for her death. At that dread mandate o'er her exhausted features a frightful convulsion passed. The high priest advanced, seized his helpless prey, dragged her amidst tears and supplications to the tomb. Alas! he was deaf to pity and mercy: Rome's proud consul had pleaded for her in vain. The hapless sufferer, with one wild effort, sprang from the dreadful grasp of the minister of death: again he dragged her to the tomb; she struggled still for life; half-buried, she raised her head; it sunk; her upraised arms implored mercy, still one was visible, and then all hope for ever fled. The ponderous stone closed o'er the living Vestal's grave.

LIFE OF SIGBRIT,

a Lady highly distinguished in the History of Denmark.

ALTHOUGH the literary productions of the baron Holberg have established his reputation in the north of Europe, as a man of sense, and an ingenious writer, they are little known to the generality

of English readers: but, as they by no means deserve contemptuous neglect, we shall occasionally give detached portions of one of his most pleasing works, on the recommendation of a worthy and learned divine, who, being conversant in the Danish language, has favored us with a manuscript translation of the baron's 'Parallel Lives of Celebrated Women.'

Of Sigbrit (says the noble biographer) there would have been much to say, had she appeared upon any other stage of action than a northern one, where great and wonderful things, on account of the negligence of our writers, are suffered to drop into oblivion. We shall find that nothing could have afforded richer materials for history. Though our subject was a woman of ordinary class, and a stranger, she acquired the greatest power and authority in the kingdom, and defended herself in her exalted post, against all the rivalry and odium which she had excited during the reign of Christian II. of Denmark; nor could her fall be in any way accomplished before that monarch was dethroned.

The world was altogether ignorant of her family, her education, and other circumstances of her life, until, by her daughter's means, she came into favor with Christian, while he was yet prince and stadtholder of Norway. In like manner, nothing is mentioned of her fate after she quitted the kingdom with him. We may compare her to a comet, of which we say, no man knows whence it comes or whither it goes.

Nothing is mentioned of her in history before the year 1507, when she became known to the prince of Denmark, at Bergen, on the following occasion.— The king, it is said, had learned that there was in the city a young woman of great beauty and an elegant person, whose name was Dyweke. She was said to be of mean extraction, her mother having been once a dealer in apples and nuts at Amsterdam, whence she removed to Bergen, to keep a public house. Swaning mentions that Eric Walkendorf, archbishop of Bergen, who had seen her with her mother, in that city, spoke of her in high terms to Christian, on his arrival at Opsloe; and, by the description he gave of her beauty, excited in the prince's heart a violent passion. If this account be true, it may be deemed a great blot in the archbishop's character.

The prince, hastening to Bergen, was exceedingly desirous of seeing the maiden, and, to obtain an interview in a handsome manner, he gave a ball at the town-house, invited to it the principal persons of the city, and secretly desired Sigbrit to assist at it with her daughter. Thus the prince was first gratified with the sight of Dyweke; and, finding that the original fully answered the portrait, he is said to have fallen in love with her. At first, however, he kept up appearances very well, and took out another lady to dance, that nobody might observe any particularity. It now came to Dyweke's turn, for whose sake these preparations were made.

When we refer to this invitation, and also consider that the honor of dancing with the prince, among the ladies of the town, did not occasion the least murmur, we may conclude that Sigbrit's situation, at that time, was not so mean as our writers pretend, and that the public house which she kept was not a receptacle for the rabble, but a tavern for people of character; and we may conjecture, from the authentic description which the archbishop gave of the young woman, that he too must have been known in the house.

When the ball was finished, at a late hour, the company departed one after another, but Dyweke stayed with her mother to the last moment. Then the prince invited them to another ball at the castle; and, when they came thither, he entered into a closer treaty, the principal article of which was, that the nymph must pass the night with him in uninterrupted privacy. What conduct the cunning Sigbrit observed on this occasion, whether she delivered up her daughter at the first solicitation, or instructed her to act the Pamela, in order to stimulate her lover's passion the more, history mentions not.

The prince remained a considerable time at Bergen, enjoying the society of his new Helen; and, when he left the city, he ordered her and her mother to continue there until they received farther instructions. On his arrival at Opsloe, he erected a house of stone, intending it for the mansion of the two ladies; and the connexion was not discontinued during his stadtholdership in Norway.

In the year 1510, he was desired, by the king his father, to return to Denmark. He complied with this injunction; but, as he could not live without Dyweke, he ordered both the daughter and mother to follow him as soon as they could. Whether they did or not is un-

certain. It is probable that he kept up this connexion with caution in his father's time; partly through fear of the king, and partly lest he should prevent that matrimonial alliance which was proposed for him; so that, if Sigbrit and her daughter were brought to Copenhagen in the reign of John, they must have kept themselves unknown. The same caution, too, must Christian II. have observed some years after his accession to the throne, out of respect for his consort, the sister of Charles V.; for not a word is mentioned of Sigbrit and Dyweke before the year 1517. If credit may be given to Swaning, they lived some years after the king's nuptials with the Spanish princess Elizabeth, in poverty and oblivion, at Copenhagen, and he then built for them a stone house upon the site of Amak-market, which was afterwards called Sigbrit's palace,—the scene where the most important affairs of the kingdom were discussed and decided.

The royal favor which Sigbrit acquired had hitherto been ascribed to the passion which the king entertained for her daughter; and we may assert that this passion laid the foundation of it.—But it appears that she afterwards recommended herself by her own natural understanding and capacity, because his partiality to her not only continued, but increased, after Dyweke's death; for it was from that time that she made a great figure in the kingdom, and that people of all ranks addressed her with their petitions.

Dyweke, in the year 1517, was seised with an illness, of which she died. As her death was sudden, it was commonly reported that she was poisoned. Some maintain that this action was plotted in the council, to deliver the queen from her rival. Others are of opinion that this conjecture is ill-grounded, as the council had more to apprehend from the cunning and ambitious mother than from the daughter. The friends of a nobleman, named Torbern Oxe, have been suspected. Observing that he had cast a partial eye upon Dyweke, they feared that he would marry her, and thus bring a disgrace upon their family. I will neither speak here of the jealousy which the king himself had conceived of this noble, nor of the tragedy to which it gave rise, as it does not properly belong to Sigbrit's history. I will only mention that when Torbern Oxe was capitally condemned, and the whole council, with the queen and the pope's legate, interceded for him, the king, nevertheless, commanded him to be executed; and history testifies that he was confirmed in this resolution by the advice of Sigbrit, which shows that she had great power, and that compassion formed a very small part of her character.—But it may, perhaps, be alleged, that there was in this more of policy than cruelty; for, as Sigbrit was accused of having endeavoured to bring about an alliance between her daughter and the unhappy nobleman, she could not well have interceded for him without confirming the charge.

From that period the power of this lady continued to increase, so that persons of all ranks paid their court to her; and her house in Copenhagen resembled a court, whither every body ran, partly to solicit places, which she bestowed, and partly to avoid all appearance of discontent, and that they might not subject themselves to her displeasure, which was not a trivial misfortune, since she wanted neither power nor will to humble the great. Her political friends and associates were John Michelson, burgomaster of Malmoe in Sweden, Claus Holst, Dietrich Slagbek, Godstalk, and others, who implicitly obeyed her will, and therefore stood high in the king's favor. Swaning records that, when he went to school in his childhood, he used to see persons of the first rank, in inclement and frosty weather, standing before her door, waiting admittance, and that they used to clap their hands, and stamp with their feet, to keep themselves warm. This raised a general odium against her amongst the great; but nobody dared to take notice of it, from the fear of falling under the royal displeasure. They contented themselves, therefore, with secretly undermining her interest, and aspersing her character among the people, imputing to her all the cruelties perpetrated by the king, although it was uncertain whether he followed his own natural bent, or Sigbrit's advice, and whether he would not have ruled just in the same manner, even if this lady had never been concerned in the administration*. Be that as it may, she was severely censured for the tyranny of

* As the baron repeatedly speaks of the very great influence of this lady in that government of which rigor and cruelty formed the chief feature, he is evidently too partial in his endeavours to extenuate the odium which hangs over her memory.—Ed.

the government. For my own part, I pursue not the course of other writers, who paint this woman in detestable colors. Viewing her actions with an impartial eye, I find in them a mixture of good and bad. Above all, they discover a great capacity, and a ready insight into the affairs of policy; and, indeed, nothing tends more to prove her capacity than the high opinion which the king, whose abilities were undisputed, entertained of her sense and judgment.

The odium which she had excited continued to increase; but, as she possessed uncommon firmness, she did not suffer herself to be affected by it; trusting that, if she incurred hatred, she merited admiration at the same time. Among other instances of her firmness, is the following; that when the papal legate, Arcemboldi, on account of what was called the penitentiary court, had imposed a tax upon the whole kingdom, in which the people, from their awe of the pope, acquiesced, Sigbrit threatened him, and said publicly, that if she had the full power of a king, she would have the legate ducked, with his whole suite, so that not a man of the party should escape with life. Arcemboldi complains of this affair, in these terms: 'Among other things, it is not the least matter of complaint, that *mother* Sigbrit (God grant that this title may be given her for the good of these kingdoms!) has publicly given out that the legate ought to be content that nothing worse has happened to him than an arrest. She has said, too, in the hearing of good people, that, were she king, she would order him to be ducked.'

The arrest here mentioned was that of his brother; and, as Sigbrit was not content with this manifestation of her displeasure, she was inclined to exercise a greater degree of severity against the legate himself. We see in this conduct an uncommon boldness; and some may hence conclude that she had acquired a taste for Luther's Reformation; but in what degree cannot be affirmed, as it does not appear that she ever made any profession of this nature; and, besides, the queen who favored her adhered strictly to the Romish faith.

It cannot but excite surprise, that a lady who ruled with such absolute sway should preserve the good graces of a queen. This may be partly attributed to the circumstance of their coming both from the Netherlands, and partly to a certain simplicity that mingled itself with Sigbrit's arrogance, and which was not displeasing even when accompanied with harsh expressions. Thus, as the queen was very prolific, and brought a child into the world every year, Sigbrit used to murmur, and say that the country could not find subsistence for so many *Heerkeens* or kinglings. With compliments of this kind her majesty did not seem to be displeased, as they came from her friend with a natural downright air, which had something pleasing in it. At least it may be concluded that the king took no offence at these freedoms, as his favor increased toward Sigbrit; but the hatred of the nobility grew in the same proportion, and the people blamed her for all the oppressive taxes which were imposed in the year 1519, on account of the war with Sweden, as appears from the pathetic complaints of Hvitfield. This writer, however, allows that she procured the enactment of several useful ordinances; and he particularly speaks of one which was promulgated in that year concerning the scholars of the academies of Copenhagen,—namely, that no one should be received in those seminaries, who could not support his own charges. This regulation was intended to prevent the citizens from being harassed by the continual importunities of mendicants; and it was deemed disgraceful to the dignity of learning, that these *élèves* should so employ themselves. Her chief adviser in this affair was Dietrich Slagbeck, who, by her recommendation, was introduced into the king's service; and he soon acquired such influence, as to share the administration with his powerful patroness.

The war in Sweden was soon followed by the massacre at Stockholm, in which the reputation of Christian II. greatly suffered. Whether Sigbrit was an accomplice with him in that outrage, history does not inform us; but by the silence of historians she seems to be exculpated, particularly as they mention others who abetted and encouraged the king in it. Whether the nobles believed her to be guilty or not in this respect, it is at least certain that they became more embittered against her. But no one dared openly to contend with her, as she had not less courage to face her enemies than adroitness to undermine them. They were now continually spreading stories of her witchcraft, as appears from Swaning, who relates that,

when prince John once out of curiosity took hold of a bottle which stood in her chamber-window, from a desire of seeing what it contained, it fell out of his hands, and was broken to pieces: the devil then leaped out, as it was said, and a thunder-storm was heard all over the city. But nothing was more common in those times than to impute sorcery to such persons as gave proof of superior talents. That the common people should credit such a tale as this is not, perhaps, to be wondered at; but that an enlightened man like Swaning should report such tales, and give them out as true, is altogether extraordinary*.

The chief of all her enemies, and one whose attacks she had reason to dread, was admiral Soren Norbye. This gentleman stood in great credit with the king, on account of his fidelity and important services. She suspected him of being concerned in an insult to which she was exposed in the year 1522, as she could not believe that any peasants, without instigation, would have presumed so far. The story is this. When the king reviewed his soldiers at Soelbierg, Sigbrit, with one female attendant, walked out of the town to see the review. We see the simplicity of those times, when a woman of the first consideration in the kingdom went out on foot, escorted only by a single maid-servant, which in these days the wife of any creditable mechanic would hardly do. When she reached St. George's lake, she was overtaken by a couple of drunken peasants; and as soon as they observed her, and found who she was, one said to the other, 'Now shall she be brought to shame who rules the king.' They then threw her into the water, and hastened after that outrage to the place of review. The king, who perhaps was seasonably informed of this act of violence, went instantly to her relief, and found her half drowned, but not in immediate danger of her life. He instantly ordered her to be taken up, and conveyed into the city. As she was passing the gate, there stood some Roschild soldiers, who fired after her;—a circumstance which renders it probable that some plot had been formed against her, and that the peasants were hired to throw her into the lake. The king ordered an immediate search for the two peasants; and, being quickly found, they were conducted as prisoners to Copenhagen, where Sigbrit had an opportunity of witnessing their execution, as they had not been sufficiently adroit in their business to complete it. She endeavoured afterwards to instil suspicion into the king of the admiral's guilt in this affair, but in vain, for his credit stood too high to be annihilated even by her influence.

That great insurrection soon after occurred, which obliged Christian to leave his kingdoms. Upon his flight he ordered Sigbrit to be shut up in a chest, and to be conveyed on board of a ship, to prevent her from being attacked by the people. She is said to have consoled his majesty on this occasion with these words: 'If you can be no longer king of Denmark, you may at least be burgomaster of Amsterdam.' This is related by our writers; but we have reason to doubt its truth; for we see, with all the bad qualities which the people set down to her account, that she had ever great affection and zeal for the royal family. It is hardly credible, that a speech which seemed to ridicule the distress of the unhappy fugitive could have proceeded from her in circumstances of such affliction. It must have been a poor consolation for a prince who had reigned over three kingdoms, to hold out to him a prospect of the burgomastership of Amsterdam, especially as this office was not in half the repute at that time in which it is at present.

Here we must close the story of this surprising woman; for what subsequently concerned her is altogether unknown, our writers having carried their accounts no farther. It is probable that Charles V., who took care of all Christian's domestics, made likewise some provision for her; or perhaps it will not be doubted that she had amassed a sufficiency of property, while she administered the affairs of Denmark, to preclude the necessity of pecuniary aid. It is observable, that at the surrender of Malmoe, which happened shortly after, she and some others were excepted, in the capitulation of the town, from the pardon promised to the inhabitants; whence it might be thought that she still continued in the kingdom, although in fact she did not.

We see, from this short and imperfect account, that she possessed a mixture of good and bad qualities, and both in a high degree. Her arrogant behaviour shows that, like most other persons raised

* We may rest assured that Swaning no more believed these tales than the baron himself.—ED.

to great honor from a low station, she did not know how to demean herself properly in the enjoyment of power. If she had been born a princess, or if she had been the king's mother, she could not have assumed a higher tone of authority. Persons of the first rank were obliged to bend to her, and even the queen and the whole royal family dared not contradict her. Whether she was concerned in all the severe or cruel acts imputed to the king, and particularly the Stockholm massacre, cannot with certainty be determined: but there is no doubt of her occasional rigor. We do not find that she made any efforts to save her old favorite Dietrich Slagbeck, when he was accused and condemned to death; and one circumstance for which she deserves pointed censure is, that in the administration she made choice of unprincipled men, if we except alone John Michaelson, whom all testify to have been a man of probity and virtue. We may safely affirm, however, that she possessed a clear head and great talents. This is surely confirmed by her regulations in the most important concerns of the kingdom, which were entrusted to her management by a monarch who was himself a man of considerable abilities. Many of her ministerial plans display sound reason and judgement; and the greatness of her capacity may be inferred from another circumstance,—I mean the opinion which prevailed of her exercising sorcery; for the people of those times, as I before hinted, never attributed this talent but to those who were endowed with superior understanding. That stiffness and obstinacy which were imputed to her would, in the case of persons less odious, have obtained the praise of firmness and constancy; for virtues and vices receive different appellations accordingly as they are found to belong to individuals more or less exceptionable on other accounts. I will not venture to set any gloss upon this lady's failings; I shall only say that many things occur in her history, which, if they cannot be commended, may at least be admired. That a young lady should captivate the heart of a prince is very natural; but that an ordinary old woman should leap into the highest posts of the state, notwithstanding the opposition of so many adversaries, would be an inexplicable paradox, unless it be supposed that she possessed an uncommon share of understanding and great vigor of mind. J. L.

ANECDOTES OF FERDINAND AND HIS COURT;

from Mr. Quin's Visit to Spain.

It is well known that Ferdinand VII. was as much a prisoner in the royal palace (during the prevalence of the constitutional party) as ever Napoleon was in his mansion at St. Helena. The cortes were perhaps justifiable, to a certain extent, in prescribing the movements of the king, because the sincerity of his attachment to the constitution was properly suspected, and some obscure designs seemed to be on foot for getting him beyond the Pyrenees. It was impossible for any prince, who regarded the dignity and just rights of his throne, to subscribe, with a willing hand, the constitution of Cadiz; for it reduced his prerogatives and faculties to mere shadows. The cortes, by demanding too much, and succeeding in their demands to the very letter, placed themselves in a false position, which they were obliged to keep, in order to preserve any of the advantages they had gained. The king, on the other hand, by conceding too much, reduced himself to a situation that rendered him naturally an object of hourly suspicion at home, and of manifold intrigues abroad.

There were accordingly household guards and officers appointed, in whom the new government confided. These guards, armed with small carabines, were stationed in different rooms of the palace, and the stairs were night and day lined with battle-axe men. Formerly strangers had little difficulty in entering the palace, and viewing the magnificent collection of pictures and superb furniture which it contains; but at this time no one was permitted to enter who was not known to be connected with the household or the guards, and the faces of all those who came out were strictly examined before they were allowed to pass. On court-days, indeed, the prohibition of entrance was necessarily dispensed with, but very few attended these ceremonies except the Liberals. The friends of the king staid away for several reasons; for those to whom his majesty paid any particular mark of attention were put down as Serviles, and exposed to the danger of denunciation.

One day I happened to be in the square before the palace, when I observed

a number of state carriages going towards the principal entrance. I was told that the king and the whole of the royal family were just about to take their usual promenade, and I had the curiosity to see how they appeared. The principal entrance is a gateway, which, during the day-time, is a common thoroughfare, as it leads to the interior square of the palace, in which all the offices of state are situated. On the right hand is the grand staircase: it was lined with battle-axe guards; a party of the carabineers before noticed, and four or five grenadiers, occupied the lower steps, and stood on each side of the king's carriage, which was in waiting. The infantry guards were drawn up in the square before the palace, and a body of horse guards, to the number of five or six and twenty, was waiting also in the square to escort (*i. e.* to guard) the royal carriages. In the passage there were two or three military men in undress, and seven or eight old women, who were waiting to present memorials to the king, though they could scarcely have been ignorant that the time for asking favors from the king of Spain was passed. After waiting some time, the king and queen descended the staircase, attended by several officers of state, in full dress; dark-blue coats, turned up with crimson, laced with gold in the usual military fashion, white small-clothes, and white silk stockings. Such was also the dress of the king, in addition to which he wore a blue riband over his left shoulder, and a star on his breast. The queen, a slight, genteel figure, with a small round countenance, feminine and timid, and not more, I should think, than eighteen or nineteen years old, appeared in a pink satin hat, very plain, and a blue silk mantle, edged with ermine, which covered the remainder of her dress. Her face has a mild beauty in it, which strongly interests a spectator. It looked on this occasion pale, and oppressed with inward suffering. The face of the king is remarkable for the vacancy—I fear I must say, the deformity of its expression. The chin and lower lip protrude considerably beyond the line of the upper features, and seem scarcely to belong to them. The upper lip is enveloped in mustachios; and yet, with these features almost of the dumb animal tribe, there is a mixture of intelligence, loftiness, and feebleness in his eye, which indicates a very peculiar character. Two of the officers of state placed themselves at each side of the carriage door, offering their shoulders to the assistance of her majesty, while getting in. I observed that she merely took the hand of the king, and got in, not without some effort, without availing herself of the assistance proffered by the officers of state. She smiled not; she scarcely looked around her, and addressed not a syllable to any body. The king, who is a good portly figure, before he followed the queen, looked around like a man who wished to give an impression that he was a free agent, but who betrayed his real state of duress by a certain awkwardness which he could not control. He was as reserved and silent as the queen. There is only one step, which is firmly fixed outside, beneath the door of the carriage, and this is so high that both their majesties were obliged to ascend to it by means of a footstool. The footstool was then strapped behind, where it hung dangling as the carriage drove off. Before he left the palace, his majesty put out his hand from the window, and received the several petitions which were presented to him. I was rather surprised that this custom was permitted to remain, as it might easily have been made the vehicle of private communications, which the whole system of the household was framed to intercept. Don Carlos, the king's eldest brother—and very like him, with the exception that his figure is short—his wife and family, followed in the second coach, equally reserved. Don Francisco and his consort followed in the third. He has a good face, but a short figure. In getting in he gave one or two of the officers a nod of recognition, and forced a smile into his countenance, which seemed to be very little valued by those for whom it was meant. The three carriages rolled away without a cheer, or an expression of any sort from the persons present.

THE CAMBRIDGE DECAMERON;—FIFTH TALE.

DISAPPOINTED LOVE.

It was now the turn of the married gentleman to speak, and he thus addressed the company:—

The peculiarity of my situation, and the incident of my early marriage, have probably excited great attention in a

place where such connexions rarely occur. I shall account in some degree for this circumstance, by relating the substance of a conversation I once held with my godfather, in which was included such advice as afterwards coincided so fully with my own inclination, that you will not wonder I followed it.

This gentleman, colonel Hazelwood, was at that time considerably on the wrong side of fifty, tall, thin, of a bilious complexion, and lame in consequence of a wound. He was languid and even melancholy in his manners, and, although not confessedly ill, appeared never to be well. This circumstance was the more to be regretted, because he was a man who possessed every requisite for a companion. His mind was richly stored with information; his conversation at once fluent, dignified, and simple; and, when he was induced to speak, his fine dark eyes gave an animation to his countenance, which obliterated the effects of his sallow complexion, and seemed to announce, that in his youth he had been, if not remarkably handsome, at least singularly interesting.

His habits were those of retirement; yet he was by nature so far removed from the unsocial, that I apprehend his manners had acquired their high polish as much from good company as from good books—but he was fastidious, disliked flippant conversation, and all nomeaning people; but, where the mind or the heart could be drawn out, no man could engage more earnestly in discourse. To the world in general he was a sealed book; to those he loved, one whose every leaf was thrown open. It is my pleasure and pride, that, young as I was, he thus condescended to talk with me, and reveal the history of his honorable, but, alas! unhappy life.

'My dear Charles (said he) you are entering on a period of life the most important; your heart is susceptible, your fortune for some years must be small, you have a family name to support, and the comforts of future life to secure; and, if you should have the misfortune to fall in love, though with the most meritorious object, all the world will cry out against you for venturing to marry.'

'And you amongst the rest, sir?' said I.

'Far from it—I would indeed warn you of the sufferings you might expect. I would desire you to calculate the value of every shilling, the expense of every necessary; to study the mind of your beloved as well as the powers of your own for making sacrifices, and when you had weighed your love in the balance, and found it equal to the privations inevitably exacted by prudence and honor, I would say, 'Marry—ay!' though all the world said 'marry *not*,'—provided indeed that parental advice did not amount to a positive command, and that the means of existence were actually in your power. In order that you may comprehend why a man at my time of life should be induced to give advice so different from that of his contemporaries, I will retrace such a portion of my own history as may be likely to operate on yours.

'I was not always a *yellow* colonel, Charles, full of aches and megrims, fit company only for physicians and old women. At the age of nineteen, nothing could be less a dried specimen of man than Edward Hazelwood, whatever the picture may be now. I was smart, active, gay, fully aware that I had my own fortune to make, and had no doubt that (since the pair of colors I had received three years before had been exchanged for a lieutenancy) I was in the high road to fame and wealth; and I was convinced that the prudent education and excellent constitution I had received and enjoyed fitted me well for playing my part honorably and advantageously on the theatre before me. I must not however disguise, that although exceedingly lively in conversation, and full of the activity natural to my years, much excited by the field sports in which I had been initiated from boyhood, I was given to feel too acutely, and think too much; and I did not find, on first joining my regiment, that kind of society calculated either for improving my mind, or weaning me by due degrees from a home which I loved too much for my own happiness. My head was full of the chivalrous ideas belonging to my profession. I was ready to fight, and even to die, if need were, in the cause of honor and of patriotism: but to endure steadily, to wait patiently, to attain the manly dignity, intelligence, and perseverance, necessary for sustaining the character of a good officer and a good man, was what I greatly needed, and would willingly have sought, under any one qualified to be my Mentor. For want of such a friend, I had recourse to the circulating library; and, in the course of my visits

there, made an acquaintance which promised to supply this want, as it was with the widow of the late vicar, who, having a son at school in my father's neighbourhood, was naturally glad to make a friend of one whose influence might eventually be advantageous to her fatherless boy.

'She was a woman at once simple and elegant, of extensive reading and much original thinking, and might be said to have the art of rendering all commonplace people insipid. Such a woman could scarcely fail to be pleased with the society of a young ingenuous stranger, because her own bounded circle was soon exhausted; yet she often conversed with me in our walks, and suffered me to attend her home without inviting me into her house. I imputed this to her pride, which had been wounded by her removal from the vicarage to a neat cottage; but, when the kindness of my family to her son compelled her to give way, I concluded, with more justice, that she had been fearful of showing me her daughter.

'And well might she be careful of such a jewel; for never had nature been more lavish of its endowments and ornaments than on her gentle Beatrice, whose mind and qualities were the counterpart of her own, and whose features resembled the parent she had lost—a circumstance which in the mother's eyes rendered her almost an object of idolatry. Alas! she soon became little less in mine: every feature of her angelic face, every sound of her bewitching voice, dwelt on my senses, absorbed my memory, and bewildered my understanding.

'Mrs. Syborne saw my situation, and with considerate wisdom sent her daughter out of my way. I felt myself reproved, and rallied my own powers in array against the delirium which had seized me. My resolution operated at this time so favorably that I was again trusted. I saw Beatrice frequently, I conversed with her, sang with her, walked with her. The consequence of this was what might have been expected: the violent passion conceived by the unexpected sight of a fascinating object was changed to deep, tender, ardent, unchangeable love, and esteem the most lively and intense.

'It was then the fashion to read Rousseau; and, as I got hold of him at the very time when I began to visit at Mrs. Syborne's, I think it very probable that he had a considerable share in producing that temperament of mind, which, according to my own conception of the case, rendered me not only the most devoted, but the most faithful of lovers. All I now know of the matter is, that, although I have never seen a volume since by this author, and have heard him continually spoken of as one who helped to 'turn the world upside down,'—yet I cannot recollect one single passage on politics or religion in his books; whereas long sentences indicative of profound affection and constancy, an attachment to rural life and domestic happiness, are still riveted on my memory. I have some idea of indelicate disclosures in his works; but I can declare with truth that they did not affect my mind; for never did a vestal lamp burn with a purer flame than mine: but I think it was rendered more intense and absorbing, and eventually productive of more lengthened anguish, from being blended, and partly imbibed from his touching eloquence, which gave ardour to that passion which was already too warm, and increased the acuteness of that sensibility which required restraint.

'Be this as it may, we both loved—fondly, tenderly, yet wisely; and when the removal of my regiment parted us, our correspondence in a great measure made up to each the society of the other; at the same time it permitted us to try the strength of our characters, and see how far we were able each to act independent of the other, and to discover if the occupations and pleasures of life would stand us instead of each other.

'I believe we alike found, that we had now loved too long and too well to be ever happy disunited, although we each could for the other's sake firmly endure the pain of separation; and this discovery we had frankly communicated, at the time when my regiment was suddenly ordered to Bombay.

'I was just of age: Beatrice was not more than eighteen; her fortune was very small, and even that could not be paid before her brother was of age: it was therefore the decided opinion of our friends, that we should not think of marrying. It was expected that our regiment would be immediately in action—of course, results might be calculated on, which would either annihilate our prospects, or greatly facilitate our expectations. In the mean time, 'we were very young; Beatrice was most happily situated; a few years would soon be

over, and we might then enter life advantageously, without fear for the future.'

'Every feeling of my heart entered its protest against these conclusions; but my very affection for Beatrice had tended to increase my love for my parents, and my regard for the social order and habitual deference belonging to that tender domestic intercourse, to which my whole soul had been long attuned. The deep respect and tenderness of Beatrice for her widowed parent seemed stronger than mine; and, although she repeatedly asserted 'that she had strength to endure whatever was before her in an union with one so long held dear,' and there could in fact be little doubt that one so modest and prudent would be happy—yet she had neither the courage nor the cruelty to disobey. She could not seek happiness by a mean from which her mother shrunk. In short, they parted us.

'Perhaps, Charles, after all, they were right; for my promotion came slowly; and, very early in the service, I received the wound that inflicted my little lameness, which at the time confined me above a year in a part of the country where there were many local inconveniences, and where my poor Beatrice might have been worse situated than myself. Yet when I recollect the anguish of our parting hour, the miserable thoughts which oppressed me as I moved farther and farther from the land which contained *her*,—the vindictive emotions which agitated my heart towards those who had till then been objects of reverence and respect—and, above all, the loneliness, the despair of soul, which followed on my arrival, and during my long solitary confinement,—I can scarcely believe that any circumstances arising from our union could have produced equal wretchedness. I am at least certain that we should have had consolations to which we were alike strangers, and a strength of endurance, to which both might pretend under existing circumstances, but neither felt; our hearts were twin buds, which separated might exist to the eye, but withered at the core. Such indeed were the pinings of my heart, the distressing surmisings of my imagination, my fretful impatience for the letters I could not receive, and my desire to pour out my heart to her who could not hear, during my long confinement, that my first year's sufferings could scarcely have been balanced by any subsequent good; and as they contributed greatly to increase the evils of my wound, I cannot doubt that the presence of Beatrice would have effected a speedy cure, and my confinement itself have been the source of unnumbered pleasures, on which, at this hour, I might have been reflecting with gratitude and delight. In that retirement I might have rewarded her tender cares by watching her looks, supporting her steps, contributing by all the suggestions of love to her comfort. I might there perhaps have received the dearest tie on earth—that tie, which even the purest friendship between man and man can never equal.—With a weak and faltering voice, I might have hailed my first-born, but there would have been returning health, and new-born hope, and love unutterable in my words, and Beatrice would have been happy. Life has for me had nothing in store to compensate for moments like these: I have enjoyed the rewards of valor; the joy of triumph has been mine; and, although I am not avaricious, the pleasures of wealth have been felt by me; for I have helped the needy, and recompensed the meritorious; but my heart has been lonely and joyless. Formed to live only in and for others, it has been compelled to exist with itself, and to consume beneath the pressure of those sensibilities, which, if expanded properly, would have given it a tenfold life.

'After this long, dreary season, I returned to my duty in a state of dejection imputed to my illness, but in fact proceeding from that 'sickness of the soul,' which is the consequence of 'hope deferred.' I received the letters of Beatrice, which re-animated me, and I entered the service anew with zeal and energy. A state of continued warfare and of incessant employment was favorable to my spirits and to my hopes of promotion; but it placed me necessarily much out of the line of regular correspondence, and subjected me, in the little leisure I enjoyed, to a recurrence of all those torturing fears which belong to the absent, and which arose to me at times, in consequence of becoming aware that in my engagements I had thought less of my still fondly beloved Beatrice than I was wont; and I felt as if I could not place the reliance upon her which had long been the support of my spirits, from a consciousness 'that the most fervid attachment might fade, though it

did not waver; and that constancy itself needed those refreshments of its energies which bring the visions of hope near to the sight.'

'The turmoils of war were succeeded by a temporary cessation, and the pleasures of this luxurious and voluptuous country were spread before me at that precise period when they were most likely to affect a young officer who had severely earned a right to some repose, whose naturally high spirits were recovering from the sufferings of absent love, and had not yet sunk into that state of languishment inflicted by the climate and the habits of the East. Proudly may I reflect, Charles, on this dangerous period; for my love, pure, romantic, and ardent, rekindled its torch in the circle which has extinguished many. I now cultivated the society of married people alone, attached myself to domestic habits, cultivated my taste for music, laid out my little property to the utmost advantage, and prepared in every way for the happiness which awaited me, and every where spoke of myself as an engaged man.

'Beatrice had promised, at the close of her brother's minority, to meet me at the Cape, if proper company could be provided for her, and if it should be found imprudent for me to ask for leave of absence. As my affairs were now in a flourishing state, I earnestly entreated of her mother as well as herself to abridge this term, and pointed out her power of accompanying a respectable family returning to India. Before the answer arrived, we were again in action; but I received it tolerably soon, and my gentle Beatrice did not refuse me, though her letter was unusually short, and written evidently under great agitation. The tremor of love was however flattering, and my only anxieties were now how to contrive the means of fulfilling my duty to her whom I sought to meet, and to my profession at a period when my services were valuable.

'Fortune favored me; and, after the lapse of a few months, I was enabled to arrange all my affairs to my satisfaction, and obtained leave of absence beyond my expectations. All things were favorable, and I accomplished my voyage under circumstances which tended to refresh my spirits, and restore all the vividness of my original feelings, and the activity of my imagination.

'My friends arrived, but Beatrice was not among them. Who shall paint the disappointment of that hour?—it was the first and last moment in which one angry feeling was ever excited towards her. Before I had time to express the emotion thus excited, my friend presented me with a letter from her mother, which, in language of the sincerest commiseration towards us both, declared 'that the state of Beatrice's health, which had long suffered, rendered it impossible for her to undertake the voyage; but promised that she would herself accompany her in the following season, if she should then be in a situation to undertake it.'

'I cannot describe the terrible agitation of my mind, the revulsion of my feelings. In a state little short of distraction, I flew from one vessel to another, and thought myself fortunate in procuring a passage to Holland, during the time when the winds which had wafted me thither under such different emotions still continued favorable. My voyage was so far prosperous, that I arrived speedily in the channel, soothed by the return of hope, and scarcely sorry perhaps that I had given the highest proof of love which it was possible for a man so situated to offer. Every hour which brought me nearer to her increased the perturbation of my heart.'

'But you found her alive?' cried I, impatiently.

'I did—alive, and afflicted by no other complaints than those produced by anxiety, acting on a mind of acute sensibility, and a situation which unhappily afforded leisure to feed the morbid influence that consumed her. But the day of help was passed, the fiat was gone forth, and the pleasure of seeing me accelerated that event which a few months before it might have prevented.

'You will not expect me to dwell on the agony of that view, which tore up by the root all the hopes, views, and expectations, which had so long formed a portion of my very being. I dare not cast back my eyes on that faded face, that shrunken form, the weak, querulous accents, of a voice no longer that of Beatrice, nor advert to the anguish of seeing before me, one who *was*, and who *was not*, the lovely, cherished image, on which my heart had dwelt, till every lineament was fixed in memory so strongly that even her present self could not dislodge them. Ah! with what difficulty did I conceal, or rather *seek* to

conceal, my sense of the change, the bitterness of my anguish, and the certainty of my despair!

'But Beatrice was aware of all—the tender warmth of her nature, the gentle pliability of her bosom, diverted from its course, and directed from infancy to religious exercise and the pleasures of a pure faith, had long sought consolation and comfort from this source, and scarcely did she dare to return to that earthly love which my presence recalled, lest she should stain the pure sacrifice offered to Heaven in her devout resignation. Nor would I attempt to draw down her pure spirit again to earth—she was no longer the innocent, buoyant girl, the sensible, virtuous companion, the wife and the friend, on whom I had so long dwelt; but a fragile being claiming my compassion, or a suffering saint sublimely approaching to her God—yet there were moments in which the eye and the heart stepped back into their former communion, when they reveled in a single glance, and re-instated themselves by a recollection; but the illusion was as short as its effects were terrible—it was the lightning's gleam, followed by midnight darkness.

'Beatrice died—but I will not say my heart died with her; affection, admiration, the memory of love, and disappointment so severe as mine, prevented me from sinking into the torpor which I had expected to be its destiny. The most painful emotion that I experienced of all that by turns had tortured me arose from a sense of coldness, and almost disgust, towards those dear and tender parents, who should have formed my consolation at this awful juncture, and have bound me again to life. I was a man full of warm affections by nature, and my paternal home had been dear to me from my cradle; but, alas! I now saw only those whom I had obeyed to my ruin; and, when my father and Mrs. Syborne dwelt on the virtues of my beloved, 'Ah!' cried I, 'you gave an angel to heaven, but you robbed *me* of one on earth, *me!* who loved you so fondly.'

'My conduct during this period has been the source of bitter repentance; yet I exercised considerable self-control, and I rank these sins amongst the inevitable consequences of my situation; and to this hour I am fully persuaded that no combination of events arising from my marriage could have produced so much misery. I might have lost Beatrice as my wife; she might and would have been exposed to danger, and sorrow, and care, but she would also have had certain comfort, and that exercise of the social affections, which even in its toil produces health to the soul. But in the slow corrodings, the ceaseless solicitudes, she suffered, there was no relief—maternal tenderness might soothe, but could not divert, that channel of thought which dried up the fountain. Beatrice had neither the bustle of rank, the labors of poverty, nor the domestic occupations of a family, to compel her to action; she was less happy in that respect than myself, and undoubtedly her silent sorrows, her delicate reserve, in their unimpeded effects, produced misery beyond my own—misery which fastened on the core. My honor was at stake. I lost no time in returning to India. How different were my sensations now on leaving my native land! yet I would scarcely exchange the agony of my first parting for the blank indifference, the misanthropic coldness of my last—I was *then* a man, but *now* a statue of marble.

'In the ship which conveyed me was a widow, about to seek an asylum with her brother, a man of high rank in India. She was young, elegant in her person, and her pale expressive face had attractions in the eyes of one who preferred sympathy to beauty; yet I should perhaps have paid no attention to it, if the little girl, which was her only child, and was in the most engaging period of early infancy, had not conceived an uncommon predilection for me, and from its caresses led me to some degree of intimacy with the mother.

'I am very fond of children naturally, and at this period had scarcely the power of being a companion to any one above them; so that the prattle of this sweet child suited me—it also awakened the memory of my own childhood, the dear paternal ties I had ceased to acknowlege, and in fact brought my heart into the right place again. I thought justly, but coldly; I felt kindly, but I could not feel warmly; and I thought that I had become alike incapable of all strong emotions of pleasure or pain, and that henceforward I should stalk mechanically through the duties of life, and dwindle, as I approached its close, into the joyless, selfish state of existence, which I had witnessed in others.

'But a man of my description, who had still 'a nerve to tremble, and an eye to charm,' whose mourning habit, and deep melancholy rendered him a claimant on the sympathy of the sex, could not be brought into daily intercourse with a most amiable, and recently afflicted woman, who yet had in a considerable degree recovered from the shock of widowhood, without being drawn out of himself and his sorrows. Several severe storms which we encountered aided greatly that opening of the heart which showed each to the other without disguise, and the confidence thus bestowed could not afterwards be withdrawn. In short, I found myself, before the end of the voyage, in the situation of an affectionate brother, with a lovely and excellent woman, whose cultivated mind rendered her the enlightened companion ever demanded by mature life, and whose benevolence of heart, fortitude, and wisdom, had been evinced to me under the most trying circumstances.

There was not merely propriety of manners, but a purity of thought and delicacy of feeling in this lady, which won for her my most perfect esteem. I thought (foolishly enough) that neither of us could feel more than *esteem* for the other. I opposed the placidity of my present feelings to the wild throb of passion, as I first received it from exquisite beauty—I fancied, that those tears which often filled the eyes of the widowed mother, as she gazed on her child, indicated the cureless sorrow which had so long oppressed myself. Fool that I was! I might have perceived that the same gentle influence, which was by unconscious advances healing, though not restoring, my own heart, could shed benignant soporifics over hers also. I had felt that it was sweet to weep together, and I had even at some moments seen a blush rise over that pale cheek, which indicated a self-reproving emotion favorable to hope, had hope existed.

'We landed, and parted; but the child clung round my neck, and cried so terribly, that she was obliged to be removed in my palanquin to the house of her uncle. Dear little Emily! why did I not seek to render your words prophetic, when you said 'I should be your dear papa?' Why did my worn-out, altered heart seek farther to develope its own feelings, or those of your estimable mother, ere it ventured to speak of that admiration and friendship with which she had inspired me?

'I found I had not a moment to lose in hastening to the army, and for several months I was perpetually engaged, and with such success, as in a great measure ungratefully to forget the fair companion who had been the primary cause of it, by restoring my spirits to a wise equilibrium, and my affections and philanthropy to their natural state; but, when my wounds once more stretched me on the bed of sickness, she visited my dreams, and taught me, that, in despite of all that was past, I had yet a heart capable of loving, and now sincerely desirous of devoting all of life that remained to her.

'I was at this time far removed from the seat of government, and I had been left under circumstances of such extreme danger, that I was reported as mortally wounded in the despatches; but I should unquestionably have recovered my health in a reasonable time, if my anxiety on this subject had not grown upon me to such a degree, as to increase my fever and retard convalescence. Unfortunately I learned that the late successes had ensured peace, and thus left me at liberty to follow those inclinations which were now decidedly pointed to one object; and, to my own surprise, imagination even on my couch revived, as in the days of yore, all those bewitching pictures of connubial felicity, those moments, when the pressure of a finger, the glance of an eye, give worlds of tender happiness to the heart. I now felt an assurance, which I hold at the present hour, that a virtuous and pure bosom always retains its power of reviving (in its best emotions) from the severest sufferings. The pollution of dissipation alone exhausts the heart, and forbids it to blossom again; and I had wronged myself in supposing that I could not both feel and create the happiness, and even the gaiety, of social life.

'Fascinated by these bewitching dreams, aware of the value of time, and of the situation of the fair widow, who was necessarily surrounded by the first men in the country from her brother's official situation, I determined on setting out, in despite of the remonstrances of my surgeon. In consequence of this error, my half-closed wounds were re-opened, a

torrent of blood rushed from my veins, and the swoon which succeeded was so profound, that for a considerable time I was supposed to be dead. For more than two years I was confined to the spot where this misfortune happened, and, by the command of my medical friend, kept as far as possible without any intercourse or information respecting the affairs of this world, beyond what was barely necessary. I will pass over this time, which was a blank in my outward existence, but an age in its effects on the mind; which, although for some time quiescent from extreme weakness, and partially delirious, revived long before its feeble companion, and tormented me alternately with visions of Beatrice and the widow, alike lovely and endearing, but lost to me for ever.

'It was more than three years before I reached Calcutta, the shadow of my former self, condemned to be a valetudinarian for life; yet my first inquiry was after her, who, under different circumstances, might have consoled me for all my sufferings. She was married about a year before to a very worthy man of my acquaintance. Her child, her little Emily, who had inspired me with a father's affections,—where was she? She had fallen a victim to the climate; and the mother was herself so much a sufferer from it, that her husband had relinquished his place in the civil department, and was then arranging his affairs for his return to Europe.

"'Then will I remain,' answered my heart, still fluttering with emotions which I thought it would have felt no more. This resolution was confirmed by an examination of my letters, from which I found that I had lost my excellent father, that my sisters were married, and the increasing branches of my family might be benefited by my residence and my exertions. To their service, therefore, I resolved to devote my remaining years; and, although my health returned in some measure, never formed either a temporary or lasting connexion. My heart shrunk from becoming the prey of the artful, or (in this sense) the refuge of the distressed. I endeavoured to accustom myself to consider all thoughts of marriage forbidden to me, and to bend in resignation to this affliction, as coming from the hand of Heaven; yet I could never cease to lament the destination, and blame myself for the part I had acted. I trust, my dear Charles, you will never give me cause to lament that I have opened my heart to you on this subject, nor urge the advice my sad story inculcates, as an excuse for a derogatory or an unworthy passion; for I have given it not only from the overflowing of bitter recollections, but from the most friendly solicitude for your future welfare. Aware that my happiness can arise only from contemplating that of others, I am desirous of witnessing as much of it as I can, or at least of saving you from those sorrows which I should likewise see with the most painful sympathy; for, alas! I can yet feel and suffer.'

'But, dear sir,' cried I, 'did you never see the lady again?—did she too die?'

'No, Charles—she became the happy mother of a numerous family. I saw her before she set out for England, and read, in her commiserating looks, how grievously I was altered in my appearance. She had supposed that I died some time before her marriage; but I have no right to say how far that circumstance might influence her. It is certain that her choice was a disinterested and happy one, as on my return to England I had it in my power to witness. Since that time her husband has been my dearest friend; and although I have had pleasure in renewing my connexion with my own relatives, my happiest hours have been spent in her family, every branch of which is dear to me. Yet I confess myself partial to her eldest boy, because he was born in that country to which I conducted the mother, and thence gives to my mind an associating link to the calmest and perhaps sweetest hours I have ever known. This boy too is my only godson.'

'Ah, sir!' I exclaimed—'you have been speaking of *my mother:* I shall love her better than ever I did.' The colonel shook my hand, and smiled, but there were tears in his eyes: he spoke not, nor did I; but my heart silently vowed never to abuse the liberty he thus gave me, or construe it into an apology for folly in my own conduct, or disobedience to my beloved parents. You will allow that I escaped all these evils, and ensured those blessings which this excellent and admirable lover lost, when I married my Camilla.

THE DEATH OF JULIA.

A YOUTH, rambling among the romantic scenes of Cumberland, hears a female voice sweetly singing in a sequestered grot, follows the fair vocalist to her father's house, and is received with hospitable kindness. A mutual attachment ensues; but fate dissolves the spell. An excursion upon the nearest lake is proposed, and the serenity of the evening seems to preclude the idea of danger;

And now the moon had dimm'd with dewy ray
The few fond flushes of departing day:
O'er the wide water's deep serene she hung,
And her broad lights on every mountain flung;
When lo! a sudden blast the vessel blew,
And to the surge consign'd the little crew.
All, all escaped—but, ere the lover bore
His faint and faded Julia to the shore,
Her sense had fled!—Exhausted by the storm,
A fatal trance hung o'er her pallid form;
Her closing eye a trembling lustre fired;
'Twas life's last spark—it flutter'd and expired!

This story is introduced by the poet to exemplify the pleasures of memory. The lover is supposed to recall, with melancholy pleasure, the happy hours which he passed in the society of the hapless maiden, and to cherish with fond enthusiasm the idea of her beauty and merit. The catastrophe, we may add, is finely represented in the annexed engraving.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES OF EMINENT PERSONS LATELY DECEASED.

Mrs. Anne Radcliffe.—THIS ingenious lady was born in 1762, and lived to her sixty-second year. We know not whether she made an early display of sense and talent, or appeared in her youth like a person of ordinary intellect; nor do we know much of the progress of her life: yet we ought not to suffer her to leave the world without a respectful tribute of notice and applause. Her first work was Athlin and Dumblaine, her second the Romance of the Forest, and her third the Sicilian Romance, which established her fame as an elegant and original writer. Her next production, published in 1793, was the famous Mysteries of Udolpho, for which the Robinsons gave her 1000*l*., and were well repaid for their speculation. As this romance has been incorporated by Mrs. Barbauld into her edition of the British Novelists, and is, in that or other forms, in almost every library, it would be superfluous in this place to enlarge on its transcendent merits. Hypercriticism alone can detect its faults. The *dénouement* is considered by many persons as no justification of the high coloring of the previous narrative; but it was Mrs. Radcliffe's object to show how superstitious feelings could feed on circumstances easily explained by the ordinary course of nature. This object she attained, though it disappoints the votaries of superstition, and in some degree irritates the expectations of philosophy. Be this as it may, taken as a whole, it is one of the most extraordinary compositions in the circle of modern literature. In 1794, Mrs. Radcliffe gave to the world a Narrative of her Travels in France, Germany, and Italy; but, in describing matters of fact, her writings did not equally please the public. Some years after, Cadell and Davies gave her 1500*l*. for her Italians, which, though generally read, did not increase her reputation. It is remarked by a periodical writer, that the 'anonymous criticisms which appeared upon this work, the imitations of her style and manner by various literary adventurers, the publication of some other novels under a name slightly varied for the purpose of imposing on the public, and the flippant use of the term 'Radcliffe school' by scribblers of all classes, tended altogether to disgust her with the world, and create a depression of spirits, which led her for many years, in a considerable degree, to seclude herself from society. It is understood that she had written other works, which, on these accounts, she withheld from publication, in spite of the solicitude of her friends, and of tempting offers made to her by various publishers. Her loss of spirits was followed by ill-health, and the only solace of her latter years was the unwearied attention of an affectionate husband, whose good intelligence enabled him to appreciate her extraordinary worth.'

Mrs. Agnes Ibbetson.—This lady died at Exmouth, in the sixty-sixth year of her age. She was the daughter of Mr. Andrew Thomson, an eminent merchant of London, and was married to a barrister, who died in her lifetime.—While she had a taste for general literature, she particularly preferred the pur-





suits of natural philosophy, especially geology, mineralogy, and astronomy, in all of which she made great progress; but her favorite pursuit, in which she usefully evidenced the vigor of her intellect, was botany, and especially the physiology of plants. Here her mind embraced the subject with a powerful impression of the wonders displayed in this amazing feature of the divine œconomy, and, under the sense of its rich and felicitous illustration of Nature's works, she has developed *data* connected with the life of the seed, its germination, and progress to maturity, not only curious and interesting, but also important and useful. By the application of the solar microscope, to establish every link of her chain of facts and deductions, her communications upon this subject are stamped with a peculiar value. As a votary of this science, she will long be known to the world, since her observations are recorded with honor in Nicholson's and other scientific journals, and have received testimonies of high approbation from learned foreigners. While her scientific merit was thus acknowleged, her benevolent disposition, and agreeable manners, conciliated the regard of all who had the honor of her acquaintance.

Mr. William Combe.—This gentleman originally excited great attention in the fashionable world, by a poem entitled The Diaboliad; and many other poems issued from his pen, but none ever bore the stamp of his name. Within the last few years, under the liberal patronage of Mr. Ackermann, he brought forth a work which became very popular and attractive, under the title of the Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque. This work, which he extended to a Second and Third Tour, with nearly the same spirit and humor which characterised the first, may be ranked among the most humorous productions of British literature. He afterwards produced the English Dance of Death, and the Dance of Life, which were written with the same spirit. His last poem was the History of *Johnny Quæ Genus,* the little Foundling of the late Dr. Syntax. All these works were illustrated by some admirable prints from the designs of Mr. Rowlandson. Mr. Combe also wrote the Devil upon Two Sticks in England, several political pamphlets, and the letters which were attributed to Thomas lord Lyttelton. He was educated at Eton and Oxford. He possessed great talents and a fine person, as well as a good fortune, which, unhappily, he soon dissipated. A love of show and dress, but neither gaming nor drinking, was the principal source of his embarrassments. He was, indeed, remarkably abstemious for a long course of years, drinking nothing but water, except when wine was recommended to him as a medicine. He possessed musical knowledge and taste, and formerly sang in a very agreeable manner. His conversation was entertaining and instructive, and he possessed a calm temper with very pleasing manners. He was twice married. His second wife, who is now alive, is the sister of Mrs. Cosway, and possesses congenial taste and talents. His life was protracted beyond the usual age of man; for he did not die before he had completed his eighty-first year.

The Rev. William Bingley.—Although the path of the law was marked out for him by his friends, he pursued another course, and entered into holy orders.—His literary zeal was evinced at an early age; and, while he was only an undergraduate of Cambridge, he made two tours into Wales, and entertained the public with the result of his researches. His Animal Biography established his reputation. Avoiding scientific parade, he gave a pleasing and accurate view of the lives, manners, and œconomy of the animal creation; and the work not only became popular in Great Britain, but was soon translated for the amusement and instruction of foreigners. He also published a Biographical Dictionary of Musical Composers, and would have gratified antiquaries and topographers with a history of Hampshire, if his progress in the work had not been stopped by the stroke of death. His private character, we may add, was amiable and respectable.

Dr. Edward Du-Pré.—This divine was distinguished as the best preacher in Jersey. He was chaplain to the garrison, and dean of the island. In his youth he displayed great taste for the *belles lettres,* which he never afterward abandoned. In the more serious callings of his profession, he was remarkable for an eloquence at once manly and impressive. As a member of the legislative

body, he supported with all his power the course of social order, and was a formidable opponent to every species of licentiousness. His superior abilities were generally acknowleged, and to him was constantly confided the composition of the addresses which the states occasionally voted to his majesty. In private life he was the delight of society, by the charms of his wit, and the extent of his attainments.

Mr. Joseph Nollekens.—This artist lived to a great age, and amassed a large fortune, by a long and skilful practice of the art of sculpture. He was, for many years, at the head of his profession in England; and some of his works, for grace, beauty, and genius, are little, if at all, inferior to the best of any artist since his 'prime of days.' A few years ago, there was hardly a bust seen but from his chisel; and his monumental designs and subjects of fancy are very numerous, and some of them are justly admired.—The Venus with the Sandal may be regarded as his best performance: it is a very pleasing, graceful, and elegant figure.—In his mode of living, he was addicted to coarse and vulgar habits; his disposition was illiberal, and his parsimony was carried to the extent of the meanest avarice. He deprived himself of the comforts of life, that he might enrich a few strangers by his posthumous bounty.

Mr. John Julius Angerstein.—He was born in the Russian capital, in 1735, but came to England at the age of fourteen years, and applied himself to mercantile pursuits and financial speculations. With good natural abilities, and unwearied application, he early became celebrated as a broker and underwriter. His subscription to a policy was quite sufficient to induce other underwriters to add their names. In such repute were his policies, that, for some years after, they were called *Julians*, as a mark of distinction. It is, therefore, not surprising that he at length reached the summit of commercial fame and prosperity, his reputation being spread to all quarters where commerce is known. In public loans his list was always ranked among the first, and the opulent were anxious to obtain a place in it. Nor were his exertions confined only to his own benefit. The frequenters of Lloyd's Coffee-house owe to his strenuous efforts the accommodations which they at present enjoy. He was the proposer of the issue of exchequer bills, in 1793, by which, at a critical moment, relief was afforded to trade. The Veterinary College would, perhaps, have sunk to the ground, had he not made a vigorous effort in its favor, at a moment when its funds were nearly exhausted; and he was the first to propose, from the fund at Lloyd's, a reward of two thousand pounds for that meritorious discovery, the life-boat. In private life, he was amiable, benevolent, and hospitable.—It is no slight proof of his worth, that he enjoyed the friendship of Dr. Johnson, sir Joshua Reynolds, Garrick, Jonas Hanway, and many other eminent contemporaries. As a patron of art he sustained a high rank. He collected many of the finest works of the foreign and British artists, and did not withhold, from any respectable applicant, the gratification which such treasures are calculated to afford.

General Dumouriez.—This distinguished warrior, and intelligent writer, died near Henley, in Oxfordshire, at the age of eighty-four. He was born at Cambray, and educated at Paris. In his youth he had a great passion for reading; became a bold horseman, and a good swordsman. He served in the Seven Years' War, and was wounded at the battle of Warburg. He joined the confederacy in Poland, in the war of which he was employed. After the partition he returned home, and was sent to Hamburg to aid the Swedes; but was arrested there by the French envoy, and sent prisoner to the Bastille, where he composed two military treatises, and other works. Thence he was removed to the castle of Caen, where he married his cousin. On the death of Louis XV. he was set at liberty. When the revolution commenced, he was appointed commandant of the national militia at Cherbourg. He afterward contracted an intimacy with Mirabeau, and was, on his death, appointed minister for foreign affairs; he was also made minister at war, which office he held only three days, and left Paris to serve against the Austrians: his successes are now become matter of history. His temper was frank, generous, and liberal: his affections were warm and cordial; and his conversation was full of strength and spirit.

CONRAD AND ANGELA; A DRAMATIC SKETCH, BY J. J. LEATHWICK.

Scene I.—Night—a Storm—Chamber in the Palazzo; Taper burning. MANFREDONE *discovered on his Couch. Reiterated Peals of Thunder.*

Man. I cannot sleep, though I am worn with toil,
And nature needs repose. Hark! that dread clash
Rock'd the time-canker'd universe, and peal'd
A dirge for mortal life. E'en *my* heart quails,
Though dead to every feeling but revenge.
Avaunt, ye thoughts! cowards alone have fear.
Yet do I feel a qualm within my breast,
That seems to perch itself upon my heart;
And though my nobler feelings rise in might,
And strive with boundless strength to cast it forth,
Yet still it flaps its pinions o'er my soul,
And reigns, the eagle of my ruthless breast.
This was not so when other storms have raged.
Blow on, ye winds! rend the firm earth, ye fires!
And ye too, black and scowling skies, scowl on!—
I fear you not, though all the globe were sear'd,
And heaven's hot bolt were launch'd against my form!
Angela's charms are mine, and Conrad dies
When the first streaks of red shall break yon clouds.
Come, sweet revenge, and glut my eager soul!
He shall not now escape, proud dastard slave!
Ignoble boy! yet he is not ignoble.
If Heaven did never err, and always gave
The meed of justice unto trembling men,
This lordship would be his, and its vast lands.
But Manfredonè sways—and Heav'n allows
The guilty oft to triumph——But away
With self-accusing thoughts, and fearful dreams,
And childish fancies, lest I play the monk,
And damn by actions what my lips profess.
I yet will see this bold, advent'rous youth,
And taunt him ere he dies! I would not wish
That death should ease him of his pangs so soon.
What ho, Spalatro!

SPALATRO *enters.*

Bring here your prisoner. [*Exit* SPALATRO.
The storm continues on in all its ire;
But soon the night will wane, and morning's beams
Will satiate revenge, and crown my hope.
Oh, how I long to clasp the struggling maid,
To gaze upon her charms with eyes of flame!
Thus the great passions of my life shall soar,
And end in ecstasy—revenge, and love!

SPALATRO *enters, with* CONRAD *in chains.*

Retire, Spalatro; but await my call. [*Exit* SPALATRO.
Conrad, prepare yourself: you die at morn!

Con. 'Tis well, lord Manfredonè; but I fear not.
Guilt is the food of fear; but innocence
Serenely smiles upon its murderer's toils.
Tremble *thou*, tyrant! for death will one day
Strike at thee.

Man. Perchance he may, brave stripling;
But thou shalt feel him first! Thy crimes are great.
Was it for this that I have watch'd thy years,
Have 'tended on thine hours with kindest care,
Have stored thy mind with gifts of richest lore,

That thou should'st steal away my vassals' love,
And, to the crime of black ingratitude,
Add the intended murder of thy lord?
Con. 'Tis false! thy baseless charges I defy;—
From these dark themes my bounding bosom flies,
And leaves thy blacken'd soul enwreath'd in guilt.
'Tis true that I have fed at thy scant board;
'Tis true that thy habiliments I've worn;
'Tis true thy father-confessor has taught
And framed my mind to virtue, love of which
Hath gender'd in my bosom hate to thee.
Know, thou false lord, that he whom thou hast fed
(From which base charity thou strivest now
To fortify thy soul with specious art)
Is rightful heir to all these noble lands;
And that which from thy penury was given,—
Wrung from thy heart as 'twere its dear life-blood,—
Was all mine own! Nay, start not thus, my lord!
Thy ear of late hath hoarded flattery;
Now it shall listen to the naked truth.
Lord Manfredonè! in my father's hall
I charge thee with the murder of my sire!
And though thy bonds enchain these free-born limbs,
Yet thy curst villany hath loosed my speech;
And here I brave thee to the very teeth!
Shake on, base bravo! conscience has but slept,
And now it wakes to rive thy crouching soul.
Man. Peace, or I'll sheathe my dagger in thy form!
Con. Strike, caitiff, strike! and crown thy damning deeds.
Gaunt murderer! if men but saw thee right,
Thy human form would glide away, and leave
The deadly serpent's scales disclosed to view.
Thy blood-stain'd soul would reek with blushing gore;
Thy callous heart would swim in streams of blood,
And thy black thoughts would make e'en demons start.
Now, thou art Manfredonia's lord, and I
Am but a nameless youth, unknown to fame.
But, for the realms of this vast universe,
Poor as I am in purse, I would not bear
Thy gaudy load of sin. My parent fell
Beneath thy wiles, whilst I was spared to live,
Unknowing of my rank and birth, to lick
The hand that slew him. I have but sought
To gain those honors I was born to wear;
To pluck from off thy head the borrow'd plume;
And, though thy murderous hand is raised to strike,
Yet with my latest breath I'll scoff thy might,
And with a dying voice proclaim thy guilt!—
Unaided, here I stand upon life's verge;
The chasm of annihilation yawns
Beneath me, and death is heralding my doom.
Yet my firm sinews shrink not at the thought;
Nor is my form convulsed with agony;
But thy false heart now trembles in affright,
And thy base soul is curdling with dismay.
Man. Rave on: there only needs Angela here
To light with smiles that darkling countenance.
Con. Ah! there, lord Manfredonè, is thy sting.
If favoring Heav'n would but assist her flight
From thy curst power, Conrad would die in peace.

Man. Thy wish is vain! presumptuous minion, learn
That when thy trunk lies headless on the earth,
Angela will be mine. Now thou canst tremble!
Con. 'Tis the dark veil of black futurity
That I now shudder at—'tis not at thee.
There is a God who looks on all mankind,
Who searches out the secrets of the heart;
Before whose glance the cloud-crown'd mountains melt;
Before whose eye the starry host recoil;—
He will avenge my cause, and shield my love.
That thought shall silence my complaint, and calm
My shatter'd heart.
Man. 'Tis vain to commune thus:
Thy time is short; the morn is nigh at hand,
And prayer, I've heard, befits a dying man.
Go, then, and pray; for, at the dawn's first blush,
In the court-yard the scaffold will receive thee.
They shall not say that night beheld the blow,
Or that thy cries affrighted men from sleep.
Spalatro, lead thy prisoner to his cell. [*Exit.*

Scene II.—*A Dungeon, with a Lamp suspended from the arched Roof:* CONRAD *in Chains.*

Con. Life wanes with me, and each deep rumbling burst
Of that dread thunder, which e'en here is heard,
Sounds as my knell. The night is nearly spent,
And every moment draws me to the verge
Of that unfathomable, voiceless void
Th' unwilling soul oft trembles to survey.
'Tis awful thus to watch the steps of death;
To think that morn's sweet birth is death to me;
That Heaven's bright sun will 'tend me to my fate,
And gild the scaffold with his golden beams,
Where my last hour must end. Oh, that I had fall'n
Amid the strife of crested warriors!
For fame would then have crown'd my memory,
And glory's bright, undying page would seal
And keep for aye my chronicled renown.
If I had lived in happy ignorance;
If the full orb of truth had never shone,
To show me rank and honor in perspective;
I could now die with less of agony.
Angela, too! there is the only tie
That binds me unto life—to hopeless life.—
Be still my heart, and cease to rive me thus!
A few short, fleeting hours, and I shall cease
To feel. Hark! hark! I hear approaching steps.
They come—they come—the harbingers of fate.
Be firm, my nerves! Conrad will nobly die!
[SPALATRO *unbars the door of the Dungeon, and* ANGELA *enters.*
Con. Angela here! then am I blest indeed.
Angela. Hush, hush, my love! the vaulted roof rebounds
E'en with the slightest sound: our voices may
Betray us unto death. I came to cheer thee,—
There yet are hopes of life.
Con. None, none, Angela!
I dare not harbour hope—'tis dead to me.
Over my bosom's void despair now broods;
My brain is wilder'd, and my mind is torn
By bitter and excruciating thoughts.

All, all is alter'd with me, save this heart,
Which still, in spite of this dread mental war,
Rises transcendent from the shocks of fate,
And (as an eagle perch'd upon a crag
Looks fearless on the world below) remains
In love, in constancy, in faith, the same!

Angela. There was a happy time, my Conrad, when
Angela's presence would have given hope!
How changed you are! 'twas but a yesterday
When those dear arms were circled round my form;
And, as you clasp'd me to your fervent breast,
You swore that hope should never wane, whilst life
And love could spur you on in glory's path.
But now my words unheedfully are heard,
E'en though Angela bids thee live.

Con. Cease, cease
To look unkindly on me with those eyes,
Which I have worship'd long and tenderly.
But view these hands; see how these fetters gall;
I cannot clasp thee now!

Angela. Despair not!
Spalatro can unmanacle those hands,
And I will set thee loose. I have the means.
Nay, do not look so wildly on my face:
You seem to hate me. I had thought love's bonds
Were firmer than these chains. How you tremble!

Con. Angela, answer me—whence comes this power?
To save thy lover sure thou hast not sinn'd?
Life then would blast me as thy truth would bless.
No! thou canst not. I pray thee, pardon me!
But mark, Angela; if thou wert to die,
And I to live for ever, thy dear name
Should feed my grief and 'tend my memory,
As the life-blood that circles round my heart:
But, if dishonor'd by another's lust,
Thy name alone would generate despair,
And bring, unto my phantom-peopled eye,
Beautiful shapes of former happiness,
To haunt me with the dreams of fancied bliss,
Made bitter by the agony of thought;
Then, waking to that cold reality
No pomp can hide, no splendor dissipate,
My soul would curse thee, though my lips refused.

Angela. Oh! do not pain me by those dreadful looks.
Spalatro hath procured mine entrance here,
And he is worthy of the highest trust.
Let me unchain those hands, and set thee free.
But hark! that groan, that stifled cry of help!
The tyrant comes! Spalatro's life has fled,
To satiate the wrath of that fell fiend!

[*The door is violently flung open, and* Manfredone *enters with his sword crimsoned with blood.*

Man. Ha! is it so?—two doves, in such a cage,
Were meet and fitting company, methinks,
To join yon slave who dared to beard his lord!
This reeking sword hath but begun its work:
It longs to quaff whole streams; and I intend
Its hope shall not be vain.—Have at thy heart!

[Angela *grasps a concealed dagger, and places herself before* Conrad.

Angela. Stir but a step, thou monster! and I'll plunge
This deadly weapon in thy callous heart.
Glare on with those red, demon eyes, glare on
Till thine own fire consumes thee—thou shalt not harm
A single hair of him thou ever quail'st,
E'en with thy minions at thy back, to face
With hands unmanacled, with weapons arm'd!
Gaze on, and glote thy fill; for, if thou stir
A single step, that movement is thy last,
Though with my life I purchase this revenge!
Con. Give me the dagger, I can wield it best.
[CONRAD *receives the dagger;* ANGELA, *fainting, falls before him.*
Now, fell demon, e'en with this prison'd hand
I'll pierce thine heart. Ay, tremble as thou wilt;
Shake till thy base nerves are scorch'd with agony;
I dare thee to thy murderous purposes.
Man. Shield, oh shield me from that dreaded shade! save,
Oh save me, heaven! turn, turn those eyes away—
Mercy! mercy! I will not harm thy son.
See how those blood-shot orbs are fix'd on me,
Flaming with deep revenge! Save me, Conrad!
Eternal fires are glowing in my soul,
Kindled by those eyes! I did not strike thee;
But oh! I heard thy groans, and scoff'd at them!
Avaunt, dread shade! leave me to my fate! pardon——
I will repent me of my heinous crimes,—
I will attempt to pray for thy repose,—
A thousand masses shall be daily sung
If thou wilt leave me. Whither can I fly?
See, see! it comes to pierce me with its ire——
My heart is rending, and my blood is flame,
That overwhelms my dark and struggling soul!
My brain is burning, and my lips are parch'd!
The tendons of my life are shriveling up!
I cannot bear these pangs! My soul shall fly!
Thus will it loose! [*He stabs himself, and falls.*
Now, do thy worst!
Thou merciless and unforgiving sprite!
Thou canst not haunt me long—'tis bliss to die.
The fire seems quench'd within me; but mine eyes
Grow dim—I—I—sink for ever—oh!—— [*He dies.*
Con. Can this be real—or a flitting dream?
Look up, Angela! dearest, wake thee from
That trance of sweet forgetfulness!—Arise!
Thy God now strikes the murderer in his pride,
And smites him in the den of crime. Awake!
Alas, she hears not! Heaven hath snatch'd her hence;
Her love for me hath proved her being's bane.
There is but one way left to meet again;
Earth hath no charms for me. Thou wast the flower
Of my young life, the perfume of my soul!
Thus, by that dagger which thy dear hands clasp'd,
With more than woman's might, in my defence,
Will I now join thee in the sleep of death!
[*He stabs himself, and dies.*

HAZELWOOD HALL; A VILLAGE DRAMA, BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD. 1823.

When this self-taught bard emerged from the obscurity of a mechanic station, and excited general applause by his Farmer's Boy, we were not slow in doing justice to his merit; and even now, when the abilities which he displayed in his youth appear to be on the decline, we are ready to treat him with that candor, and pay him that respect, which his unassuming character and private worth demand. We apprehend that he is in a state of poverty; and this forms an additional reason for critical lenity.

Hazelwood Hall is a slight sketch, not intended for theatrical representation. The *dramatis personæ* are a country 'squire, a baronet's widow and her daughter, a scheming carpenter and his love-sick son, a captain who has retired from the service, and other characters connected with the country. Love is the leading subject, and marriage is the result. The author does not pretend to the observance of the dramatic unities, or the study of stage effect: he has merely endeavoured to produce an entertaining and moral piece. Some parts of the dialogue may be thought frivolous and unmeaning; but the drama, upon the whole, is amusing.

We extract the following songs, which, if not in the first style of excellence, pleasingly recommend domestic virtues.

'Here first I met the lovely maid,
When Hope was young, and dared not soar;
And round my heart a flame has play'd,
That binds me to these shades the more.

Touch'd by the breeze, with graceful swing,
The tow'ring branches mingling play,
When the sap dances up in spring,
And when their autumn leaves decay.

What joys may rural conquerors prove,
Far from the dreadful conflict's roar!
I've rescued her, the maid I love;
Dear shades, I prize you still the more!'

'Lovely Truth! thy steady eye
Can strike the villain's heart with shame,
When Modesty, thy firm ally,
Without a sword,
Without a word,
Her angel brow uprears!
Her single glance, when thou art by,
Is spear and shield,—the foe must fly,
Or crouch to truth and modesty,
To woman's scorn or tears!'

* * * * *

'Thus thinks the trav'ler journeying still,
Where mountains rise sublime;
What but these scenes the heart can fill,
What charm like yonder giant hill?
—A mole-hill clothed with thyme.
What can exceed the joy of power?
That joy which conquerors prove
In sceptred rule—where all must cow'r;
What can exceed that madd'ning hour?
Why, peace—and home—and love!'

Mor. Now my noble forest shades,
Oaks, perform your duty!
And every cowslip in your glades
Shall bow its head to beauty.

Emma. Villagers, away with care!
Fashion—fie upon her!
Pomp and tinsel we can spare,
For peace, and love, and honor.
[*The sound of bells at a distance.*

CHORUS.

Ring the bells and banish sorrow,
Joy and sunshine come to-morrow.

Joel. The wheel of fortune whirls around,
To bring us grief or pleasure;
But I the girl of girls have found—
A fig for rank and treasure!

Mary. Mine 's the double prize at last,
And double raptures move me—
A father's arms to hold me fast—
An honest man to love me!

SHORT CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Travels in Ireland, in 1822, *by Thomas Reid.*—When population is excessive, the support of life becomes exceedingly difficult; and this appears to be the chief cause of the disturbances in Ireland. Extreme poverty drives people to despair; and, when obvious misgovernment is added to neglect, it is no wonder that commotions arise. The Irish are heavily taxed for the support of a rapacious government and of absent proprietors; and there are no parochial poor-rates to compensate the want of general employment. If the nobility and gentry would reside for a considerable part of the year on their estates, the existing evils would be remedied, or at least greatly alleviated; for (says Mr. Reid) the estate of the marquis of Downshire 'evinces unequivocal and most gratifying assurance, that some portion of its noble proprietor's time is spent at home. If report be true, the tenants on this estate pay higher rents than those of the neighbouring gentry; and, if any judgement can be formed from their appearance, they are much better able to pay them.'

An elementary Course of Gymnastic Exercises, intended to develope and improve the physical Powers of Man; by P. H. Clias.—In these 'piping times of peace,' a work of this nature can scarcely fail to meet with that attention which the subject undoubtedly merits, since every description of exercise, connected with manly hardihood or courageous excitation, calls for public encouragement.—A 'sound mind in a sound body' was well pronounced by Locke to be the greatest of all human blessings; and, often as the words have been quoted, no parent of a family, who thinks justly on the subject, can deem the advice they imply impertinent or mistimed, and we consider this work as one of the happiest comments upon it that ever appeared.—Not only every school, but every private family, ought to possess this work, that the pupils may attain that strength of frame, gracefulness of motion, energy, activity, and pliability of limb, which can only be acquired by the exercises here recommended, and which may be pursued without detriment to any other study, as, in fact, they are the proper sports of youth—the manly recreations of the emulous and animated. The plates which accompany and explain the text are executed with neatness and ability.

French and English Extracts, in two Parts, for the Use of Pupils learning either Language; by Mrs. Martin. 2 vols.—Learners will find great advantagein these volumes, in which the difficulties of the French idiom are well explained. They consist of extracts from various authors (principally Madame de Sevigné), purified from passages which are improper for children, and may, altogether, be esteemed a very pleasing as well as instructive work. It is dedicated to the countess of Sefton, whose amiable and accomplished daughters were educated by the authoress.

Integrity, a Tale, by Mrs. Hofland.—This is one of a class of books eminently pleasing and useful—the moral tale; differing from the novel in its fewer characters and simpler story, and perhaps still more in its better purpose. To inculcate important truth by interesting fiction is indeed a high and honorable object; and we know few writers by whom it has been more effectively attained than by Mrs. Hofland, the well-known authoress of the Son of a Genius. Though chiefly celebrated for her children's books, especially the above-mentioned remarkable little volume, this lady has proved, in the Tales of the Priory and Tales of the Manor, that her talent does not desert her, when she writes for those more critical though not perhaps juster judges, men and women. Our fair author has indeed several first-rate qualifications for this department of literature. Beside being an admirable story-teller, she is a great mistress of the pathetic, and goes straight to the heart through the medium of our best and kindliest feelings. Her homely scenes particularly (for she shines most in humble life) are full of power and reality. No one excels her in what painters call the truth of the touch. She is also perfectly free from the *do-me-good* air which pervades so many well-meaning writers, and spoils so many well-intentioned books. Instead of frightening the young and the gay from her pages by prosy lectures or sententious precepts, she brings her moral home to men's bosoms by the natural working of the story, and makes her readers preach to themselves—the most useful and enduring of all sermons! There must undoubtedly be great skill in all this, although Mrs. Hofland possesses that perfection of art, the appearance of artlessness. Perhaps she may even owe something of this peculiar charm to her singularly careless and colloquial style, which more resembles the fluent conversation of an imaginative woman than the pointed precision of a written and printed book in these critical days. Any one of her Tales might have been told in a winter evening by the fireside, without exciting the slightest suspicion that it had undergone the clippings and parings of authorship. Indeed, it is evident that they are composed with a facility and rapidity almost equal to that of ordinary discourse. The persons of her story have all the glow and vigor of fresh conceptions; her very thoughts have the bloom on them.—The present tale comprehends an account of the severe and varied trials of a young and gentle woman, who stands the ordeal with the firmness and constancy of a martyr, and is at last rewarded for all her sufferings by fortune and by love. It is deeply interesting.

Fine Arts.

In a civilised country, the fine arts are never suspended, although the zeal of their cultivators may occasionally decline. The artists who lately displayed their talents at the grand metropolitan exhibition still continue their labors, in the hope both of fame and emolument; and, in all probability, even the honorary contributors are not idle. So many pieces were rejected for want of room, that it is said to be the intention of the directors of that establishment to gratify the public with two exhibitions in the ensuing year, one at the usual time, and the other in the autumn. The second, we think, will be less attractive than the first; but both, we doubt not, will meet with encouragement.

The friends of the polite arts have lately had various opportunities of gratifying their taste by inspection and purchase. The sale of Mr. Watson Taylor's pictures excited a great sensation; and the rooms of Mr. Christie, who officiated on that occasion, were never more respectably filled or more overflowingly thronged. After a number of pieces, both by foreign and native artists (but chiefly the former), had been sold for less than one hundred pounds each, a pretty view in Italy by Vander-Ulft was sold for 147 pounds, and a heath scene by Ruysdael for 210 pounds. Four beautiful cabinet pictures, by David Teniers, representing the Four Seasons, were purchased by Mr. Secretary Peel for 189 pounds. A spirited contest arose for the possession of a portrait of Dr. Johnson, painted for Mr. Thrale by sir Joshua Reynolds; and major Thwaites could not obtain it for less than 470 guineas. Vandyke's portrait of the wife of the painter De Vos produced 357 pounds, and, for the playful Lioness of Rubens, 310 guineas were offered and accepted. Guido's Magdalen accosted by an infant Angel was sold for the same sum. Mr. Peel was deemed fortunate in procuring, for 390 guineas, Vandevelde's Calm, with a frigate at anchor and other vessels. This is a highly-finished piece, the sky is clear and brilliant, the vessels are elegantly disposed, and the water is finely represented. A fruit-piece and a vase of flowers by Van Huysum, were transferred to earl Grosvenor for 510 guineas; the Interior of a Stable, and the Bank of a River, each with figures, by Wouvermans, produced respectively 530 and 685 guineas. Guido's Assumption of the Virgin, which formerly decorated the cathedral of Seville, was withdrawn, because no adequate price was offered for it.

As we do not think it necessary to particularise all the beauties of this collection, we shall only mention a few of the rest with the prices. The portrait of Mrs. Siddons, as the Tragic Muse, the finest of all sir Joshua's paintings, tempted earl Grosvenor, after a variety of biddings, to offer 1750 guineas; and no one then ventured to oppose his lordship's pretensions. The highest price that was given at the sale was for the Vision of St. Jerome, by Parmegiano, which was purchased for the British Institution for 3050 guineas.

Ann. Carracci.—St. John seated, in a landscape, his body supported on his right arm, while with the left he is pointing to the Saviour in the distance.—68*l.* 5*s.*

Andrea del Sarto.—The Virgin seated with the infant on her lap, and the young St. John beside her.—320*l.* 5*s.*

Van-der-Werff.—Portrait of himself, in an oval.—105*l.*

Murillo.—Portrait of Justino Neve, a canon of Seville, seated in a chair, with a favorite dog at his feet.—955*l.* 10*s.*

Nic. Poussin.—St. Paul caught up into the Third Heaven.—320*l.* 5*s.*

Guido.—The Martyrdom of St. Apollonia, on copper.—420*l.*

Hobbima.—A grand upright Landscape, with a water-mill, cottages, and a transparent sheet of water, and figures in a forest scene, which is illumined by a fine effect of light in the centre.—997*l.* 10*s.*

Ditto.—A Forest Scene, with a road passing through a village, of which the church appears in the distance. Peasants are reposing near a pool, in the front ground.—840*l.*

Domenichino.—St. Jerome with Angels.—110*l.* 5*s.*

Rembrandt.—The Landscape with a coach. In the centre of the picture is a chateau with a draw-bridge in a lake.—867*l.* 10*s.*

P. Potter.—A Bull and two Cows, in a Landscape. The eye of the bull is fixed on the spectator, and the countenance is particularly animated. On a paling, beneath a willow tree, on the right, is the name of the painter, *Paulus Potter, f.* 1647.—1270*l.* 10*s.*

Rubens.—The Grand Landscape with a Rainbow; one of a pair, which were formerly distinguished ornaments of the Balbi palace, at Genoa. The subject represents a party of peasants returning from harvest work, soon after a shower, and various others engaged in farming employments. A group of cattle watering, and a brood of ducks hurrying to a pool, are not only most boldly designed, but display all the magic of Rubens' pencil. A mass of wood on the right forms a perspective, which is lost in a delightful distant landscape. A rainbow, with a grand sweep, unites the coloring of the whole in the richest harmony.—2730*l*.

The pictures formerly belonging to Mr. Garrick were not very numerous; but the excellence of some of the number occasioned a brisk competition among the gentlemen who attended the sale. The lot which excited the greatest interest consisted of four pieces by Hogarth, called the Election Pictures,—the Canvas, the Poll, the Chairing, and the Election Feast. The first bidding for the set was 500 guineas; and that sum might perhaps be as much as the painter originally received for them; but the price gradually advanced to 1650 guineas, which Mr. Soane, the architect, offered for them. Another picture by the same artist was sold for only 70 guineas. The subject is, 'Garrick seated at a table, composing his prologue to *Taste*, and Mrs. Garrick behind, interrupting him.' It is certainly a piece of considerable merit. In the portrait of Garrick in this picture, as well as in others by Reynolds, Zoffani, &c. we observe an extreme vivacity of expression and variability of feature. Each feature seems not only ready, but, we might almost say without exaggeration, anxious to be called into play by the mind. Perhaps we cannot better convey an idea of the peculiarity of his countenance, than by repeating an observation which fell from a gentleman in the room—namely, 'It makes one believe all that is said of him.'

The pictures of Mr. Alexander Davison gave occasion for another sale, which, however, was less attractive. He was so eager to encourage British talent, that no foreign productions were admitted into his gallery; and, in addition to such pictures as had already acquired celebrity, he employed several artists in the delineation of various subjects connected with the history of England. Some of these pieces, though not destitute of merit, were not honored even with a single bidding, and others were sold at a low rate; but there were three which produced, respectively, 500, 1000, and 2000 guineas. These were, the Neat-herd's wife rebuking the disguised king Alfred for negligence, by Wilkie,—the Death of the earl of Chatham, by Copley,—and the Interview between the archbishop of Canterbury and the malcontent barons in the reign of John, by Devis. The figure of Alfred is well painted; but there is nothing in his countenance which would induce the spectator to suppose that he was a remarkable man. The other figures are well conceived and have great expression; and the artist has given his own likeness to a young peasant in the groupe.

The models, busts, statues, and pictures, left by Nollekens, have also been sold by auction. Some antiques were among the number,—namely, a figure of Minerva, with its deficiencies supplied, for which the duke of Newcastle gave 155 guineas,—a bust of Commodus, perfect, which produced 320 guineas,—fine busts of Mercury, &c. For the bust of Charles Fox his friend Mr. Byng gave 145 guineas; but, for two busts of Sterne, both by Nollekens, smaller sums were given. A fine statue of Venus pouring ambrosia on her hair was sold for 231 pounds.

Music.

The new academy continues its operations, but not with that spirit which was expected, as it seems to labor under a want of complete patronage. A private examination of the pupils took place on the 6th of July; and some of them so far testified their proficiency, as to be thought by the professors worthy of commendation. The concert was of both kinds, and the pieces were well

chosen. At the close of this probationary display, prince Leopold distributed the prize medals,—to young Mudie and Miss Chancellor for their performances on the piano-forte, to Blagrove and Lucas, for the violin and violoncello, the Misses Jay and Morgan for the harp, Miss Porter for singing, Miss Foster for harmony, &c.

Among the late public concerts, those of Cramer, Moscheles, and Mrs. Salmon, were the most striking. The admirers of fine playing were delighted with that trial of skill, that collision and comparison, which called forth all the powers of those two pianists and of Kalkbrenner; and Mrs. Salmon, in addition to her vocal attractions, brought forward signor Garcia, who gave a recitative and air of his own composition, while Vimercati played on the mandolin with surprising effect.

The concert which enlivened the Cymmrodorion meeting, at the Free-Masons' tavern, ought not to pass without notice. 'The place (says a journalist) was not so appropriate as a grove of Druid oaks; but still there were some national features, which gave an uncommon degree of interest to the scene. About five hundred persons of both sexes filled the room; and a physiognomist, perhaps even a phrenologist, might have indulged largely in speculation upon Celtic faces and formations. The Welsh countenance is very distinctly marked and separated from the English; but it is not (sad effect of mixture!) pure and single. On the contrary, there are two prominent casts which seem to indicate different races; in one, the brow is projecting, the nose small and approaching the Grecian, and the outline short and firm; in the other, the forehead retreats, the nose is large, prominent, and fleshy, and the expression is the reverse of forcible. Both these varieties filled the hall; and many pretty faces did honor to the female beauty of Wales. There were sir Watkin Wynn, lord Dynevor, and lord Kenyon, distributing premiums and listening to harps. The latter possessed a great deal of character, and the Pennillion singing was a curious treat.'—The singer, in this case, is supposed to be acquainted with the twenty-four measures, and he strikes in with the harper, who is at liberty to change the air as often as he thinks proper.

Drama.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

How fertile is the talent of Rossini! He pours out new compositions *ad libitum*, and amuses and enlivens his auditors, if he does not electrify and enrapture them. Sensible of his influence over the votaries of music, Madame de Begnis brought forward for her benefit a new *opera buffa* composed by him, called *Matilda e Corradino*. The literary part of the performance is not very ably executed, and the plot is ill-constructed; but it leads to the triumph of love, and that is a satisfactory result. Garcia, who personated the hero, acted and sang with feeling and spirit. Madame Vestris, who represented a male lover, did justice to her character. The heroine and a rival countess (Caradori) contended both for love and fame. A very pleasing air in the fifth scene, *Ah perche*, had a fine horn accompaniment; a quartetto, in the eighth scene, was highly applauded; and a sestetto, near the close of the first act, may be commended for its scientific merit.

THE HAY-MARKET THEATRE.

The two major theatres having closed their long season, this house not only enjoys the benefit of a transfer of several players from those establishments, but has also in general a more numerous audience.

An 'operatic comedy' has been produced, with the attractive title of *Sweethearts and Wives*. The plot, which is not very complicated, though it turns in some degree upon cross purposes, may thus be stated. Admiral Franklin intends that his niece Laura shall marry his son Charles; but his scheme is counteracted by the repugnance of both. Charles has privately married Eugenia, and Laura has formed a love affair with Sandford. Of course the two offenders are afraid of the old gentleman's wrath when the discovery shall be made, and are shocked at the idea of shocking each

other. An under story introduces Curtis, Sandford's valet; the widow Bell, an innkeeper at Southampton, where the scene is laid; Susan, her chambermaid; and Billy Lackaday, a foundling, or *fondling* as he styles himself, brought up in the house, and acting the part of a mongrel waiter. Billy is a sentimentalist of the most ignorant and vulgar cast. He reads novels, and affects the heroic as well as the amatory and pathetic. He falls in love with Eugenia, who is disguised as Mrs. Bell's niece in order to win the affections of the admiral, and he slights his former sweetheart, Susan, who persecutes him for breach of promise and abandoned vows. These embarrassments do not keep the audience long in suspense, and it may readily be surmised that the *denouement* unites Laura and Sandford, sanctions the union of Eugenia and Charles, consigns Billy to Susan, and links old Curtis (who is discovered to be the foundling's father) to Mrs. Bell.

Liston, in Billy, is irresistibly ludicrous; and whether he protests against being treated as a *mineral* servant, or makes love to Eugenia, or affects the romantic, or repels the fond Susan, or chants his own melancholy ditty, he highly contributes in every scene to the support of the piece. Terry's excellence in the gouty old admiral, is another of its main props; and though Vining has not the ease and elasticity of Jones, he bustles through the part of Charles with vivacity and spirit. Madame Vestris sustains the character of Laura in an interesting manner, and pleases every hearer by a song of courtship. Miss Chester, as Eugenia, is also seen to great advantage; and the landlady and her chambermaid meet with lively representatives in Mrs. C. Jones and Miss Love.

Mr. T. Cooke and three other composers have united their talents on this occasion, and have produced pretty, if not excellent music; but they did not trust to their own taste or skill for the overture, which consists of a fine selection from Mozart. The author of the play is Mr. Kenney, who may reasonably expect, from the favor which it has already experienced, that it will be frequently repeated.

THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

Newly decorated and improved in the interior, this house was re-opened on the 1st of July, with the *Swing-Bridge*, a melo-dramatic piece, borrowed through a French medium from the German. In the original, a count is rendered jealous of his wife by the arts of his castellan, while the page, who is the supposed lover of the countess, is in fact enamoured of his niece. The stratagems by which this jealousy is excited are borrowed from Othello, and a portion of the dialogue is from the same source. At length the count sends his page to the forges, having previously given an order that whoever comes and asks 'Are the count's orders fulfilled?' is to be flung into the boiling metal. The villain, who is not master of the secret, goes impatiently to the forge, and, asking the fatal question, is himself flung into the molten iron, while the page is praying at a chapel by the way. In the French and English plays, a swing-bridge is substituted for the forge, and the melodramatic Iago is drowned or dashed to pieces.

The piece was well performed and favorably received; yet it is not very interesting, though the music is pleasing. On the same evening, in the farce of Gretna-Green, Miss Kelly re-appeared as Betty Finikin. She was greeted with apparent cordiality, and returned the compliment by gratifying the audience to the full extent of her power. She is, indeed, the life and ornament of this theatre. The revival of the Poor Soldier served to introduce two new candidates for metropolitan fame,—Miss Grenville, and Mr. William Chapman. The young lady ventured to appear in male attire, as the hero of the farce; but her demeanor was modest and decorous. She possesses such talents as may render her in the progress of time a good actress and singer. Mr. Chapman attempted Munden's old character, and, by grimace and drollery, rendered it amusing. The Norah of the evening was Miss Holdaway, whose person is agreeable, and whose talents promise well.

On the revival of the Knight of Snowdon, Mr. Wallack sustained the part of Roderic Dhu with uncommon force and spirit; and, in the farce of My Aunt, he acted Dashall in the most lively and effective style. In the Marriage of Figaro, Miss Louisa Dance appeared for the first time. She has a good figure, and an expressive countenance; but we cannot speak either of her acting or her singing in terms of high panegyric.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

DEJEUNÉ COSTUME.

ROUND dress of fine cambric, with two broad flounces of muslin, richly embroidered; each flounce headed by a letting-in of broad lace, or embroidered muslin: the dress made high, and finished at the throat by a triple ruff of Urling's lace. Plain morning cap of net, ornamented with a profusion of white or pale lavender-colored satin riband, and tied under the chin with the same. Celestial blue kid slippers or half boots.

BALL DRESS.

Frock of *tulle* over white satin, or *gros de Naples*, with two rows of rich square puffings at the border of the frock, formed of white satin, lightly interspersed with full-blown summer roses; the sleeves short, and of white satin, with an ornament falling over of net, finished by pointed blond. A simple row of puffing ornaments the corsage round the bosom, supplying the place of a tucker. The hair arranged in the newest Parisian style, with the braid or Apollo knot, very backward, and crowned with a bouquet of full blown summer roses. Ear pendants and necklace of large pearls. White satin shoes, and white kid gloves.

MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

The town cannot yet be called empty, but it is very visibly thinned of some of its gayest inhabitants: in about another fortnight we may expect to find the accustomed haunts of the higher orders of fashionables completely deserted: we have eagerly caught the last view of these, and we perform the pleasing task of reporting to our fair patronesses some account of the newest articles of the toilette. We must follow them with watchful eye, and, in our next number, record their costume at the summer recesses. At present, we shall give the following detail of the last modes in the

A beautiful travelling cloak has just been finished for a lady of high rank, and came under our inspection: it was of *gros de Naples*, of a bright violet color, was very simply trimmed, and lined throughout with a rich white sarcenet. Pelisses of bright and delicate summer colors are very universal, and, at friendly dinner parties, especially among kindred, supply the place of a dress; petticoats of cambric or India muslin, of the richest kind, in fine embroidery, and not unusually flounced with lace, should be worn with them; and, as the pelisse is made to fly open, it forms a most elegant costume, especially for the matronly belle. A pelisse also is worn, which is expected will be very general this summer at the different watering-places: it is of fine India muslin, worked in very small flowers, and is lined with some delicate color of a very light shade; it is trimmed with silk cordon, the color of the lining, and down the sides and round the border ornamented, and not very sparingly, with Brussels lace; the sleeves are rather full, and the mancherons consist of points edged with fine narrow lace: a silk belt of corded riband, the color of the lining, fastens in front with a polished steel buckle. White satin spencers are much worn in carriages, particularly in those friendly dinner excursions which take place so frequently in the country. Shawl handkerchiefs of white lace, in beautiful patterns, are expected to be very general, as the weather gets warmer.

The bonnets are of white *gros de Naples*, ornamented with marabout feathers. Village hats of Leghorn, crowned with field-flowers, are also much in vogue for morning walks; and for the carriage, dress hats *à la Marguerite de Valois*, of white chip or light colored satin, crowned with white plumes, with colored tips, are much admired. The bonnets continue in the same beautiful and becoming shape as last month: they are wide in front, and placed very backward; short at the ears, and rounded off, just at the tip. Flowers and feathers, as ornaments, seem equally patronized by the votaries of fashion: gauze trimmings on straw hats seem more in favor



Dejeuné Costume.

Invented by Miss Pierpoint & engraved for the Lady's Magazine N° 7 1823.



Ball Dress.

Invented by Miss Pierpoint, & engraved for the Ladies Magazine N° 7 18[illegible]

than ribands: the bright lavender-grey gauze on white chip, in puffings, has a delicate and beautiful effect: between each puff, is a sprig of white lilac.

Printed muslins still continue to be worn for deshabille, and home costume: the dress most in favor is, however, a bright lavender-grey levantine, trimmed with three rouleaux in handsome festoons: under each rouleau is a very narrow flounce of the same material as the dress: the trimming of this dress is novel, and truly elegant: the body is made in front *en gerbe*, and the bust is trimmed round with a puffing of colored gauze, the same tint as the gown; the mancherons are puckered, and the puckerings confined by Venetian straps; the wrists are ornamented by indented squares, in the battlement style, and stiffened; so that they appear like the military gloves worn by knights errant. White now begins to be more general, as the summer has advanced. No kind of dress is better suited to the young, particularly in the rural scene. Matronly ladies, however, still prefer summer silks of slight sarcenet or levantine. The trimming on dresses continues to be light and appropriate to the season. A new kind of ornament at the border of a dress promises to be much in favor: it consists of a full rouleau of satin, round which are entwined leaves shaped like those of the laurel. Muslin gowns of one color, with those of colored Italian crape, are much in favor in half dress; they are worn over white cambric or *gros de Naples*, and are generally trimmed with a broad flounce, headed by a satin corkscrew rouleau. Rouleaux in festoons are much admired, as ornaments on the borders of silk dresses; and numerous small flounces, put on in bias, are very prevalent on printed muslin, and white dresses. Three rows of triple flounces have also a good effect on white muslin, set at equal distances. Dresses of white muslin gauze, with colored satin stripes, look best with three rows of puffing round the border.

Turbans, though but partially worn, prevail most when made of rainbow-net. A new turban of mixed gauze is much admired; the elevated part is of chenille gauze, and diversifies the other part, which is of white gauze with pink satin stripes. Flowers and ornamental combs are worn by the young at the balls in the country; the hair presenting a mass of beautiful and easy curls, with ringlets depending from the comb. Dress hats are more worn than turbans by married ladies; they are of fancy chip or satin, and are ornamented, though not very profusely, with feathers: on a transparent hat of stiffened net and satin a full bouquet is preferred by many. The morning caps tie under the chin with broad riband, generally coloured, to suit those worn with the dress.

The favorite articles in jewellery are rubies, turquois stones, emeralds, and mina nuova. Numerous rings are worn, and these form the principal ornaments of value, except in *grande costume*. The bracelets are of gold, very broad, and richly wrought in filagree; they are formed in festoons that hang just above the lace ruffle, that now terminates the long sleeve. In half dress, when a lady is attired in white muslin, her girdle and bracelets are made of horse-hair, dyed scarlet, and worked into net, mixed with small gold beads.

The favorite colors for turbans and ribands are the green of the young laurel leaf, pink, and lemon-color. For pelisses, spencers, and dresses, pink, primrose, marshmallow-blossom, and lavender-grey.

MODES PARISIENNES.

Velvet spencers, of delicate summer colors, have, in spite of the warm weather, been sported by some very fashionable ladies in Paris; they are ornamented across the bust with a curious antique kind of ornament, supplying the place of Brandenburgs, and are formed of rouleaux of satin, laid on straight across: each rouleau is ornamented with tufts of silk, and terminates by a cockle-shell of *gros de Naples*: the sleeves are tight to the arm, and the mancherons puckered out full, but confined by bands and cockle-shells, to answer the ornaments across the bust. A fine muslin collar, edged with lace, falls over the throat. Silk mantles are partially worn, and shawls of white and of black lace.

The hats of cotton manufacture have narrow brims, and are placed very backward; the favorite ornament on these hats is a branch of oak, with acorns. The strings are placed under the hat, and are of gauze riband, with branches of oak painted on it; these tie in a large bow on one side. Carriage hats are of straw gauze, and are ornamented with a branch of holly.

Although open chip is not a very pliant article, yet a kind of *fichu* is made of it, which ornaments the hat behind, and is brought forward to fasten before. Hats of rice straw are placed on one side, and are trimmed with a triple row of ribands, forming a fan. Marabout feathers are also spread out like a fan. The hats are worn very wide. Leghorn bonnets are trimmed with very broad riband, and white veils are put on with them, in drapery; these veils are of figured gauze; the strings are placed under the hat, and are of broad satin riband; they are tied loose, and formed into a small bow, terminating at the girdle. Rice straw hats are ornamented with ribands of figured gauze, in colors, with a large rosette of the same riband underneath: the hat is crowned by a half wreath of blue bells. Fancy straw hats, with the edge beautifully plaited, tie under the chin, on the right side, with broad ends of raw silk, cut in bias, the strings under the brim; the hat trimmed with white gauze, with a very large gauze rosette in front.

Gowns for half dress are of colored sarcenet, made in the blouse style, and ornamented at the border with three rows of cockle-shell puffings, the mancherons to correspond: long sleeves are made close to the arm, and the wrist is finished in the same style as the mancherons. The favorite belts are of silk *galon*, about three shades darker than the color of the dress. Collars of muslin, richly embroidered, fall over high dresses at the throat; they belong to a habit-shirt, which is laid in small plaits. White dresses of Cyprus gauze, or of clear muslin, are much worn; they have ten broad tucks, terminating above the knee, and the hem is trimmed with one row of lace, set on plain. Printed muslin dresses on colored grounds have the inappropriate appendage of a velvet body, the color of the ground: this corsage is ornamented in front *en chevrons* of satin, with a falling double pelerine frill of fine muslin, trimmed with lace; these gowns are trimmed with several very narrow flounces. Short sleeves are very full. White Barége silk dresses trimmed with narrow rouleaux of fire-color, and the waist ornamented in front, *en demi-chevrons*, are much admired. Clear muslin dresses of rose, and other light colors, figured all over with little lamps, are in great request; they are called dresses *à la lampe merveilleuse*.

Dress hats are worn at parties, with a plume of white feathers, each feather tipped by the eye of a peacock's feather; this plume covers a part of the crown, and falls over the shoulder. The caps are trimmed with blond, and have broad lappets: diadems of honeysuckles, sweet peas, and syringoes, are the ornaments.

We do not admire the French taste just now for *diablerie*: on the new-invented fans, little devils are painted in that way, that, turn the fan howsoever they please, these little imps of darkness take so many different forms.

Half boots are much in fashion, of a color strikingly different from that of the dress.

Very broad fringes ornament the parasols.

The favorite colors for ribands are rose, mignonet-green, and lilac; for hats, pink, and Canary-yellow. For dresses and pelisses, a new yellow kind of brown, and red lilac.

ADDRESS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank our poetical friends for their favors, which are not merely numerous, but super-abundant. Many attempt poetry before they can write decent prose, as the Druids communicated in verse that learning which was too recondite for humble prose.

An 'Essay on Detraction' is trite and feeble; and, even if it had been written with great force and ability, it would not check that calumnious spirit which is shamefully prevalent.

Miss Aikin's Memoirs of her lamented father will be noticed in our next number.

The 'Lines composed near the Grave of a Sister,' by W. H. L., are vague and incoherent; but the 'Tear-Drop of Pity' seems to deserve admission.

Clara asks, 'Why have you not inserted my Remarks on the Manners of the Times?'—We answer, because a considerable portion is copied from an old Magazine, and the original parts are trifling and inapplicable.

We are requested to take notice of the New Cantos of Don Juan; but, for an obvious reason, we decline that task.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE;

OR,

MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c

Series.

AUGUST 31, 1823.

WALKS IN THE COUNTRY

NO. VI.

THE RUINED MANSION-HOUSE.

JUNE 25th.—What a glowing, glorious day! Summer in its richest prime, noon in its most sparkling brightness, little white clouds dappling the deep blue sky, and the sun, now partially veiled, and now bursting through them with an intensity of light! It would not do to walk to-day, professedly to walk,—we should be frightened at the very sound; and yet it is probable that we may be beguiled into a pretty long stroll before we return home. We are going to drive to the old house at A, to spend the morning under the shade of those balmy firs, and amongst those luxuriant rose-trees, and by the side of that brimming Loddon river. 'Do not expect us before six o'clock, dear mamma!'—'Six at soonest!' added my charming companion, and off we drove in our old chaise, drawn by our old mare, and with the little boy, a sort of younger Scrub, who takes care of the chaise and horse and cow and garden, for our charioteer.

My comrade in this homely equipage was a young lady of high family and higher endowments, to whom the novelty of the thing, and her own naturalness of character and simplicity of taste, gave an unspeakable enjoyment. She danced the old chaise up and down as she got into it, and laughed for very glee, like a child.—Lizzy herself could not have been more delighted. She praised the horse, and the driver, and the roads, and the scenery, and [illegible] herself fully up to the enchantment of a rural excursion in the sweetest weather of this sweet season. I enjoyed all this too, for the road was pleasant to every sense, winding through narrow lanes, under high elms, and between hedges garlanded with woodbine and wild roses, whilst the air was scented with the delicious fragrance of blossomed beans. I enjoyed it all,—but, I believe, my principal pleasure was derived from my companion herself.

Emily I. is a person whom it is a privilege to know. She is quite like a creation of the older poets, and might pass for one of Shakspeare's or Fletcher's women who had stepped into life, just as tender, as playful, as gentle, and as kind. She is clever too, and has all the knowledge and accomplishments that a carefully-conducted education, acting on a mind of singular clearness and ductility, matured and improved by the very best company, can bestow. But one never thinks of her acquirements. It is the charming artless character, the bewitching sweetness of manner, the real and universal sympathy, the quick taste and the ardent feeling, that one loves in Emily. She is Irish by birth, and has in perfection the melting voice and soft caressing accent by which her fair countrywomen are distinguished. Moreover, she is pretty—I think her beautiful, and so do all who have heard as well as seen her,—but pretty, very pretty, all the world must confess, and perhaps that is a distinction more enviable, because less envied, than the 'palmy state' of beauty. Her prettiness is of the prettiest kind,—

that of which the chief character is youthfulness. A short but pleasing figure, all grace and symmetry; a fair, blooming face, beaming with intelligence and good-humor; the prettiest little feet and the whitest hands in the world,—such is the form of Emily I. Having lost her parents, she resides with her maternal grandmother, a venerable old lady, slightly shaken with the palsy; and when together (and they are so fondly attached to each other that they are seldom parted) it is one of the loveliest combinations of youth and age ever witnessed. There is no seeing them without feeling an increase of respect and affection for both grandmother and granddaughter—always one of the tenderest and most beautiful of natural connexions—as Richardson knew when he made such exquisite use of it in his matchless book. I fancy that grandmama Shirley must have been just such another venerable lady as Mrs. S., and our sweet Emily—Oh no! Harriet Byron is not half good enough for her! There is nothing like her in the whole seven volumes, except her young namesake Emily Jervois. ——But here we are at the bridge! Here we must alight! 'This is the Loddon, Emily—the fine Loddon, the real 'Simon Pure.' That paltry brook which we passed yesterday was only a pretender. You know that half the streams in these parts have the assurance to call themselves the Loddon; but this is the true Lodona. Is it not a beautiful river? rising level with its banks, so clear and pure and peaceful, giving back the verdant landscape and the bright blue sky, and bearing on its pellucid tide the snowy water-lily, the purest of flowers, which seems chiseled out of alabaster, and sits enthroned on its own cool leaves, looking chastity itself, like the lady in Comus. That queenly flower becomes the water, and so do the stately swans who are sailing so majestically down the stream, like those who

'On St. Mary's lake
Float double, swan and shadow.'

We must dismount here, and leave Henry to take care of our equipage under the shade of these trees, whilst we walk up to the house:—see, there it is! We must cross this stile, there is no other way now.' And, crossing the stile, we were immediately in what had been a drive round a spacious park, and still retained something of the character, though the park itself had long been broken into arable fields,—and in full view of the great house, a beautiful structure of James the First's time, whose glassless windows and dilapidated doors form a melancholy contrast with the strength and entireness of the rich and massive front. The story of that ruin—for such it is—is always to me singularly affecting: it is that of the decay of an old and distinguished family, gradually reduced from the highest wealth and station to actual poverty. The house and park, and a small estate around it, were entailed on a distant cousin, and could not be alienated; and the late owner, the last of his name and lineage, after long struggling with debt and difficulty, farming his own lands, and clinging to his beautiful home with a love of place almost as tenacious as that of the younger Foscari, was at last forced to abandon it, retired to a paltry lodging in a paltry town, and died there about twenty years ago, broken-hearted. His successor, bound by no ties of association to the spot, and rightly judging the residence to be much too large for the diminished estate, immediately sold the magnificent fixtures, and would have entirely taken down the house, if on making the attempt the masonry had not been found so solid, that the materials were not worth the labor. A great part, however, of one side is laid open, and the superb chambers, with their carving and gilding, are exposed to the wind and rain—sad memorials of past grandeur! The grounds have been left in a merciful neglect; the park indeed is broken up, and the lawn mown twice a year like a common hay-field; but the shrubs are undestroyed, and have grown into a magnificence of size, and wildness of beauty, such as we may imagine them to attain in their native forests. Nothing can exceed their luxuriance, especially in the spring, when the lilac and laburnum and double cherry put forth their gorgeous blossoms. There is a sweet sadness in the sight of such floweriness amidst such desolation; it seems the triumph of nature over the destructive power of man. The whole place, in that season more particularly, is full of a soft and soothing melancholy, reminding me, I scarcely know why, of some of the descriptions of natural scenery in the novels of Char-

lotte Smith, which I read when a girl, and which perhaps for that reason hang on my memory.

But here we are, in the smooth grassy ride, on the top of a steep turfy slope descending to the river, crowned with enormous firs, and limes of equal growth, looking across the winding waters into a sweet peaceful landscape of quiet meadows, shut in by distant woods. What a fragrance is in the air from the balmy fir-trees and the blossomed limes! What an intensity of odor! And what a murmur of bees in the lime-trees!—What a coil those little winged people make over our heads! And what a pleasant sound it is!—the pleasantest of busy sounds, that which comes associated with all that is good and beautiful—industry and forecast, and sunshine and flowers. Surely these lime-trees might store a hundred hives; the very odor is of a satiating richness,—honeyed as it were. Emily exclaimed in admiration, as we stood under the deep, strong, leafy shadow, and still more when honeysuckles trailed their untrimmed profusion in our path, and roses (really trees) almost intercepted our passage. 'On, Emily! farther yet! Let me hold back the branches! There! force your way by that jasmine, —it will yield,—I will take care of this stubborn white rose bough.'—'Take care of yourself! Pray take care,' said my fairest friend—'Did I ever think of walking under the shadow of a white rose tree!—Oh what a shower of delicate leaves!—And what an exquisite fragrance! What rose is it?'—'Don't you know? This most delicate of flowers—resembling in shape and in clustered profusion the China rose—but so pale and white and tender, and the petals thin and smooth as silk?—Did you never see it before? It is rare now, I believe, and seems rarer than it is, because it only blossoms in very hot summers;—but this, Emily, is the musk rose—that very musk rose of which Titania talks, and which is worthy of Shakspeare and of her—Is it not?—No! do not smell to it —it is less sweet so than other roses:—but one cluster in a vase, or even that bunch in your bosom, will perfume a large room—as it does this summer air.' —'Oh! we will take twenty clusters,' said Emily:—'I wish grandmama were here!'—Echoing her wish, and well laden with musk-roses, planted perhaps in the days of Shakspeare, we reached the steps that led to a square summer-house or banqueting-room, overhanging the river: the under part was a boat-house, whose projecting roof (as well as the walls and the very top of the little tower) was covered with ivy and woodbine, and surmounted by tufted barberries, bird-cherries, acacias, covered with their showy chains, and other pendent and flowering trees. Beyond rose two poplars of unrivaled magnitude, towering like stately columns over the dark, tall firs, and giving a sort of pillared and architectural grandeur to the scene. We were now close to the mansion,—but it looked sad and desolate, and the entrance, choked with brambles and nettles, seemed almost to repel our steps. The summer-house, the beautiful summer-house, was free and open and inviting, commanding from the unglazed windows, which hung high above the water, a reach of the river terminated by a rustic mill.

There we sate, emptying our little basket of fruit and country cates, till Emily was seized with a desire of viewing, from the other side of the Loddon, the scenery which had so much enchanted her. 'I must,' she said, 'take a sketch of the ivied boat-house, and of this sweet room, and this pleasant window,—grandmama would never be able to walk from the road to see the place itself, but she must see its likeness.'—So forth we sallied, not forgetting the dear musk-roses. We had no way of reaching the desired spot but by retracing our steps a mile, during the heat of the hottest hour of the day, and then following the course of the river to an equal distance on the other side; nor had we any materials for sketching, except the rumpled paper which had contained our repast, and a pencil without a point which I happened to have about me. But these small difficulties are pleasures to gay and happy youth. Regardless of such obstacles, the sweet Emily bounded on like a fawn, and I followed delighting in her delight. The sun went in, and the walk was delicious; a reviving coolness seemed to breathe over the water, wafting the balmy scent of the firs and limes; we found a point of view embracing the boat-house, the water, the poplars, and the mill, that might almost have brought William Havell from India to draw them; the little straw fruit basket made a capital table, and refreshed and sharpened and pointed by our trusty lacquey's excellent knife (your country boy is never without a good knife, it

is his prime treasure), the pencil did double duty;—first in the skilful hands of Emily, whose faithful and spirited sketch does equal justice to the scene and to the artist, and then in the humbler office of attempting a faint transcript of my own impressions in the following sonnet:—

It was an hour of calmest noon, a day
Of ripest summer: o'er the deep blue sky
White speckled clouds came sailing peacefully,
Half shrouding in a chequer'd veil the ray
Of the sun, too ardent else,—what time we lay
By the smooth Loddon, opposite the high
Steep bank, which as a coronet gloriously
Wore its rich crest of firs and lime-trees, gay
With their pale tassels; while from out a bower
Of ivy (where those column'd poplars rear
Their heads) the ruin'd boat-house, like a tower,
Flung its deep shadow on the waters clear.
My Emily! forget not that calm hour,
Nor that fair scene, by thee made doubly dear!

M.

THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA, A DRAMATIC POEM, AND THE LAST CONSTANTINE, WITH OTHER POEMS,

by Mrs. Hemans. 8vo. 1823.

WITH the poetical talents of this lady our readers are already acquainted, as some of her pieces have adorned our miscellany. She marks the finer feelings of the soul with natural traits, pours forth strains of pathetic simplicity, mingles impressive morality with historic allusions, represents appropriate ideas with graceful elegance, and adds harmony of versification to her other attractions. Yet she has not that commanding power which strikes, that energy which rouses, or that sublimity which electrifies the tasteful reader.

The principal poem treats of a remarkable siege, and dwells on the misfortunes of a noble family. Valencia is defended by Gonzalez, a descendant of the Cid. His two sons fall into the hands of the enemy, and an offer is made to spare their lives on condition of surrendering the place. This, however, the agonized father refuses, though their mother, Elmina, wavers in her resolution; and their sister, Ximena, dies broken-hearted. The boys are put to death; and Gonzalez, mortally wounded, survives only to witness the signal defeat of the Moors by the king of Castile, and the consequent deliverance of Spain. There are some lyrical effusions interspersed in the drama, of which the first may serve as a specimen:

'Thou hast not been with a festal throng
At the pouring of the wine;
Men bear not from the Hall of Song
A mien so dark as thine!
—There's blood upon thy shield,
There's dust upon thy plume:
Thou hast brought, from some disastrous field,
That brow of wrath and gloom!'

'And is there blood upon my shield?
—Maiden! it well may be!
We have sent the streams from our battle-field
All darken'd to the sea!
We have given the founts a stain,
'Midst their woods of ancient pine:
And the ground is wet—but not with rain,
Deep-dyed—but not with wine!

'The ground is wet—but not with rain—
We have been in war array,
And the noblest blood of Christian Spain
Hath bathed her soil to-day.
I have seen the strong man die,
And the stripling meet his fate,
Where the mountain-winds go sounding by,
In the Roncesvalles' Strait.

'In the gloomy Roncesvalles' Strait
There are helms and lances cleft;
And they that moved at morn elate,
On a bed of heath are left!
There's many a fair young face,
Which the war steed hath gone o'er;
At many a board there is kept a place
For those that come no more!'

'Alas! for love, for woman's breast,
If woe like this must be!
—Hast thou seen a youth with an eagle crest,
And a white plume waving free?
With his proud quick flashing eye,
And his mien of knightly state?
Doth he come from where the swords flash'd high,
In the Roncesvalles' Strait?'

'In the gloomy Roncesvalles' Strait
I saw and mark'd him well;
For nobly on his steed he sate,
When the pride of manhood fell!
—But it is not *youth* which turns
From the field of spears again;
For the boy's high heart too wildly burns,
Till it rests amidst the slain!'

'Thou canst not say that *he* lies low,
The lovely and the brave!
Oh! none could look on his joyous brow,
And think upon the grave!
Dark, dark perchance the day
Hath been with valour's fate,
But *he* is on his homeward way,
From the Roncesvalles' Strait!'

'There is dust upon his joyous brow,
And o'er his graceful head;
And the war-horse will not wake him now,
Though it bruise his greensward bed!
I have seen the stripling die,
And the strong man meet his fate,
Where the mountain-winds go sounding by,
In the Roncesvalles' Strait!'

The piece becomes interesting in its progress, though it is not sufficiently varied. The comparison between a woman's indication of parental love, and that which a father shows, is pointedly given.

> ' There is none,
> In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
> Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
> A mother's heart.—It is but pride, wherewith
> To his fair son the father's eye doth turn,
> Watching his growth. Ay, on the boy he looks,
> The bright glad creature springing in his path,
> But as the heir of his great name, the young
> And stately tree, whose rising strength ere long
> Shall bear his trophies well.—And this is love!
> This is *man's* love!—What marvel?—*you* ne'er made
> Your breast the pillow of his infancy,
> While to the fulness of your heart's glad heavings
> His fair cheek rose and fell, and his bright hair
> Waved softly to your breath!—*You* ne'er kept watch
> Beside him, till the last pale star had set,
> And morn, all dazzling, as in triumph, broke
> On your dim weary eye; not *yours* the face
> Which, early faded through fond care for him,
> Hung o'er his sleep, and duly, as Heaven's light,
> Was there to greet his wakening!—*You* ne'er smooth'd
> His couch, ne'er sung him to his rosy rest,
> Caught his least whisper, when his voice from yours
> Had learn'd soft utterance; press'd your lip to his,
> When fever parch'd it; hush'd his wayward cries
> With patient, vigilant, never-wearied love!
> No! these are *woman's* tasks!—In these her youth,
> And bloom of cheek, and buoyancy of heart,
> Steal from her all unmark'd!—My boys! my boys!
> Hath vain affection borne with all for this?
> —Why were ye given me?'

The Last Constantine refers to the fall of the Grecian empire. It is composed in the Spenserian measure, and also in imitation of lord Byron's manner in Childe Harold. The subject is calculated to infuse spirit into the bosom even of a female votary of the Muse; and, therefore, various parts of the poem have an air and tone of animation. It closes with an appeal to the modern Greeks, and some of the allusions are not inapplicable to the Spanish contest; for the French invasion of the peninsula is no more justifiable than were the efforts of the Turkish barbarians to subdue the Constantinopolitan empire.

The Funeral of the Cid is solemn and impressive, though the style is sometimes too familiar. The song called England's Dead is a patriotic compliment to the memory of the gallant sons of Britain, who have sacrificed their lives in all parts of the globe, from the impulse of national honor.

HARRY L., OR THE TALKING GENTLEMAN.

The lords of the creation, who are generally (to do them justice) tenacious enough of their distinctive and peculiar faculties and powers, have yet by common consent made over to the females the single gift of loquacity. Every man thinks and says that every woman talks more than he: it is the creed of the whole sex,—the debates and law reports notwithstanding. And every masculine eye that has scanned my title has already, I doubt not, looked to the *errata*, suspecting a mistake in the gender; but it is their misconception, not my mistake. I do not (Heaven forbid!) intend to impugn or abrogate our female privilege; I do not dispute that we do excel, generally speaking, in the use of the tongue; I only mean to assert that one gentleman does exist (whom I have the pleasure of knowing intimately), who stands pre-eminent and unrivaled in the art of talking, —unmatched and unapproached by man, woman, or child. Since the decease of my poor friend 'the Talking Lady,' who dropped down speechless in the midst of a long story about nine weeks ago, and was immediately known to be dead by her silence, I should be at a loss where to seek a competitor to contend with him in a race of words, and I should be still more puzzled to find one that can match him in wit, pleasantry, or good-humor.

My friend is usually called Harry L., for, though a man of substance, a lord of land, a magistrate, a field officer of militia, nobody ever dreamed of calling him *Mister* or major, or by any such derogatory title—he is and will be all his life plain Harry, the name of universal good-will. He is indeed the pleasantest fellow that lives. His talk (one can hardly call it conversation, as that would seem to imply another interlocutor, something like reciprocity), is an incessant flow of good things, like Congreve's comedies without a replying speaker, or Joe Miller laid into one; and its perpetual stream is not lost and dispersed by diffusion, but runs in one constant channel, playing and sparkling like a fountain, the delight and ornament of our good town of B.

Harry L. is a perfect example of provincial reputation, of local fame. There is not an urchin in the town that has not heard of him, nor an old woman that does not chuckle by anticipation at his

approach. The citizens of B. are as proud of him as the citizens of Antwerp were of the *Chapeau de Paille*, and they have the advantage of the luckless Flemings in the certainty that their boast is not to be purchased. Harry, like the Flemish Beauty, is native to the spot; for he was born at B., educated at B., married at B.—though, as his beautiful wife brought him a good estate in a distant part of the country, there seemed at that epoch of his history some danger of his being lost to our ancient borough; but he is a social and gregarious animal; so he leaves his pretty place in Devonshire to take care of itself, and lives here in the midst of a hive. His tastes are not at all rural. He is no sportsman, no farmer, no lover of strong exercise. When at B., his walks are quite regular; from his own house, on one side of the town, to a gossip-shop called 'literary' on the other, where he talks and reads newspapers, and others read newspapers and listen: thence he proceeds to another house of news, similar in kind, though differing in name, in an opposite quarter, where he and his hearers undergo the same process, and he then returns home, forming a pretty exact triangle of about half a mile. This is his daily exercise, or rather his daily walk; of exercise he takes abundance, not only in talking (though that is nearly as good to open the chest as the dumb-bells), but in a general restlessness and fidgetiness of person, the result of his ardent and nervous temperament, which can hardly endure repose of mind or body. He neither gives rest nor takes it. His company is, indeed, in one sense (only one) fatiguing. Listening to him tires you like a journey. You laugh till you are forced to lie down. The medical gentlemen of the place are aware of this, and are accustomed to exhort delicate patients to abstain from Harry's society, just as they caution them against temptations in point of amusement or of diet—pleasant but dangerous. Choleric gentlemen should also avoid him, and such as love to have the last word; for, though never provoked himself, I cannot deny that he is occasionally tolerably provoking,—in politics especially—and he is an ultra-liberal, quotes Cobbett, and goes rather too far.—In politics he loves to put his antagonist in a fume, and generally succeeds, though it is nearly the only subject on which he ever listens to an answer—chiefly I believe for the sake of a reply, which is commonly some trenchant repartee, that cuts off the poor answer's head like a razor. Very determined speakers would also do well to eschew his company—though in general I never met with any talker to whom other talkers were so ready to give way; perhaps because he keeps them in such incessant laughter, that they are not conscious of their silence. To himself the number of his listeners is altogether unimportant. His speech flows not from vanity or lust of praise, but from sheer necessity;—the reservoir is full, and runs over. When he has no one else to talk to, he can be content with his own company, and talks to himself, being beyond a doubt greater in a soliloquy than any man off the stage. Where he is not known, this habit sometimes occasions considerable consternation and very ridiculous mistakes. He has been taken alternately for an actor, a poet, a man in love, and a man beside himself. Once in particular, at Windsor, he greatly alarmed a philanthropic sentinel by holding forth at his usual rate whilst pacing the terrace alone; and but for the opportune arrival of his party, and their assurances that it was only 'the gentleman's way,' there was some danger that the benevolent soldier might have been tempted to desert his post to take care of him. Even after this explanation, he looked with a doubtful eye after our friend, who was haranguing himself in great style, sighed and shook his head, and finally implored us to look well after him till he should be safe off the terrace.—'You see, ma'am,' observed the philanthropist in scarlet, 'it is an aukward place for any body troubled with vagaries. Suppose the poor soul should take a fancy to jump over the wall!'

In his externals he is a well-looking gentleman of forty or thereabout; rather thin and rather pale, but with no look of ill health nor any other peculiarity except the remarkable circumstance of the lashes of one eye being white, which gives a singular non-resemblance to his organs of vision. Every one perceives the want of uniformity, and few detect the cause. Some suspect him of what farmers call a wall-eye; some think he squints. He himself talks familiarly of his two eyes, the black and the white, and used to liken them to those of our fine Persian cat, (now, alas! no more) who had, in common with his feline

countrymen, one eye blue as a sapphire, the other yellow as a topaz. The dissimilarity certainly rather spoils his beauty, but greatly improves his wit,—I mean the sense of his wit in others. It arrests attention, and predisposes to laughter; is an outward and visible sign of the comical. No common man has two such eyes. They are made for fun.

In his occupations and pleasures Harry is pretty much like other provincial gentlemen; loves a rubber, and jests all through at aces, kings, queens, and knaves, bad cards and good, at winning and losing, scolding and praise;—loves a play, at which he out-talks the actors whilst on the stage,—to say nothing of the advantage he has over them in the intervals between the acts;—loves music, as a good accompaniment to his grand solo;—loves a contested election above all. That is his real element,—that din and uproar and riot and confusion! To ride that whirlwind and direct that storm is his triumph of triumphs! He would make a great sensation in parliament himself, and a pleasant one. (By the way, he was once in danger of being turned out of the gallery for setting all around him in a roar.) Think what a fine thing it would be for the members to have mirth introduced into the body of the house! to be sure of an honest, hearty, good-humored, laugh every night during the session! Besides, Harry is an admirable speaker, in every sense of the word. Jesting is indeed his forte, because he wills it so to be; and therefore, because he chooses to play jigs and country dances on a noble organ, even some of his stanchest admirers think he can play nothing else. There is no quality of which men so much grudge the reputation as versatility of talent. Because he is so humorous, they will hardly allow him to be eloquent; and, because he is so very witty, find it difficult to account him wise. But let him go where he has not that mischievous fame, or let him bridle his jests and rein in his humor only for one short hour, and he will pass for a most reverend orator,—logical, pathetic, and vigorous above all.—But how can I wish him to cease jesting even for an hour? Who would exchange the genial fame of good-humored wit for the stern reputation of wisdom? Who would choose to be Socrates, if with a wish he could be Harry L.? M.

WISDOM IN A SMALL COMPASS, OR MORAL AND PRUDENTIAL SENTIMENTS AND OBSERVATIONS.

There is one rule which, if systematically followed, would render life a scene of comfort and happiness. It is this—Treat others as you would wish them to act toward you. Some perhaps will say, that life would then stagnate into dull and insipid uniformity, as if war, outrage, and injury, were necessary to enliven conversation and rouse the feelings.

The happiest station is that which neither wholly subjects a man to labor, nor totally exempts him from it.

It has been said that marriage has its troubles and grievances, but that celibacy has no comforts. The fact seems to be, that, when a judicious matrimonial choice is made, the former state is preferable to the latter; and, on the other hand, it is worse than a single life, when the choice of a wife has been precipitate and inconsiderate.

We should seldom desire with eagerness, if we were fully acquainted with what we desire.

Many lose the relish of what they possess, by desiring what they do not possess.

He to whom a greater degree of liberty is given than is reasonable, will wish for more than is allowed.

Virtue is not an enemy to pleasure, grandeur, or true glory; its proper office is so to regulate our desires, that we may enjoy the blessings of life with moderation, and lose them without repining.

Unaffected cheerfulness is more agreeable than boisterous vivacity: by the former we are amused, but we find the latter tiresome.

Many men, in reasoning on the passions, make a continued appeal to common sense; but passion is destitute of common sense, and we must frequently discard the one in speaking of the other.

Temperance, by fortifying the mind and body, leads to happiness; while intemperance, by enervating both, is productive of misery.

Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience.

The poverty of many persons would be more patiently endured, if less known.

We make life uneasy by thinking of death, and death uneasy by thinking of life.

The man whom no one pleases is more unhappy than he with whom no one is pleased.—If few persons please us, we please as few.

Of all men he is the most unhappy, who believes himself to be so.

To have neither merit nor wealth is a great misfortune; but the gift of either compensates, in the opinion of many, the want of the other.

Nothing makes us so easy amidst the unequal distribution of the favors of fortune, as the opinion which we entertain of our own deserts.

We are not always so vain as to think ourselves the best people in the world; but we seldom allow that any are much better than ourselves.

A fop is in dress and manners what a pedant is in learning.

The apparent condescension of a man of superior rank is frequently a mark of pride. He thinks that he does you the greatest honor by lowering himself to your level.

He who succeeds in deceiving, is often more obliged to another's weakness than to his own cunning.

He who is continually seeking opportunities for the display of supposed wit, rarely fails to convince the world that he has little or no share of that talent.

Some would please more in conversation, if they did not show that their sole aim is to shine.

Women are both pleased and vexed at the jealousy of their lovers.

The only way to be revenged on a person who talks too much, is not to listen.

Women are sooner pleased than men, but not so soon satisfied.

A woman may pretend to be angry when a man tells her that he loves her; but in her heart she is not displeased.

Some women are so vain of being talked of, that they would rather submit to an exposure of their faults, than not have their names in every body's mouth.

Some people have naturally such an intemperance of speech, that they will rather talk of their own faults than let their tongues lie still.

We charge nature with all our faults, and make our virtues pass for the effect of our reason and choice; but it frequently happens that we do both unjustly.

The fear of death has less power over many than that of reproach.

Nature has made man legible to almost every body but himself.

He has lived to a good old age indeed, who never was capable of folly.

Nature made it a stone; the statuary an image; and our bowing down to it a god.

It is out of hope that we promise, but out of fear that we perform.

He who refuses to be commended, only desires you to commend him again.

ACCOUNT OF AN EXPEDITION FROM PITTSBURGH TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, PERFORMED IN THE YEARS 1819 AND 1820.

3 vols. 8vo. 1823.

The United States having extended their sway across the continent, from the Atlantic to the North-Pacific, though at present their distant authority is rather nominal than effective, conceive it to be a part of their duty to institute a regular survey of the interjacent territories, instead of leaving that task to the exertions of individual enterprise and rambling curiosity. The Rocky Mountains, which intersect the country to an amazing extent from north to south, have not yet been fully explored, though they have been occasionally traversed; but the vast tracts reaching from the old western states to those mountains are so far known, in consequence of official surveys, as to hold out a prospect of speedy and extensive colonisation.

Major Long was employed on this occasion, and he was attended by men of science and other useful associates. Mr. Edwin James acted as botanist and geologist, and to him we are chiefly indebted for the published account.

In the vicinity of the town of St. Louis, the party observed what appeared to be evidences of an ancient population; for instance, the impressions of human feet upon the *strata* of limestone, and a num-

ber of '*tumuli* and other remains of the labors of tribes that inhabited this region many ages since.' At the new town of Lilliput, so called in reference to a pigmy race, it was the particular wish of the gentlemen to determine the truth or falsehood of those reports which had stated the discovery of the bones of many individuals of a very diminutive size; and they found, on examination, that the story was unsupported. The propagators of the fiction, having heard of the stupendous bones of the mammoth, were willing to rush into the opposite extreme of invention.

In the progress of the party, the Konzos attracted considerable attention; and Mr. Say thus speaks of the government, manners, and customs of the tribe.

'Ca-ega-wa-tan-ninga, or the Fool Chief, is the hereditary principal chief, but he possesses nothing like monarchical authority, maintaining his distinction only by his bravery and good conduct. There are ten or twelve inferior chieftains, or persons who aspire to such dignity, but these do not appear to command any great respect from the people. Civil as well as military distinction arises from bravery or generosity. Controversies are decided amongst themselves; they do not appeal to their chief, excepting for counsel. They will not marry any of their kindred, however remote. The females, before marriage, labor in the fields, and serve their parents, carry wood and water, and attend to the culinary duties; when the eldest daughter marries, she commands the lodge, the mother, and all the sisters; the latter are to be also the wives of the same individual. When a young man wishes to marry a particular female, his father gives a feast to a few persons, generally old men, and acquaints them with his design; they repair to the girl, who generally feigns an unwillingness to marry, and urges such reasons as her poverty, youth, &c.—the old men are often obliged to return six or seven times before they can effect their object. When her consent is obtained, the parents of the young man take two or three blankets and some meat to the parents of the female that they may feast, and immediately return to their lodge. The parents put on the meat to cook, and place the same quantity of meat and merchandize on two horses, and dress their daughter in the best garments they can afford; she mounts one of the horses, and leads the other, and is preceded by a crier announcing, with a loud voice, the marriage of the young couple, naming them, to the people; in this way she goes to the habitation of her husband, whose parents take from her every thing she brings, strip her entirely naked, dress her again in clothes as good as she brought, furnish her with two other horses, with meat and merchandize, and she returns with her crier to her parents. These two horses she retains as her own, together with all the articles she brings back with her. Her parents then make a feast, to which they invite the husband, his parents, and friends; the young couple are seated together, and all then partake of the good cheer, after which the father of the girl makes an harangue, in which he informs the young man that he must now assume the command of the lodge, and of every thing belonging to him and his daughter. All the merchandize which the bride returned with is distributed in presents from herself to the kindred of her husband in their first visit. The husband then invites the relatives of his wife to a feast. Whatever peltries the father possesses are at the disposal of the son to trade with on his own account; and in every respect the parents, in many instances, become subservient to the young man.

'After the death of the husband the widow scarifies herself, rubs her person with clay, and becomes negligent of her dress, until the expiration of one year, when the eldest brother of the deceased takes her to wife without any ceremony, considers her children as his own, and takes her and them to his house; if the deceased left no brother, she marries whom she pleases. They have, in some instances, four or five wives; but these are mostly sisters: if they marry into two families, the wives do not harmonise well together, and give the husband much inquietude; there is, however, no restriction in this respect, except in the prudence of the husband. The grandfather and grandmother are very fond of their grandchildren, but these have very little respect for them. The female children respect and obey their parents; but the males are very disobedient, and the more obstinate they are, and the less readily they comply with the commands of their parents, the more the latter seem to be pleased, saying, 'He will be a brave man, a great warrior; he will not be controlled.''

A long account is given of the Omawhaws, who are alternately hunters and agriculturists. They arrive from their hunting excursions in April, and plant maize, beans, pumpkins, and water-melons. When the season of bison hunting arrives, all move, except the old and infirm. When they have procured a sufficient store they return to their village, where they remain until the end of October, when they go in parties to the banks of the Missouri to trade for powder, ball, brass, knives, &c. They then hunt the deer, and entrap beavers and otters.

'The assiduous hunter often returns to his temporary residence in the evening, after unsuccessful exertions continued the live-long day: he is hungry, cold, and fatigued; with his mockasins, perhaps, frozen on his feet. His faithful squaw may be unable to relieve his hunger, but she seats herself by his side near the little fire, and, after having disposed of his hunting apparatus, she rubs his mockasins and leggings, and pulls them off, that he may be comfortable; she then gives him water to drink, and his pipe to smoke. His children assemble about him, and he takes one of them upon his knee, and proceeds to relate to it the adventures of the day, that his squaw may be informed of them. 'I have been active all day, but the Master of life has prevented me from killing any game; but never despond, my children and your mother, I may be fortunate to-morrow.' After some time he retires to rest, but the wife remains to dry his clothing. He often sings until midnight, and on the morrow he again sallies forth before the dawn, and may soon return with a superabundance of food. Such is the life of the Indian hunter, and such the privations and pleasures to which his being is habitually incident.'

Their religion is degraded by superstitious practices, and even magic is a part of their creed. They pretend to cure some diseases by sorcery or by charms, while in other cases they have recourse, but in a very imperfect and unskilful way, to medicine and surgery. They are fond of strong liquors, particularly whiskey, which they (not inappropriately) call fire-water. Less savage and more sociable than some of the Missouri tribes, they yet do not refrain from war; nor indeed can it be expected that they should relinquish a custom which the most civilised nations have interwoven with their system of policy. The chief provocatives to war are encroachments on their hunting districts, the stealing of their horses, or the detention and encouragement of their eloping wives or daughters. They do not put their prisoners to death, but oblige both men and women to perform various services, and adopt the children.

The Pawnees are considered as a warlike and powerful tribe, and, until lately, as more inhuman than their neighbours; for it was their custom to sacrifice either a male or female captive, with a view of so propitiating the Great Star, as to secure the blessing of an abundant harvest.

'The present mild and humane chief of the nation, Latelesha, or Knife Chief, had long regarded this sacrifice as an unnecessary and cruel exhibition of power, exercised upon unfortunate and defenceless individuals, whom they were bound to protect; and he vainly endeavoured to abolish it by philanthropic admonitions. An Ietan woman was doomed to the Great Star by the warrior, whose property she had become by the fate of war. She underwent the usual preparations, and, on the appointed day, was led to the cross, amidst a great concourse of people, as eager, perhaps, as their civilised fellow-men, to witness the horrors of an execution. The victim was bound to the cross with thongs of skin, and, the usual ceremonies being performed, her dread of a more terrible death was about to be terminated by the tomahawk and the arrow. At this critical moment, Petalesharoo (son of the Knife Chief) stepped forward into the area, and, in a hurried but firm manner, declared that it was his father's wish to abolish this sacrifice; that, for himself, he had presented himself before them, for the purpose of laying down his life upon the spot, or of releasing the victim. He then cut the cords which bound her to the cross, carried her swiftly through the crowd to a horse, which he presented to her, and having mounted another himself, he conveyed her beyond the reach of immediate pursuit; when, after having supplied her with food, and admonishing her to make the best of her way to her own nation, which was at the distance of at least four hundred miles, he was constrained to return to his village. The emancipated Ietan had the good fortune, on her journey of the subsequent day, to meet with a war party of

her own people, by whom she was conveyed to her family in safety.'

On a subsequent occasion, when a Spanish boy was on the point of being sacrificed, Petalesharoo again interfered with effect; and it is supposed that the custom has been abolished. This anecdote is highly honorable to the young and spirited chieftain, and affords a gratifying instance of the progress of civilisation and humanity.

After a course of diligent investigation, the party reached the vicinity of the Rocky Mountains, but did not examine the country which is included within their range. Some account of it, indeed, was obtained from a Frenchman who had roved as a hunter amidst these western wilds; and the following statement is a part of his communications:—

'The region lying west of the first range of the Rocky Mountains, and between the sources of the Yellow Stone on the north, and Santa Fé on the south, is made up of ridges of mountains, spurs and valleys. The mountains are usually abrupt, often towering into inaccessible peaks covered with perpetual snow. The interior ranges and spurs are generally more elevated than the exterior; this conclusion is at least naturally drawn from the fact, that they are covered with snow to a greater extent below their summits. Although that point which we have denominated James's peak has been represented as higher than any other part of the mountains within one hundred or one hundred and fifty miles, we are inclined to believe it falls much below several other peaks, and particularly that which was for many days observed by the party when ascending the Platte.

'The valleys within the Rocky Mountains are, many of them, extensive, being from ten to twenty or thirty miles in width, and are traversed by many large and beautiful streams. In these valleys, which are destitute of timber, the soil is frequently fertile and covered with a rich growth of a white-flowered clover, upon which horses and other animals feed with avidity. They have an undulating surface, and are terminated on all sides by gentle slopes leading up to the base of the circumjacent mountains. Timber may be had on the declivities of the hills in sufficient quantity to subserve the purposes of settlement. The soil is deep, well watered, and adapted to cultivation.'

The different objects of survey, in this peregrination, are not so well defined, or so distinctly particularised, as might have been expected; and points which many would wish to know are either omitted or very slightly noticed. The climate was found to be generally very warm, with occasional transitions to coldness. In the dry season, the beds of what lately had been great rivers were destitute of every appearance of a stream, and, to the great inconvenience of the party, exhibited only moist sand, which, when scraped into hollows, afforded such a trifling quantity of water, as served rather to excite a desire of more than to satisfy existing wants. The quadrupeds which were observed were not distinguished by novelty of species, nor were they very numerous. Vultures and other birds of prey were occasionally seen, but without any striking peculiarities. The chief annoyance arose from little creatures apparently the most contemptible,—minute and almost invisible wood-ticks.

'These insects, unlike the mosquitoes, gnats, and sand-flies, are not to be turned aside by a gust of wind or an atmosphere surcharged with smoke, nor does the closest dress of leather afford any protection from their persecutions. The traveler no sooner sets foot among them, than they commence in countless thousands their silent and unseen march; ascending along the feet and legs, they insinuate themselves into every article of dress, and fasten, unperceived, their fangs upon every part of the body. The bite is not felt until the insect has had time to bury the whole of his head, and (in the case of the most minute and most troublesome species) nearly his whole body, under the skin, where he fastens himself with such tenacity, that he will sooner suffer his head and body to be dragged apart than relinquish his hold. It would perhaps be advisable, when they are once thoroughly planted, to suffer them to remain unmolested, as the head and claws left under the skin produce more irritation than the living animal; but they excite such intolerable itching, that the finger nails are sure very soon to do all finger nails can do for their destruction. The wound, which was at first almost imperceptible, swells and inflames gradually, and being en-

larged by rubbing and scratching, at length discharges a serous fluid, and finally suppurates to such an extent, as to carry off the offending substance. If the insect is suffered to remain unmolested, he protracts his feast for some weeks, when he is found to have grown of enormous size, and to have assumed nearly the color of the skin on which he has been feeding; his limbs do not enlarge, but are almost buried in the mass accumulated on his back, which extending forward bears against the skin, and at last pushes the insect from his hold.'

ACCOUNT OF THE COLONIZATION, AND THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE COLONISTS, OF NEW RUSSIA; *by Mary Holderness.* 8vo. 1823.

WHEN the empress Catharine, by policy and war, extended her empire to the southward at the expense of the Turks, she gave to the added territories the appellation of New Russia, and planted colonies in those parts which were very imperfectly peopled. 'This immense colony (says Mrs. Holderness, but certainly in the spirit of exaggeration) is twice as large as Great-Britain, and its soil thrice as fertile as that of England in general.' It has been subjected to a variety of regulations; and, though some of these are not the most judicious, it thrives under the auspices even of a despotic court. Useful information with regard to this country is given by the fair author of the present work, and her sketches of manners and customs are by no means uninteresting.

Before Mrs. Holderness reached the colonial territories, she traversed the country from Riga to Kiev, witnessed in various instances the improvements of manufactures, and experienced the hospitality of the natives, particularly of the ladies. In noticing the domestic establishments, she says,—

'The Russian ladies have always a certain number of their female slaves, who are brought up with more than usual care, and in fact educated for the department they are to fill. These, 'the menial fair that round her wait,' are, like those so often spoken of by Homer, the constant attendants upon her person, and as humble companions contribute to her pleasure and her profit in various ways: they are skilled in ornamental work of different kinds. Mrs. Hince showed me the tambour-frames and some very handsome embroidery which her young women were employed in. My thoughts continually reverted to the poet, while she directed and encouraged their labor—

'Go with the queen, the spindle guide; or cull
'(The partners of her cares) the silver wool.'

'Although slaves of every description are attached to the soil, and the buying or selling of them separately is strictly forbidden, yet it nevertheless frequently takes place; and a young woman brought up in the way I have described, and excelling in any one art, whether it be dancing, singing, or needle-work of any kind, is worth a considerable sum, and that sum varies according to the accomplishment she possesses, or the degree of proficiency to which she has attained, and she is sure to have a ready purchaser. In addition to the similitudes which exist in the offices assigned to these attendants, we must not forget that their conditions were, in other respects, frequently the same; such, for instance, was the servile state of the sage Euryclea:—

'Daughter of Ops, the first Pisenor's son,
'For twenty beeves by fam'd Laertes won.'

'This custom of purchasing slaves, or menials, by live stock, is also very frequently practised in Russia.'

The Russian salutation is very contrary to our etiquette. The ladies, in meeting, kiss each other on the lips and checks; and, when a lady and gentleman meet, the latter kisses the hand of the lady, and inclines his check towards her, *which she kisses.*' Young men may consider this as a pleasant custom, but it is not altogether consistent with feminine delicacy.

Of the Greek colonists this lady does not speak in the most favorable terms.—'Their character is exceedingly litigious; they are jealous of each other's prosperity, and anxiously engage in the pursuit of gain. They live in the most parsimonious manner, and I have seen them, though employed in day labor, subsisting on onions, or garlic and bread. They are rigid observers of the fasts of their own church, and as attentive rejoicers upon each festival; often making those as great holidays, which the Russian calendar marks as slight ones, and of which the Russian priests less peremptorily exact the observance. Though thus religiously attentive to their fasts and feasts, they do not, however, seem

to consider the necessity of public worship so great, nor do they provide for it as the Tatars do, who have no village without a *metchet* (mosque) or place used for public worship. This, though in many cases its exterior is no better than a cottage, nor has it other decoration to boast of within than clean walls and a matted floor; yet, as a place for religious ceremony, it is never entered without respect and solemnity.

'The occupations of the Greeks are perhaps more various than those of most of the settlers. In the towns they are found as respectable merchants, as small shopkeepers, keepers of the khans, &c. They also are the only colonists who adventure far for the purpose of fishing. In the villages they enter partially into agricultural pursuits, cultivating as much ground as will give the produce necessary for their own private consumption; but they are bad farmers, and not much skilled in the management of cattle: they however accumulate herds of cows and oxen, and live much on the produce of the former; eat the milk sour as the Tatars do, and make a much better sort of cheese. Few of them keep sheep, and such as do entrust the management of them to Tatars or Bulgarians; but the losses in small flocks make them very unprofitable.

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'Amongst the Greeks are commonly found artisans of different sorts, but especially masons and carpenters, and those who do not occupy themselves in the gardens, or at seasons when their work there is not required, always find employment in the towns as builders, &c. It is a common thing to see the Greek men engaged in making worsted or knitting stockings;—an effeminate occupation this, and a strong contrast to the noble games which once excited their ardor and engaged their pursuit. The women are extremely dirty in their houses and in their persons. The little they have of furniture, in their cottages, is in the Tatar style; but the black aspect of their smoked walls seems to accord with every thing around them; and the mother, with uncombed locks and unwashed hands, cannot rank amongst her possessions, or those of her husband, the comfort of a clean hearth or the charms of order and neatness. His dirty children may perhaps welcome his return home as warmly as others, and he possibly finds no misery in that to which habit has reconciled him.

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'The Greek children are early betrothed, and the marriage formed upon motives of policy by the parents, which the children, I believe, seldom refuse to ratify, since they marry at too early an age to have an opinion on the subject, or at least to be likely to feel influenced by any considerate motives themselves: it is therefore so far well that the discretionary power is in the hands of those who are likely to exercise it with more judgement; and as to the feelings which a refined sensibility produces, here they are not expected to be found. At the time a Greek girl is affianced, the father of the intended bridegroom makes presents to his daughter-in-law, or to her father, in proportion to his circumstances, and he is bound to aid according to his means in providing for the young couple. At fourteen, and I have heard sometimes even at twelve, the girls are married; and at sixteen or seventeen the boy takes upon him man's estate, and becomes master of a family.'

It appears that the Bulgarian colonists bear a high character, as a sober, honest, diligent, and meritorious class.—'The industry and frugality of the Bulgarian, taking advantage of every circumstance that favors his independence, place him too much in ease, to send his children out into servitude; every village finding employment, even more than enough to occupy its inhabitants. The women are industrious and cleanly: beside the usual occupations of the household, they spin and weave their own and their husbands' clothing; and the Bulgarian wears few articles but what are either the work of his wife or his own. Many of their domestic utensils are also of their own manufacture. During hay-time or harvest, the women likewise assist in the field; and thus in habits of industry pass the active and cheerful lives of these people.'

Adverting to the hospitality of the Bulgarians, the authoress mentions a remarkable effect attributed to that quality by the superstitious inhabitants of the Crimea. They express their firm conviction that it was 'the means of preserving a whole village from the dreadful visitation of the plague during the years 1812 and 1813. The belief of the *personification* of *evil* is rarely found,

though we read of it in all the Eastern tales. The story is as follows:—Near midnight a stranger knocked, and obtained admittance, at the cottage of one of these villagers; he begged for food and drink, both of which were freely given to him, and his stay for the remainder of the night pressed; but, having refreshed himself, he got up to depart, and, thanking them for their reception of him, assured them he would amply repay it. 'I am,' said he, 'THE PLAGUE, and, during the scourge with which I am come to visit this country, your village shall remain unhurt and untouched amidst surrounding devastation.' The promise was fulfilled, and the village escaped the infection, which spread with horrid rapidity around.'

The Armenian colonists are not very numerous in New Russia.—'Those of the Crimea are universally resident in the towns, either as merchants or burghers; and the appellation so contemptuously bestowed by Buonaparte on the English, seems, in truth, perfectly applicable to these people—they are really a nation of shopkeepers, having no other pursuits than those of buying and selling, in which they show a keenness that makes them much more apt to overreach others, than liable to be deceived themselves. In character they are more retired than many others of the settlers, and particularly the women, who are reserved and awkward amongst strangers: they have quick piercing dark eyes, very dark hair, handsome noses, most intelligent countenances, showing a natural capacity, which, from the want of education, is all absorbed in one acquirement, and devoted to the knowledge of increasing gain; and, in comprehending pecuniary interest, they are remarkably shrewd.'

While Mrs. Holderness seems to admit the general cheerfulness of the people, she laments that human existence is not sufficiently enlivened in the Crimea. When any incident, however, 'produces a bustle,' they appear to enjoy it with some degree of alacrity; and we may conclude from her own observations, that they do not patiently submit to torpor and inanity. 'The Tatar, for re-animation, has recourse to his pipe; his wife, to her holiday clothes, and a visit; the Russian to a drinking frolic, which, once begun, may last for a week or two; there is no telling how long, or guessing how soon the fascination of the cup may cease, and reason be restored to her throne; but when she has regained her seat, he returns submissive, and with increased alacrity, to his duty, and will kiss the feet of his offended master. The German takes the same course, but not with equal success; for the electrical power has much less influence over him; he is naturally too stupid to be elicited even by such means. The Greek, too, takes the cordial cup with almost as much zest as though it were the one which the fair Helen prepared for Telemachus; he drinks till he is merry, and then dances till he thirsts again. The Russian drinks brandy; the Greek, wine: the Russian drinks till he is senseless—he sleeps, recovers, and returns to drink again. The Greek drinks till his spirits are elated, and all around him seems gay; he takes his *balalaika*, the dancers assemble around him; quick as his spirits, his fingers pass over the strings, and the dancers' feet keep time to its simple tones.'

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR—As health is the chief blessing of life, it must be a pleasing consideration to every friend of mankind, and more particularly to the inhabitants of that kingdom to which we belong, to observe a gradual increase of salubrity in our crowded towns, and a consequent diminution of the number of deaths. As this point is demonstrated by sir Gilbert Blane in one of his 'Select Dissertations on several Subjects of Medical Science,' I request your insertion of such gratifying intelligence. W. W.

'The observations relating to the salubrity of different districts of England are taken (says this experienced physician) from the parliamentary returns of 1811. The counties in which the mortality was above the average, were Middlesex, where it was 1 in 36; Kent, where it was 1 in 41; Warwickshire, where it was 1 in 42; Cambridgeshire, where it was one in 44; Essex, where it was also 1 in 44; Surrey, where it was 1 in 45; the East Riding of Yorkshire, where it was 1 in 47; Lancashire, where it was 1 in 48. Of these eight counties, four are subject to agues, namely Kent, Essex, Cambridgeshire, and the East Riding of Yorkshire, comprising all the counties of that description, except Lincolnshire, in which the mortality was below the average; for it was 1 in 51,

the average being 1 in 58.7. The smaller degree of mortality in this last is no doubt owing to the great proportion, which the dry and upland part of this country bears to the fenny districts. That there is a great difference in the mortality in these, is proved by their respective returns. The mortality in the town of Boston, for instance, which is situated in the fens, is 1 in 27; whereas that of Stamford, which is in the dry and upland division, is 1 in 50.

'It may be asked, whence arises the greater mortality of the other four counties, of which the rate is above the average. With regard to Middlesex, it is imputable, no doubt, to the various circumstances adverse to health, peculiar to the metropolis, such as the more intemperate habits of life, and perhaps still more the unfavorable influence of the air of this great city, particularly on young children. It is worthy of remark, however, that London has of late years been improving in salubrity; for it appears by the bills of mortality, that the burials invariably and considerably exceeded the christenings, till a few years before the close of the last century; whereas since that time the christenings have generally exceeded the burials. This may in part be ascribed to vaccination; but it cannot be entirely owing to this cause, for the decrease of burials took place some years before that admirable discovery. The first year on the records of the bills of mortality, in which the births exceeded the burials in this metropolis, was 1790. The great diminution of mortality, among young children, so as to amount now to little more than one-half of what it was as late as the middle of the last century, has already been adverted to. In farther proof of the improving health of London, it is stated in this Parliamentary Report, that the annual mortality in 1700, was 1 in 25; in 1750, 1 in 21; in 1801, and the four preceding years, 1 in 35; and in 1810, 1 in 38. The increased mortality in the middle of the last century has been imputed to the great abuse of spirituous liquors, which was checked about that time by the imposition of high duties. The other causes of superior health seem to consist in a general improvement in the habits of life, particularly with regard to ventilation and cleanliness, a more ample supply of water, greater abundance and better quality of food, the improved state of medicine, and the better management of children.

'The high proportion of mortality in Surrey is no doubt owing to its containing a portion of the metropolis, consisting of a population of 170,000, which is more than one half of the whole county.

'The high rate of mortality in Warwickshire seems at first sight the most difficult to be accounted for, the air of this part of the kingdom being very salubrious. It is no doubt owing to the town of Birmingham being situated here, for it comprises two-fifths of the population; and the mortality, on the average of the last ten years, is 1 in 34. The mortality in this town is greater than in Manchester, Leeds, or Norwich. The operations in metals have been alleged as the cause of this: but it is much more probably owing to the want of attention to cleanliness and ventilation, particularly with regard to the streets, which are very narrow and dirty.

'With regard to Lancashire, where the mortality is somewhat above the average, the number of large towns and extensive manufactures, affording a greater proportion of artisans to rural inhabitants, than in any other county, except those in which the metropolis is situated, is certainly the cause of this; for the air is very salubrious, and the great quantity and cheapness of fuel is extremely friendly to life, health, and comfort. It is probably owing to this advantage, that the inhabitants of this county, particularly the females, have become noted for their well-formed persons and comely countenances, forming a contrast with those of Buckinghamshire, where the fuel was extremely scanty and high-priced before the late extension of the inland navigation; so that the laboring class suffered peculiar hardships from this privation, and are of a stature so inferior, that the militia-men are, by act of parliament, admissible at a lower standard than in the rest of England. The report of Manchester, which is the second town in England in point of population, forms an exception to the rest of Lancashire; for the mortality there, on the average of the last ten years, was 1 in 58, and, in 1811, 1 in 74. But that of Liverpool was 1 in 34 on the average of ten years, and 1 in 30, in 1811. In the former town we have another pleasing picture of the progressive improvement of health; for it

is stated by the late Dr. Percival, that, in 1757, the annual mortality of Manchester was 1 in 25.7, and, in 1770, 1 in 28, although at the former period the population was not quite one-fourth, and at the later period not one-half of its present amount. This improvement of health is clearly imputable to certain regulations of police, particularly with respect to ventilation, recommended and introduced by the above-mentioned benevolent, enlightened, and active physician. Since that time much praise is due to Dr. Ferrier, who followed the footsteps of Dr. Percival.

'The like progressive amelioration of health is deducible from these public documents with respect to the whole kingdom *.'

* We have the pleasure to add, that later documents and reports, with regard to the decline of mortality, are still more favorable — Edit.

STANZAS ON WOMAN.

Say—what is man's supreme delight?
What can fill his heart with pleasure?
What is most precious to his sight?
What is nature's choicest treasure?

There is a something I can name,
Is all and more—deny it no man—
'Tis dearer far than wealth or fame;
'Tis fair, angelic, virtuous woman!

Can aught to man such rapture give?
Is she not all his heart can sigh for?
For many earthly things he'd *live*,
But lovely woman *die* for!

Yet there are men, methinks you'll say,
Who oft caress, yet oft misuse her;
Not men—*appear* like men they may;
None but *unfeeling brutes* abuse her!

I call him man alone, whose mind
Ne'er harbour'd yet a thought to harm her;
In whose fond heart a friend she'd find,
If pale distress or pain alarm her.

But henceforth may her sorrows cease,
Affliction's frowns assail her never:
Bless her, kind Heaven, with health and peace,
And joy attend her steps for ever!

For *she* is man's supreme delight!
She can fill his heart with pleasure!
She is most precious to his sight!
She is nature's choicest treasure!

S. A. K.

SOCIETY AFTER DINNER;

from Mr. Coxe's Social Day.

When beauty's beams no longer blaze,
Or round the table shed bright rays;
'Tis then the scatter'd guests prepare
To rally and support the chair;
Close their wide ranks, take nearer line,
And bathe wit's lips in rosy wine.
And now the cellar's deep domain
Sends forth fresh stores to light again:

There doom'd to dwell, till, like the wand
That Prospero sway'd, in high command,
The magic screw and potent key
Set the imprison'd spirit free.
Wine, cheering wine, that lightens woe,
And bids the pulse of friendship glow;
Prolongs man's life by moderate use;
But undermines it, by abuse;
And is a source of joy or evil,
A comfort or pernicious devil.
Who seeks intemperance as a mate,
Will mourn the folly soon or late.
And wine can of their wits the wise beguile,
Make the sage frolic, and the serious smile;
The grave, in merry measures frisk about,
And many a long-repented word bring out:
Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,
Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noblest mind.
When converse with the bottle flies,
Then wit will simultaneous rise;
But when the bottle rules the hall,
'Tis tyranny—oppression all:
And hateful is confusion's table,
Where reign the many tongues like Babel;
The ceaseless tale of hound and horn,
Of southern breeze, the sportsman's morn,
The daring leap, the lengthen'd chase,
'Mid orgies ending in disgrace,
The nauseous joke repeated o'er,
The chorus'd song in stunning roar:—
Far be such scenes of festive strife
From the mild sphere of polish'd life.
Blithe round the board in every glass,
Here ruby drops with temperance pass;
And as on Autumn's tranquil morn,
When the grey mist, in pastures born,
Fills the whole air's encircling space,
Hiding the sun's refulgent face;
So will the crystal's dewy side
Conceal the grape's inspiring tide;
Till as the purple treasures flow,
Resplendent in translucid glow,
Unveil'd, they burst from clouds to light,
In flavour rich, in beauty bright.
Bound by no harsh imperious measure,
No arbitrary tax on pleasure;
At large, and left to freedom's thinking,
No rule is given, no law of drinking,
But that, attentive to convey
The current in each neighbour's way,
From right to left—the rule confest,
As Homer's ancient lays attest,—
And while the cheerful minutes pass,
Still rational, o'er every glass,
The speech correct, the judgement stable,
Enjoy the converse of the table.
To form the intellectual treat,
That makes the banquet hour complete,
'Tis judgement's task to suit with care
The party that the meal should share.

Though wealth can crowded boards procure,
It will not wit nor sense ensure;
Such, into brilliant contest brought,
Must be the growth of prudent thought.

PITY; A SONG.

The tear-drop of pity steals soft o'er the cheek,
And the kind balm of comfort on sorrow bestows;
And sweetly it softens the grief of the meek,
When warm from the bright eye of beauty it flows.

The tear-drop of pity can soften the breast,
And cast its mild beams till it settles to peace;
But the warm beam of love 'tis alone that gives rest,
And bids all our griefs and our sorrows to cease.

When kind from the eyes which enraptured we view
Those looks are reflected so ardent and sweet,
When we know that the heart is so faithful and true,
As to burn with impatience our wishes to meet;

'Tis then that the tear-drop of pity will warm,
'Tis then that so mildly and gently it flows;
When love and soft pity, united to charm,
Delight the fond heart till with rapture it glows.

W. HENRY LANCE.

A CANZONET,

from the Tragedy of the Italian Wife.

Say not he loves the rose the best,
Because it twines his forehead fair,
In seeming smiles and pleasure drest,
'Mid lighted halls and festal glare;
His bosom hides his true love's hair;
He dares not show it in his crest:
Oh! say not then, because 'tis there,
That he must love the rose the best.

Ah! no; he loves the lily best;
Far (in the shade) from jealous eyes,
He sees with joy the crimson west,
When bliss is born and daylight dies;
For to the conscious grove he hies,
That long his flow'ret hath possess'd,
And softly there in secret sighs—
Ah! yes; he loves the lily best.

POPULAR TALES AND ROMANCES OF THE NORTHERN NATIONS.

3 vols. 8vo. 1823.

A REMARKABLE feature in the literature of Germany is that mass of legend which amuses both the young and the old, and interests every class of society. Old ballads, traditional anecdotes, and the dreams of superstition, have been amplified and worked up into a variety of tales, some lively and others serious, some wild and terrific, others simply pathetic; and many fanciful particulars have been added to them by modern writers. It may easily be supposed that absurdity and nonsense are occasionally mingled with these stories; but this mixture is not so offensively predominant as to check the general desire of perusal.

The Treasure-Seeker is a fanciful and amusing story, resembling some of the

comic tales in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, but tempered with touches of German sentiment. The tale entitled Wake not the Dead is of a different character, being wildly terrific and horribly preternatural. The Victim of Priestcraft is a severe satire on the conduct of priests and monks before the Reformation. The shortest story is that of Kibitz, the substance of which we have given in a former volume. In some of these tales, it is useless to look for a moral; but the conclusion that may be drawn from the story of Kibitz, is this:—A crafty and resolute man, by taking advantage of the weakness and folly of others, may acquire considerable influence,' and do great mischief. A comparison between a mere peasant and *Napoleon le Grand* may seem to be far-fetched; but the ex-emperor, acting indeed on a larger scale than master Kibitz, made his way to power by craft, courage, and cruelty, exercised over a deluded and infatuated nation.

The Spectre Barber is too long for our purpose; but, by abridging it, we may bring it within a reasonable compass.

'Many years ago there lived at Bremen a rich merchant, named Melchior, who was wont to stroke his chin and smile scornfully whenever he heard the parson read in the Gospel of the rich man, whom, in comparison with himself, he regarded as a mere pedlar. In those rude times there prevailed a species of luxury as well as at present, though the people then looked more than their descendants to things of solid worth, and Melchior was so wealthy, that he had the floor of his banqueting-room paved with dollars. Although the fellow-citizens and friends of our merchant were much displeased at this display of opulence, yet it was, in reality, meant more as a mercantile speculation, than a mere boast. The cunning citizen was well aware, that those who envied and censured his apparent vanity would spread reports of his wealth, and thus add to his credit. His aim was completely attained; the idle capital of old dollars, wisely exposed to view in the hall, brought a large interest, by means of the silent bond for payment which it gave in all the merchant's undertakings. It became, however, at last a rock on which the welfare of the house was wrecked. He died suddenly, from swallowing too much, or too hastily, of some *renovating* cordial at a city feast, without being able to settle his affairs, and left all his property to his only son, who had just attained the age fixed by law for entering into possession of his inheritance.

'Francis was a noble fellow, endowed by nature with excellent qualities. He was well made, strong, and robust, with a jovial, happy disposition, as if old French wine and hung beef had largely contributed to call him into existence. Health glowed on his cheeks, and content and youthful cheerfulness shone in his dark eyes. He was like a vigorous plant, which needs only water and a poor soil to thrive well, but which, in rich land, shoots into wasteful luxuriance without bearing fruit. The father's wealth became, as often happens, the ruin of the son. He had scarcely begun to taste the pleasure of being the sole possessor and master of a princely fortune, when he did all in his power to get rid of it, as if it were a heavy burthen.

'When he had reduced himself to a state of comparative poverty, he took a lodging in one of the most obscure parts of the town, in a narrow street, into which the beams of the sun rarely penetrated, but on the very longest days, when they glanced for a short time over the high roofs. Here he found all he wanted in his present circumscribed situation. The frugal table of his landlord satiated his hunger; at the fire-side he was protected from the cold; and the roof and walls sheltered him from rain and wind. From one enemy, however, *ennui*, neither the roof nor the walls, neither the fire-side, nor the temperate enjoyments of the table, could always protect him. The crowd of worthless parasites had disappeared with his wealth, and his former friends knew him no longer. Being neither fond of active sports nor of reading, he had now no other occupation than to strum on his lute, or look out of his window to observe the weather or watch the passengers. But he soon found another object for his observations, which filled at once the empty space in his head and heart.'

This object was Mela, the portionless daughter of a widow, who had formerly been in respectable circumstances: but for some time he had no opportunity of disclosing his love. By disposing a mirror in a place which commanded the street, he was enabled to enjoy the reflected image of the beloved girl: he

also brought his lute into play for the same purpose, and love thus contrived an unspoken intelligence. An answer by means of flowers, on the part of Mela, to the tones of his music, gave him some hopes of success; and his prospect was still more flattering, when he found that she had rejected the matrimonial overtures of a rich brewer.

'The widow could not help suspecting that Mela's equanimity, which in the pride of youth and beauty made her indifferent for riches, was supported by some secret inclination of her virgin heart; and she now guessed right as to the object, though hitherto she had not suspected that the impoverished merchant in the narrow street occupied a place in her daughter's heart. She had looked on him merely as a wild youth, wooing every maiden that came within his view. This discovery, therefore, gave her no pleasure; but she held her peace. According to her strict notions of morality, she thought a maiden who allowed love to enter her heart before marriage was like a cankered apple: the maggot is within, though it may still look well outside, and serve to adorn a mantel-piece; yet it has lost its value, and hastens to destruction.

In the hope of recruiting his finances before he made proposals of marriage, Francis prepared for a journey to various towns, to collect money from his father's debtors.—'What will Mela think of my sudden disappearance?' he now said to himself; 'I shall meet her no longer on her way home from church: will she not think me faithless, and banish me from her heart?' This idea made him very uneasy, and for some time he could discover no means to inform her of his intentions. Inventive love, however, inspired him with the happy thought of communicating the cause of his absence to her, by having prayers put up for his success in that church where Mela and her mother generally attended. For this purpose he gave the priest a small sum of money, to offer up a daily prayer for a young man obliged to travel abroad, and for success in his undertaking. This prayer was to be continued till his return, when he was to purchase a thanksgiving.

'Mela heard the prayer read very often; but she paid no attention to it, so much was she grieved at the disappearance of her lover. The words which might have explained it fell an empty sound on her ear, and she knew not what to think. At the expiration of a month or two, when her grief had become milder and his absence less tormenting, she one day had been thinking of him during the sermon, and for the first time connecting the prayer with him and his absence, she suddenly divined its meaning, wondered at her own stupidity in not before discovering it, and in her heart admired and praised the ingenious device.

When Francis reached Antwerp, he inquired after several persons on whom he had demands; he learned that the most of them, who had in his father's time stopped payment, were now flourishing, which confirmed his opinion, that a seasonable bankruptcy was a sure foundation for after-prosperity. This intelligence served to cheer up his spirits; he arranged his papers, and presented the old bills at their proper places. But he experienced from the people of Antwerp the same treatment which the traveling traders of the present day experience from the shop-keepers in the provincial towns of Germany: every body treats them politely, except when they come to receive money. Some would know nothing of their old debts, or said they had all been settled at the time of their bankruptcy, and that it was the fault of the creditor if he had not accepted payment. Others did not remember Melchior of Bremen; they opened their infallible books, and declared that they could not find any thing posted under that name. One of them even fabricated a considerable charge against Frank's father; and the son was sent to prison for not answering this unjust demand. By a compromise, however, he regained his liberty, and resumed his journey. Stopping at Rummelsburg, he took up his quarters at a castle built on a steep rock, which served as a hunting seat to its possessor, who often spent the day there in great splendor, but, whenever the stars appeared, left it with all his followers, being terrified by a ghost, who roared and rattled through it all night. However unpleasant a guest this spectre might be to the lord of the castle, in other respects he was at least a perfect protection against robbers, of whom none would venture near his abode.

''I will not conceal from you,' said the landlord of a neighbouring inn to Frank, 'that report says, the castle is

haunted by a spectre, who walks about at night. But you need not be afraid; we shall be quite near you: should any thing happen, you may easily call out to us, and you will find somebody ready to assist you. I have lived here these thirty years, and have never seen any thing. The noise which is sometimes heard at night is caused, in my opinion, by the cats and other animals, which have taken possession of the garrets.'

'The landlord spoke the truth when he said he had never seen the spectre, for he took good care never to go near the castle at night, and during the day the ghost was invisible; even now the rogue did not venture to cross the threshold. He opened the door, gave our traveler a basket with provisions, and told him where to go. Frank entered the hall without fear or awe, treating the story of the ghost as an idle fiction; or the tradition of some real event, which fancy had converted to something supernatural.'

'While Frank was reposing, doors were opened and shut with a terrible noise; and at last an attempt was made on the door of his retreat. Several keys were tried, and at length the right one found; still the bars held the door, when at length a loud crash, like a clap of thunder, burst them asunder, and the door flew open. A tall thin man entered: he had a black beard, was clothed in an old-fashioned dress, and had a gloomy expression in his countenance. A scarlet mantle was thrown over his left shoulder, and his hat was high and pointed. He walked silently through the room with the same slow and heavy step with which he had approached: he then threw off his mantle, opened a bag which he carried under his arm, took out instruments for shaving, and began to sharpen a shining razor on a broad leather strap, which he wore on his belt.

'Frank perspired under his downy covering with fear and dread; recommended himself to the protection of the Holy Virgin, and looked forward with great anxiety for the end of this manœuvre, not knowing whether it was meant for his beard or for his throat. To his consolation, the spectre poured water from a silver flagon into a basin of the same material, and with his bony hand beat up the sope into foaming suds; placed a chair, and then, with great earnestness, beckoned the terrified Frank from his retreat. It was no more possible to resist this meaning sign, than it generally is to resist the mute who has orders from the grand Turk to bring him the head of some exiled vizir. Frank obeyed the order, rose from his couch, and took the assigned place on the chair.

'The spectre barber put the napkin round the neck of his trembling customer, seized his scissors, and cut off Frank's hair and beard. Then he proceeded to cover his chin, and even his head, with lather, and shaved him so completely, that not a hair was left above his shoulders. When the spectre had completed this operation, he washed Frank very clean, dried him carefully, bowed, packed up his implements, and turned to depart. The candles burned perfectly bright during the whole of the proceeding, and, by the light, Frank saw in an opposite mirror, that the barber had made him like a Chinese pagod. He was vexed at losing his beautiful brown curls; but he breathed freely, being aware that he should escape unhurt, and that the spectre had no longer any power over him.

'The man in the red cloke walked in silence as he had come towards the door, without saying a single word, and seemed quite the reverse of his gossiping brethren; scarcely had he retired three steps, however, when he stood still, looked round with a mournful mien at his well-served customer, and touched his own beard with his hand. Frank began to think that the ghost wished him to do something for him, and perhaps expected from him the same service which he had rendered him.

'As the spectre had played Frank a trick rather than tormented him, the latter had lost all his fear. He therefore beckoned to the ghost, who instantly sat down in a proper position. Frank was careful to imitate the manner in which the ghost had proceeded; but as the awkward youth had never before had a razor in his hand, he knew not how to handle it, and shaved the patient ghost so much against the grain, that the sufferer made the oddest grimaces. The ignorant bungler began to be afraid; he remembered the wise precept, 'Do not meddle with another man's business,' but still he proceeded, he did as well as he could, and made the spectre as clean and as bald as he was himself.

'Suddenly the ghost found its tongue; 'Kindly I thank thee for the great

services thou hast rendered me; by thy means I have been released from long captivity, which, for three hundred years, bound me within these walls, where my departed spirit was condemned to dwell, till a mortal man should retaliate on me, and treat me as I did others when I was alive. Know that, in times of yore, there dwelt a shameless infidel within this castle, who mocked both at priests and laymen. Count Hartman was nobody's friend: he acknowleged neither divine nor human laws. The stranger who sought refuge under his roof, and the beggar who asked alms of him, were always seized and tormented. I was his barber, flattered his passions, and lived as I chose. Many a pious pilgrim was invited into the castle; a bath was prepared for him, and, when he meant to enjoy himself, I took hold of him, according to orders, shaved him quite bald, and then turned him out of the castle, with scorn and mockery.'

"'Once a holy pilgrim came from abroad; he entered, and asked for water to wash his feet, and a crust of bread. According to my custom I took him into the bath, and, without respecting his sanctified appearance, I shaved him also quite clean. But the pious pilgrim pronounced a heavy curse on me: 'After death, reprobate! heaven and hell, and the iron gates of purgatory, shall be equally inaccessible to thy soul. It shall dwell, as a spectre, within these walls, till a wanderer, unasked, shall retaliate on thee thy own evil deeds!'

"'I grew sick at hearing the curse; the marrow of my bones dried up, and I decayed gradually till I became like a shadow; my soul at length separated from its mortal dwelling, but remained within this place, as the holy man had ordered. In vain I expected deliverance from the dreadful chains that bound me to the earth. The repose for which the soul languishes, when it is separated from the body was denied to me; and I was obliged, as a farther punishment, to continue the business which I had carried on during my life. But, alas! my appearance soon caused this house to be deserted: it was very rarely that a pilgrim came to pass the night here, and, though I shaved every one who came, as I did you, no one would understand me, and perform for me that service which was to deliver my soul from captivity. Henceforth I shall not haunt this castle. I now go to my long desired repose. Once more I give thee my thanks, young stranger. If I had any treasures at my command, they should all be thine; but I never possessed wealth. In this castle there is no treasure hidden; but listen to my advice: Tarry here till your chin and head are again covered with hair, then return to your native city, and wait on the bridge over the Weser, at the time of the autumnal equinox, for a friend, who will there meet and tell you what you must do to thrive on earth. When you enjoy affluence, remember me, and order three masses to be said for the repose of my soul on every anniversary of this day. Farewell; I now depart hence, never to return.'

'With these words the spectre vanished, leaving his deliverer full of astonishment at this strange adventure. For a long while Frank stood motionless, doubting whether the event had really happened, or whether he had been dreaming; but his baldness soon convinced him of the reality of the fact. After wasting some time in reflection, he returned to bed and slept till midday.

'The waggish landlord had watched from the earliest dawn for the appearance of his guest; he was ready, anticipating the bald head, to receive him with apparent astonishment, but secret laughter, at his nightly adventure. But, when mid-day came, and Frank did not appear, he began to be uneasy and afraid that the ghost might have treated his new guest somewhat roughly, might perhaps have throttled him, or frightened him to death, and it by no means had been his intention to carry the joke so far. He went, therefore, accompanied by his servants, in the greatest anxiety to the castle, and hastening to the door of the room in which he had seen light on the preceding evening, he found a strange key in the door, but it was bolted inside,—a precaution Frank had taken after the disappearance of the ghost. He knocked with great violence, and Frank was at last roused by the noise. At first, he thought the ghost intended to pay him a second visit. But, when he heard the voice of the landlord, begging him to give some sign of life, he rose and opened the door.

"'By G— and all the saints!' said the landlord, lifting up his hands with apparent horror, "old Red-Cloke has

been here, and the tradition is no invention! How did he look? What did he do, or say?'

'Frank, who understood the cunning of the host, answered, "The ghost looked like a man in a red cloke: what he did, I cannot conceal from you, and I shall always remember his words:

"'Stranger (said he) never trust the landlord—the man opposite knew very well what awaited you here. For this, I will punish him. I shall now leave this castle; and henceforth, I will plague, torment, pinch, and harass him to the end of his life, at least, if he does not receive you in his house, and supply all your wants, till your head be again covered with hair.'

'The landlord trembled from head to foot at hearing this threat, crossed himself, vowed by the Holy Virgin to keep Frank in his house as long as he chose to stop, immediately conducted him home, and waited on him himself.

'Frank acquired a reputation as an exorcist, as the spectre was no longer seen in the castle. He repeatedly slept there, and a young man of the town, who had the courage to keep him company, did not get his head shorn. When the owner of the estate learned that the terrible spectre no longer haunted the place, he was highly pleased, and sent orders to take great care of the stranger who had freed his castle from such an unpleasant guest.'

The result of this adventure may be briefly stated. Frank made his appearance on the bridge at the appointed time, and obtained such information as enabled him to secure a buried treasure which had belonged to his father. He then offered his hand and fortune to Mela, and became a good husband and a happy man.

FOR THE ORACLES OF GOD, FOUR ORATIONS; FOR JUDGEMENT TO COME, AN ARGUMENT, IN NINE PARTS; *by the Rev. Edward Irving, M. A.*—1823.

IMMERSED in worldly concerns, and thinking more of the present than of the future, the people are apt to become lukewarm and indifferent in the affairs of religion, and comparatively regardless of their eternal interests. This coolness is feelingly deplored by the few (whether ministers or laymen) who are animated with the fervor of devotion; and it is deemed expedient by these conscientious persons, that a strong *stimulus* should be occasionally applied, to rouse the slumbering Christians to a sense of their paramount duties, and restore the vital influence of true religion. This is the avowed object of that minister whose energetic addresses now fill the pews of the 'Caledonian Church near Hatton-Garden,' and whose zeal is particularly directed to a reform of the higher classes, in the hope that their example may have a commanding influence over the lower orders of society. He was an assistant to the celebrated Dr. Chalmers in the clerical functions at Glasgow; but, from a wish to render himself more extensively useful, he repaired to the metropolis, and, though for some time honored with little notice, he at length broke forth like a star amidst a dark horizon, and drew within his sphere of action the statesman and the votary of fashion, the scholar and the wit. We do not insinuate, with some of our critical contemporaries, that the motives for his apparent zeal are merely those of ambition and selfishness: we are willing to allow that his views are correct and honorable, and that he sincerely wishes to make mankind wiser and better: but we doubt whether his indiscriminate invectives against sin, his confounding of error with wickedness and guilt, and his denunciations of vengeance where pardon for human weakness may reasonably be expected, can have a good or a salutary effect. That is rather the language of a Calvinistic bigot, than of a judicious preacher or an enlightened divine. Yet Mr. Irving, we must add, softens his asperity and rigor by occasional concessions, and condescends, like a judge who sometimes feels emotions of pity, to soothe the penitent sinner with the hopes of mercy.

He severely blames the clergy for their want of zeal and of earnestness. He says, that 'the chief obstacle to the progress of divine truth, over the minds of men, is the want of its being properly presented to them. In this Christian country there are, perhaps, nine-tenths of every class who know nothing at all about the applications and advantages of the single truths of revelation, or of revelation taken as a whole; and what they do not know they cannot be expected to reverence or obey. This ignorance (in both the higher and the lower

orders) of religion as a discerner of the thoughts and intentions of the heart, is not so much due to the want of inquisitiveness on their part, as to the want of a *sedulous* and *skilful ministry* on the part of those to whom it is entrusted.' This animadversion, coupled with his intention of supplying this gross deficiency, shows the high opinion which Mr. Irving entertains of his own merit, and his confidence in his own powers of argument and persuasion, which, he has no doubt, will effect more in a very short time than all the labors of the bishops, deans, rectors, and curates in the united kingdom, and the simultaneous exertions of all the dissenting ministers.

He thus censures the *worldly-mindedness* of the present generation. After some vehement *tirades*, he says, 'Many will think it an unchristian thing to reason so violently, and many will think it altogether unintelligible; and to ourselves it would feel unseemly, did we not reassure ourselves by looking around. They are ruling and they are ruled; but God's oracles rule them not. They are studying every record of antiquity in their seats of learning; but the record of God and of him whom he hath sent is almost unheeded. They enjoy every communion of society, of pleasure, of enterprise, this world affords, but little communion with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ. They carry on commerce with all lands, the bustle and noise of their traffic fill the whole earth; they go to and fro, and knowlege is increased; but how few in the hasting crowd are hasting after the kingdom of God! Meanwhile death sweepeth on with his chilling blast, freezing up the life of generations, catching their spirits unblessed with any preparation of peace, quenching hope and binding destiny for evermore. Their graves are dressed, and their tombs are adorned. But their spirits, where are they? How oft hath this city, where I now write these lamentations over a thoughtless age, been filled and emptied of her people since first she reared her imperial head! How many generations of her revelers have gone to another kind of revelry; how many generations of her gay courtiers to a royal residence where courtier-arts are not; how many generations of her toilsome tradesmen to the place of silence, whither no gain can follow them! How time hath swept over her, age after age, with its consuming wave, swallowing every living thing, and bearing it away unto the shores of eternity! The sight and thought of all which is our assurance, that we have not in the heat of our feelings surpassed the merit of the case. The theme is fitter for an indignant prophet, than an uninspired sinful man.'

He prefers his own system of religious instruction to the usual modes of preaching and publishing, by which persons of ordinary intellect and common attainments 'teach gypsies, bargemen, miners, —men who understand their ways of conceiving and estimating truth.'—'Why not (he exclaims) train ourselves for teaching imaginative men and political men, and legal men, and medical men; and, having gotten the key to their several chambers of delusion and resistance, why not enter in and debate the matter with their souls?'—Do so, Mr. Irving! we wish you success in your endeavours.

In treating of the joys of heaven, he is inspired by the sublimity of the subject, and pours forth these animated strains.—'Think you [*that*] the creative function of God is exhausted upon this dark and troublous ball of earth, or that this body and soul of human nature are the master-piece of his architecture? Who knows what new enchantment of melody, what new witchery of speech, what poetry of conception, what variety of design, and what brilliancy of execution, he may endow the human faculties withal—in what new graces he may clothe nature, with such various enchantment of hill and dale, woodland, rushing streams, and living fountains; with bowers of bliss and sabbath-scenes of peace, and a thousand forms of disporting creatures, so as to make all the world hath beheld, to seem like the gross pictures with which you catch infants, and to make the eastern tales of romance, and the most rapt imagination of eastern poets, like the ignorant prattle and rude structures which first delight the nursery and afterwards ashame our riper years.

'Again, from our present establishment of affections, what exquisite enjoyment springs, of love, of friendship, and of domestic life, for each one of which God, amidst this world's faded glories, hath preserved many a temple of most exquisite delight! Home, that word of nameless charms; love, that inexhaustible theme of sentiment and

poetry; all relationships, parental, conjugal, and filial, shall arise to a new strength, graced with innocency, undisturbed by apprehension of decay, unruffled by jealousy, and unweakened by time. Heart shall meet heart—

Each other's pillow to repose divine.

The tongue shall be eloquent to disclose all its burning emotions, no longer laboring and panting for utterance. And a new organization of body for joining and mixing affections may be invented, more quiet homes for partaking it undisturbed, and more sequestered retreats for barring out the invasion of other affairs. Oh! what scenes of social life I fancy to myself in the settlements of the blessed, one day of which I would not barter against the greatness and glory of an Alexander or a Cæsar. What new friendships—what new connubial ties—what urgency of well-doing—what promotion of good—what elevation of the whole sphere in which we dwell, till every thing smile in 'Eden's first bloom!'

In the mean time, before we are prepared for these exalted enjoyments, let us endeavour to realise the pleasing picture which our orator exhibits of the efficacy of a religious spirit in the present world.—'What is a community but a number of fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, masters and servants, governors and governed? and if each is held to his office by a wise and powerful authority, made to love it and delight in it, what is wanting to the well-being of that community? Religion would bring back with it all the social and generous virtues which once dwelt within the land, and restore the efflorescence of happiness which hath almost faded away. It would wipe away the disgustful scenes to which the unrepressed freedom of our people hurries them. Sobriety and œconomy and domestic peace it would plant in the families of the most dejected. The industry of parents would thrive under the blessing of God and the expectation of everlasting rest. The children would be trained in the fear of God, the young men would be strong in self-command, the young maidens clothed in modesty and chastity and a divine gracefulness. Servants would be faithful and masters kind; and within every cottage of the land would be realized that bower of innocency and paradise of religious content, which our sorely-tried and alas! too yielding poet hath sung in his 'Cottar's Saturday Night,' thereby redeeming half his frailties, and making the cause of religion his debtor—a debt, it seems to me, which the religious have little thought of in their persecution of his name, and cruel exposure of all his faults.'

These orations prove that Mr. Irving is endowed with considerable talents and a fine imagination, possesses the usual learning of a minister of the kirk, and has also a tincture of science; and the argument which he has subjoined evinces logical skill, but without throwing any new light upon the subject.

As a preacher he is animated and impressive; his gestures are studied and theatrical; he has not the dry coldness or the harsh monotony of Dr. Chalmers; he varies his tones with his subject and style; and, if he has not all the requisites of a perfect orator, he has at least some of the important qualifications which belong to that elevated character. His language we cannot warmly praise; for it is frequently deficient in the dignity of correctness, and in the graces of refined elegance.

ANTIQUES.

Carmine. The very mutilations of this piece are worth all the most perfect performances of modern artists.

Baron de Groningen. Upon my honor, 'tis a very fine bust; but where is *de* nose?

Novice. The nose; what care I for the nose? Where is *de* nose? Why, sir, if it had a nose, I would not give sixpence for it.—How the devil should we distinguish the works of the ancients if they were perfect?

FOOTE'S TASTE, *Act II.*

As my former '*Literary Curiosities*'* seem to have met with some favor, I shall venture on a second paper—I say venture, because this sort of writing is comparatively perilous. 'The man,' says one of our best essayists, 'who publishes in a volume has an infinite advantage over one who communicates his writings to the world in loose tracts and single sheets.' In such works, heavy preambles, rests and nodding places are allowed. Authors, indeed, have established it as a kind of rule, that a man ought to be dull sometimes; and whatever respect may be paid to other rules, I know none more strictly

* See No. 11, New Series.

observed than this! Hence arose the ancient adage, a great book is a great evil *, and 'I have said it,' says Voltaire, 'and I will maintain it, that the fault of most books is their being too large.' It has been observed, that this sentence probably occasioned the love of small volumes among the French. 'Ordinary writers,' says the Spectator, prescribe to their readers after the Galenic way; their medicines are made up in large quantities. An essay-writer must practise in the chemical method, and give the virtue of a full draught in a few drops. Were all books reduced thus to their quintessence, many a bulky author would make his appearance in a penny paper: there would be scarcely such a thing in nature as a folio: the works of an age would be contained on a few shelves; not to mention millions of volumes, that would be utterly annihilated.'

* In Russia, a quarto volume was published in favor of the liberties of the people, in which the conduct of the sovereign was censured pretty freely. Such a book, in such a country, naturally created a sensation. The author was taken into custody, his production declared to be a libel, and himself condemned to eat his own words. This sentence was actually carried into execution, says Galignani, and in the following manner: A scaffold was erected in one of the most public streets in the city, where the provost, magistrates, and the physician and surgeon of the czar, attended. The book was separated from its binding, the margins cut off, and it was then served up (mutton-chop fashion) by the provost, leaf by leaf, and the unfortunate author had no alternative between eating this dish of his own hashing, with the accompaniment of an indigestion, or leaving it for that interesting exercise, the *knout*. In this manner, after three very hearty, though by no means savory repasts, the unfortunate scribe consumed the offspring of his own brain, contained in a thick quarto volume.

Here is an author who certainly got as much as he could well eat by his works, and at the same time a perfect conviction that in Russia 'a great book is a great evil.' In England formerly, amongst the wise, the same opinion obtained, and will still continue in all quarters, except at the custom-house, in the deep researches of those erudite gentlemen, called searchers: and this exception will arise from the regulation announced by the chancellor of the exchequer in the last session, that books imported should in future pay by the weight, and not by the value! In a financial sense this may be very well; but, in a literary point of view, it is undoubtedly a most singular mode of estimating genius.

If these remarks applied in the days of queen Anne, how much is their force increased in the reign of George the Fourth! I have read of an author, who wrote more volumes than the lives of any four other persons would suffice to read; and his legitimate descendants may safely be said to compose more works than the present generation, setting aside all other employment, breakfast, dinner and supper excepted, could possibly wade through. The heaps of publications in our day cannot be contemplated by the stoutest-hearted reader without dismay. Hannibal with his one eye might make his way through the Alps; but no literary hero, with both eyes, and spectacles to boot, can ever hope to get through these mountains. The Laputan method of composing works could not have produced more abundant crops; and, though Swift's machinery * may not be actually in use, much of his proposed mode of composition is certainly practised. The labors of the present day, the literary trade or *manu*factory, as it may properly be called, consist clearly in pulling to pieces and re-modeling—working up ancient materials—serving up the old mutton in the way of hash, with a new garnish. 'There is nothing new under the sun,' says Solomon; and, if not universally true, it is undoubtedly so with respect to modern book-making; and, as extremes meet, and the transition therefore from one extreme to the other is very easy, I have little doubt that the vast accumulation of washy matter that so encumbers the age, creating such a herd of idle slip-slop readers, and making the acquisition of substantial knowlege hopeless, will be utterly abandoned, and the world, retracing their steps, will fall back on the original sources—'the pure well of English undefiled,'—or, to use another figure, betake themselves to the grain, and cease to seek it at the risk of being smothered in the chaff.

* We shall soon hear no more about heads and hands; for machinery seems to be in a fair way to supersede both, and a man without a head will be just as good as a woman is under similar circumstances. Two worthies are at present making great strides in this direction. One has invented a piece of mechanism, which, without distracting any man's brain, will of itself calculate to the utmost extent of numbers; and another, Dr. Church, has formed a printing press, which almost entirely supersedes the labor of the compositor.

So much for my preamble—and now, in what way am I, with my authors before me, better than those literary marauders, or gipsies, who steal the offspring of nobler blood, disfigure, and pass them for their own? Why, in this—that I take nothing without acknowlegement, giving to Cæsar that which is Cæsar's; and secondly, that I garble nothing, putting no water to their wine—that by its weakness (according to their judicious opinion, for in this they have judgement) it may pass for my own! Farther, I take no liberties with the solid body of our literature, but merely present to the curious (otherwise unable to satisfy their curiosity) extracts from such works as they are never likely to meet with—above their price because they are rare, and rare because they are worth very little. No good book is scarce. Were the copies more easily attainable, readers would still owe me thanks, as my object is to give them the plums without subjecting their stomachs to a load of very unpalatable and indigestible dough: while it should be consoling to many scribblers of the present day to see me thus employed; for, as it happens now, so it may chance hereafter, that some such grub as myself may rake up, from the common ruin, a few odd copies of their works, which, wholly unfit to be re-published, he may thus communicate to the world, and 'damn to everlasting fame.'

The first work I shall introduce is, '*The Anatomy of Abuses*, containing a Discoverie or brief Summarie of such notable Vices and Imperfections as now raigne in many Countries of the World, but especiallye in a famous Ilande called Ailgna, &c. made dialogue-wise by Philip Stubbes, 1583.'

It will not require an Œdipus to detect the geographical situation of this 'famous Ilande, called Ailgna;' but should guessing not serve, dull wits will be much assisted by reading the words, like Hebrew, from right to left. Steevens refers to this work in the following passage:—'During the reign of queen Elizabeth, plays were exhibited in the public theatres on Sundays, as well as on other days in the week, on which Strype, in his additions to Stowe's Survey of London, says, the churches were forsaken and the play-houses thronged.' The reference subjoined is probably to these words—'You shall have them flocke thether thicke and threefolde, when the churche of God shall be bare and emptie.'

The first dialogue is between *Studens* and *Philoponus*. The latter is returned from his travels, and undertakes to describe Ailgna. Dialogue II. is 'a particular description of Pride, the principall abuse in Ailgna, and how manifolde it is.' He holds dress to be a great sin, 'Apparell and pride being collaterall cosins. After the fall, it was given us to cover our shame withall, and not to feede the insatiable desires of men's wanton and luxurious eyes.' After abusing hats 'standing a quarter of a yard above the crown of their heades,' he falls very foul on Holland shirts, and ascribes infirmity and short life to fine linen. Hosen follow according to custom:

'In times past, kynges (as old historiographers in their bookes yet extant doe recorde) would not disdain to weare a pair of hosen of a noble, ten shillynges, or a marke price, with all the rest of their apparell after the same rate: but now it is a small matter to bestowe twentie nobles, tenne pounde, 20 pounde, 40 pounde, yea 100 pounde of one paire of breeches (God be mercifull unto us!) and yet is this thought no abuse neither.'

Dial. IV. '*A particular Description of the Abuses of Women's Apparell in Ailgna.*'

It may perhaps be agreeable to the ladies to retire. However, if they choose to remain in court, they must not affect to take offence at what they are pleased to stay and hear.

'The women of Ailgna (many of them) use to colour their faces with certaine oyles, liquors, unguentes, and waters made to that ende, whereby thei thinke their beautie is greatly decored; but who seeth not that their soules are thereby deformed, and thei brought deeper into the displeasure and indignation of the Almightie? * * * If an artificer or craftsman should make any thing belonging to his arte or science, and a cobler should presume to correct the same, would not the other thinke himself abused, and judge him worthie of reprehension? And dooe these women thinke to escape the judgement of God, who hath fashioned them to his glorie, when their great and more than presumptuous audacitie dareth to alter and chaunge his woorkmanship in them? Doe thei suppose thei can make themselves fairer than God that made us all? These must neede bee their intentions, or els thei would never goe about to

colour their faces with such slibber-sawces.

'Then followeth the trimming and trycking of their heddes, in laiying out their haire to the shewe, whiche of course must be curled, frisled, and crisped, laid out (a world to see) on wreathes and borders from one eare to another. And least it should fall downe, it is under-proped with forks, wiers, and I cannot tell what, rather like grim, sterne monsters, than chaste Christian matrones.

'Then on toppes of these stately turrets (I meane their goodly heades, wherein is more vanity than true philosophy) stand their other capitall ornaments, as French hood, hat, cappe, kercher, and such like, whereof some be of velvet, some of taffetie, some (but few) of wooll, some of this fashion, some of that, and some of this colour, and some of that, accordyng to the variable fantasies of their serpentine mindes.'

Some, he says, 'are so farre bewitched, as they are not ashamed to make holes in their eares, whereat they hang rynges;' but, he adds, 'you heare not the tenth part, for no pen is able so well to describe it, as the eye is to descrie it. The women there use great ruffes, and neck-kerchers of hollande, laune, camericke, and such clothe, as the greatest threade shall not be so big as the least haire that is; then, least they should fall downe, they are smeared and starched in the devil's liquor, I meane starche; after that dried with great diligence, streaked, patted and rubbed very nicely, and so applied to their goodly necks, and withall under-propped with supportasses (as I told you before), the stately arches of pride: beside all this, they have a further fetche, nothing inferiour to the rest, as namely, three or foure degrees of minor ruffes placed gradatim, one beneath another, and all under the maister devill ruffe, the shirts then of these great ruffes are long, and side every waie plated and crested full curiously, God wot.'

We then have a very horrible story of a young lady, who cursed her maids, and how the devil came to assist at her toilette, and how he kissed her, and how she turned all 'blacke and blewe;' and how she was taken out of her coffin, and they found 'a blacke cat, very lean and deformed, sitting in the coffin, setting of great ruffes, and frizling of haire, to the great fear and wonder of all the beholders.'

Their gowns do not escape, and there is a sweeping condemnation of 'their skirtes trailyng on the ground, and cast over their shoulders like cow-tailes.' Petticoats are also not without their trimming. 'So that,' says he, 'when they have all these goodly robes upon them, women seeme to be the smallest part of themselves, not naturall women, but artificiall women, not women of fleshe and blood, but rather puppits or mawmets, consisting of ragges and cloutes compact together. Then, they must have their looking-glasses carried with them wheresoever they goe; and good reason, for else how could they see the devil in them?'

Gluttony, drunkenness, covetousness, &c. follow, which are condemned with bitter severity, unmixed with pleasantry. In Dial. XII. he rails mightily at '*masking players, painted sepulchres, and double-dealing ambo-dexters.*' The rise in the price of admission to theatres would have put him into a great chafe, for he quotes Augustin to tell us that '*pecunias histrionibus dare, vitium est immane, non virtus*'—to give money to players is a grievous sin, and no virtue.

Then comes 'the horrible vice of pestiferous dancing;' on which he concludes thus: 'If of the egges of a cockatrice maie be made good meate for man to eate, and if of the webb of a spider can be made good cloth for man's body to weare, then may it be proved that dauncing is good, and an exercise fit for a Christian man to follow, but not before. Wherefore, God of his mercie take it awaie from us.' Of music, he observes, 'Tytus Maximius saieth, the bryngyng in of musicke was a cup of poyson to all the worlde.' Whatever may be thought of his opinions in these particulars, his censure on bear-baiting and such sports is unquestionably just.—'*Qui aime Jean, aime son chien*—Love me, love my dog: so love God, love his creatures.'

Lastly, on 'reading of wicked bookes,' he is very indignant that 'Jhon Foxe' and all good books are little reverenced, 'whilest other toyes, fantasies, and bableries, whereof the world is full, are suffered to be printed.' And he puts this question, which may be answered in the affirmative or negative, but which I am really not at present prepared to say; 'are thei not invented and excogitat by Belzebub, written by Lucifer, licenced by Pluto, printed by Cerberus, and set abroach to sale by the infernal

Furies themselves, to the poysoning of the whole world?'

Before I proceed to the next work, I cannot help congratulating the good people of England on the death of Mr. Philip Stubbes. Had he lived till now, and continued to indulge in the same amiable humour, who could have endured to look at his *Anatomy of Abuses?*

'*The Penniles Parliament of threed-bare Poets; or all Mirth and wittie Conceites,*' black letter. 1608. The whole, including the title, is comprised in nineteen pages. Of a little, I shall take a little, and probably in most readers excite a double species of gratitude, by introducing to their acquaintance a writer curious and venerable for his antiquity, as well as interesting and amusing (as it respects them) for his freshness and novelty. These are among the enactments of the Penniless Parliament:

'It is agreed upon, that long-bearded men shall seldome proove the wisest, and that a niggard's purse shall scarce bequeath his maister a good dinner; and because water is like to proove so weake an element in the world, that men and women will want teares to bewayle their sinnes, wee charge and commaunde all gardners to sow more store of onions, for feare widdowes should want moysture to bewayle their husbandes funerals.

'It is also ordered and agreed upon, that such as are choloricke shall never want woe and sorrow; and they that lack mony may fast upon Frydayes by the statute: and it shall be lawful for them that want shoes, to weare bootes all the yeare.

'Furthermore, it shall be lawfull for foote-stooles (by the helpe of women's hands) to flie about without wings * * *, those that flatter least shall speede worst.

'It shall be lawfull for some to have a palsie in their teeth in such sort, as they shall eate more than ever they will be able to pay for; some such a megrim in their eyes, as they shall hardly know another man's wife from their own: some such a stopping in their hearts, as shall be utterly obstinate to receive grace; some such a buzzing in their eares as they shall be enemies to good counsell; some such a smell in their noses, as no feast shall escape without their companies; and some shall be so needy, as neither young heyres shall get their owne, nor poor orphans their patrimonie.

'But, amongst other lawes and statutes by us here established, wee thinke it most necessarie and convenient that bakers, woodmongers, butchers, and brewers, shall fall to a mightie conspiracie, so that no man shall either have bread, fire, meat, or drinke, without credite or ready mony.

'As by our provident judgments we have seene into these lamentable miseries, incident in these partes of the world, so for the reformation thereof, we do ordaine and enact, that the oyle of holly shall proove a present remedy for a shrewd huswife, accounting Socrates for a flat foole, that he suffered his wife to crowne him with a —: ordaining all those that give their wives their owne willes, to be fooles by act of parliament.

'It shall be lawfull for smithes to love good ale, and, if it be possible, to have a frost of three weeks long in July; porters' baskets shall have authority to hold more than they can honestly carry away: and such a drought shall come amongst cans at Bartholomew faire, that they shall never continue long filled.

'Furthermore, it shall be lawfull for bakers to thrive by two thinges; that is, scores well payde, and millers that are honest.

'And such as are inclined to the dropsie may be lawfully cured, if the physicians know how.

'Chaucer's bookes (by act of parliament) shall in these dayes proove more wittie than ever they were before; for there shall be so many sudaine, or rather sodden wittes steppe abroad, that a flea shall not strike forth, unlesse they comment on her.'

Dr. Young, with an eye to the encumbrances on Shakspeare's page, says,

Our commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold a farthing rushlight to the sun—

but it seems that the same evil visited others even in Shakspeare's time, and the 'sodden wittes' so employed did not escape reproof.

'Such as are sicke in the spring, may take physicke by the statute; and those that are cold may weare more clothes without offence.

'Furthermore, it shall be lawfull for him that marries without mony, to find foure bare legges in his bed; and he that is prodigall in spending, shall die a beggar by the statute.

'It is also thought necessarie, that some shall suspect their wives at home, because they themselves play false abroad.'

Of the Penniles Parliament, it is now scarcely required of me to observe, that it has no allusion to our parliament, whatever may be its wants in this particular; nor have the words 'threadbare Poets' any bearing on our bards, who are (more 's the pity) threadbare in nothing but their ideas. Foote, in one of his farces, introduces a *ragged* poet, who, addressing another person of the drama, says, 'I am a servant of the Muses, as you may see by their *livery;*' but the well-paid versifiers of our day have not even this badge of poetical alliance. GRUB.

A MEMOIR OF DR. JOHN AIKIN.

THE lives of men who have almost entirely devoted themselves to literature, are rarely marked by variety of incident: yet they sometimes present interesting features, and suggest such reflexions as may ameliorate both the heart and the mind. The labors of Dr. Aikin were well directed, and no author was more sincerely desirous of promoting the interest and welfare of society.

He was born in Leicestershire in the year 1747, and was the son of a dissenting minister, who, having been educated under Dr. Doddridge, obtained the appointment of classical tutor to the academy at Warrington. Attached to his own profession, the father intended that the son should also be a minister: but, as his voice was thought to be too weak to pervade the usual extent of a chapel, the medical profession was deemed more advisable for the youth. He was therefore articled to an apothecary at Uppingham, where he passed three tedious years in an employment which was not the most agreeable to him. At the age of eighteen he was sent to pursue his medical studies at Edinburgh, where he remained two years, and then became a pupil to Mr. White, an eminent surgeon at Manchester. He had already conceived a strong inclination for polite learning in all its varieties, and he cultivated it with zeal and success. His letters, even at this time, to his sister (afterwards Mrs. Barbauld) abound with criticisms on the Latin and English poets. While he attended the class of Dr. Hunter, in London, in 1769, he formed an attachment to his cousin, Miss Jennings; and in the autumn of the following year he commenced practice at Chester. After remaining a year in that city with little encouragement, he repaired to Warrington, where he was not more successful. In 1772, he gave to the world his 'Essay on Song-Writing.' Near the end of this year he married his cousin; and now, in concert with his sister, produced some of those works which have stamped his name, if not with first-rate celebrity, at least with high respectability. His rising merit recommended him to the public, and procured him the notice of some distinguished persons, one of whom was Mr. Howard the philanthropist. Of this gentleman he appears to have formed a proper estimate, when he speaks of him as 'unequaled in resolution, firmness, and integrity, not possessing an enlarged mind, but chiefly useful as a collector of facts for others to reason upon.'

As he did not yet deem it prudent to relinquish the medical profession, he passed over to Holland in 1784, and obtained, at the university of Leyden, the honor of a doctor's degree. Even if he had not been qualified for it by previous study, he might easily have procured it by the usual fees: but he had sufficient learning to entitle himself to that distinction at any university. After his return to England, he made some attempts to procure medical employment at Yarmouth; but he could not find any opening by which he could introduce himself into extensive practice; nor, indeed, when he settled in London, was he so fortunate as to become a popular physician. He therefore, like Dr. Smollett, became an author by profession, and consoled himself for the neglect with which invalids treated his pretensions, by acting sometimes as an original writer, and at other times as a translator, compiler, and editor. By temperance and regularity of living, he kept himself in general in a good state of health; but he could not ward off the infirmities of age, and he died in December, 1822, at the age of seventy-five years.

While the public honored him as an author, he was esteemed as a man by all who were acquainted with him. He was candid, friendly, and obliging; just and honorable in his dealings with mankind, and correct in his morals. His steady regard for civil and religious

liberty may also be mentioned to his honor.

That he was a good classical scholar, evidently appears from his translation of the best piece of biography which the world can exhibit,—the Life of Agricola by Tacitus. As a poet, he was not equal to his ingenious sister; but his critical taste in poetry is displayed to advantage in his observations on the merits of Spenser and other bards whose works he re-published. In the General Biography, he soared above the level of his associates—we say this with confidence, even though the poet-laureate had some concern in that useful work. His Letters to his Son are interesting and instructive, and constitute a manual of wisdom which every one may peruse with advantage, except perhaps the enlightened philosopher,—a very rare personage in these times. In his historical publications, he was more studious of accuracy of statement than of meretricious ornament: his remarks have good sense for their basis, and his occasional censures are not obtruded in a tone of indignant asperity, but are brought forward with temper and moderation.

Miss Aikin, being inspired with a taste for literature by the example of her father, aunt, and brother, has distinguished herself by the valuable productions of her pen. Her Memoirs of queen Elizabeth and king James I. have impressed the public with a favorable opinion of her abilities; and the biographical work which was suggested by her [illegible] she was of opinion that some of the most instructive and acceptable pieces of biography were such as more fully derived their interest from the developement of character and sentiment, than from the bustle of incident or the splendor of description; and she therefore resolved to give rather a mental than a merely personal history of her deceased parent. On this account, she says, 'only such extracts from Dr. Aikin's correspondence have been admitted, as appeared essential to the history of his life, or the exhibition of his opinions and feelings on important topics; and, in the composition of the memoir itself, a similar forbearance has been exercised.' To render her volumes more agreeable, she has added to her narrative a selection of his historical, moral, and critical pieces.

THE CAMBRIDGE DECAMERON—SIXTH TALE.

THE IMPRUDENT MARRIAGE.

It became now the lot of the young widow to speak; and, as by this time the whole party were very intimate with each other, and were well aware that she was a person of great intelligence and sensibility, although her manners were retiring and pensive, they yet hoped that she would be able to address them with ease. On the contrary, it was evident that, during the previous hour spent round the tea-table, she was struggling to gain courage for the task she meditated, and that even tears sometimes rose to her eyes, though she continued to twinkle them away. At length she became composed, and by a strong effort was enabled to address the party in a voice of cheerfulness, as well as equanimity.

'We all remember a novel which appeared a few years ago, entitled 'The Balance of Comfort,' in which the good and evil of a married and of a single life were very fairly discussed, and the peculiar characteristics of each placed in just points of view before the reader. On the same principle I am going to offer you the history of a young couple who ventured to marry imprudently, that the sufferings they encountered, and the consolations they enjoyed, may be balanced with those which have been related, and the young people present may judge fairly which portion to take, should they be so unhappy as to experi- [illegible] speak of your [illegible] la, anxiously.

'Yes, I shall, my dear friend—it is a task to which I feel myself equal, because at this moment I consider it a duty, and I know that I address a circle who merit my exertion and will enter into my feelings. If my story goes into extremes (perhaps rarely, if ever paralleled), yet it may unhappily in all its stronger features be found to resemble the lot of thousands, and my hearers will perceive that even the lightest and the most inevitable portion of my sorrow was sufficiently severe to make them pause ere they venture to encounter it, even under all the support given by virtuous and unchanging love.

'My father was an eminent merchant in the south of Ireland; he was also a man of good family; and my mother was distantly related to nobility. It was

my misfortune to lose her during my school days, which were therefore protracted beyond the usual time; and, indeed, as I was an only daughter and the supposed heiress to a large fortune, my father also expressed a great desire that my accomplishments should accord with my expectations, and with the rank in life to which he naturally assigned me. On taking my place as the mistress of his hospitable mansion, I was at once surrounded by the gay and the admiring; but the greatest pleasure I enjoyed arose from my constant intercourse with the numerous offspring of a neighbouring gentleman, who was the most important personage in our neighbourhood, not only because his family was the most ancient (a great point in Ireland), but his estate the largest. Notwithstanding this, it was soon perceived that the attentions of his eldest son to the daughter of the rich merchant were not displeasing, and it was understood that the necessity of providing portions for so many younger children would operate in favor of an attachment, which soon became so strong as to absorb the two lovers so entirely, that it might be said to constitute a part of their very existence.

I cannot speak now of Alfred Bellair farther than to say, his person, his endowments, and more especially the qualities of his heart, were all so super-eminently excellent, that, before I had the happiness to attract him, it had been usual for the neighbourhood to consider him fated to form the highest connexion, though it was a subject on which he never thought. He was a modest, thinking, reading young man; and, although he was by no means deficient in the spirit or the gallantry by which our countrymen are characterised, the prevailing traits of his mind were those of sentiment and intense thought, a turn of mind too well calculated to nourish deep, tender, and enduring passion.

My father was a busy man, my lover an unemployed one; we were therefore much together during the early part of the day; our walking and reading hours cemented the union of our hearts, and rendered us dependent on each other for all that felicity, which the nature of both seemed alone to regard as such; and for nearly two years we were not parted for a single day. The father of my beloved then desired that his son would take as much of the grand tour as circumstances allowed, and on his return consented to that marriage which our youth alone had hitherto prevented, as Alfred was not yet of age, and I was not nineteen.

My father set out about the same time for Hamburg, in consequence of urgent business, as his affairs there were much injured by the political changes of the times. He left an elderly lady with me as a companion, and departed in a state of great anxiety, of which I then partook but little, for the cares of the lover overcame those of the daughter, although few perhaps could love a father better than I did, and none could have more cause—he was the best of parents.

I must now hurry on his melancholy story, as the details would be afflictive. He was completely ruined by the failures of Hamburg and Leipsic; and with such singular rapidity and under such aggravating circumstances did his misfortunes fall upon him, that he was utterly bereft of his senses, and he returned to his country a beggar and a maniac. His sufferings did not last long; in a few short months he was released by death. His affairs were taken into the hands of his creditors; and, when my lover returned, he found the whole scene of our former happiness reversed, and that I was a mourning, almost heart-broken visitant at the cottage of that very person, who had been hired by my father to attend to my comforts a year before.

The losses I had sustained, the sorrow I experienced, were all new incentives to love, new ties in the eyes of my Alfred, and he had many young friends who were ready to applaud his feelings, and prompt his resolution; but his parents, and every branch of his own family, were loud in condemning such ideas as the offspring of romantic folly. Mr. Bellair urged the largeness of his family as a reason for denying all concession, and insisting on implicit obedience from an eldest son, to whom all the rest must one day look up. He added, that 'of all other women I was the most unfit for a wife, since I had the expensive habits of a woman of fashion, without the connexions which usually appertain to it;' and he had the cruelty to advert to the derangement of my poor father, as another reason against the marriage, though aware that it entirely arose from his misfortunes, and his overwhelming love for a child who constituted his whole pride and happiness. Contention on the

one hand, and uneasiness on the other, at length produced a fit of sickness to Alfred, and the father in alarm saw even the strength of youth laid prostrate before the deep-rooted sorrow which possessed a mind not more actuated by passion than imbued with integrity. Oh! what did I not suffer at that awful period?

Alfred recovered, and one of the first acts of his convalescence was to take possession of a legacy of five hundred pounds, the bequest of his godmother; and, after many a sorrowful consultation, on the strength of this sum (with which we proposed to stock a farm) we *ventured to marry*. Determined not to increase our offence by appearing in the sight of the enraged father, we immediately left the country for England, going forth as voluntary exiles to bear the punishment deemed due to our delinquency, in the hope of subduing resentment by humiliation.

So severe had been the persecution I had personally experienced from my husband's family, ever since the time when I was convicted of poverty, that it was not till I had lost sight of my native land, that I dared to breathe from my sufferings and believe that I was happy. When safely arrived in Wales, and seated in a cottage, I began to rejoice in my situation, and to tell my heart, that now I was indeed so blest in the object of my sole, my immeasurable love, that no other harm could affect me. I had been now, for above a year, in a state of poverty and perpetual anxiety; and to *me* privations were habitual, and mental relief from distressing suspense was actual happiness; but my poor husband only *now* entered upon the hard lesson of narrow means and scanty comforts, and the raptures of the bridegroom were dashed with the remembrances of the son—the *future* perforce mingled with the *present*, and the very love which constituted all our happiness, increased the pains which were crossing us in every direction, by the consciousness that where each would have bestowed a world, we could, alas! give nothing except sorrow and mortification.

After staying many weeks in this neighbourhood, and looking round to no purpose, we removed into Glocestershire, and after a time procured a permanent abode, but it was nearly at the expense of all our property, and the house was so completely out of repair, that no desire to accommodate our taste to the change of circumstances, no exertion of that happy temperament in youth which looks ever on the brightest side, could render us insensible of the discomforts by which we were surrounded, although each sedulously concealed every petty disgust from the other. It was winter, and of course it was only in the interior of our dwelling that we could improve our establishment, and when any little point was attained we were happy, and congratulated each other; and it is certain that our esteem increased, and our affection was undiminished at this period: but a winter without books, music, or any pursuit congenial to our minds, seemed very long, and, as spring advanced, we became sensible that, in seeking the retirement of the country and the management of land, we had entirely mistaken our own powers, and had engaged in that line of life for which perhaps we were least calculated. But we did not suffer this conviction to oppress our minds or prevent our exertions. Alfred readily engaged in every task which was requisite in the fields, and I with equal diligence, but less effect, applied myself to my peculiar duties under the instruction of an experienced servant. This I could not continue, for the state of my health forbade it. That circumstance to which the wife of a beloved and thriving husband looks forward with the sweetest satisfaction, as forming a new link to their hearts, a new æra in their existence, was contemplated by me with fear and trembling, as a medium of expense to my dear Alfred, and as the means of preventing me from being useful to him in a situation where female exertion is unceasingly called for. To his kind and liberal spirit, his tender sympathy and love, it was also the source of perpetual pain. Such a husband was anxious to procure every thing for a wife so situated, and common prudence forbade her to seek any thing. It would be difficult to say which of us suffered the most, in concealing from the other the feelings and wishes alike honorable to the love of both. Woman alone can judge of woman's difficulties in such a case; but every man will be aware what are the feelings of a husband and a gentleman, when he beholds the wife of his bosom in the state most interesting to his heart, fatiguing herself with occupations which

are beyond her strength, and foreign to her early habits. He will be aware how the heart is wrung when he sees the untasted morsel on her plate, reads pains uncomplained of in her countenance for which he cannot procure relief, and adverts to the comforts which money might procure. If there is a situation in which poverty has a sting resembling remorse, it is this.

In due time I became the mother of a boy, who was welcomed with words of unutterable love, but baptized in tears of sorrow. Alfred was the eldest of his family; he had witnessed the birth of children to the house of Bellair, and could not fail to feel the difference in which the heir of that house ought to have introduced his first-born son; his spirits received a shade which, aggravated by a severe cold, occasioned by extreme exertion, rendered him partially an invalid during most of the succeeding winter.

In the following year, farming became universally unprofitable: it was therefore no wonder that to people so inexperienced as we were, it was (in despite of all that care and œconomy dictated by mutual love could effect) absolutely ruinous. We disposed of our property as well as we were able, thankful to snatch a little from the general wreck, and, after an ineffectual appeal to my husband's father, set out for London, as the only place where we could hope to gain the means of subsistence, or hide that poverty, which, however innocently incurred, is felt by every one as a species of disgrace.

At the time of our marriage my husband wished much to go into the army; but to this his father decidedly objected, observing 'that his own health was very indifferent, that the children succeeding his heir were all daughters, who would require the aid and protection of their eldest brother, and his youngest children were little boys equally demanding parental care; and that to expose himself to the chances of war became in such a case an act of cruelty to a family so situated.' Alfred gave up the scheme in the hope that his obedience would be deemed meritorious; he also ever held in view the necessity of abstaining from any mode of life by which his wants or his degradation could reflect upon or reproach his father, and he constantly indulged in the hope that time would soften his displeasure. How often have I seen him strain our little boy to his bosom, and assert, 'that his sweet child would soon be an effectual mediator with its grandfather!'

We took a lodging at Knightsbridge, and eagerly began to cast about our anxious eyes for employment. Each beheld the accomplishments of the other with a partial eye, and concluded that the world would think as we did. Alfred proposed to engage himself as a teacher of languages, and he confidently hoped that my musical talents would excite the highest admiration. We considered, that we were young, highly educated, of unsullied character, and high though distant connexions; how then could we fail of success?

Alas! we stood on the banks of the pool of Bethesda, but we had no kind hand to help us in. One only mode of making known our wishes was by an advertisement, which we could ill afford, and in which we could not make reference to any one, lest we should farther offend an irritated parent. Besides, we had ourselves that shrinking from publicity and exposure, which might be supposed to act on minds of delicacy so situated. Our next care was to watch the newspapers and answer advertisements—what letters have we not written? what journeys did we not make to all the neighbouring villages? to what insults and mortifications did we not submit?—doubtless my trials on these accounts were the greatest; for sorrow had not yet destroyed my complexion or wasted my form. I was young, pretty, and reduced to distress, reasons which (I learned with horror) there were men base enough to consider sufficient on which to ground attentions intended to mislead me, or proposals equally infamous and cruel.

At length, Alfred gained an engagement for a short time with a gentleman who had unexpectedly obtained a large fortune, for which he was sensible his education had not fitted him; and finding, as he observed, that 'he was in distress and had no other employment,' and 'besides was a person as nobody knew nothing about,' he magnanimously offered him a guinea a week to attend him every day for two hours at Greenwich. Even this was now gladly accepted, and day after day, through three months in the depth of winter, did he walk between seven and eight miles to a habitation where he was received as

a menial, dismissed without refreshment, and frequently kept waiting in a room without fire, till the pampered minion of new-found luxury was ready to admit him. Need I say how severe were the struggles his indignant spirit must encounter! how deep the love which enabled him to endure them!

At length he was suddenly dismissed, and unfortunately at the very time when our poor child, who had long been drooping, became seriously ill. Never did there exist a more noble, a more tender heart, than that of Alfred; and although of late his naturally excellent temper had become somewhat irritable from the perpetual disappointments and the vexations he had experienced, yet his affection ever rose paramount to every feeling, and he now blessed even the churlish hand which had given the niggardly recompense of his long toils, because it enabled him to procure the best assistance for his idolized little one.

At this time I had procured some employment in copying music, which I was enjoined to finish at a certain time. Never can I forget the ceaseless care, the more than maternal tenderness with which my husband attended the sick couch of our child, and even engaged in all the little culinary preparations of our scanty board, in order to give me the power of prosecuting my task — how heavy, how bitter that task was, which tied down a mother from attention to her moaning child—which compelled a wife to see the husband, whom she honored as well as fondly loved, engaged in the most menial offices, can only be conceived, not described. It is true, we both affected to jest upon these scenes; but the iron was in the soul, and the choking of suppressed sorrow was in the throat, even while a sickly smile appeared on the countenance.

Our only darling, after a long, severe, expensive illness, arose from his couch little more than a skeleton, requiring all the cordial aids which wealth and kindness could procure: but these, alas! we had not to bestow. On this subject neither parent could speak, but volumes passed between us in looks which, if translated, might melt the flintiest heart, and console the most attached lovers that ever yet existed, for their pangs of parting. Alfred, who was indefatigable in his endeavours to procure employment, had now some writing to do for an attorney, and I got some plain work. Our first care was to procure a little wine for the child, and I remember that, as he took it, each looked with equal pity and alarm upon the other, and observed how much it was needed for them also—'My Mary, how pale you look!'—'Alfred, my love, take a little yourself!' burst spontaneously from each aching heart.

There is in the female constitution a tenacity, an endurance, which goes beyond that of her stronger helpmate; she suffers, but exists, as it were with a small portion of life, a fibre that is spun out to extreme tenuity, whereas in *his* bolder nature the prostration of strength is generally the extinction of life. His spirit refuses to crawl when it has no longer the power to walk erect; it wrestles powerfully, but not long. Thus at least fell my Alfred; he had no doubt been inwardly consuming for a long time, but the sad conviction of his alarming state came upon me at once from this awful moment.

He was soon compelled to abandon his employment from an inability of reaching the office; and in a short time we were obliged to exchange our lodgings for a single room on the attic story, and my employment became the sole means of subsistence for us all. My wardrobe had been long so poor that it furnished few resources, and it will readily be conceived that between a husband so debilitated and a child that could not wait upon itself, and to whom air was absolutely necessary, there were many hours unavoidably expended, which were demanded by those labors by which bare subsistence could with great difficulty be procured. Night after night did I sit up, with smarting eyes and aching head, to earn perhaps the solitary shilling demanded for our lodging, or the food for which my child would soon be weeping, or the cup of tea which the parched lip of my husband was silently craving.

A slow hectic, unaccompanied by any other symptom of a bad tendency, now bowed down the frame of my beloved Alfred; but, as the winter had been uncommonly protracted, I had reason to hope that advancing spring might effect a cure, especially if by any means we could remove into the country; and such was my anxiety on this point, that, emboldened by my love and my despair, there was no mode of *begging* to which at times I could not have resorted, and

my busy anxious heart was ever contemplating some plan by which I might wring aid from the compassionate or the rich. But my fertile imagination was poorly seconded by my trembling limbs and throbbing heart, and my designs were easily read by him who knew my thoughts by his own, and who earnestly besought me to spare him the farther misery which reluctant charity could yet bestow.

At length, my work was done so ill that my employer refused to trust me with more, and I became so far in arrear for our lodgings, that I dreaded every hour being driven from this sad shelter, not so much from the inhumanity as the poverty of our landlord. I well remember hesitating whether to lay out the last pence I had in writing-paper, wherewith I might assail the few friends who had any recollection of me, and through whom I might reach the father who had returned all our letters, or in purchasing a few biscuits which might tempt my husband to eat; and such was the pressure of the moment, that the latter was adopted from the fear that on the morrow I should be utterly pennyless. I tremble now when I reflect on the struggles I endured, from the temptation of stealing something that might tempt his appetite—my own was gone, a perpetual fever parched me, and the bread and water which was now my only food, was that for which alone I had any inclination. Alfred was now too weak to shave himself, and I one day called on a hair-dresser in the neighbourhood to request his assistance, and thence obtained the most essential relief. Need I say that I sold him my hair, which was then extremely long, and of a much lighter color than it is now? Oh! with what delight did I hasten home with my prize, how eagerly did I spread my little purchases before my beloved, how sweet were the tears with which we bedewed each other's cheeks!—surely in those affecting moments we felt that our love was indeed a flame destined to burn for ever, and to unite us in a world free from the sorrows which oppressed us here.

My first, great wish was to remove for the sake of a purer air; but my husband had by no means the same desire, for he thought the people had been so kind to us in their patience and attention, that he did not like to leave them. Our first care was therefore to pay *them*—our next, to go in a hackney coach to the medical gentleman who had already charitably bestowed his advice on Alfred, and who prescribed various medicines, which were likewise joyfully procured. As the pleasure of ease is properly enjoyed by those only who have escaped from acute pain, so none can judge of my feelings on this eventful day but beings as forlorn, poor, and wretched as myself, when my famishing family were thus snatched from the jaws of death; and the dying countenance of my beloved husband once more lightened by the smiles of hope and gratitude and love unbounded.

But a very few days had elapsed, ere again my little Alfred wanted bread, and his father medicine: work was again promised me, but I must fetch it from a considerable distance, and, until it was finished, I could procure no other food than a loaf from the baker, granted with cold consent, and surly caution for the future. After partaking the refreshment thus afforded, I set out to Berner's-street, and after a long wearisome walk, which proved to me how entirely my former strength and activity were gone, I had the dreadful disappointment of being ordered to come again in the following week, as the work was not yet ready. With a beating heart I retraced my wearisome steps, ruminating on the utter helplessness of my condition, and lamenting that I had lost the opportunity of making my case known to the lady of the house which I had left, when I was interrupted by a boy who ran with violence against me. He apologised, at the same time holding his hand to his mouth; and casting my eye on the door of the house he had quitted, I perceived it was that of an eminent dentist, and I instantly comprehended that the boy had probably just endured the operation of extracting a tooth, which he had probably sold.

A sudden thrill of gratitude rushed through my veins—I felt as if Heaven itself had vouchsafed to give me present help; and, stepping in at the open door, I requested the servant, though in great trepidation, to conduct me to his master. But, when that gentleman appeared, I was unable to speak—he examined my mouth, declared my teeth to be all faultless, and in a scrutinizing manner requested my commands. 'Will you, sir,

buy them?' said I, bursting into tears. 'To-morrow, ma'am, at an earlier hour I will talk with you on the subject.'

'*To-morrow!*' said I internally,—'how unfortunate I am!' but the loud rap of a coachman broke on my reverie, and I hastily withdrew, and pursued my melancholy way:—but the eye of compassion was on me—the generous dentist had despatched a friend after me, and my weary steps were watched by a benevolent being who, like himself, was desirous of searching out and relieving the wretched.

Unconscious that aid was so near, I entered my home under all those sensations of disappointment and weariness, which my fruitless journey could not fail to excite. My husband sighed as he welcomed me—my little boy asked 'what mama had brought for Alfred?'—it was too much—I had suffered beyond my powers, and I sunk fainting on our wretched bed.

I believe I was restored to my senses by the assistance of a stranger, whose intrusion at any other time perhaps my high-minded shrinking Alfred might have resented, but who was now justly received as the angel of mercy. By his charitable care we were relieved from present want, removed to airy lodgings, and our spirits cheered with the hope that a reconciliation might be effected with Mr. Bellair, who on inquiry was said to be himself confined to the house by disease, and constantly denied to all visitants. With these hopes held out to him, my husband endeavoured to regain his spirits and his health, and look forward to better days;—but alas! for him help and hope arrived too late. He lingered about three weeks, when, on receiving a letter from his father, full of kindness, and urging his return, he expired in my arms, with the welcome but fatal proof of pardon in his hand.

* * * *

You will perceive that my sad story has arrived at its proper termination—my last lingering hopes annihilated, my constitution apparently ruined, I should undoubtedly have followed my beloved husband to his early grave, but for the sad claims of my poor sickly infant, which not only hung on my heart, but, by employing my mind, drew me from the contemplation of my own overwhelming sorrow. With him I now removed to my own country, where we were treated by his repentant grandfather with kindness and generosity, proportioned to the intense and unavailing sorrow with which he now bewailed his severity, and reprobated that obstinacy which had spurned all communication either from ourselves or others on the subject of our distress. He had in the interim of our absence lost two of his family; and this, combining with the more lamentable loss of his eldest son, increased the complaints which had long hung about him, and within two years he also died.

My little Alfred, born under a cloud and nurtured in the extreme of indigence, is the heir of his estates, which also provide me with an annuity more than equal to my wishes. My child happily remembers not the sorrows of his early infancy, but on his mother's heart and memory they rest with an abiding influence—time has softened and religion has soothed them, but their memory *never* can be effaced.

Think not, however, my dear friends, that I seek to impress on your minds that melancholy which at times will ever affect my own, or that I mean to say my misfortunes exceed those of all other women. Ah no! never have I suffered those pangs which unkindness would have inflicted on a heart so tenderly attached—the fever of jealousy never harassed my soul; suspicion or reproach never awakened my fears or roused my indignation;—I have much to remember with thankfulness.

Never have I suffered the pain of blushing for the weakness, much less the sin, of him to whom my heart and my fate were indissolubly united. Although my irreparable loss and past sorrows sometimes oppress me to dejection, and my health is even now affected, yet I thank God my temper is not soured or my heart callous, nor are the interests of friendship and philanthropy rendered indifferent to me:—though sad, I am not sullen; and I can sympathise with joy, as well as sorrow. From these circumstance I have a right to conclude, that, although my misery was extreme, it had not the deleterious influence produced by the more angry passions, and I agree with your good colonel, that love can soften many evils, and smooth many difficulties.

'And do you also agree,' said Camilla, 'with *him*, that a heart which has been so long and so fervently attached can regain its old feelings for a new object, and find, in the exercise of its gentle but warm affections, a con-

solation for past bereavements? Can a sunshiny evening follow the bright but clouded morning of life and love?'

'Ah!' exclaimed Sophronius eagerly, 'do you, my dear madam, believe this also?'

The dark eye-lashes of the fair widow were cast down, but for a moment she raised them to answer the interrogators. 'I cannot tell—I have no experience on this point,' sprang from her lips; but a deep blush suffused her cheek, as she turned from the inquiring gaze which accompanied the gentleman's question. She rose in some confusion, not unmixed with the agitation which her sad story was so likely to recall, and quietly withdrew, leaving all deeply impressed with the magnanimity, disinterestedness, and above all the genuine simplicity of her character. She had revealed heart-rending* facts, but never dilated upon them, and had been evidently willing to look gratefully on the more consolatory circumstances, which had ameliorated her dreadful and unmerited situation; and, in the forbearance she had shown to the obstinate unrelenting father of her husband, whose late kindness was probably the offspring of his remorse, she had proved that spirit of Christian forgiveness, which is the proof and the honor of true religion. But with all this praise the gentlemen would not allow that she had proved the point which she sought to establish; for they maintained 'that with such an helpmate all things were possible;' but when the admiration of the moment had subsided, they would see more clearly the merits of the case, and profit by the important lesson it conveyed.

LORD BYRON AND DON JUAN.

Of all the extraordinary circumstances and cogitations, to which lord Byron has given rise, perhaps the most extraordinary is that now before the public, in the conduct of an additional self-constituted publisher of the last cantos of Don Juan. This person has appeared in the court of chancery, to claim the right of publishing the work in question, on the principle that its worthlessness excludes it from the protection of the law. He denounces it as a licentious and immoral production, abounding alike in that dissoluteness which is the ruin of domestic virtue and morality, and in those democratic and seditious principles, which subvert empires, and destroy the foundations of society. With this language on his lips, this man has the unparalleled audacity to claim the power and assert the intention of publishing the very work which he brands with infamy, and pronounces capable of unbounded mischief. With unblushing effrontery, and a callousness of heart which has perhaps been frequently acted upon, but never avowed before, he asserts his right to pour poison (because it *is* poison) down the throats of the million, who but for his medium might entirely escape it. He proclaims the arrival of the pestilence, describes its effects, and states his determination to spread it to the utmost; and with the same breath in which he displays the force of that destructive influence, which destroys alike the best blessings of life and the hopes of immortality, professes a desire of propagating the evil, and seizing a share of those 'wages of iniquity,' which, according to his own account, have been fully and fatally earned by another.

Whatever may be the errors of the noble writer in this poem, they are apparently light and trivial when compared with the crime of one who, believing them to be capable of producing so much sin and misery, can, with the cool-blooded malignity of the first tempter, sit down and calculate on the probable profit arising from the injury he meditates. According to his own conception of the case, he resolves to send forth a hideous leprosy into the land, defiling, without pity or remorse, the young, the lovely, the innocent, and the unguarded. If his conceptions of the work are just, he surely deserves the strongest reprobation: if, on the other hand, his accusations are false, his allusions strained beyond the original intent, by what right can he stamp infamy on the author, from whose talents he seeks the means of support?

Whether he really believes that which he asserts or not, of *one* thing we may be almost certain, that the great poet himself (however blameable he may be) did not contemplate the mischiefs so generally imputed to his work, or considered them in a point of view very subordinate. That a genius so noble,

* The most striking circumstances of this story were communicated to the writer by a friend of the humane gentleman alluded to.

various, and effective, as that of lord Byron, should ever stoop to sully his pages by one loose thought, one immoral sentiment, or indelicate allusion, must be sincerely deplored; but it certainly becomes those readers whom he has so often delighted by the highest powers and most beautiful efforts of poetry to pause ere they pass the sentence of utter condemnation on one who has sung so often and so well, and seek rather to recall him by their conduct to higher views and purer subjects. Neglect would be a surer reproof, and a more effectual stimulant to the poet's mind, than the philippics of a thousand journalists, or the abandonment of all the courts.

In charity, we ought also to remember that in poetic composition there is a resemblance to inspiration, to which a genius of his high cast is peculiarly subject. The fire and rapidity of ideas thus elicited, will lead occasionally to expressions neither duly weighed by the author, nor fully consonant to his wishes and intention—he may be hurried into error by the want of a rhyme, or allured into it by the beauty of a metaphor. Wit is itself a seducing quality, and the passion for saying a good thing leads some men daily into the fault of saying bad ones, whose minds and conduct are by no means impure. Much more must the poet be subject to temptation, whose vivid fancy and exhaustless imagination present those various treasures of thought which tempt the exercise of talent, and who is dazzled and mis-led by an undue profusion of mental riches. 'The poet's eye in a fine phrensy rolling' is apt to see too much, and shine too brightly, in some moments, even though its usual course may be calmly luminous, as the works of many high names unhappily testify; and example may mislead as much as inclination. In our own days we have few errors of this kind to complain of, except in the works of * Moore, with whose really loose and seducing pages lord Byron's ought not be classed for a moment. There is more of the allurements to vice, the melting-down of all the better purposes of the heart—more of the awakenings to passion, the silencing and sneering-away of virtue, in single verses of Little's poems, than in all the adventures of Don Juan that have yet appeared.

In fact, this poem, with its few beauties, great faults, and cried-up sins, is on the whole so very inferior to all the preceding productions of lord Byron, that we cannot help sincerely wishing to see it laid in the tomb of the Capulets, or expiring like the phœnix in its own impure flames, in the hope that from its ashes may arise a successor worthy of the first poet of this poetic age, in which case we trust he will return to that chaste, severe, yet exquisitely beautiful style which captivated us in Childe Harold and Lara *. Whatever may be the wit and humor he displays occasionally, it is yet evident that 'the sportive' is not suited to his peculiar talent, and it is certain that, in exercising his power of rendering human misery ludicrous, he has not only shown a bad taste, but rendered himself more justly liable to the imputation of bad feelings and principles, than in any other portion of the work in question; and did we not know him to be really humane and generous, we should recoil from the contemplation of the man, with the same sickening feeling which he produced by 'washing down Pedrillo.'

Lord Byron, however he may choose to stoop, is in truth too gigantic in the lofty stature of his towering and comprehensive genius, for that playfulness of fancy, that unbending gracefulness of frolicsome gamboling, which it has lately been his pleasure to affect. His smiles hence become grim, and terrify while they amuse. But let him sweep the lyre aright, and his mighty hand will yet produce music whose deep pathos shall vibrate through every chord of human feeling, or rouse the soul to heroic daring, devoted magnanimity, and sublime enthusiasm. This work he owes to his age and to himself, as the reparation for error, and the just assumption of honorable and deathless fame. Above all, he owes it to that Divine Being who

* We are happy to see that this accomplished poet has lately begun to think more wisely: in his late poem, 'les Charmettes,' there is a burst of pure and virtuous feeling, full of truth and beauty.

* It may not be improper at the same time to express a wish that the doubts of the sceptic, and the open assaults of the infidel upon the bulwarks of religion, may no longer be countenanced or supported (as even in Childe Harold) by the example of the noble bard.—Ed.

hath endowed him with such transcendent gifts, and, in more than one respect, 'placed him on high amongst his brethren.' B ——.

DIFFERENCE OF NATIONAL MANNERS.

John Bull is accused of a strong national prejudice; yet let him see other countries, and you will find no one so impartial, so little addicted to this imperfection. A Briton travels (in general) more than his neighbours; if nobility or wealth be his lot, he goes abroad as a matter of *polished* necessity; if a mercantile character, his interest leads him thither, money is no impediment. Œconomy and a narrow policy keep our neighbours more at home; and when they travel they are apt to measure their road and researches by the purse, and, being circumscribed in all, fail not to be equally limited in liberality. I have known a thousand persons of different nations abroad, some in their own, some in contiguous countries; but how few have I found divested of blind partiality, or generally informed as to the manners, customs, virtues, and rooted defects of other states. Even those who had passed thrice seven years on English ground, and had tasted both its freedom and hospitality, turned jealously to ungrateful home (I speak of emigrants), and spoke lightly of the benefits of constitutional greatness, and of firm yet tolerant power.

Count ——, the second time expatriated, on account of the *unfashionableness* of immutable fidelity to one unaltered family and cause, met me at Naples, after seven years' separation. He was evidently disgusted with revolutionized France, and found that he had returned to a *country*, but *not* to a *home*; yet was he so much a Frenchman at heart, that neither grey hairs, vicissitudes, disappointments, nor the third of a century having rolled over his head, could divest him of superannuated nationality; and, to my utter astonishment, he began (in an evening walk) to blame certain English customs, which led me to place those of the continent in comparison therewith. He insisted on it that our single women enjoy too much freedom; that they mingle too much, and at too early a period, with the world; that they are allowed to walk arm in arm with a cousin, or with a friend of the family of the other sex, or to parade the streets and parks alone, followed only by an overgrown *laquais* with a long cane, which is a mere matter of form; 'for (added he) this automaton may be stopped for whole hours at a circulating library, a music-seller's, or a lace-merchant's, or dress-maker's, or even dismissed at a relation's door and ordered to return in an hour. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*,' replied I. 'But it is so,' triumphantly resumed he: 'and then again a single woman may ride on horseback in an independent masculine style, through town and country, with a groom a quarter of a mile behind her; and she may pick up as many *beaux* as she pleases, without the least scandal. Now what facilities these customs afford for seducing the young mind, what favorable opportunities for forming dangerous connexions, for a bad match, an unfortunate attachment, and even for intrigue itself! Whereas abroad the unmarried lady is all circumspection; she never goes shopping unattended by some relation or governess, has no access to those convenient houses for *rendezvous*, and is seldom from under a parent's eye; '*no taking the carriage all alone to make calls, or for a breath of air.*' Even at church she must not go alone; and if she is not at a convent or at some seminary for education, her pleasures are moderate, rare, and never so public as to make her familiar to the vulgar eye. It is not until she enters the wedded state that she is perfectly her own mistress: then (concluded the count) I allow that she makes up for lost time; her flirtings then begin, and I do not approve all the habits in married life, in France and in warmer climates: yours are more domesticated in general, but, in the highest classes, you are not much behind your neighbours.'

Such was the amount of his remarks, which I counterbalanced by a few instances of what had passed under my own eyes; the reader will decide between us.

The greatest reserve is imposed upon young unmarried ladies abroad; they come timidly into society. '*Mama*' (a word pronounced ostentatiously by high and low with an *infantine* air of simplicity) tires the listener's ear with 'my daughter is so young;—at her age late hours are fatal;—she never tasted wine—she is a stranger in the world (*le monde*),' by which *public life* is meant. Yet governesses and *femmes de compagnie* in France,

duennas in Spain, and even beguines in Flanders, prevent not attachments from being formed. The old and incorruptible have neither ears nor eyes, and the young, servile, and indifferent, may be gained, and as easily put off their guard as the long *footman and long cane*, or the groom *at a quarter of a mile's distance* from lady Mary. I knew a certain princess who had all her first interviews with the noble but ruined prince, whose widow she is, at their parish church. At Florence I could not help admiring a lovely creature about sixteen years of age, pale, dejected, and withering (as I thought) from a decline; I inquired the cause.—'*Mal d'amore*,' replied her mother, with a shrug of her shoulders. 'Love-sick?' thought I, and I looked uncertain as it were.—'*Si*,' added she, in order to convince me, '*la natura e sempre la natura*,' (nature is always nature). This was *animal* in the superlative degree, and such a thing could not be *named* in England.

So much for the great delicacy of unmarried life, in which state caution seems to be all, sentiment a nominal part only: the wedded fair on the continent are charming, but custom effects strange things amongst them. I should have offered my arm, or ridden on horseback *tête-à-tête*, a thousand times with any of my unmarried countrywomen, without a doubtful or stray thought, at Naples, Rome, Florence, Milan, Pisa, &c. I should have obeyed the orders of any married dame; but the idea of a *cavaliere servente* cannot be explained in English; yet take things as they are, weigh them in the scale of propriety, value, and comparison, and it is difficult to say where the preponderance may fall. A most attractive and amiable *marchesa* allowed me to conduct her in an open carriage from Naples to Gaeta; the day became oppressively hot; on her arrival, she went to bed, and summoned me to read English poetry to her. And here, candid reader, I pledge my veracity, that neither the marchesa nor her reader cherished any idea beyond friendship, and the complaisance which well-bred men owe to commanding beauty, accustomed to charm and to rule; nevertheless, there is but one opinion in the mind of

THE HERMIT ABROAD.

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

NO. I.

OSCAR TO MALVINA.

My dearest girl, Selma, 1823.

I THINK I see your cheek redden with the glow of resentment: I mark, in fancy, the indignant glance, mingled with contempt, which darts from your eyes the severest rebuke, on the perusal of these pages;—I hear the half-suppressed murmurs of wounded delicacy at the presumption of the man who, on so slight an acquaintance, has ventured to address you in the language of familiar correspondence.—*Resentment!*—*contempt! wounded delicacy!*—a fine exordium, indeed, for a *billet-doux!*—but love, you know, takes strange flights, and it is no easy matter to avoid extravagance when writing to a charming favorite.—Pardon me, my dear girl; I do not mean to reproach you with insensibility, or to upbraid you with unkindness. I have no claim upon your gratitude, and perhaps I have no pretensions to your esteem; but I know the goodness of your heart, and you must be convinced that I wish you well. That endearing intercourse and those bewitching smiles which have occasionally gladdened my heart, now inspire me with boldness to assure you that my sentiments towards you are unaltered. Besides, at our last interview I promised to write to you, and it is with great pleasure that I embrace this opportunity of redeeming my pledge.

Do you remember the pleasant evening in May? The sun was shedding his last rays on the burnished clouds of the western horizon, as we stood in our garden, engaged in interesting conversation, or lost in the bewildering tumult of unutterable sensibilities. It was indeed a beautiful evening;—the resplendent orb of heaven seemed to shine with unusual brilliancy, the balmy zephyrs sported among the leaves in pensive silence, and all nature seemed to smile around us as if in compliment to our interview:—but it was a smile mingled with serenity, and the genius of the place seemed to sympathize with those suppressed feelings which agitated our bosoms—feelings which the bashful reserve of sensitive delicacy durst not express in words. Yes, I remember it well; for it was the evening on which I parted from that girl who will certainly

be ever dear to me, whilst memory can dwell on the charming portrait. It was an hour sacred to friendship.

Innocent and unsuspecting as I knew you to be, I warned you of the dangers to which you might be exposed in a large city, for I was not altogether free from apprehension on your account;—but I felt too powerfully, the words seemed unwilling to come forth, and I acquitted myself with aukward hesitation. I accompanied you, *in fancy*, through the whole course of your journey; I participated in all your joys and sorrows; I enjoyed your surprise and admiration on beholding, for the first time, the splendid, lofty, and crowded buildings of our venerable capital; I alighted with you at the coach-office, and saw you safely conducted to the elegant lodgings of Raeburn-place.

I am happy to understand that your reception was most flattering. That sort of regret which one naturally feels on leaving home for the first time, will soon wear off;—and I should not be much surprised in a few weeks to hear of your laughing at us plain country folks, in the midst of your new and fashionable town associates. It gives me much pleasure to learn that your health and complexion have not yet been injured by the dense atmosphere of Auld Reekie. I trust that the many months you have to remain in town will pass lightly over your head, and seem shorter to you by one-half, than they will do to some of your friends in the country. Every thing at first will glow with the charm of novelty; and the various sights of a large town will afford you abundant amusement. You have an excellent ear for music; and, besides attending some of the concerts that are occasionally given in great style, I would advise you to go now and then to some of the episcopal chapels, not only for the doctrine, but also for the music. The finest-toned organ, I believe, is that at St. John's or St. Paul's.

You will of course go to the theatre, but, I trust, not frequently: it is a bad school for morals, and I cannot give it my unqualified approbation. Dramatic representations may be *radically* harmless, and, under proper regulations, might be the means of doing some good;—they would at the same time constitute a source of rational amusement. But profligate characters, licentious in principle and practice, cannot be pleased with what is strictly moral; and too great a proportion of every audience, it is to be feared, is composed of such characters. The public taste must be gratified; sentiments of the most objectionable nature are not only tolerated but applauded *,—and impressions of the most dangerous tendency are unavoidably stamped upon the heart of the youthful spectator. They talk of 'holding up the mirror to nature;' but it is only a *magic* glass, in which every one beholds his neighbour's face, and not his own; or, if he should catch a transient glimpse of his 'natural likeness,' he can discover in the portrait no traces of deformity;—indeed it would be well if he does not find in it something to *admire*. It is a mirror in which virtue is often seen to disadvantage, and the plots of villany are frequently crowned with triumph. It is not, surely, by fanning the flame of giddy and premature gallantry—it is not by depicting scenes of scandalous intrigue, by fostering the spirit of romantic passion, and applauding the address of fugitive, undutiful lovers, in eluding the vigilance of their parents or guardians, in order to effectuate a rash elopement—nor is it by exhibiting examples of conjugal infidelity;—it is not by remedies like these, I say, that the public morals are likely to be meliorated, or the votaries of unhallowed pleasure put to the blush. Yet such is the general picture of THE STAGE!

But think me not too severe,—I will even condescend to be generous,—and I really advise you to go now and then when a *good* play is announced. Your knowlege of the world will be increased; the music, the scenery, the dresses,—the *tout ensemble*, form a brilliant spectacle. You will be highly delighted with the entertainment; and if no other benefit should be derived from it, you will at least have it in your power to say to your friends in the country that you have been at an Edinburgh play-house.

In the bustle of a crowded population, you may possibly meet with some impertinent people; but it will be your own fault if you suffer much from their rudeness. No man will persist in

* We do not consider this remark as just or correct; for we have found, with an exception perhaps of the minor theatres, that pernicious sentiments and indecorous allusions are rather reprobated than countenanced.—ED.

teazing a woman if he meet with a proper reception at first;—and should he continue his unwelcome pursuit, there is reason to suspect that he meets with encouragement, either from her *innocence*, her simplicity, or her love. What a pity it should be so! yet true it is, that even innocence itself,—or rather a heart void of guile, may sometimes be hurtful to its possessor:—and if misfortune should ever assail you, my dear girl, (which Heaven avert!)—you will fall a victim to the unsuspecting goodness of your own heart.

The numerous instances of female frailty which appal us on every side, cannot be viewed without the deepest regret; and the unblushing levity that every where stares us in the face, would almost tempt me to renounce my favorite doctrine respecting that superior purity of mind, and chastity of constitution, which form the pride and felicity of woman, were it not for the incontrovertible fact, that the arts of seduction and solicitations to criminal indulgence are invariably chargeable upon *our* sex. Here I may observe—and I solicit your particular attention to the remark—that whenever a man asks any thing improper of a woman, on pretence that he is going to marry her, she has every reason to doubt his *sincerity;* for, were he really in earnest, he could have no plea for anticipating, even by a single hour, those privileges to which an union, *so easily effected*, can alone entitle him. The flame of lawless love is easily quenched; its raptures are soon cloyed; and she who is so exceedingly complaisant as to yield to the wishes of her admirer infallibly sinks in his estimation, and incurs the risk of losing both a lover and a husband.

I am no advocate for measures of severity. The virtue that must be perpetually guarded by the dread of penal enactments is not worth preserving. Yet it is a pity that this particular species of crime should escape altogether with impunity;—and were I a legislator, I should perhaps be foolish enough to make some attempt toward securing the honor of that sex which has so powerful an influence in forming the characters of men. The best way to succeed in this point, however, would be—not so much by the imposition of penalties, as by making it *fashionable* to be modest. Let the court and nobility set the example, and their conduct in this respect would soon be followed by the votaries of dissipation of all ranks. *Obstinate* sinners, however, would be subjected to particular *disqualifications*. Were it enacted, for instance, that she who, by repeated acts of irregularity, had forfeited all title to respect, and proved herself incapable of maintaining the honors of a woman, should be rendered incompetent for becoming a wife, and declared to be excluded from enjoying the privilege of matrimony for a certain period, in proportion to the extent of her guilt,—what a wonderful reformation would speedily take place! Lawless love would be held in detestation—a sullied reputation would be unknown—every one would be anxious to secure a husband, not by granting favors, but by *refusing* them,—and the ladies of Great Britain would be extolled over all the world as the models of female perfection.

In most of the towns of Holland, they have what are called houses for the reformation of manners. How would you relish the idea of a board of moral control to be established in every parish, for the express purpose of enforcing the rules of decorum, and checking the irregularities of youthful indiscretion? I should like to be a member of this institution—so many ludicrous adventures would come before us! Should this honorable court take cognizance of what are commonly considered as minor offences—such as nocturnal sweet-hearting, romping, and ball-hunting—good heavens!—what a sad revolution would take place in the affairs of gallantry! How many pretty schemes would be devised for eluding the vigilance of the parish *police!*—how many a mortified madcap would be rendered 'completely miserable,' and curse the severity of the laws, when the stern hand of justice had dashed the cup of pleasure from her lips!—I would have every female who had completed her fifteenth year entitled to vote at the election of the members. There is nothing like an early canvass:—now, should a president be wanted for the board of L——, and should I take it into my head to declare myself a candidate, would you, my dear, support me with your *interest?*

How delightful it is to unbosom our thoughts to a person whom we really esteem!—I could yet fill many pages, for I have much to say to you; but it is full time to conclude this *formidable* lecture. Were I a romantic lover, I should

probably have said—'My dear, I could write to you for ever!'—but I cannot be your lover in the common acceptation of the word;—I must be content to aim at the enviable felicity of being your *friend;*—and I shall endeavour to prove myself worthy, if not of your esteem, at least of your confidence.

Since I have paid you the unexpected compliment of addressing you through the medium of one of the most fashionable London periodicals,—it now remains that I also distinguish myself by a handsome corresponding signature. That of *Oscar* pleases me much; it awakens so many tender associations. I have, as a matter of course, therefore, and of right, taken up my temporary residence at Selma; and I now address you from those halls which so often resounded to the harp of Ossian, as its strings vibrated to the praise of heroes, or to the soft emotions of love. Should you smile favorably upon this simple token of esteem, and think proper to *pledge* the flattering boon, by answering me through the same medium, it will be expedient for you likewise to adopt another name. The bare initials of J. T. and G. S. will never do,—they are too prosaic and common-place. Might I presume to direct you in your choice, I think you cannot find a better counterpart than that of *Malvina*, the fair-haired daughter of Toscar. It will suit you exactly—it is musical, pretty, and romantic.—Henceforth, then, be thou my charming, my amiable, my adorable Malvina;—and you will find me, in all the ardor and confidence of disinterested friendship, your ever faithful, admiring, and devoted OSCAR.

CONTEST BETWEEN THE HEAD AND THE HEART.

HAVING mingled much with the world, being particularly attached to female society, having enjoyed the practical benefit and felt also the conflicting pains of matrimony in three successive connexions, and being now settled in a state of comfort and independence, with composed and steady habits, I am regarded by my fair neighbours in a provincial town as a good decider of disputed points between the sexes, a wise casuist, and an impartial arbitrator; and I flatter myself that I have been so far successful, as to dry the cheek of sorrow, heal the wounds of love, extract the poison of jealousy, and chase the gloom of despair. On a late occasion, I put an end to the uneasiness of doubt and suspense, and promoted an auspicious marriage by my disinterested advice.

I was sitting in my parlor, musing or dreaming over the contents of a newspaper, when a loud knock at my door roused me from my reverie. A handsome widow, about the age of thirty, immediately entered, and, after apologising for her intrusion, expressed a wish to consult me.—'My advice, madam,' said I, 'is at your service, and I shall not be offended even if you reject it. You are not unhappy, if I may judge from your countenance; you are neither pining in love, nor sickening with grief: yet something may affect your feelings. I am eager to know what is the object of your visit.'—'My case,' replied the lady, 'would make many a woman wear a serious aspect; but it shall not make *me* dull—I will be gay and cheerful as long as I live.'—'I commend your resolution, madam; cheerfulness is the first ingredient in the cup of health, as well as in that of happiness.'—'I am glad, sir, to hear you say so; for it is my favorite cordial. It was with the utmost difficulty that I could prevail upon myself to look grave or sad for a few weeks after the death of my husband; yet, I believe, I felt as sincerely as most women do in such a case.'—'You might, madam—I have no right to contradict you. It appears then that you have been married.'—'I have, sir, and hope to be so again; it is about that important business that I wish to consult you. My heart is not perfectly at ease; and, if you can relieve me and guide me into the right path, I shall be thankful for your friendly suggestions. Your wisdom and experience are undoubted, and I am sure you will not mislead me.'

The lady then stated her case with candor and perspicuity.—'I am the daughter of a merchant, and my husband was also the conductor of a great commercial concern: but I am now both an orphan and a widow, though I cannot say that I am forlorn or disconsolate. I have an income more than sufficient for all the comforts of life, and you may perceive that I am not old; and, if I cannot boast of great beauty, you will perhaps allow that I am not so

ugly as to forbid the advances of your sex.'—'You have indeed,' said I with an air of respectful gallantry, 'the powers of attraction, not of repulsion.'—Pleased with the compliment, she thus proceeded: 'Not being fond of a state of single blessedness, I am not so shy or reserved as to avoid the society of men; and I can mention two who are at this moment contending for my regard. They so far differ in their characters, that I *esteem* one of these rivals, while I fancy that I *love* the other. That, sir, is my dilemma: how shall I act in this case? But I must state some additional particulars, before you can properly answer the question. Of my two admirers, one is on the verge of forty years of age, agreeable in his person, mild and courteous in his manners, rather grave in his deportment, but not dull or uninteresting in his conversation; and his moral character is highly respectable.'—'What,' exclaimed I, 'can you desire more? why do you doubt or hesitate?'—'You are too quick,' said the lady, 'in your decision—you are not a patient judge—you must hear more before you pronounce sentence. My other suitor is not above twenty-two years of age: he is remarkably handsome; he has all the pleasing vivacity of youth; is lively without rudeness, and polite without formality. In talent he is not altogether deficient; but I doubt the steadiness and correctness of his judgement. Of his morals I know nothing; but I am apprehensive that his levity may hurry him into dissipation or libertinism. Now, sir, you may judge of the difficulties of my situation. My *heart* leads me one way, while my *head* points in another direction. The former, I admit, is not the best guide; but its influence is generally more forcible than the cool dictates of reason. However, as I am not a love-sick girl, I ought rather to consult my head than my heart.'

I then replied, that, as the lady had condescended to solicit my advice, I would certainly recommend the middle-aged gentleman to her kind notice.—'But how,' she asked, 'can I change my liking? can love be so easily controlled?'—'When its violence,' I rejoined, 'is not extreme, it may. Only convince yourself of the propriety of checking it, and the business is done. You allow that the elder gentleman is an unobjectionable lover, although he is not such a charming fellow as the youth. Solid qualities, my dear madam, are always preferable to superficial attractions; and I consider them as the only source of matrimonial felicity. Like those commodities which are intrinsically rich, they are the more admired by discerning persons, the more they are examined, while glittering spangles only please at a distant or first view. It is a proverbial remark, that familiarity breeds contempt; but it is much less applicable to the former case than to the latter, because superficial qualifications are soon detected, and found to weigh very lightly in the balance. You will probably soon perceive that your young lover has little prudence, and no solidity of affection; and I beg pardon for hinting, that your charms, which he now admires, will sooner decay than his inclination for beauty. If you give your hand to him, you may have cause to repine at his unjustifiable neglect,—a contingency which is not likely to occur in the event of an union with your more steady and judicious friend.'

Taking my hand with a friendly smile, the lady thanked me for my observations, which, she had reason to believe, were calculated for her benefit.—'My heart,' she said, 'has sometimes given law to my head; but I am determined that it shall now practise a lesson of obedience to its proper and legitimate monitor. JUDEX.

MODERN ORIENTAL MAGNIFICENCE.

SIR GORE OUSELEY, the British ambassador at the Persian court, was introduced to the sovereign with punctilious formality, and treated with that respect which was due to his dignity and merit.—'We proceeded (says sir William Ouseley) in full ceremony to the royal residence, where a guard of about two hundred men (chiefly, as we understood, Russian prisoners), received us at the parade, with arms presented, according to the European style of military compliment. We then advanced as far as it was allowed to ride on horseback; and, having alighted at an inner gate, walked through it, and were conducted by several officers along various narrow passages, to a small room, where we found Mohammed Hosein, surnamed Marvi, a personage of very

high birth and exalted rank, with other great men: here chairs had been provided for our accommodation; they were of dark-colored wood, having high backs and large knobs, and much resembled those which, from illuminated missals and other manuscripts, appear to have been fashionable, some centuries ago, in France and England. I remarked that Marvi's chair, whether assigned to him as the seat of honour, or accidentally occupied, was distinguished from the rest by a higher back, rising in the middle to a point, like the apex of a triangle.

'Here we were treated with coffee and *caleáns* (pipes). The same officers then led us through a court where we saw, in an open hall, the celebrated marble throne, of which the materials were brought from Yezd. We passed through two or three other courts and some long passages, containing soldiers and attendants dressed in an extraordinary manner; their clothes being spotted over with golden pieces of money, sequins, and ducats; and many wore helmets of uncommon appearance. We at last entered that building in which was the hall of audience; and having shaken off our slippers went in about twenty yards, making profound obeisances, as instructed by our conductors, at certain intervals from the spot where first it was possible that the king could discern us; then forming a line near the reservoir in front of the presence-chamber, we perceived his majesty seated on the Peacock Throne; and, when the master of the ceremonies announced the English embassy, we distinctly heard the usual welcome uttered by the royal lips.

'Having entered the hall of audience, the ambassador took his seat on a chair placed at the distance of about two yards from the door, and five or six from the throne, in a direction almost diagonal; but rose after two or three minutes, and severally presented us; an office which, as we understand, the vazirs had heretofore insisted on performing. As each gentleman was introduced by name, the monarch said something highly flattering and gracious, with a courtly and dignified air. We then arranged ourselves in a row behind the chair, immediately near which the ambassador continued to stand during the remainder of this interview.

'Next the throne, which occupied a corner, not the centre of the room, were two little princes, five or perhaps six years old, who stood immoveable as statues, the whole time of audience, displaying a gravity of demeanour and solemnity of countenance, that would have become the most aged and venerable of their father's ministers. More remote from the throne, but in the same line, were five other princes, the eldest and tallest being next, at an interval of two yards, to the little boys above-mentioned: this was Hassan Ali, seemingly twenty years old: close on the right was the shah Ali, to whom we had paid our respects some days before: near him stood a younger prince, and then two others: all stationed according to age and size, this royal rank ending with one of eight or nine years.

'On the same side, but in a recess formed by large windows, appeared three secretaries; these were on our left hand as we stood behind the ambassador's chair; while on our right near the door, were four of the principal vazirs or ministers, with the khan Abul Hassan, who had accompanied us to the palace. Beyond them and extending towards the left side of the throne, was a row of five or six officers; among whom one held a most beautiful crown or *taje*, apparently not inferior in the lustre of its jewels to that with which the monarch's head was so magnificently decorated; another of those officers bore in his hands the scimeter of state; a third held the royal bow in its case; a fourth, the shield; and one a golden tray or dish filled with diamonds and different precious stones of wonderful size and dazzling brilliancy. Of the king's dress, I could perceive that the color was scarlet; but to ascertain exactly the materials would have been difficult, from the profusion of large pearls that covered it in various places, and the multiplicity of jewels that sparkled all around; for the golden throne seemed studded at the sides with precious stones of every possible tint, and the back resembled a sun or glory, of which the radiation was imitated by diamonds, garnets, emeralds, and rubies. Such also chiefly composed the monarch's ample and most splendid crown, and the two figures of birds that ornamented the throne, one perched on each of its beautifully enameled shoulders.

'It was easy to recognise in the handsome and manly countenance of the shah, Fateh Ali, those features which I

had seen represented by several delineations. Portraits of their king may be found in every town among the Persians; large and painted on canvas, or small on leaves of paper, on the covers of looking-glasses, on pen-cases, and on the lids of boxes; even the most rudely executed presenting generally some similitude. All, at least, agree in rendering justice to the royal beard; of which, I could not discover that any picture, as it was natural to suspect, had exaggerated the uncommon length and copiousness.

'We remained in the royal presence about twenty minutes: during which time Fateh Ali conversed most graciously with the ambassador; and, having received from a kneeling servant the state *calean*, rich in the lustre of jewels, he inhaled its smoke for a moment, and gave back this precious instrument of Asiatic luxury. The room in which he sat was spacious and handsome, disfigured however by glaring oil-paintings of considerable size and very mean execution; two large English mirrors contributed much to its embellishment. We retired, bowing at certain intervals towards the throne, on our return through the garden, while within a possibility of being seen by the king; then resuming our high-heeled slippers, we walked along courts and passages, and under narrow door-ways, crowded with servants, guards, and officers of the palace, and great *khans* or lords; some men, whose office I neglected to inquire, held, each in his hand, a sceptre or slender wand, nearly four feet long, and apparently of gold enameled green; with the figure of a bird at top, as large as a real sparrow, and made of emeralds, rubies, and other jewels.'

MISCELLANEOUS VARIETIES.

Increase of Institutions and Associations.—THIS is the age of societies, which frequently start up, from the humble ale-house club to the royal incorporation. Some of these are worse than useless, while others are undoubtedly beneficial. This, we hope, will be the result of the new institution denominated the 'Royal Society of Literature,' which we mentioned when it was in an embryo state. It has now assumed a regular form; and the king has recently declared, that he entirely approves its constitution and regulations. The president is Dr. Burgess, the learned bishop of St. David's, and among the vice-presidents are the chief-justice Abbot, sir James Mackintosh, sir Gore Ouseley, and archdeacon Nares. 'The society proposes, 1. to promote, by assistance from its funds or otherwise, the publication of valuable manuscripts, discovered in any public or private collection; 2. to encourage such discoveries by all suitable means; 3. to promote the publication of works of great intrinsic value, which may not be of so popular a character as to induce the risk of individual expense; 4. to read, at its public meetings, such papers on subjects of general literature, as shall have been first approved by the council of the society; from which papers a selection shall be made, to be printed in the transactions of the society; 5. to adjudge honorary rewards, to persons who shall have rendered any eminent service to literature, or produced any work highly distinguished for learning or genius; provided always, that such work contain nothing hostile to religion or morality; 6. to establish correspondence with learned men in foreign countries, for the purpose of literary inquiry and information; 7. to elect, as honorary associates, persons eminent for the pursuits of literature, and from these to elect associates on the royal foundation, and on the foundation of the society, as circumstances may admit.'

The editor of this miscellany has not the least reason to suppose that his name is sufficiently known, or that his labors are sufficiently valued, to entitle him to the honor of being recommended to the directors of the new institution, as an associate who would not disgrace the establishment; but he consoles himself with reflecting, that he is not so destitute of competence as to be eagerly desirous of additional emolument, and he feels some degree of pride in considering himself as

'Unplaced, unpension'd, no man's heir or
slave.'

Independence is his motto; and a much greater salary than that of an associate would not induce him to violate his honor or conscience, like the servile members of the Royal Academy of France. It is said, however, that such base concessions or sacrifices are not required by his majesty from the associates whom he has nominated, and consequently will not

be exacted from those whom the society may appoint. We hope, for the honor of literature, that this assertion is well-founded.

The object and purpose of this society will be more fully explained by the following extract from the bishop's opening speech. Having mentioned the expediency of preparing the 'materials of reading' at the public meetings, he says, 'Those materials will not embrace questions of theology, or astronomy, or mathematics, or chemistry, or natural history, or music, or painting, or any questions peculiarly and specially professional. But the ancient history of these and other branches of knowlege and art, and their general affinities, especially so far as they may have any bearing on subjects of classical inquiry, will by no means be foreign to our purpose. Our chief subjects, however, will be historic doubts and difficulties; important points of chronology and geography; unexplored portions of geography, especially of Greece and Palestine; the origin and progress of language in general, as well as of particular languages, especially of our own; the theory of grammar, the improvement of our lexicography; illustrations of the poets, orators, and moralists of antiquity, and of our own great poets, from Chaucer to Milton; corrections of the texts of ancient writers, from manuscripts or conjecture; and notices of inedited works of antiquity. Communications, on these subjects, whether original, by the members of the society and by correspondents, or derived from the unpublished remains of our Langbaines, and Bentleys, and Porsons, and Burneys, and other eminent scholars, of which great stores are to be found in our public libraries, will be interesting and acceptable to the society.'

Botanical Lectures al-fresco.—Writing lately from Paris, a correspondent says, 'I was invited to form one of a botanical party in the Bois de Boulogne, to meet a professor who would be there to deliver a lecture. On arriving at the place of rendezvous I found about forty young men assembled, many of them carrying little tin canisters and baskets, with the professor, a man of interesting appearance, and about forty years of age. A few minutes after my arrival, the party began to move forward. Every person now gathered roots and flowers, most of which were put into the canisters, after having been shown to the professor, who delivered on each a short, but appropriate and comprehensive lecture. In this way we walked for about two hours, constantly gathering something new, and becoming more and more versed in the science. We then separated, the students and the professor mutually pleased with each other, and anticipating with feelings of delight a repetition of the lecture. How very superior is this mode of conveying information to the dull and tiresome lectures which we frequently hear in rooms and colleges! It is at once practical and amusing, conducive to health and mental serenity, and at the same time deeply effective in the grand object for which it is undertaken.'

Jasmine, or Jessamine.—'If we may believe a Tuscan tale (says the author of *Sylva Florifera*), we owe our thanks to Cupid for the distribution of this pretty shrub. We are told that a duke of Tuscany was the first possessor of it in Europe, and he was so jealously fearful lest others should enjoy what he alone wished to possess, that strict injunctions were given to his gardener not to give a slip of it to any person. To this command the gardener would have been faithful, had not the god of love wounded him by the sparkling eyes of a fair but portionless peasant, whose want of a little dowry and his poverty alone kept them from the hymeneal altar. On the birth-day of his mistress, the gardener presented her with a nosegay; and, to render the *bouquet* more acceptable, he ornamented it with a branch of jasmine. The *Povera Figlia*, wishing to preserve the bloom of this new flower, put it into fresh earth; and the branch remained green all the year, and in the following spring it grew, and was covered with flowers; and it flourished and multiplied so much under the fair nymph's cultivation, that she was able to amass a little fortune from the sale of the precious gift which love had made her; when, with a sprig of jasmine in her breast, she bestowed her hand and her wealth on the happy gardener of her heart. And the Tuscan girls, to this day, preserve the remembrance of this adventure, by wearing a nosegay of jasmine on their wedding-day; and they have a proverb, which says, that a young

girl, worthy of wearing this nosegay, is rich enough to make the fortune of a good husband.'

French Funerals.—In Paris and many other French towns, the practice is to inter a corpse 24 hours after decease; and only a very high bribe will procure for a weeping relative a slight relaxation of this rigid and unfeeling custom. At all times a practice so revolting to humanity must give just cause for censure; but there are occasions in which it becomes more than ordinarily so. There is a society in Paris established for the purpose of burying poor persons decently, at a low charge. The profits of this society are not less than 60 per cent. on the capital employed. When two or more persons are dead in the same quarter, the members, by a small fee, obtain permission from the authorities to call for them in their way, although they may not have been dead 24, or even 12 hours. It is in vain that the relatives remonstrate; for they must either submit, or forego the advantages of cheap burial for the deceased; the society observing, that their establishment could not go on if they had not, now and then, an opportunity of killing two birds with the same stone.

Eccentricities of the Russian Emperor Paul.—Almost every one (says Dr. Clarke) has heard of his famous ukase against different articles of wearing apparel. Nothing was more strictly prohibited in Russia than the wearing of pantaloons, trowsers, and shoe-strings. When a Danish vessel had arrived at Cronstadt, the emperor despatched a messenger with orders to invite the commanding officer of the ship, and all the young men, to his palace. The Danish officer replied that, by the laws of Denmark, the youths under his care were compelled to wear trowsers and shoe-strings instead of buckles; consequently they could not presume to make their appearance at the Russian court in a dress prohibited by the emperor. The next day an imperial ukase was issued, commanding all officers of the Russian navy to new-model their attire, and to appear dressed '*like the Danish cadets at Cronstadt.*'—But a little before, a servant belonging to the Danish ambassador at Petersburg had been knocked down by a Russian sentinel, in one of the public streets of the city, for daring to appear in pantaloons; and the new regulation took place while an explanation of this affair was actually pending between the two courts. But of all things likely to irritate Paul, and to put his temper to the severest trial, there was nothing more effectual than a pair of black breeches. A foreigner being presented to him in a full suit of black clothes, the emperor had much ado to refrain from kicking him out of the audience-chamber, and, making a motion with his foot to that effect, ordered the sable visitant to be instantly turned out of court. The Norwegians were among the objects of his aversion: but his dislike to them did not arise from their wearing black breeches, but from some indistinct rumors he had heard of their jovial *clubs*, and of the songs of freedom in which they indulged at their convivial meetings. The very word *club* was so connected, in his mind, with the club of Jacobins at Paris, and other democratical associations, that he considered it as only applicable to revolutionary purposes; and, therefore, that every member of a *club*, of whatsoever nature it might be, ought to be considered as a reprobate, and interdicted from all communion with the inhabitants of 'all the Russias.'

Personal Courage of Napoleon.—Many persons have said, that this extraordinary man was deficient in that intrepidity which ought to characterise a warrior. Denzil Holles threw out the same imputation against Cromwell, and dean Swift accused even the duke of Marlborough of timidity. Let us hear what the baron Fain says of the ex-emperor's warlike demeanor in the campaign of 1814. When the armies of the allied powers were preparing for a grand junction, he found himself engaged with the advanced guard. 'He was personally exposed to the greatest danger. Enveloped in the dust of cavalry charges, he was obliged to extricate himself sword in hand. He several times fought at the head of his escort, and, instead of shunning the perils of the battle, he seemed on the contrary to defy them. A shell fell at his feet; he awaited the explosion, and quickly disappeared in a cloud of dust and smoke. He was thought to have been killed, but he got again upon his legs, threw himself on another horse, and went to expose himself once more to the fire of the batteries! . . . . . Death refused him for his victim.'

No reasonable man will call his cou-

rage in question; but he appears to have been more cautious than bold in the battle of Waterloo, and also on some other occasions—at least with regard to the exposure of his own person.

A new Mode of stimulating the Courage of Cats.—At Nantes, says Mrs. Carey, 'the hearth in the kitchen of the inn was occupied by seven large cats. We were not surprised at their number; for there is nothing extraordinary in a French kitchen being half filled with animals; but we were struck with the circumstance of the cats being all without tails. The landlady told us their tails had been cut off when they were young, to make them fierce, that they might kill rats. We assured her that in England they would kill rats very well, without undergoing so cruel an operation. She replied, it might be so in other countries, but the case was different in France; there were many cats in the town, but none of them were fierce enough to kill rats, but those whose tails had been cut off. Perhaps the same notion was once current in England; and Shakspeare, in allusion to it, wrote, 'Like a *cat* without a tail,' and not *rat*.'

Spirit of French Cows.—'The cows in Auvergne (says Mrs. Carey) are turned out upon the mountains for the summer, and arrive at an extraordinary pitch of freedom and fearlessness. They return home twice a day, but will not suffer themselves to be milked till their calves are brought. The herdsmen are obliged to compound with them, and let the calf suck on one side whilst they milk the cow on the other. When one of these mountain heroines spies a wolf, she lows in a very particular manner; and the rest, understanding the call, immediately gallop to her assistance. They form a circle round the wolf, and holding down their heads and pointing their horns towards him, they all advance to the attack at the same instant: his fate is inevitable—they gore him through and through. But if an unfortunate cow should have strayed out of the hearing of the rest of the herd, though she scorn to fly at the sight of the enemy, yet she seldom comes off victorious in single combat. A cow has been known, by a sudden desperate effort, to kill a wolf; but generally she pays for her temerity with her life.'

Descriptive Rhodomontade, by an English Farmer.—Mr. Faux speaks of forts founded by *nature*, isles *smothered* with sheep, and sea-water 'as warm as milk from the cow, and very steamy, and sparkling like burning sulphur or volcanic lava, having luminous particles as large as a hazel-nut.' A still finer specimen of his mode of writing follows.—'The sky was summerish and gleamy, and ornamented with huge pillar-like thunder-clouds, from which we saw one small and one very large water-spout, about one mile distant, and dipping into the sea. It was formed like a tunnel, bottom or tube upwards. Nine of these phenomena are sometimes seen at once in the tempestuous latitudes of the Atlantic. A fine breeze immediately followed the bursting of these two spouts. At midnight came on a terrific tempest, filling the horizon above, and the sea beneath, with blue forked lightning, and stunning the ear with loud-sounding, crackling, rattling, crashing thunder, presenting a scene more sublimely horrific than I had ever seen; the lightning might almost be handled, being what our captain calls '*double-twisted ropy*.' The gulf seemed, literally, a lake of boiling fire and brimstone.'

An African Earthquake or Seaquake.—'At Cabenda (says captain Adams,) soon after an earthquake had occurred, a flight of locusts took place, that continued three days and three nights, so that the sea was literally covered with their drowned carcasses; and the ships' decks, masts, yards, and rigging, swarmed with them to such excess, as to require the constant attention of the crews to sweep them overboard. The earthquake, which had preceded their flight only a few hours, drove in upon the shore from the westward several tremendous seas, so as to cause some of the vessels to strike the ground in five and a half fathoms water. Many of the natives, both here and at Malemba, were drowned upon the beach, in consequence of it being so very narrow, and the cliffs which bound it so extremely precipitous, that they could not escape the overwhelming waves which came suddenly upon them. To this calamity was added the destruction of many canoes, by this sudden inundation of the sea; and the locusts destroyed every blade of grass, and all the vegetable productions of the soil, for many miles round.'

He also speaks of an 'extraordinary flight of small butterflies, or moths with spotted wings, at Annamaboo. After a tornado, the wind veered to the northward, and blew fresh from the land with thick mist, which brought off from the shore so many of these insects, that for one hour the atmosphere was so filled with them, as to represent a snow storm driving past the vessel at a rapid rate.'

THE ONE GRAND POINT;

A PETER-PINDARIC.

WHEN man and wife,
As oft in life,
Both equally in fault we see,
It needs must strike
That so alike
It's wonderful they can't agree!

But Dr. Johnson, moral sage,
Review'd the past and present age,
And ventur'd to declare,
That marriage (such its hapless fate)
Was clearly an unnat'ral state,
Which none could calmly bear.

'For mark,' said he, 'what laws are made,
How binding, nothing can evade,
When strifes arise, and stormy weather;
Yet, spite of all the law's dominion,
Custom and force of old opinion
Can scarcely keep the two together.'

A wedded pair there once existed,
'Twixt whom these doctrines were divided;
The husband in the last persisted,
The wife was for the first decided.
Constant their squabbles all day long,
Their nightly theme, their morning's song—
Their faith was this—*Whatever is, is* WRONG.

One day, the usual storm subsiding,
(For, breathless, all must leave off chiding)
The dame began to smooth her brows,
And thus address'd her peevish spouse:
'Really, my dear, I can't conceive
Why little things should make us grieve,
And put our tempers out of joint,
When neither cares how these succeed,
And we are perfectly agreed
About the main, *the one grand point.*'

'*Agreed!*' the man exclaim'd—'what stuff!
In *what* grand point, I pray?'
'The grandest point—'tis clear enough,
As you,' said she, 'shall say:
Agreed in this, which not a fool
Will venture to deny—
You wish to rule,
And so do I!'

SONNET,

Written after being on the Lake of Winandermere in the Month of June;—by J. M. Lacey.

Win'dermere! o'er thy placid bosom borne,
When gentle summer sheds her balmiest pow'r,
Fancy would never deem it could be torn
To sea-like waves in winter's dreary hour.
Yet that it is so, all thine islands tell,
Wasted, and widely worn by sweeping storms;
E'en the black bases of each mighty *fell*
Bear deep-scarr'd tempest-marks upon their forms.
It has been known, in summer's softest day,
That sudden blasts have caught the tighten'd sail,
O'erwhelm'd the bark that bore some party gay,
And death has rudely ended pleasure's tale.
Thus seems to say the tempest's awful breath,
'Man! in the midst of life thou art in death!'

AN ECCENTRIC CHARACTER;

from one of the new Cantos of Don Juan.

Of all men, saving Sylla the man-slayer,
Who passes for in life and death most lucky,
Of the great names which in our faces stare,
The General Boon, back-woodsman of Kentucky,
Was happiest amongst mortals any where;
For, killing nothing but a bear or buck, he
Enjoy'd the lonely, vigorous, harmless days
Of his old age in wilds of deepest maze.

Crime came not near him—she is not the child
Of solitude; health shrank not from him—for
Her home is in the rarely-trodden wild,
Where if men seek her not, and death be more
Their choice than life, forgive them, as beguil'd
By habit to what their own hearts abhor—
In cities cag'd. The present case in point I
Cite is, that Boon lived hunting up to ninety—

And (what's still stranger) left behind a name
For which men vainly decimate the throng,
Not only famous, but of that *good* fame,
Without which glory's but a tavern song—
Simple, serene, the antipodes of shame,
Which hate nor envy e'er could tinge with wrong;
An active hermit, even in age the child
Of nature, or the Man of Ross run wild.

'Tis true he shrank from men even of his nation,
When they built up unto his darling trees,—
He moved some hundred miles off, for a station
Where there were fewer houses and more ease.
The inconvenience of civilization
Is, that you neither can be pleased nor please;
But, where he met the individual man,
He show'd himself as kind as mortal can.

He was not all alone: around him grew
A sylvan tribe of children of the chase,
Whose young unwaken'd world was ever new;
Nor sword nor sorrow yet had left a trace
On her unwrinkled brow, nor could you view
A frown on Nature's or on human face,—
The free-born forest found and kept them free,
As fresh as is a torrent or a tree.

And tall and strong and swift of foot were they,
Beyond the dwarfing city's pale abortions,
Because their thoughts had never been the prey
Of care or gain; the green woods were their portions;
No sinking spirits told them they grew grey,
No fashion made them apes of her distortions;
Simple they were, not savage; and their rifles,
Though very true, were not yet used for trifles.

Motion was in their days, Rest in their slumbers,
And Cheerfulness the handmaid of their toil;
Nor yet too many nor too few their numbers;
Corruption could not make their hearts her soil;
The lust which stings, the splendor which encumbers,
With the free foresters divide no spoil;
Serene, not sullen, were the solitudes
Of this unsighing people of the woods.

THE AMULET.

Young Henry sate in Julia's bower,
And bent to beauty's witching power;
A fragrant talisman he brought,
Charm'd to enchain the roving thought;
And Julia fix'd her eye of jet
On Henry's mystic amulet.

A dove which held a bleeding heart,
A rose-bud glow'd in mimic art.—
'In that fair rose thine emblem see!
'In that fond bird oh think of me!
'Should you my faithful love forget,
'Look on this little amulet!'

The rose, all sad and drooping now,
Hangs with'ring on its parent bough;
The dove has dropt the bleeding heart,
Regardless of the reeking smart;—
Oh that the maiden could forget
Young Henry and his amulet! M.

OBSERVATIONS ON SOME OF THE POEMS OF MR. ROGERS.

Among the poets of the age, Mr. Rogers holds no mean rank. He is not, indeed, a first-rate genius; but he is a pleasing and elegant writer. He follows the course of nature and of moral truth: he is sometimes forcible, occasionally pathetic, and frequently interesting; and if he has not the contemplative spirit of Wordsworth, or the excursive fancy of Coleridge, he sinks not into that puerile imbecility which degrades some of the effusions of those ingenious poets. He has written nothing so unmeaning or absurd either as Peter Bell or Christabelle.

The piece on which his fame principally rests is a detail of those pleasures which the memory affords. It commences with the description of a rural spot, and of the pleasing melancholy which it excites on being re-visited after a long absence. This mixed sensation being an effect of the memory, the poet is led to investigate the cause, and he properly attributes it to the association of ideas, which, when they have any relation whatever, are attractive of each other in the mind. Our ideas are sometimes excited by visible and material objects, and sometimes by an internal operation of the mind. Brutes seem to have a memory of the former species, as well as we have; but the latter is the most perfect degree of recollection, and ranges in a higher sphere or province. Both species are well illustrated and exemplified in the poem; and the conclusion is appropriate and animated.

'Hail, memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine,
From age to age, unnumber'd treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And place and time are subject to thy sway!
Thy pleasures most we feel, when most alone;
The only pleasures we can call our own.
Lighter than air, Hope's summer-visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
If but a beam of sober reason play,
Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!
But can the wiles of art, the grasp of power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light,
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest!

The poem on Human Life is composed in a more familiar style than the Pleasures of Memory, and bears fewer marks of deliberation and study; but it has the same occasional elegance, and similar bursts of moral feeling. It leaves an impression of melancholy on the mind, by reminding us of those changes and chances of life, which preclude all confident hopes of continued happiness. Alluding to this doubtful state, Solon the philosopher said, that no one could be pronounced happy before death.

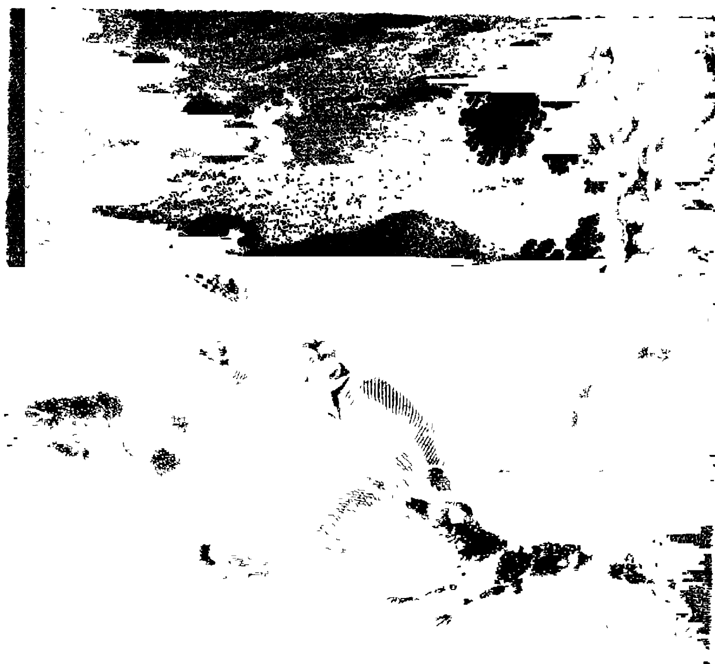
The Epistle to a Friend recommends moderation in our enjoyments, and a preference of quiet and retired habits to the bustle of ambition or the folly of fashionable life. From this piece we have borrowed the subject of an embellishment for our present number, which, we think, every person of taste will view with pleasure, as it exhibits to great advantage both the talent of design and the skill of graphic execution. The poet says,

Still must my partial pencil love to dwell
On the home-prospects of my hermit cell;
The mossy pales that skirt the orchard-green,
Here hid by shrub-wood, there by glimpses seen;
And the brown path-way, that, with careless flow,
Sinks and is lost among the trees below.
Still must it trace (the flattering tints forgive)
Each fleeting charm that bids the landscape live.
Oft o'er the mead, at pleasing distance, pass
Browsing the hedge by fits the pannier'd ass;
The idling shepherd-boy, with rude delight,
Whistling his dog to mark the pebble's flight;
And in her kerchief blue the cottage-maid,
With brimming pitcher from the shadowy glade.
Far to the south a mountain-vale retires,
Rich in its groves, and glens, and village spires,
Its upland lawns, and cliffs with foliage hung,
Its wizard-stream, nor nameless nor unsung;
And through the various year, the various day,
What scenes of glory burst and melt away!'

CHARACTER OF CORREGGIO, AS AN ARTIST;

from a Sketch of his Life, lately published.

Correggio has been deemed inferior to the great masters of the Roman school: but this charge has been strenuously resisted by his admirer Mengs. In fact, though intimately and accurately acquainted with the human figure, he seems to have studiously rendered design subservient to harmony and grace. These qualities constitute the leading principles of his style, as well as his distinctive excellences, and predominate equally in his smaller and in his larger compositions; in his cabinet pieces, as well as in his magnificent cupolas. His tints, lights, and shadows, are so skilfully balanced and so artfully blended, as to excite in the mind the pleasing, yet soothing, sensation, created by the appearance of the rainbow. With harmony and grace he united another characteristic, to which his pictures owe their striking and magical effect; namely, his clear obscure, or disposition of lights and shades. By his admirable management of these accidents, his figures are detached from their ground, seem surrounded with air, and deceive the eye



Drawn by [illegible] R.A. — Engraved by [illegible]

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HERE O'ER THE MEAD AT PLEASING DISTANCE PASS
BROWSING THE HEDGE BY FITS THE PANNIER'D ASS
THE IDLING SHEPHERD BOY WITH RUDE DELIGHT
WHISTLING HIS DOG TO MARK THE PEBBLE'S FLIGHT
AND IN HER KERCHIEF BLUE THE COTTAGE MAID
WITH BRIMMING PITCHER FROM THE SHADOWY GLADE.

and the imagination with the truth and energy of real life.

Foreshortening he carried to the highest perfection. This quality he derived from an intimate acquaintance with nature, and an accurate knowlege of anatomy; and though he has frequently displayed it in such a manner as to create surprise, yet the most critical observer has never accused him of exceeding the boundary of truth, or degenerating into distortion and caricature.

He appears to have delighted in the expression of the milder passions; and in those of love, affection, and tenderness, he is almost without a rival.

But perhaps the passion which he has represented with the most striking effect, is that of dignified resignation. In the celebrated *Ecce Homo*, the divine air of meekness and patient suffering which he has given to the Redeemer of mankind, awakens the sublimest emotions, and embodies the animated descriptions of Holy Writ. The same remark applies with equal truth to the Agony of Christ in the Garden.

We cannot close our observations on his powers of expression, without adverting to a beauty which he possessed exclusively, or at least shared only with Leonardo da Vinci, namely, the lovely and exquisite smile, which plays on his female countenances.

Notwithstanding the beauty, softness, and enchanting effect of his oil pieces, it would be unjust to estimate the merits of Correggio from those alone; for in some of them his genius was confined by the nature of the subject, and in some by the purpose for which they were intended, namely, as altar-pieces, divided into compartments, and destined for particular situations. To form a proper conception of his eminent talents, we ought to carry our view to his great works in fresco, the two cupolas of St. John, and the cathedral at Parma. These, however, we lament to say, are so far dilapidated, and robbed of their original beauty, as to afford no perfect idea of those magic powers, which awakened the delight and admiration of the great masters of his age. But, still, sufficient traces are left to prove that he fully merited the enthusiastic strain of praise, which has been invariably coupled with his name, and that he is justly entitled to the elevated rank in which he has been placed with Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Titian.

THE CHI-KING,

a Collection of Chinese Poetry.

In very early times, the poetic art was much cultivated by the Chinese; and Confucius extracted, from a copious collection, about three hundred short pieces, among which we find the following curious compositions.

The Shepherdess.

O *Tchong-tsee*, I pray thee, come not into our hamlet; break no more the branches of our willows. I dare not love thee. The fear of my father and of my mother restrains me. My heart may incline towards thee; but can I forget what my father and my mother have said to me?

O *Tchong-tsee*, I conjure thee, climb not our wall; break no more the branches of our mulberry-trees. I dare not love thee. The fear of my brothers restrains me. My heart may incline towards thee; but can I forget what my brothers have said to me?

O *Tchong-tsee*, I entreat thee, enter not our garden; break no more the branches of our sandal trees. I dare not love thee. The fear of my kinsfolk restrains me. My heart may incline towards thee; but can I forget what my kinsfolk have said to me?

The Departure of a Friend.

(A female is supposed to speak.)

The swallow flies with a swift wing. I accompanied my friend as far as it was possible. We were obliged to separate. In vain my eyes seek for her in the remotest distance; she appears no more. Flow, flow, my tears.

The swallow sings while she flies. I called my friend aloud, I repeated her name to the echoes, but she heard not; she was already far from me. Flow, flow, my tears; I sink under my grief.

O dear and affectionate friend, thy virtues were the delight of my soul. Faithful to the truth, thou wouldst have blushed at the slightest dissimulation. Never didst thou swerve from the path of innocence. Benevolence was thy passion. Wisdom ever guided thy steps. Oh! how tenderly didst thou exhort me to remain faithful to the spouse whom death had snatched from me!

The Complaint of a divorced Wife.

Like two clouds which unite in the heavens, and which the most violent

storms cannot separate, we were bound to one another by an everlasting marriage. Thenceforward we ought to have formed but one soul. The slightest taint of anger or disgust ought to have been a crime. And thou, like one who tears up the grass and leaves the roots, didst even banish me from my house, as if, faithless to my honor and virtue, I were no longer worthy of being thy wife, and ought to cease to exist! Alas! with what pain did I drag myself away! My heart drew me towards the dwelling I had quitted. The ungrateful man! He accompanied me but a few steps; he left me at the door; he parted from me with pleasure. But thou adorest the new object of thy adulterous passion. Go! thy infidelity will stain thy second marriage, and will poison its delights. O heaven! these nuptials; thou celebratest them with joy. I am become worthless in thine eyes; thou wilt have no more of me; and I will have no more of thy penitence. What were not my struggles on the rapid stream which I stemmed with thee? To what labors did I not consent for the interests of thy family? I sacrificed myself to render thee happy. It was I who won for thee all the friendships thou hast gained; and now thou lovest me no longer; thou even hatest me, despisest and forgettest me. I lost all my charms as soon as I completed thy felicity. What repose and comfort I was preparing for our old age! Another will enjoy them with thee; and I shall languish in shame and sorrow! Alas! how dreadful were thy last looks! They breathed only hate and fury. My evils are without remedy. He is offended at my affection, and reddens with anger at my kindness.

The afflicted Son.

Like the stately stems which are at once the glory and protection of the root by which they have been produced, I will be, said I to myself, the joy and the support of my parents. Vain hope of a sensible and grateful heart! I am only like those worthless suckers which exhaust and destroy the root that has nourished them. My father and mother are in want, and I can give them no relief. Alas! their desolate old age will reap no fruit from the sufferings and labors which their love of me cost them! The more valuable an urn, and the more beautifully carved, the more it is degraded by being matched with a coarse and mis-shapen vase. The shame of a son is the degradation of his parents. Alas! souls ever so little noble prefer death to dishonorable life. How is it that I do not sink under the overwhelming reflection, that I am as without father and mother, since they cannot think of their son without blushing? If it is dreadful to abandon myself to my despair, it is still more so to struggle against it. Oh, my father, the dear author of my being! Oh, my mother! your tender cares preserved me; your arms were my first cradle; your breasts suckled me, your garments covered me, your bosom warmed me, your kisses consoled me, and your caresses rejoiced me. You allowed me to be withdrawn from you, only to take me again with increased ardor. Oh, my father! Oh, my mother! your benefits surpass the stars in number; they are more measureless than the heavens; and the intensity of my gratitude serves only to oppress me with the sense of my misery. The great mountain of Nan-Chan lifts its magnificent summit to the skies; a perpetual Zephyr wafts thither freshness and plenty; its inhabitants abound in riches. Why am I the only one overwhelmed with a flood of evils? Why am I the only one drowned in tears? Will their spring never be dried up? Oh, mountain of Nan-Chan, how the sight of thee increases my grief, and exasperates my despair! Thy elevation astonishes the spectators. Every season lavishes upon thee new pleasures, and loads thee with wealth. All who dwell upon thee follow their own inclinations, and enjoy the sweets of life. Why must no hope suspend my sighs? Alas! I am the only son in the universe who can render no succour to the old age of his parents.

The Vengeance of Heaven.

The King of Heaven listens no longer to mercy. He desolates the earth with famine and pestilence. Pale death fills the whole empire with mourning and tears. Oh, ire! Oh, dreadful vengeance! Heaven no longer selects its victims, it strikes every where with redoubled blows. Nothing is seen but the dead; nothing is heard but the dying. It is just, it is just; pity not the guilty—let them perish. But must the innocent share their fate? Must the infants,

hanging at the exhausted breasts of their languishing mothers, expire in torture?

Weep, sigh, groan; let every place resound with the cries of our repentance. Oh, father! Oh, father! do our ingratitude and our malevolence triumph over thy pity and thy goodness? But, what do I see! Blood flows every where! Assassination destroys those whom famine had spared. Husbands, wives, friends, all fear and fly from each other. It is over corpses that they pass to hurry to feasts. Tremble, impious men, tremble! —you inhale death with the air you breathe.

Fine Arts.

When the chief encouragers of the fine arts are rambling about the country, and enjoying the beauties of nature, it cannot be expected that the month of August should afford an abundant store of materials on this subject. Few exhibitions are continued, and few transfers of works of art take place while the west end of the town is nearly or comparatively deserted. Yet something may be gleaned, and some information communicated.

A few pictures, some of which would have been pompously emblazoned by the florid style of the late Mr. Christie, were recently consigned to the hammer of his son by the marquis of Londonderry, who procured them from Madame Murat, ex-queen of Naples; but they did not produce so much as the auctioneer or the amateurs expected. The most admired pieces were the four following:

Andrea del Sarto.—St. John writing the Revelations in the Island of Patmos. The evangelist is standing in a bold landscape, with a pen in one hand, and a book in the other, which rests on one thigh: the foot elevated for the purpose. —472*l.* 10*s*.

Raffaelle.—A Holy Family; this well-known charming *chef-d'œuvre* is from the Monte Casino. Mr. Christie said, the regret of the heads of this Institution for the loss of this picture was very great, notwithstanding the rich treasures of art and learning which they still possessed: they considered this gem as more estimable than all that remained.—514l. 10*s*.

Titian.—The Enamored Physician. A female under the rich crimson drapery of a couch, with her morning dress loosely thrown about her, is listening to her physician, who feels her pulse, has his eye intent on her beauty, and, with one hand applied to his breast, appears rather to be disclosing his own case, than prescribing for that of his fair patient.—735l.

Annibale Carracci. — Cupid asleep, stretched on a bed of clouds, and borne along by his mother's doves.—945*l*.

The nearest to these, in merit and in price, were the productions of Perugino, Cambiasi, Annibale Carracci, Domenichino, and Albano—namely, a Holy Family, with three Angels kneeling in prayer over the Infant,—the Marriage of St. Catharine,—the sleeping Jesus,—the Creation,—and Apollo and Daphne, with Cupid urging the amorous god in his pursuit.

The admirers of pictorial art have been lately gratified with an exhibition at Norwich, which reflects great credit on particular artists, and on the academy of that city in general. Mr. Clint has highly distinguished himself in this display of varied merit. His portrait of the mayor in his official habit is faithful in the resemblance and striking in the whole effect. The light is thought by some observers to be unskilfully managed; but, notwithstanding an appearance of glare, it is ably touched. His portrait of Mr. Munden is also admired, and that of a young Lady giving a Cherry to a Parrot is charmingly attractive. Two portraits, by Mr. Clover, are executed with a due regard to nature and grace. A View of Utrecht, by Mr. Crome, some architectural designs by Mr. Cotman, and the landscapes of Mr.

Vincent, may likewise be mentioned with praise.

In a combination of sculpture with the architectural department, Mr. Thomas Hamilton has attracted considerable notice, as the erector of a monument at Ayr to the memory of the poet Burns. It consists of a triangular basement, supporting a peristyle of the Corinthian order. Over this is a circular ornamented roof, and a tripod forms the summit. Within the basement is a chamber in the Doric style, from which the gallery is reached by a flight of steps. The general idea of the work was borrowed from the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates at Athens, in which purity of taste is united with the luxuriance of fancy. The tripod was fixed in great form, amidst a numerous assemblage of freemasons and subscribers; and this tribute to intellectual talent and poetic genius was hailed with acclamations by the gratified taste of the surrounding spectators.

Music.

As the concerts and other musical performances are rare at this season, we can only take notice, at present, of the publications connected with this department.

Three Airs, arranged for the Piano-Forte, with a Flute Accompaniment, by Joseph de Pinna, are adapted to both instruments in a tasteful manner, corresponding with the spirited music of Haydn's Creation, from which they are borrowed.—A Song, amorous and pathetic, 'Oh! turn those dear, dear eyes away,' has also been published by Mr. de Pinna, composed in an appropriate and expressive manner.

Four Rondos, by Mr. Klose, are so easy and simple, as to be adapted to the capacities of youthful learners; and Mr. Peile's *Pastoral Rondo* may likewise be recommended to those who are not very forward in their studies.

Dramatic Airs, arranged as Rondos for the Piano-Forte, are not only taken from English, but from Italian, French, and German operas. The numbers which have hitherto appeared are favorable specimens of musical taste, and afford great facilities for juvenile proficiency.

'When the Wind blows,' an Air arranged for the Harp, with an Introduction, by M. Bochsa, is taken from the entertainment of the Miller and his Men; and on this basis the composer has framed an elaborate, finished, and elegant exercise. The air itself, his taste has highly embellished; and the digressive matter is thrown in with judgement. The whole is pleasing and spirited, and demonstrates considerable talent; but he has, in some instances, deviated without sufficient reason from the style and intent of his author.

The favorite Air, 'In my Cottage near a Wood,' arranged with new Variations for the Piano-Forte, by William Sheppard, is too deficient in expression and interest to serve as a good foundation for the ingenious and tasteful superstructure which it has now received.

A more important publication is an *Essay on the History and Theory of Music, and on the Qualities, Capability, and Management of the Human Voice, by Mr. Nathan:* yet we cannot compliment the author on the complete execution of his plan. He writes without method, and does not attend to propriety of selection or arrangement. His book (says a critic) contains a great deal of sensible matter; but this is dissolved in a *menstruum* of common-place remark and anecdote, which greatly reduces the efficacy of the ingredients that are really valuable, and will, we fear, impede the circulation of the publication, as the expense is so much increased by these additions. The *solfeggi* exercises are, however, entitled to praise, if not the most perfect that have ever been printed; and the observations respecting singing are, upon the whole, pertinent and able.

Eighth Fantasia for the Piano-Forte, by Fred. Ries. The subjects taken by

Mr. Ries, as the groundwork, are *Ciel pietoso*, an aria, and *Perchè mi guardi e piangi*, a duet, from Rossini's opera of Elmira; and he has employed the most striking parts with much effect. While the contrast produced by the manner in which the themes are brought forward, and the variety occasioned by their difference of character, denote imagination and judgement in the composer, he gives the player all the materials for expression and execution; and the manner in which he has performed his own part of the task, is highly creditable to his taste and science.

Mr. Kiallmark's arrangement of '*Should he upbraid*,' for a divertissement, will be found a good substitute for the song: the air and accompaniments are well connected.

We are particularly pleased with the first and second of *Mozart's Symphonies*, arranged by Hummel for the piano-forte, flute, and violin. This gentleman was a pupil of that great composer, and his skill and attainments are unquestionable.

Nella casa devi avere is a duet of great humor; it consists of the instructions of a young lady to an ancient beau, as to his conduct after marriage; and he, in the ardor of his affection, consents to be blind, deaf, and dumb. Rossini has adorned his subject with elegant and animated melody, and the usual proportion of rapid articulation and execution.

The *Polonoise* of Moscheles is an elegant and animated composition, containing some fine passages, and good conceptions ably developed.

Drama.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

The performances at this house did not close before the fifth of August; and Ricciardo was then repeated. This opera is strangely destitute of single airs; but the deficiency is compensated by the variety, beauty, and harmonious arrangement of the concerted pieces. Garcia acted the Moor with more than his usual spirit, in point of physical force; but his voice seemed occasionally to fail,—a defect which he endeavoured to conceal by ornament and flourish. Madame Camporese sang with great skill and sometimes with peculiar elegance; and, as it was understood that she was soon to quit England, she was summoned by the audience to re-appear at the end of the performance, that she might be honored with an applausive farewell.

This season, it is said, has been uncommonly productive, although much blame was imputed to the conductors of the establishment for the alleged mediocrity of the company, and the want of neatness, and of cleanliness in the state of the house.

THE HAY-MARKET THEATRE.

The success of Sweethearts and Wives, and the favor with which some less novel pieces are still received, have checked that desire of novelty which might otherwise have influenced the conduct of the manager of this house. Liston and Terry, Miss Chester and Miss Paton, Madame Vestris, and their associates, so far please one audience as to attract another; and the theatre is generally well frequented. An attempt, indeed, was made to fill it to its utmost extent, by the offer of a new farce to the public, called *Spanish Bonds, or Wars in Wedlock;* but this production was so destitute of humor and interest, that it was condemned by a general, if not an unanimous decree.

O'Keeffe's Young Quaker has been revived with applause. It is not an excellent comedy, nor are the incidents probable or natural; but it affords entertainment to all who are not morose or fastidious. The struggles of young Sadboy, between the flesh and the spirit, are highly amusing; and if Vining may not be thought equal to Bannister or Jones in this character, he at least sustains it with considerable efficiency. Liston's Clod is irresistibly ludicrous, and Harley, as Spatterdash, is as lively as possible. Miss Chester is a respectable Dinah, displaying taste and feeling in the senti-

mental parts of the dialogue, and grace and animation in the more spirited passages.

THE ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

A monstrous and horrific drama has been produced at this house. It is entitled *Presumption, or the Fate of Frankenstein*, and is founded upon a romantic novel written by Mrs. Shelley. The framer of the play-bill stated, that the striking moral exhibited in this story is the fatal consequence of that presumption which attempts to penetrate, beyond prescribed depths, into the mysteries of nature.

The original story, which is not materially altered in the play, may thus be given. The crew of a ship, employed in discovery near the North Pole, see two sledges, one drawn by dogs, and conveying a gigantic man along the ice, the other containing a man on the point of being drowned. This is Frankenstein, from whom the captain gradually extracts his story. Frankenstein is a Swiss, devoted to the occult sciences. From reading the works of the alchemists he has been led to the discovery of the principle of life. He commences the formation of a man out of the reliques of the dead. After the labor of years, he accomplishes his object; but his new formation, a being eight feet high and hideously ugly, terrifies him at the first sight; he abjures the work of his hands, and the monster sets out upon his career. All human beings of course start back from an intercourse with this unnatural stranger, and he becomes a hater of all mankind. But his revenge is most fiercely expended on his fabricator's connexions. He strangles Frankenstein's brother, for whose murder a servant is executed; he then kills the philosopher's friend, then his bride; and, finally, to exact the full tribute of vengeance, stands before the unfortunate Swiss, and declares himself the perpetrator of these enormities. The peculiar source of his hatred to his fabricator was the loss of a wife, which Frankenstein had begun to put together for him, but had ultimately torn in pieces. The loss of this incomparable companion is to be atoned by nothing short of the extermination of the race of Frankenstein; and on this work the giant has proceeded with very effectual vigor. The Swiss now pursues the murderer; the chase extends nearly as far as it can, for it is only not in sight of the Pole. Having related his tale, he dies in the cabin of the English captain, who at midnight finds the monster lamenting over him, promising to molest human nature no more, but to make a funeral pile for himself at the very Pole, and perish beyond the sight of man.

The dramatist (Mr. Peake) has overwhelmed both the philosopher and the anomalous work of his own hands in simultaneous destruction, making them perish by the fall of an avalanche. He has also contrasted the horrors of the story by the buffoonery of a clownish servant and the vivacity of a pert wife, and by a love affair between Frankenstein's sister and his friend. The first appearance of Mr. Cooke, who made the monster as blue and frightful as possible, excited a great sensation; and his speechless acting was very fine. Mr. Wallack also gave as much interest to the character of Frankenstein as the subject would allow; and the drollery of Fritz was well sustained by Mr. Keeley. The music, which was furnished by Mr. Watson, would not disgrace a more celebrated composer. The piece was not so repulsive as to be ill received; and it has been frequently repeated without the least diminution of effect.

A short musical comedy, borrowed by Mr. Planché from the French of Picard, has also been performed with success. The title is, *He will have a Wife*. An old admiral retires, laden with wealth and laurels, to his country house, and begins to look about for a wife. He accordingly invites three young ladies to spend a few months with him, and, to avoid scandal, includes an elderly widow in the invitation. Three young fellows arrive at his residence most unexpectedly, all of them unknown to him, except his nephew. The old gentleman begins his courtship with a young widow; but she has already been married to a bold Irishman. This is one disappointment. He then turns to his pretty ward, but she is in love with a younger man. This is another defeat. Finally, he falls at the feet of Emily, and she too, alas! is deeply smitten with the admiral's nephew. Disappointed, defeated, rejected, he takes refuge in the arms of the old lady.

This is a pleasant and lively piece,

and is likely to live beyond the present season. Miss Louisa Dance personated the young widow in a manner which seemed to please the audience; and Miss Povey, as Emily, sang delightfully; but the chief support of the comedy was Mr. Bartley, who acted the admiral with humour and spirit.

A worthy successor of the lamented Emery has appeared at this theatre. His name is Rayner, and he certainly possesses those capabilities which will elevate him to a considerable rank among the metropolitan performers. He does not merely copy the model of his predecessor; but, having studied in the school of nature, and observed the operations of passion, he forcibly represents the effects of jealousy, hatred, remorse or despair, on the feelings of the lower classes, more particularly in rustic life. As Giles in the Miller's Maid, he has been eminently successful; and a theatrical critic, who quaintly observes that his *courseness* is not so *refined* as that of Emery, allows that, in the concluding scene,—'at first the fixed and stern resolve—then the quivering lip and suffused eye—then the red-bursting face and choked utterance—and lastly, the agony of the sacrifice and the disordered exit,—are very admirably employed to impart the highest kind of excellence which can be given to this species of representation.' With Miss Kelly playing up to this key, and Bartley not farther below it than his character occasions, the *tableau* is altogether a very fine one, and richly merits the plaudits and the tears which it extorts.

The return of Mr. Matthews from North-America suggested to the manager the expediency of engaging that versatile and popular comedian. An agreement was soon concluded, and the ludicrous varieties of the Polly Packet again enlivened the votaries of mirth and of 'harmless pleasure.' He was in good health and spirits; his Irish Steward was as rich in humor as ever; his Monsieur Jeu-Singe would have excited the pity of the most indifferent sailor that ever braved sea-sickness; Theophilus Tulip was as cockneyish as ever, and his mama as prudish as any staid widow of a certain age ought to be. His Isaac Tabinet might pass for the representative of the Hebrew nation, and his Major Longbow, as the lineal descendant of Mendez Pinto and Munchausen. The cool offhand manner in which he outrivaled all the Gascons and Bobadils that ever appeared on the stage, and the boldness with which he asserted 'upon my life it's true, what will you lay it's a lie?' convulsed the house with laughter.

The laughable and well-concerted but feebly-written farce of Monsieur Tonson followed. The choice was not judicious; Jeu-Singe was enough of a Frenchman for one evening, and Tonson has not only become stale to a London audience, but Morbleu had been so well personated by Gattie that nothing was left to be wished. Matthews' Morbleu was, however, equally excellent; nothing could be more in character than the grimaces, agitations, shrugs, and sighs, which the name of Tonson excited; the mention of Thomson's Seasons at the inn threw him into a fit of despair of future quiet, which was finely contrasted with his joy at learning that Tonson was dead; and the last appearance of the intruder seemed completely to shock and confound him.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

MARINE WALKING DRESS.

High round dress of lavender-colored *gros de Naples*, ornamented round the border with water-lilies spread out. The outside of the sleeve ornamented from the shoulder to the wrists with full oblong puffs, separated by half rosettes: the cuff stiffened *à l'antique:* the bust made quite plain. Bonnet to correspond with the dress, lined with white, and crowned with a light half wreath of flowers; a fine lace cornette under the bonnet. *Demi brodequins* of plum-colored kid, and yellow kid gloves.

EVENING COSTUME.

Dress of pink *crêpe lisse*, flounced with white: over the flounce two separate rouleaux of the same color and material as the dress, with a full bouquet of flowers placed carelessly on the left side, just above the rouleaux. The sleeves short, and ornamented with smaller bouquets. Broad falling tucker of Urling's lace over a plain pink *corsage* of *gros de Naples*. A light turban of pink gauze, confined by strings of pearls. Bracelets of gold filagree work: pearl ear-rings, and two necklaces of different kinds of jewellery; the upper one composed of pearls, the lower of colored gems. White satin shoes.

N. B. The above dress is well adapted, and is also much worn at private concerts, performed by amateurs.

The costumes for this month are furnished by Miss Pierrepoint, Edward-street, Portman-square.

MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

ALL the summer recesses are now filling apace, and several of the watering-places may be almost termed thronged. Pelisses form one of the most favorite out-door envelopes; the collars of which, though they stand up, are remarkably narrow; nor can we regard this change as an improvement. The few warm days, however, that we have had caused even the slight pelisse to be thrown by, and the cambric dress, with only a *fichu* or pelerine of the same, beautifully trimmed with lace, was the favorite promenade costume: sometimes an elegant scarf, of a bright summer color, floated in tasteful drapery over the high dress of fine India muslin, and gave to its snowy whiteness a brilliant relief; while a Henrietta frill of fine lace, left open in front of the throat, rendered this attire peculiarly attractive by its apparent coolness. Spencers are but rare; and except those of white satin, which are made expressly for the carriage, we cannot congratulate our *marchandes des modes* on their taste in the making of either the pelisses or spencers. We admire a simplicity in their manner of being trimmed; but they are articles of dress, which, if made up quite plain, look dowdy. Muslin pelisses, lined with lilac sarcenet, and trimmed with lace, have been seen in the country on some distinguished females, and there is certainly nothing more appropriate to the summer season: the lace is of a scalloped pattern, and is put on rather scanty; these pelisses have pelerine capes, but no mancherons. Scarfs of white lace over colored silk dresses are much worn in carriages.

The hats for walking, particularly by the sea side, are large, and tie down close, with a rich figured riband; they are chiefly Leghorn, though the morning carriage hat is of fine chip: when the bonnets are small, a long white veil is indispensable: green veils, though so useful in the summer, are now laid aside, as plebeian. The favorite way of trimming the crowns of silk bonnets is in blond and net, *en dents de loups*; between each interstice is a half open rose. When feathers are worn in bonnets, they are extremely short, and appear to encircle the crown: a favorite ornament on bonnets of white figured *gros de Naples* is a very large full blown damask rose, with two buds, placed on the left side. Harvest wreaths, also, formed of scarlet poppies and ears of corn, are favorite ornaments on Leghorn bonnets. The new way of puffing riband round the crowns of the bonnets is extremely beautiful; it requires much art in forming the elegant commencement and termination of the puffs. The Mary Stuart hat of fancy straw, trimmed with sarcenet for walking, and ornamented with flowers for the carriage, is a most becoming head-covering, and truly bespeaks the wearer as a female of taste and fashion.

Amongst the newest dresses we were much pleased with that called the *robe à la Castille*. It is of rose-color, elegantly ornamented with white satin, in narrow rouleaux. Each side of the bust is ornamented in Spanish slashings, bound round with narrow white satin, discovering pink *tulle* laid over white satin: a handsome blond tucker falls over, of a Vandyke pattern, and the sleeves are slashed to correspond with the bust; the border is formed of white satin Iberian points, and terminates by a demi-train, which gives dignity to the figure, and an air of full dress to the robe, which is only adapted to evening costume. Morning dresses are of chintz and muslin gauze, when not white, but white dresses seem



Marine Walking Dress

Invented by Miss Pierpoint & engraved for the Ladies Magazine [illegible]

to prevail very much in the country. Italian crapes and washing silks are partially worn in half-dress; they are suited to the season, and though not general, are yet so much worn as not to appear singular. Gauze, *tulle*, crape, and fine clear muslin, are much in favor for evening and ball dresses.

The caps for undress are of the cornette style; they are flat on the head, and wide in front; colored riband constitutes their chief ornament for morning deshabille; and for home costume in the evening a rose on each temple gives to them a smartness sufficient for half-dress, or the receiving of particular friends or near kindred. Turbans of all kinds are worn by matronly ladies at evening parties; but they are of very light materials, and simple in their formation: for full dress it is customary to twist rows of pearls to confine the folds. Dress hats with feathers are still worn, and young ladies ornament their hair at balls and concerts with a bandeau of jewels, a wreath of harvest flowers, or simply with an ornamental comb, enriched with pearls or emeralds.

Bracelets of wrought gold are much admired, and rings of turquoise stones and onyx. The favorite brooches are of flowers, formed of jewels. The blue hedge blossom 'Forget me not,' of turquoise stones, with a very small topaz in the centre, or a violet formed entirely of amethysts, a rose of fancy work, expressive of the sentence from Camoens 'Just like love.'

The favorite colors for pelisses are pink, lavender, milk-chocolate, and sea-green. For dresses, lilac, celestial blue, Etruscan brown, and violet. For ribands, scarfs, and turbans, pink, emerald-green, ethereal blue, and lemon-color.

MODES PARISIENNES.

Lilac silk shawls, beautifully watered, are among the novelties of the day, for out-door costume, over a white cambric dress; the sleeves of which are short, and long doe-skin gloves tie above the elbow.

Cachemire shawls are, however, yet seen enwrapping the forms of the Parisian ladies, when the weather is cool; the ground of the shawl is white, and the figures are rather large, but of the most brilliant variety, as to color and design. Riding-habits are much worn in the country, with black kid half-boots.

Open chip and cane hats are much in favor; they are ornamented with an enormous bow, half of *gros d'été*, and the other half of striped gauze. Between each of the wavings or flutings that ornament the crowns of white hats, is placed a pink, a rose, or a small group of marabout feathers. Sea-weed and branches of coral are sometimes placed in front of white *gros de Naples* bonnets: hats of rose-colored crape are adorned with light white feathers, either the paddi, bird of paradise, or gossamer.

White dresses are very general; they are trimmed at the border with two or three rows of cocks'-combs, separated by lettings-in of embroidery. Some gowns are bordered with bands *appliqué s*, cut in bias, and formed into diamonds. The belt is the same, and fastens on one side with an elegantly wrought button; an end, of about an inch in breadth, passes, seemingly, through this button; so that it appears a belt buttoned on one side in six separate bands. The *corsages* that are confined round the bottom of the waist in this way, are in the *blouse* style. Evening party dresses are of white satin, trimmed with puckered gauze, and rouleaux of satin in festoons; with a gold filagree belt, fastened by a pearl clasp.

The ball dresses are very simple; clear muslin or leno, embroidered in elegant patterns of different colors, are the most prevalent at the balls in the country: there are no public balls in Paris at this season of the year. On silk dresses for the promenade or for home costume a very broad silk fringe, the color of the dress, headed by a twisted rouleau of silk, is a very favorite trimming.

Turbans for dress parties are of embroidered muslin, with gold fringe and ornaments. Dress hats are of crape lined, and have a quilling of blond round the crown, and beneath the brim: they are ornamented by a plume of party-colored feathers, either blue and rose-color, or black and *ponceau*.

Though ladies still continue at the rural balls to dance with their hats on, they untie the strings; but to let them float over the shoulders would evince a bad taste; they are, therefore, fastened with a pin to the girdle.

The favorite colors for dresses are Massaca-brown, blue and carmelite; for ribands, turbans, and trimmings, lilac, canary-yellow, celestial-blue, and rose-color.

ADDRESS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Constant Reader desires us to take notice of the 'Manuscript of 1814, or a History of the Events which led to the Abdication of Napoleon:' but we have repeatedly declared that we do not wish to enter into the maze of politics, or to adjust the details of military outrage, and we have already said enough even of that great personage.

If Mr. W. L. should be anxiously desirous of knowing 'how looks the face of nature' in the country, while he is unfortunately obliged (as we are also) to 'linger still' in London, let him, instead of trusting to our insertion of his 'Sonnet to a Lady in Hampshire,' send it to his fair friend by the post; and we hope that he will not, in return for this gentle and not unfriendly hint, discontinue that recommendation with which he has hitherto honored our miscellany.

The 'Verses on the Contest between the Greeks and the Turks' are not approved.

The short poem, sent by 'a Fay,' as a specimen of her talents, can only be commended for the smoothness of its versification. The title, we observe *en passant*, is an example of bad Latin, *dulci domum*. Could not the young lady be content with plain English?

The *Disquisitions on various Subjects* are too grave and dull for our publication; and, in some instances, the author, for want of a clear head, is so bewildered, that he does not appear to understand his own meaning. Indeed, he forgets in one page what he wrote in the preceding. This is a prevailing error, for which, however such inconsistency may pass in the hurry of conversation, there is no excuse in the comparative slowness of composition.

A ridiculous rhapsody has been sent by a gentleman from the neighbourhood of Portman-square, bearing the extraordinary title of a *Soliloquy, an Anecdote, a Vow, and a Prayer*. He vows that he will 'follow fifteen promises, which his honor, esteem, love, affection, fondness, and fancy of and for a wife, compel him to make.' One promise borders upon gross indelicacy; another imports that he will never marry a lady who may be *much more stouter* than he is, because (for, like an unreasoning maid-servant, he repeats the remark itself as a reason) 'he should not like to have her always *much more stouter*.' Another stipulation is 'that she must not be 'much less educated' than her lover; but we do not see how she can be so, unless he should take a female who can neither read nor write. He is of opinion, that every man 'ought to pass fully the age of thirty years in a single state of life, in the inquest of those means which are so essential for him to fulfil them, with as much strength and accuracy of mind, as of body, soul, and *as of prop*.' Yet, long before he attained that age, he eagerly wished to be a husband, father, ruler of a family, &c. and 'could *not no* longer rest' without asking the consent of his worthy parents for his marriage. They '*somehow* refused,' but at last complied; and we are gravely informed by this precise chronologist, that, 'on the 28th of April, 1816, he aimed himself for the first time to their stations.' Let us now dismiss this vile trash.

The *Sea-Spectre*, by *Peregrine Pacewell*, seems to be intended as a burlesque; yet it is not more *outré* and unnatural, than some of the serious pieces of our modern versifiers.

The *Fourth Sketch from an Author's Portfolio* is under consideration.

The *Setting Sun* does not indicate the *rising sun* of genius.

A gentleman sends a pair of French gloves to a lady; but he admits that they do not form a very significant or appropriate token of regard:

'No emblem tho' are these, believe,
Of my affection strong;
My love for thee will ever live;
The *gloves will not last long*.'

This, we may add, is a fine antithesis!

We cannot reasonably be expected to insert the *Vestal, a poetic Sketch by J. J. L.*, as it is little more than a mere repetition. It is surely useless to repeat, in a metrical form, a subject which we very lately gave in poetical prose.

THE
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OR,
MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

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ELLEN.

A VERY small gift may sometimes cause great pleasure. I have just received a present which has delighted me more than any thing ever bestowed on me by friends or fortune.—It is——But my readers shall guess what it is; and, that they may be enabled to do so, I must tell them a story.

Charlotte and Ellen Page were the twin daughters of the rector of N., a small town in Dorsetshire. They were his only children, having lost their mother shortly after their birth; and, as their father was highly connected and still more highly accomplished, and possessed good church preferment with a considerable private fortune, they were reared and educated in the most liberal and expensive style. Whilst mere infants, they had been uncommonly beautiful, and as remarkably alike as occasionally happens with twin sisters, distinguished only by some ornament of dress. Their very nurse, as she used to boast, could hardly tell her pretty 'couplets' apart, so exactly alike were the soft blue eyes, the rosy cheeks, the cherry lips, and the curly light hair. Change the turquoise necklace for the coral, and the nurse herself would not know Charlotte from Ellen. This pretty puzzle, this inconvenience of which mamas and aunts and nurses love to complain, did not last long. Either from a concealed fall, or from original delicacy of habit, the little Ellen faded and drooped almost into deformity. There was no visible defect in her shape, except a slight and almost imperceptible lameness when in quick motion; but there was the marked and peculiar look in the features, the languor and debility, and above all the distressing consciousness attendant upon imperfect formation; and, at the age of twenty years, the contrast between the sisters was even more striking than the likeness had been at two.

Charlotte was a fine, robust, noble-looking girl, rather above the middle height; her eyes and complexion sparkled and glowed with life and health, her rosy lips seemed to be made for smiles, and her glossy brown hair played in natural ringlets round her dimpled face. Her manner was a happy mixture of the playful and the gentle; frank, innocent, and fearless, she relied with a sweet confidence on every body's kindness, was ready to be pleased, and secure of pleasing. Her artlessness and *naïveté* had great success in society, especially as they were united with the most perfect good-breeding, and considerable quickness and talent. Her musical powers were of the most delightful kind; she sang exquisitely, joining, to great taste and science, a life, and freedom, and buoyancy, quite unusual in that artificial personage, a young lady. Her clear and ringing notes had the effect of a milk-maid's song, as if a mere ebullition of animal spirits; there was no resisting the contagion of Charlotte's glee. She was a general favorite, and above all a favorite at home,—the apple of her father's eye, the pride and ornament of his house, and the delight and comfort of

his life. The two children had been so much alike, and born so nearly together, that the precedence in age had never been definitively settled; but that point seemed very early to decide itself. Unintentionally as it were, Charlotte took the lead, gave invitations, received visitors, sate at the head of the table, became in fact and in name Miss Page, while her sister continued Miss Ellen.

Poor Ellen! she was short, and thin, and sickly, and pale, with no personal charm but the tender expression of her blue eyes and the timid sweetness of her countenance. The resemblance to her sister had vanished altogether, except when very rarely some strong emotion of pleasure, a word of praise, or a look of kindness from her father, would bring a smile and a blush at once into her face, and lighten it up like a sunbeam. Then, for a passing moment, she was like Charlotte, and even prettier,—there was so much of mind, of soul, in the transitory beauty. In manner she was unchangeably gentle and distressingly shy, shy even to aukwardness. Shame and fear clung to her like her shadow. In company she could neither sing, nor play, nor speak, without trembling, especially when her father was present. Her awe of him was inexpressible. Mr. Page was a man of considerable talent and acquirement, of polished and elegant manners, and great conversational power,—quick, ready, and sarcastic. He never condescended to scold; but there was something very formidable in the keen glance, and the cutting jest, to which poor Ellen's want of presence of mind frequently exposed her,—something from which she shrank into the very earth. He was a good man too, and a kind father—at least he meant to be so,—attentive to her health and comfort, strictly impartial in favors and presents, in pocket-money and amusements, making no difference between the twins, except that which he could not help, the difference in his love. But, to an apprehensive temper and an affectionate heart, that was every thing; and, whilst Charlotte flourished and blossomed like a rose in the sunshine, Ellen sickened and withered like the same plant in the shade.

Mr. Page lost much enjoyment by this unfortunate partiality; for he had taste enough to have particularly valued the high endowments which formed the delight of the few friends to whom his daughter was intimately known. To them not only her varied and accurate acquirements, but her singular richness of mind, her grace and propriety of expression and fertility of idea, joined to the most perfect ignorance of her own superiority, rendered her an object of as much admiration as interest. In poetry, especially, her justness of taste and quickness of feeling were almost unrivaled. She was no poetess herself, never, I believe, even ventured to compose a sonnet; and her enjoyment of high literature was certainly the keener for that wise abstinence from a vain competition. Her admiration was really worth having. The tears would come into her eyes, the book would fall from her hand, and she would sit lost in ecstasy over some noble passage, till praise, worthy of the theme, would burst in unconscious eloquence from her lips.

But the real charm of Ellen Page lay in the softness of her heart and the generosity of her character: no human being was ever so free from selfishness, in all its varied and clinging forms. She literally forgot herself in her pure and ardent sympathy with all whom she loved, or all to whom she could be useful. There were no limits to her indulgence, no bounds to her candor. Shy and timid as she was, she forgot her fears to plead for the innocent, or the penitent, or even the guilty. She was the excuser-general of the neighbourhood, turned every speech and action the sunny side without, and often in her good-natured acuteness hit on the real principle of action, when the cunning and the worldly-wise and the cynical, and such as look only for bad motives, had failed. She had, too, that rare quality, a genuine sympathy not only with the sorrowful (there is a pride in that feeling, a superiority,—we have all plenty of that), but with the happy. She could smile with those who smiled as well as weep with those who wept, and rejoice in a success to which she had not contributed, protected from every touch of envy, no less by her noble spirit than by her pure humility: she never thought of herself.

So constituted, it may be imagined that she was, to all who really knew her, an object of intense admiration and love. Servants, children, poor people, all adored Miss Ellen. She had other friends in her own rank of life, who had found her out—many; but her chief friend, her principal admirer, she who loved her

with the most entire affection, and looked up to her with the most devoted respect, was her sister. Never was the strong and lovely tie of twin-sisterhood more closely knit than in these two charming young women. Ellen looked on her favored sister with a pure and unjealous delight that made its own happiness, a spirit of candor and of justice that never permitted her to cast a shade of blame on the sweet object of her father's partiality: she never indeed blamed him, as it seemed to her so natural that every one should prefer her sister. Charlotte, on the other hand, used all her influence for Ellen, protected and defended her, and was half-tempted to murmur at an affection which she would have valued more, if shared equally with that dear friend. Thus they lived in peace and harmony, Charlotte's bolder temper and higher spirits leading and guiding in all common points, whilst on the more important she implicitly yielded to Ellen's judgement. But, when they had reached their twenty-first year, a great evil threatened one of the sisters, arising (strange to say) from the other's happiness. Charlotte, the reigning *belle* of an extensive and affluent neighbourhood, had had almost as many suitors as Penelope; but, light-hearted, happy at home, constantly busy and gay, she had taken no thought of love, and always struck me as a very likely subject for an old maid: yet her time came at last. A young man, the very reverse of herself, pale, thoughtful, gentlemanlike, and melancholy, wooed and won our fair Euphresyne. He was the second son of a noble house, and bred to the church; and it was agreed between the fathers, that, as soon as he should be ordained (for he still wanted some months of the necessary age), and settled in a family living held for him by a friend, the young couple should be married.

In the mean while Mr. Page, who had recently succeeded to some property in Ireland, found it necessary to go thither for a short time; and, unwilling to take his daughters with him, as his estate lay in the disturbed districts, he indulged us with their company during his absence. They came to us in the bursting springtime, on the very same day with the nightingale; the country was new to them, and they were delighted with the scenery and with our cottage life. We, on our part, were enchanted with our young guests. Charlotte was certainly the most amiable of enamored damsels, for love with her was but a more sparkling and smiling form of happiness;—all that there was of care and fear in this attachment fell to Ellen's lot; but even she, though sighing at the thought of parting, could not be very miserable whilst her sister was so happy.

A few days after their arrival, we happened to dine with our accomplished neighbours, colonel Falkner and his sister. Our young friends of course accompanied us; and a similarity of age, of liveliness, and of musical talent, speedily recommended Charlotte and miss Falkner to each other. They became immediately intimate, and were soon almost inseparable. Ellen at first hung back. 'The house was too gay, too full of shifting company, of titles, and of strange faces. Miss Falkner was very kind; but she took too much notice of her, introduced her to lords and ladies, talked of her drawings, and pressed her to sing:—she would rather, if I pleased, stay with me, and walk in the coppice, or sit in the arbour, and one might read Spenser whilst the other worked—that would be best of all. Might she stay?'—'Oh surely! But colonel Falkner! Ellen, I thought you would have liked him?'—'Yes!'—'That *yes* sounds exceedingly like *no.*'—'Why, is he not almost too clever, too elegant, too grand a man? Too mannered, as it were? Too much like what one fancies of a prince—of George the Fourth, for instance—too high and too condescending?—These are strange faults,' continued she, laughing—'and it is a curious injustice that I should dislike a man merely because he is so graceful, that he makes me feel doubly aukward—so tall, that I am in his presence a conscious dwarf—so alive and eloquent in conversation, that I feel more than ever puzzled and unready.—But so it is. To say the truth, I am more afraid of him than of any human being in the world—except one.—I may stay with you—may I not?—and read of Una and of Britomart—that prettiest scene where her old nurse soothes her to sleep. I may stay?'——And for two or three mornings she did stay with but Charlotte's influence and miss Falkner's kindness speedily drew her to Holly-grove, at first shily and reluctantly, yet soon with an evident though quiet enjoyment; and we, sure that our young

visitors could gain nothing but good in such society, were pleased that they should so vary the humble home-scene.

Colonel Falkner was a man in the very prime of life, of that happy age which unites the grace and spirit of youth with the firmness and vigor of manhood. The heir of a large fortune, he had served in the peninsular war, fought in Spain and France and at Waterloo, and, quitting the army at the peace, had loitered about Germany and Italy and Greece, and only returned on the death of his father, two or three years back, to reside on the family estate, where he had won 'golden opinions from all sorts of people.' He was, as Ellen truly described him, tall and graceful, and well-bred almost to a fault; reminding her of that *beau-ideal* of courtly elegance George the Fourth, and me (pray, reader, do not tell!) me, a little, a very little, the least in the world, of Sir Charles Grandison. He certainly did excel rather too much in the mere forms of politeness, in clokings and bowings, and handings down stairs; but then he was, like both his prototypes, thoroughly imbued with its finer essence—considerate, attentive, kind, in the most comprehensive sense of that comprehensive word. I have certainly known men of deeper learning and more original genius, but never any one whose powers were better adapted to conversation, who could blend more happily the most varied and extensive knowlege with the most playful wit and the most interesting and amiable character. *Fascinating* was the word that seemed made for him. His conversation was entirely free from trickery and display—the charm was (or seemed to be) perfectly natural: he was an excellent listener; and when he was speaking to any eminent person—orator, artist, or poet,—I have sometimes seen a slight hesitation, a momentary diffidence, as attractive as it was unexpected. It was this astonishing evidence of fellow-feeling, joined to the gentleness of his tone, the sweetness of his smile, and his studied avoidance of all particular notice or attention, that first reconciled Ellen to colonel Falkner. His sister, too, a charming young woman, as like him as Viola to Sebastian, began to understand the sensitive properties of this shrinking and delicate flower, which, left to itself, repaid their kind neglect by unfolding in a manner that surprised and delighted us all. Before the spring had glided into summer, Ellen was as much at home at Holly-grove as with us; talked and laughed and played and sang as freely as Charlotte. She would indeed break off if visibly listened to, either when speaking or singing; but still the ice was broken;—that rich, low, mellow voice, unrivaled in pathos and sweetness, might be heard every evening, even by the colonel, with little more precaution not to disturb her by praise or notice, than would be used with her fellow-warbler the nightingale.

She was happy at Holly-grove, and we were delighted; but so shifting and various are human feelings and wishes, that, as the summer wore on, before the hay-making was over in its beautiful park, whilst the bees were still in its lime-trees, and the golden beetle lurked in its white rose, I began to lament that she had ever seen Holly-grove or known its master. It was clear to me, that unintentionally on his part, unwittingly on hers, her heart was gone,—and, considering the merit of the unconscious possessor, probably gone for ever. She had all the pretty marks of love at that happy moment when the name and nature of the passion are alike unsuspected by the victim. To her there was but one object in the whole world, and that one was colonel Falkner: she lived only in his presence; hung on his words; was restless she knew not why in his absence; adopted his tastes and opinions, which differed from hers as those of clever men so frequently do from those of clever women; read the books he praised, and praised them too, deserting our old idols, Spenser and Fletcher, for his favorites, Dryden and Pope; sang the songs he loved as she walked about the house; drew his features instead of Milton's in a portrait which she was copying for me of our great poet,—and finally wrote his name on the margin. She moved as in a dream—a dream as innocent as it was delicious!—but oh the sad, sad waking! It made my heart ache to think of the misery to which that fine and sensitive mind seemed to be reserved. Ellen seemed formed for constancy and suffering—it was her first love, and it would be her last. I had no hope that her affection was returned. Young men, talk as they may of mental attractions, are commonly the slaves of personal charms. Colonel Falkner, especially, was a professed admirer of beauty. I had even sometimes fancied that he was caught

by Charlotte's, and had therefore taken an opportunity to communicate her engagement to his sister. Certainly he paid our fair and blooming guest extraordinary attention: any thing of gallantry or compliment was always addressed to her, and so for the most part was his gay and captivating conversation; whilst his manner to Ellen, though exquisitely soft and kind, seemed rather that of an affectionate brother. I had no hopes.

Affairs were in this posture when I was at once grieved and relieved by the unexpected recall of our young visitors. Their father had completed his business in Ireland, and was eager to return to his dear home and his dear children; Charlotte's lover too was ordained, and was impatient to possess his promised treasure. The intended bridegroom was to arrive the same evening to escort the fair sisters, and the journey was to take place the next day. Imagine the revulsion of feeling produced by a short note, a bit of folded paper—the natural and redoubled ecstasy of Charlotte, the mingled emotions of Ellen. She wept bitterly: at first she called it joy—joy that she should again see her dear father; then it was grief to lose her Charlotte; grief to part from me; but, when she threw herself in a farewell embrace on the neck of miss Falkner, whose brother happened to be absent for a few days on business, the truth appeared to burst upon her at once, in a gush of agony that seemed likely to break her heart. Miss Falkner was deeply affected; begged her to write to her often, very often; loaded her with the gifts of little price, the valueless tokens which affection holds so dear, and stole one of her fair ringlets in return. 'This is the curl which William used to admire,' said she: 'have you no message for poor William?'—Poor Ellen! her blushes spoke, and the tears which dropped from her downcast eyes; but she had no utterance. Charlotte, however, came to her relief with a profusion of thanks and compliments; and Ellen, weeping with a violence that would not be controlled, at last left Holly-grove.

The next day we too lost our dear young friends. Oh what a sad day it was! how much we missed Charlotte's bright smile and Ellen's sweet complacency! We walked about desolate and forlorn, with the painful sense of want and insufficiency, and of that vacancy in our home and at our board which the departure of a cherished guest is sure to occasion. To lament the absence of Charlotte, the dear Charlotte, the happiest of the happy, was pure selfishness; but of the aching heart of Ellen, my dearer Ellen, I could not bear to think—and yet I could think of nothing else, could call up no other image than her pale and trembling form, weeping and sobbing as I had seen her at Hollygrove; she haunted even my dreams.

Early the ensuing morning I was called down to the colonel, and found him in the garden. He apologised for his unseasonable intrusion; talked of the weather, then of the loss which our society had sustained; blushed and hesitated; had again recourse to the weather; and at last by a mighty effort, after two or three sentences begun and unfinished, contrived, with an embarrassment more graceful and becoming than all his polished readiness, to ask me to furnish him with a letter to Mr. Page. 'You must have seen,' said he, coloring and smiling, 'that I was captivated by your beautiful friend; and I hope——I could have wished to have spoken first to herself, to have made an interest—but still if her affections are disengaged—tell me, you who must know, you who are always my friend, have I any chance? Is she disengaged?'—'Alas! I have sometimes feared this; but I thought you had heard—your sister at least was aware'——'Of what? It was but this very morning—aware of what?' 'Of Charlotte's engagement.'—'Charlotte! It is of Ellen, not her sister, that I speak and think! Of Ellen, the pure, the delicate, the divine! That whitest and sweetest of flowers; the jasmine, the myrtle, the tuberose among women,' continued he, elucidating his similes by gathering a sprig of each plant, as he paced quickly up and down the garden walk—'Ellen, the fairest and the best; your darling, and mine! Will you give me a letter for her father? And will you wish me success?'—'Will I! Oh how sincerely! My dear colonel, I beg a thousand pardons for undervaluing your taste—for suspecting you of preferring a damask rose to a blossomed myrtle; I should have known you better.'—And then we talked of Ellen, dear Ellen, talked and praised till even the lover's heart was satisfied. I am convinced that he went away that morning, persuaded that I was one of the cleverest

women, and the best judges of character that ever lived.

And now my story is over. What need to say that the letter was written with the warmest zeal, and received with the most cordial graciousness—or that Ellen, though shedding sweet tears, bore the shock of joy better than the shock of grief,—or that the twin sisters were married on the same day, at the same altar, each to the man of her heart, and each with every prospect of more than common felicity? What need to say this? Or, having said this, why need I tell what was the gift that so enchanted me? I will not tell:—my readers shall decide according to their several fancies between silver favors, or bridal gloves, or the magical wedding-cake drawn nine times through the ring. M.

THE TEMPLE OF ENNUI; A FRAGMENT OF A VISION.

'*Umbrarum hic locus est, somni, noctisque soporæ.*'

'Deep in a cavern dwells the drowsy god,
Whose gloomy mansion nor the rising sun
Nor setting visits, nor the lightsome moon.'

HAVING passed an evening in *good* society, where I had been elegantly starved and politely stupefied according to the strictest rules of etiquette, I repaired to 'the George' to recruit my frame and my spirits with a roast fowl and a bottle of Madeira. The former object was soon attained; but my mental depression refused to be dissipated even by the most cordial of all vinous varieties; and, when I had finished my bottle (I always finish a bottle, reader, when I can get one) I fell asleep.

I first dreamed (as was natural) that I was transported back to the dull scene in which my evening had been wasted. —Again was I thrilled by the horrifying pauses of blank silence—again did I feel my brain compressed by the constrained common-place which the necessity of saying something occasionally protruded—again melancholy was excited by the forced smile that owed nothing to gaiety of heart, while contempt was produced by that gravity of feature which was innocent of wisdom. Alas! thought I, are these human beings—informed by an ethereal spirit that can pierce into the recesses of truth, revel in the sunshine of fancy, melt with pity, glow with love, and expand in unlimited benevolence? Is this society? Mute as the marble forms of sculpture, cold as ice, dry as the desert, empty as the wind!

Suddenly the scene was changed;—the figures before me melted away, and the edifice sunk into the earth. I found myself on the borders of 'a pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades.' Behind me was the cheerful light of the rising sun, and the verdant earth adorned with a thousand flowers. But my face was to the west, where all was darkness. I looked around, and saw myriads quitting the laughing fields, the genial air, and the bright tract of day, to plunge into the wilderness of gloom before them. 'Surely,' thought I, 'they must be mad.' Yet I felt an irresistible impulse to pursue them. I cast one glance at the smiling world behind me, and plunged into the gulf of shadows.

As I proceeded, I discovered that the darkness around was caused by an immense building situated on the summit of a huge and lofty mountain. A canopy of the blackest clouds hung over it everlastingly, and formed an impassable barrier to the ingress of every ray of light. I found, however, as I approached, that the front of this edifice was illuminated by ten thousand lamps, whose light, by some peculiar and incomprehensible property, though sufficiently glaring to be visible at a distance, yet threw no lustre upon the ground below. The empire of darkness extended to the very foot of the walls with undiminished influence. The light above seemed actually to cast a shade below, and to preserve the true character of light only in relation to itself, to the lamps and the building. By an inconsistency not unusual in dreams, I imagined that, notwithstanding the darkness, I could see perfectly well all that was going on in this gloomy region. The myriads that entered it, I now saw proceeding, some in groups, some singly, with all possible haste towards the mountain. The majority were clad in the garb of humble life; while some exhibited a mien and gait superior to the rest. These, I observed, generally proceeded alone—some were young, and some were old. Most of them were of the male sex, but I also observed a considerable number of females. Among the latter, many were antiquated and ugly, and had a studious look. As for the beauties, by their air and manner, you

might easily develope their character and intentions.

The way to the foot of the mountain was easy enough; but the ascent appeared almost insuperably difficult.—There were many paths, but each presented some difficulties peculiar to itself. One was steep and rugged beyond description; another, though apparently easier, was full of secret stumbling-blocks, and hidden pit-falls. If one was shorter, it was also less secure; and another, if comparatively safe, was immeasurably circuitous. One road seemed paved with ice, was extremely narrow, bounded on one side by a ridge of rocks ready to fall and crush the wretched traveler, and on the other by a tremendous precipice, down which he might be hurled by a false step, more than ten thousand fathoms into a boiling gulf. Some paths were literally strewed with thorns and briars, and others were so clogged up with filth, that it was matter of astonishment how any human being could be prevailed upon to enter them: yet these last, I observed, were the most frequented.

One path I did observe, that was much plainer and easier than all the rest: in fact, there appeared to be scarcely any obstacles in it whatever; yet few indeed were the individuals who traveled this way, in comparison with the immense multitudes who were clambering up the mountain in every other direction. There was no getting into this path, but by one entrance, which was guarded by a giant who never suffered any one to pass, unless he could produce a passport signed by some person of influence in the building on the top of the mountain. This giant carried a spear, the point of which continually emitted sparks of fire, and a shield which presented the appearance of a round and polished piece of solid ice. If any approached without a passport, he turned towards them the icy shield, which instantly converted them into petrifactions. Every passport which he touched with the point of his spear, if it was false or insufficient, was immediately reduced to ashes.

These various paths terminated in one or other of four grand roads which led directly to four separate gates of the building above. One gate was of iron, another was of brass, a third of gold, and a fourth of diamond. I observed with attention the characteristic appearance of the individuals who traveled those different roads. That which led to the iron gate was occupied by stately groups of martial aspect, clad in military purple with shining helmets, nodding plumes, and all the imposing foppery of war. Their approach was announced by the sound of trumpet and clarion, and the acquiescent gates rolled wide open to receive them. Very different was the appearance of those who proceeded towards the gate of gold. Their attire was plain, their gait uncouth, their countenances expressive of mean suspicion, low-thoughted care, and groveling cunning. Each carried at his back a large bag full of money. They proceeded quietly on their way; knocked with their bags against the golden portal, and were instantly admitted by a simpering porter, who at the same time relieved them of a considerable portion of their burthens.

But I was particularly interested by the groups who were advancing to the diamond gate. I thought that I had never beheld a set of faces in which mind, in all its noblest varieties, was more admirably manifested. Some had passed the prime of life, without, however, exhibiting any symptoms of debility. It appeared as if the mind which informed them had communicated its own firmness to the physical frame, and compensated by its repairing action the ravages of time: the pale cast of thought was upon their brows, yet combined with an elevated tranquillity of expression, which bespoke the long and constant operation of genuine philosophy. They appeared satisfied in the consciousness that their destiny was fixed, and that destiny was lofty. The past occasioned no regret, and the future no anxiety. They moved on towards the gate, more because it seemed a part of their destiny to do so, than from any particular ambition to enter the building. In contemplating these illustrious beings, my imagination reverted to the porch of Zeno, and the bowers of Academus. Others there were in the perfect prime and fervid energy of manhood, and many in the full-blown flower of attractive youth. Several, though far from having passed the period of maturity, exhibited as deep furrows on their brows, as those which are traced by the finger of time. But though 'care sat upon their faded cheeks,' yet its character was lofty. There was nothing in it of shrinking timidity or contracted selfishness: it was a care that embraced the destinies of nations, and

the well-being of the social world. The intensity of thought, which cast a shade upon their countenances, was blended with the purest light of benevolence. Others looked as if they could pierce all the depths of life, pursue nature to her most secret haunts, unravel the subtilest web of sophistry, develope truth from the most complicated mazes of error, and order from the wildest chaos. There were some, who appeared in one comprehensive glance to embrace the past and the present, and to penetrate with an almost prophetic eye into the obscurity of the future.

But there was upon this road another group which especially excited my admiration. It was composed of men of all ages, and even the softer sex graced the interesting circle. In the eyes of some of these, there was a wild and stormy magnificence,—a proud, tameless spirit, whose immortal fire burned with intenseness amid the damps of neglect, and was only fanned by the gale of adversity into a brighter flame. These lofty beings trod the earth like the denizens of another and a higher sphere. In the looks of others you might read the tenderest sympathies of friendship, the most glowing, pure, changeless, and romantic love. Some I heard speak:—'resistless words were on their tongues.' Thoughts, redolent of inspiration, flowed in spontaneous strains of the most commanding eloquence, or were breathed in the most enchanting accents of immortal verse; while many struck their golden lyres, and, releasing the imprisoned spirit of harmony, 'charmed the listening air to silence.'

I could not avoid remarking that the character of beauty and majesty, exhibited by those persons, was the result not of symmetry or stature, of features or complexion. In these merely physical requisites, I have seen them surpassed by many. But it was the emanation of the informing mind that imparted dignity and grace to figures of no perfect proportion, fire and interest to features of no faultless regularity. Theirs was the unfading beauty that long survives the transitory flower of youth, theirs the immortal energy that departs not with the strength of manhood.

But how shall I describe the motley multitudes that were hurrying to the brazen portal? They were of all shapes, sizes, and ages: they presented the most fantastic varieties of costume, and the most ridiculous contrasts of manner. In one peculiarity, however, all were agreed. This peculiarity was *affectation*; the evident assumption, by each, of a character which did not belong to him. They were all actors: some, indeed, played their parts with more judgement and dexterity than others; but no one was in reality the person he pretended to be. All were in masquerade, and each might be said to carry a label on his breast, that lied impudently in the face of earth and heaven.

This assumption of disguise proceeded from various motives. In some it was nothing but the result of paltry vanity, and essential frivolity of character. With others it originated from the sordid love of gain, or was made subservient to the unworthiest purposes of ill-directed ambition. Imprudence or misconduct had rendered it to many the only means of preserving an ignoble existence; and numbers from habit continued the deception which necessity no longer required. Even a few were found who practised imposition for its own sake; and, like the disinterested advocates of virtue, seemed to think that hypocrisy was its own best reward.

You might find upon this road affected imitations of the characteristic peculiarities of all the travelers who filled the three others. On a superficial glance the resemblance often appeared complete; but it sensibly diminished upon a nearer scrutiny and a stricter comparison. Even where it was most approaching to perfection, there was something wanting; something that could be more clearly felt than pointed out. The grand fault of these imitators was either in going beyond the original, or in giving a too minute and painfully-detailed copy. In some cases the *fac-simile* was miserably executed, and presented a frightful or ludicrous caricature. The true spirit of the original was deficient in all.

Many of these masqueraders, for instance, affected the dress and manner of the heroes who were marching to the iron-gate. They strutted along in waving plumage and warlike gauds, and wanted not the knightly spur or the formidable whisker; but their delicate complexions, suspicious glances, aukward gait, half-impudent and half-embarrassed air, sufficiently proved that the scene of their achievements was remote from the dusty field, the perilous breach, and the manly fellowship of arms. Among these pre-

tenders to heroism there were few indeed whom the lightning of the lifted falchion would not have cast into a swoon, or the thunder of artillery would not have terrified into a palsy.

I also beheld the apes of those who carried the money-bags. It must be confessed that they were better actors than the pseudo-warriors. They had evidently enjoyed better opportunities of studying their parts: still, by a little attention, you could discover that they were but actors. The part was commonly overdone, and yet some characteristic feature was omitted. They were dressed with too much precision; the effort to be plain was too obviously visible. Their bags were of an enormous size; yet they did not bend beneath them like the others: the reason of this indeed I afterwards discovered, when I learned that the said bags contained nothing but paper.

But, of those vain pretenders, the most numerous and impudent swarm was composed of such as affected to imitate the groupes on the road which led to the diamond portal. Some, with a mock-gravity and composure inimitably ridiculous, would endeavour to pass for sages, and others by contracted brows, and hurried steps, and a vacant stare, seemed desirous of persuading us that the fate of the universe was suspended in the balance of their cogitations. Some, as they stalked along, held a book before their eyes, as if absorbed in profound study, and knocked their heads against every post, by way of showing the soundness of their understandings. One had all the terms of art upon his tongue, and, could you believe him, the whole volume of nature was open before him, and her most hidden secrets were palpable to his inspection; but he was not so communicative as to betray them. Another, by means of a mystic unintelligible jargon, had acquired the reputation of a most profound philosopher, and had drawn after him a numerous train of followers, whose admiration of their master was precisely in proportion to their incapacity of understanding him. One mountebank I observed in a black coat haranguing a very small circle of vulgar-looking parasites. He delivered himself in set phrases and balanced periods, smoothed by alliteration, and pointed by antithesis; but the substance of his speech was composed of the most hackneyed truisms and the merest nothings. I had the curiosity to follow him to a fresh circle: he repeated there the same thoughts in the same language: he was like a hand-organ in which but one tune is set, or a parrot who has learned but a single lesson; yet, strange to say, even this impostor was not without admirers! Some with staring eyes, fantastic gestures, and theatrical enunciation, were pouring forth a torrent of nonsense in pompous and affected language, which themselves and their admirers with preposterous blasphemy called eloquence and poetry! Among these I particularly noticed two species so diametrically opposed to each other, that they could be said to agree in nothing, except in being equally fools. The first were those who sought to dignify trivial objects by the graces of language, to hide poverty of thought by pomp of words, or to conceal, by a profusion of Gothic ornament, the monstrous disproportion of their ideal fabrics. The second treated of every subject in the low dialect of familiar life, which, they contended, was the genuine language of poetry and nature: their style consisted of colloquial phrases, affectedly misapplied, and a barbarous neology of vulgar derivation, which, like a worthless upstart, was doubly offensive from the impertinence of its pretensions, and the meanness of its origin. Sometimes they attempted to debase 'high argument' in their * *vernacular* strains, as when they dared to meddle with the magnificence of nature, or the sublimity of moral feeling; but, to do them justice, their subject in general was worthy of their style. They usually endeavoured to raise to the level of poetic interest all that was by its nature utterly unsusceptible of it; the commonest forms of conventional life, the degrading weakness, the driveling folly, or the disgusting depravity of the human character.

To enter into a minute description of the remaining groupes upon this road would be tedious. They presented the semblance of every profession, and every rank except the lowest, to which, however, most of them in reality belonged. There you might see males and females flaunting in the gay colors of fashion, and pretending to be of the patrician order, when it was well known that the latter were scarcely ever seen beyond the precincts of the temple above. Some

* From *verna*, a slave.

ladies, whose virtue was a little more than ambiguous, by a studied plainness of attire and a demure aspect would pass if they could for vestals or for widows; and some men, whose vices were notorious, assumed an air of superior sanctity, and stalked solemnly along in the robes of the ministers of religion.

When the foremost party reached the brazen gate, they knocked at it with tremendous violence. The porter had scarcely opened it, when, without giving time for question, they rushed in as if it had been the pit-door of a theatre in the polished metropolis of the British empire. Those who were behind pressed upon them, and, at the sound of the unbarring portal, myriads from the extremity of the road came flying along with unspeakable velocity. An immense number of all descriptions had entered the building before the porter could manage to close the gate: this, however, with the assistance of his fellow-servants, he at last effected, and thus excluded a multitudinous train of impostors. These at first looked confounded and chagrined at their miscarriage: but they soon rallied their spirits, and resumed their looks of confidence. They then re-measured their steps to the world below, there to dazzle the credulous with splendid fictions of the flattering reception they had experienced in the temple, and the distinguished consideration they had enjoyed.

How I myself entered this edifice I do not think proper to mention. Suffice it to say that, after passing through *one* of the gates, I found myself in a large court filled with magnificent equipages. I ascended an immense flight of steps of the whitest alabaster, traversed an antechamber where a number of gilded and pampered-looking menials were assembled, and entered a room which I understood to be the first of a grand suite of apartments. There I found a table loaded with the choicest viands, and the richest wines. A large company, elegantly attired, were seated around it to partake of the banquet. I approached, and observed constraint and embarrassment upon almost every face. They smiled without gaiety, ate without appetite, and drank without exhilaration. Conversation there was none, and the few words that were spoken related only to the dishes before them. The banquet was removed, and the wine circulated more freely; but dullness still prevailed. The majority were silent. The females retired. The males now were less embarrassed, and talked more; but what they said was nothing, or worse than nothing: insipid common-place was substituted for wisdom, and naked obscenity for wit.

I left them, and went into another room: over the door was written 'Hall of Conversation.' Here I found about five hundred persons. Hall of conversation! thought I: this surely is a sad misnomer. Some were in groupes, and, if that could be called conversation, where one talked and the rest listened, they were conversing. In other circles I observed that all talked and none listened. The groupes towards the upper end of the room preserved for the most part a stern and awful silence, occasionally broken by a few senseless monosyllables. Many hapless wights like myself wandered about this living desert in solitude and silence. Leaving this apartment, I entered the hall of music: here I found a band of musicians performing, with wonderful execution, a very complicated and scientific piece of harmony. Of the company who were seated around, some were looking on with the utmost indifference, some with a forced and affected attention, some were laughing, some whispering, some yawning, and some sleeping: none understood or enjoyed the music.

In the next room were a multitude of tables spread with various implements of gaming. Here, indeed, the guests appeared to be in earnest. Their eyes were sparkling, brows contracted, mouths fixed in intense attention. Every passion that can degrade human nature to the ferocity of the brute and the malignity of the demon was depicted in every countenance with the most disgusting liveliness. The very atmosphere seemed infected by the contagion of the pestilent spirits that breathed within it. I felt a sense of suffocation, and hurried from the apartment.

Very different was the aspect of the next room: it was a magnificent saloon, where a thousand tapers, reflected from a thousand mirrors, emulated the bright blaze of noon. The company, in all the elegance of dress, were threading the mazy dance to the sound of joyous minstrelsy. There you might discern every beautiful variety of the female face and form, from the majestic Juno, and the haughty Pallas, to the blooming Hebe,

the sylph-like Diana, and the winning, soft, voluptuous Venus.

Surely, thought I, here is gaiety, here is happiness. This is the temple of love, the gate of heaven! I approached the groupes, and beheld the males sauntering down the dance with the most frigid indifference. I could perceive the beautiful bosoms of the females heaving with mutual jealousy and envy; upon their lips appeared the curl of disdain, and the fire of rage was in their eyes, while they were endeavouring to conceal by the cloke of external gaiety the vexation that was tearing them within. Some smiled as though in triumph; but it was the petty triumph of vanity. The dance was now over; fatigue, dissatisfaction, disappointment, cast a gloom over every countenance. Alas! thought I, if Solomon were here, well might he exclaim, 'Vanity and vexation of spirit!'

Quitting this chamber I entered another, from which issued the sounds of boisterous mirth and noisy revelry. I found a company of noble-looking youths and bold-looking women, celebrating the orgies of Bacchus. The bright bowl was pushed rapidly round, and enjoyment in spite of fate was the maxim upon which all seemed determined to act. The restraints of ceremony were laid aside, and each, under the influence of the inspiring goblet, seemed to speak his 'thick-coming fancies' in unfettered language. This, said I, is the reign of liberty, and here, if not the feast of reason, one may at least enjoy the flow of soul. I sat down among them; but how was I disappointed! I looked for humor, wit, and careless gaiety: I found obscenity, impertinence, forced, unnatural, exaggerated mirth. There was no joy of heart, no sportiveness of fancy—nought but intoxication of the brain and fever of the blood. All the dignity of man was forgotten by the males; all the delicacy of woman by the females. Noise and riot increased with increasing drunkenness; a brawl ensued, and all was uproar, bloodshed, and confusion.

SHORT CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Memorable Days in America, being a Journal of a Tour to the United States, by W. Faux.—This honest farmer, like Mr. Fearon, entertained strong prepossessions in favor of the American government and country; but his desire of 'ascertaining the naked truth' by inspection was only productive of disappointment; and he now, 'with home-sick earnestness, entreats his countrymen to cling to Old England on account of its superior salubrity to the United States, where 'the climate is an evil, a perpetual evil, a mighty drawback, an almost insurmountable barrier to the health, wealth, and well-being of all, except the native red and black man, the genuine aboriginal, and the unstained African, for whom alone this land of promise, this vast section of the earth, this new and better world, seems by nature to have been intended.'

The narrative is coarse and vulgar, and the accounts are seemingly exaggerated; but we agree with Mr. Faux in dissuading our discontented or impoverished countrymen from the idea of emigrating to North America.

Encyclopædia of Antiquities and Elements of Archæology, classical and mediæval.—Mr. Fosbroke is a zealous antiquary, and eager to recommend his favorite pursuit. In the present state of our literature, the elements of antiquarian knowlege are scattered over an infinite number of books, which many scholars may not have the facility of collecting around them. It is to obviate this desideratum that the present work is undertaken. It is issued in a classical form, as a key to the science; and this classification, accompanied by indexes, will preserve the usefulness of an encyclopædia with the advantage of continuous reading. It is the first work of the kind ever edited in England, and promises to give a compendium of all that is known in the science. The author proceeds chronologically by chapters, presuming that the reader has no previous knowlege of the subject, but is to be led on step by step. Thus the work will not only be adapted to the amateur and antiquary, but will enable readers of every description to add the science of archæology to their former attainments, by the perusal of a work which will be limited to twenty numbers.

The King of the Peak, a Romance. 3 vols.—The incidents of this work are related with spirit, and in a manner which indicates the possession of talent. The manners of the times of chivalry are well depicted, and the passions are forcibly expressed; but the ostensible hero is more a fiend than a man.

Seventy-Six, by the Author of Logan. 3 vols.—The year 1776 was the memorable year in which the thirteen British colonies beyond the Atlantic assumed the dignity of an independent state; and it is on that account the object of joyful recollection among the Americans. The author of this novel luxuriates in military details, and boasts of the historical correctness of his statements; some of the most striking incidents of the great contest are vividly painted, and scenes of private life are agreeably intermingled.

Isabel de Barsas. 3 vols.—The heroine of this romance is beloved, like Juliet, by the Romeo of a hostile family; but she is more fortunate than the Veronese maiden; for, after the cherished passion has long seemed hopeless, she becomes the wife of the count de Montfort. It may naturally be supposed, that romantic incidents and perilous contingencies mark the progress of this 'tradition of the twelfth century;' and, indeed, the tale is not uninteresting, and a 'ghost story' adds to its attractions.

Willoughby, or Reformation. 2 vols. —The writer's chief object is to exhibit the influence of religious principles. The intention is better than the execution, though we do not mean to say that the novel is contemptible, or that the various trials through which the hero passes, in his progress to reformation, are not described with occasional spirit and propriety.

The Work-Table, or Evening Conversations, by Miss E. A. Soutter. 2 vols. —This publication reflects credit on the industry and judgement of the fair compiler, who has given (to use her own words) 'a series of selections from Voyages and Travels, interspersed with explanatory remarks, and diversified by the incidents of a tale adapted to interest the feelings of those for whom the work is designed.' The topics of science, we particularly observe, are treated with appropriate discrimination, and not in that loose and vague mode in which they are frequently communicated to youthful readers.

Phantoms, a Poem, with Myrrha, a Fragment, by J. H. St. Aubyn.—These pieces are confessedly borrowed; for the modest baronet says, that he only considers himself, on this occasion, as a 'mechanic who has put together a piece of furniture, the several parts of which were already shaped to his hands.' One is little more than an effusion of discontent and misanthropy; and the other is obscure and incoherent: yet both have some pleasing passages, shining in a mass of dullness.

Ahasuerus, the Wanderer.—Being the friend of lord Byron and the late Mr. Shelley, the author of this dramatic legend partakes of their wild fancies; and he has clothed in a poetical garb the tradition respecting Ahasuerus, who, goaded by a restless spirit, rambled for ages over the globe, passed through a variety of dangers, and long courted death, without being permitted to enjoy the repose which it promised. The story is told with animation, and the poet has made it *shockingly terrible* by venturing to kill the forlorn wanderer.

Mary Stuart, by Miss Macauley.—This lady boasts of having made an extraordinary effort, which she believes to be altogether new in the annals of British literature and the drama—'to draw a poetic delineation of the shining characters of history, and give also a personal portraiture of that delineation of the mind.' We do not see the absolute novelty of the plan; but we allow that she has evinced talent in the execution of it. Her varied recitation was lately applauded by a respectable audience, when she gave the history of the Scottish queen in a dramatic form; and she now presents to the public the poem itself, hoping that it will equally please in private perusal. It is, in general, rather dull and prosaic; but it sometimes displays the animation and spirit of poetry.

The Days of Queen Mary.—The odious reign of a sanguinary bigot ought to be left to the historian, as it is not altogether adapted to the purposes of a novelist. The title evinces a strange ignorance of calculation, the piece being styled 'a tale of the *fifteenth* century;' whereas that period expired at the close of the year 1500, and the very next year was in the sixteenth century, above one-half of which had elapsed before Mary began to reign. There is another mark of ignorance, which even a child would easily detect. 'This lonely spot (*a place of confinement*) was surrounded by a drawbridge.'—A bridge crosses a stream, and sometimes passes over a dry valley;

but traversing is totally different from surrounding. A moat may surround a particular spot or mansion, but no drawbridge ever did. This is not the only effusion of nonsense in the tale; but, as there is no small portion of that ingredient in the majority of novels, we ought not on that account to condemn this production *in toto*. It excites some degree of interest, and will amuse many readers.

The School for Sisters, or the Lesson of Experience.—As morbid enthusiasm injures the interest of true practical religion, the writer of this tale has endeavoured, through the medium of an entertaining story, to point out its ill effects, and to recommend that system which is 'distinct alike from fanaticism on the one hand, and coldness on the other.' The task is well performed, and the volume may be perused with advantage by young persons of both sexes.

WALKS IN THE COUNTRY.

NO. VII.

THE HARD SUMMER.

August 15th.—Cold, cloudy, windy, wet. Here we are, in the midst of the dog-days, clustering merrily round the warm hearth, like so many crickets, instead of chirruping in the green fields like that other merry insect the grasshopper; shivering under the influence of the *Jupiter Pluvius* of England, the watery St. Swithin; peering at that scarce personage the Sun, when he happens to make his appearance, as intently as astronomers look after a comet, or the common people stare at a balloon; exclaiming against the cold weather, just as we used to exclaim against the warm. 'What a change from last year!' is the first sentence you hear, go where you may. Every body remarks it, and every body complains of it; and yet in my mind it has its advantages, or at least its compensations, as every thing in nature has, if we would only take the trouble to seek for them.

Last year, in spite of the love which we are now pleased to profess towards that ardent luminary, not one of the Sun's numerous admirers had courage to look him in the face: there was no bearing the world till he had said 'Good-night' to it. Then we might stir; then we began to wake and to live. All day long we languished under his influence in a strange dreaminess, too hot to work, too hot to read, too hot to write, too hot even to talk; sitting hour after hour in a green arbor, embowered in leafiness, letting thought and fancy float as they would. Those day-dreams were pretty things in their way; there is no denying that. But then, if one half of the world were to dream through a whole summer, like the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood, what would become of the other?

The only office requiring the slightest exertion, which I performed in that warm weather, was watering my flowers. Common sympathy called for that labor. The poor things withered and faded and pined away; they almost, so to say, panted for drought. Moreover, if I had not watered them myself, I suspect that no one else would; for water last year was nearly as precious hereabout as wine. Our land-springs were dried up; our wells were exhausted; our deep ponds were dwindling into mud; and geese, and ducks, and pigs, and laundresses, used to look with a jealous and suspicious eye on the few and scanty half-buckets of that impure element which my trusty lacquey was fain to filch for my poor geraniums and campanulas and tuberoses. We were forced to smuggle them in through my faithful adherent's territories, the stable, to avoid lectures within doors; and at last even that resource failed; my garden, my blooming garden, the joy of my eyes, was forced to go waterless like its neighbours, and became shriveled, scorched, and sunburnt, like them. It really went to my heart to look at it.

On the other side of the house matters were still worse. What a dusty world it was when about sunset we became cool enough to creep into it! Flowers in the court looking fit for a *hortus siccus*, mummies of plants, dried as in an oven! Hollyhocks, once pink, turned into Quakers! Cloves smelling of dust! Oh dusty world! May herself looked of that complexion; so did Lizzy; so did all the houses, windows, chickens, children, trees, and pigs in the village; so above all did the shoes. No foot could make three plunges into that abyss of pulverised gravel, which had the impudence to call itself a hard road, without being clothed with a coat a quarter of an inch thick. Woe to white gowns! woe to black! Drab was your only wear.

Then when we were out of the street,

what a toil it was to mount the hill, climbing with weary steps and slow upon the brown turf by the way-side, slippery, hot, and hard as a rock! And then if we happened to meet a carriage coming along the middle of the road,—the bottomless middle,—what a sandy whirlwind it was! What choking! what suffocation! No state could be more pitiable, except indeed that of the travelers who carried this misery about with them. I shall never forget the plight in which we met the coach one evening in last August, full an hour after its time, steeds and driver, carriage and passengers, all one dust. The outsides and the horses and the coachman seemed reduced to a torpid quietness, the resignation of despair. They had left off trying to better their condition, and taken refuge in a wise and patient hopelessness, bent to endure in silence the extremity of ill. The six insides, on the contrary, were still fighting against their fate, vainly struggling to ameliorate their hapless destiny. They were visibly grumbling at the weather, scolding the dust, and heating themselves like a furnace by striving against the heat. How well I remember the fat gentleman without his coat, who was wiping his forehead, heaving up his wig, and certainly uttering that English ejaculation, which, to our national reproach, is the phrase of our language best known on the continent. And that poor boy, red-hot, all in a flame, whose mama, having divested her own person of all superfluous apparel, was trying to relieve his sufferings by the removal of his neck-kerchief—an operation which he resisted with all his might. How perfectly I remember him, as well as the pale girl who sate opposite, fanning herself with her bonnet into an absolute fever! They vanished after a while in their own dust; but I have them all before my eyes at this moment, a companion picture to Hogarth's Afternoon, a standing lesson to the grumblers at cold summers.

For my part, I really like this wet season. It keeps us within, to be sure, rather more than is quite agreeable; but then we are at least awake and alive there, and the world out of doors is so much the pleasanter when we can get abroad. Every thing does well, except those fastidious bipeds, men and women; corn ripens, grass grows, fruit is plentiful; there is no lack of birds to eat it, and there has not been such a wasp-season these dozen years. My garden wants no watering, and is more beautiful than ever, beating my old rival in that primitive art, the pretty wife of the little mason, out and out. Measured with mine, her flowers are nought. Look at those hollyhocks like pyramids of roses; those garlands of the convolvulus major of all colors, hanging around that tall pole like the wreathy hop-bine; those magnificent dusky cloves, breathing of the Spice Islands; those flaunting double dahlias; those splendid scarlet geraniums, and those fierce and warlike flowers the tiger-lilies. Oh how beautiful they are! Besides, the weather clears sometimes—it has cleared this evening; and here are we, after a merry walk up the hill almost as quick as in the winter, bounding lightly along the bright green turf of the pleasant common, enticed by the gay shouts of a dozen clear young voices, to linger awhile and see the boys play at cricket.

I plead guilty to a strong partiality towards that unpopular class of beings, country-boys: I have a large acquaintance amongst them, and I can almost say that I know good of many and harm of none. In general they are an open, spirited, good-humored race, with a proneness to embrace the pleasures and eschew the evils of their condition, a capacity for happiness, quite unmatched in man, or woman, or girl. They are patient too, and bear their fate as scape-goats (for all sins whatsoever are laid as matters of course to their door, whether at home or abroad) with amazing resignation; and, considering the many lies of which they are the objects, they tell wonderfully few in return. The worst that can be said of them is, that they seldom, when grown to man's estate, keep the promise of their boyhood; but that is a fault to come—a fault that may not come, and ought not to be anticipated. It is astonishing how sensible they are to notice from their betters, or those whom they think such. I do not speak of money or gifts or praise, or the more coarse and common briberies—they are more delicate courtiers; a word, a nod, a smile, or the mere calling of them by their names, is enough to ensure their hearts and their services. Half a dozen of them, poor urchins, have run away now to bring us chairs from their several homes. 'Thank you, Joe Kirby!—you are always first—yes, that is just the place. I shall see every thing there. Have you been in yet, Joe?'—

'No, ma'am! I go in next.'—'Ah, I am glad of that—and now's the time. Really that was a pretty ball of Jem Eusden's!—I was sure it would go to the wicket. Run, Joe! They are waiting for you.' There was small need to bid Joe Kirby make haste; I think he is, next to a racehorse, or a greyhound, or a deer, the fastest creature that runs—the most completely alert and active. Joe is mine especial friend, and leader of the 'tender juveniles,' as William Grey is of the adults. In both cases this post of honor was gained by merit, even more remarkably so in Joe's than in William's case; for Joe is a less boy than many of his companions, (some of whom are fifteeners and sixteeners, quite as tall and nearly as old as Tom Coper) and a poorer than all, as may be conjectured from the lamentable state of that patched round frock, and the ragged condition of those unpatched shoes, which would encumber, if any thing could, the light feet that wear them. But why should I lament the poverty that never troubles him? Joe is the merriest and happiest boy that ever lived twelve years in this wicked world. Care cannot come near him. He hath a perpetual smile on his round ruddy face, and a laugh in his hazel eye that drives the witch away. He works at yonder farm on the top of the hill, where he is in such repute for intelligence and good-humor, that he has the honor of performing all the errands of the house, of helping the maid, and the mistress, and the master, in addition to his own stated office of carter's boy. There he works hard from five till seven, and then he comes here to work still harder under the name of play—batting, bowling, and fielding, as if for life, filling the place of four boys; being, at a pinch, a whole eleven. The late Mr. Knyvett, the king's organist, who used in his own person to sing twenty parts at once of the Hallelujah chorus, so that you would have thought he had a nest of nightingales in his throat, was but a type of Joe Kirby. There is a sort of ubiquity about him; he thinks nothing of being in two places at once, and for pitching a ball William Grey himself is nothing to him. It goes straight to the mark like a bullet. He is king of the cricketers from eight to sixteen, both inclusive, and an excellent ruler he makes. Nevertheless, in the best-ordered states there will be grumblers, and we have an opposition here in the shape of Jem Eusden.

Jem Eusden is a stunted lad of thirteen or thereabout, lean, small, and short, yet strong and active. His face is of an extraordinary ugliness, colorless, withered, hagard, with a look of extreme age, much increased by hair so light that it might rather pass for white than flaxen. He is constantly arrayed in the blue cap and old-fashioned coat, the costume of an endowed school to which he belongs; where he sits still all day, and rushes into the field at night, fresh, untired, and ripe for action, to scold, and brawl, and storm, and bluster. He hates Joe Kirby, whose immoveable good-humor, broad smiles, and knowing nods, must certainly be very provoking to so fierce and turbulent a spirit; and he has himself (being, except by rare accident, no great player) the preposterous ambition of wishing to be manager of the sports. In short, he is a demagogue in embryo, with every quality necessary to a splendid success in that vocation,—a strong voice, a fluent utterance, an incessant iteration, and a frontless impudence. He is a great 'scholar' too, to use the country phrase; his 'piece,' as our village schoolmaster terms a fine sheet of flourishing writing, something between a valentine and a sampler, enclosed within a border of little colored prints—his last, I remember, was encircled by an engraved history of Moses, beginning at the finding in the bullrushes, with Pharaoh's daughter, dressed in a rose-colored gown and blue feathers—his piece is not only the admiration of the school but of the parish, and is sent triumphantly around from house to house at Christmas, to extort halfpence and sixpences from all encouragers of learning—*Montem* in miniature. The Mosaic history was so successful, that the produce enabled Jem to purchase a bat and ball, which, besides adding to his natural arrogance (for the little pedant actually began to mutter against being eclipsed by a dunce, and went so far as to challenge Joe Kirby to a trial in Practice or the Rule of Three), gave him, when compared with the general poverty, a most unnatural preponderance in the cricket state. He had the ways and means in his hands—(for, alas! the hard winter had made sad havoc among the bats, and the best ball was a bad one)—he had the ways and means, could withhold the supplies, and his party was beginning to wax strong, when Joe received a present of two bats

and a ball for the youngsters in general, and himself in particular—and Jem's adherents left him on the spot—they ratted, to a man, that very evening. Notwithstanding this desertion, their forsaken leader has in nothing relaxed from his pretensions or his ill-humor. He still quarrels and brawls as if he had a faction to back him, and thinks nothing of contending with both sides, the ins and the outs, secure of out-talking the whole field. He has been squabbling these ten minutes, and is just marching off now with his own bat (he has never deigned to use one of Joe's) in his hand. What an ill-conditioned hobgoblin it is! And yet there is something bold and sturdy about him too. I should miss Jem Eusden.

Ah, there is another deserter from the party! my friend the little hussar—I do not know his name, and call him after his cap and jacket. He is a very remarkable person, about the age of eight years, the youngest piece of gravity and dignity I ever encountered; short, and square, and upright, and slow, with a fine bronzed flat visage, resembling those convertible signs the Broad-Face and the Saracen's Head, which, happening to be next-door neighbours in the town of B., I never know apart, resembling, indeed, any face that is open-eyed and immoveable—the very sign of a boy! He stalks about with his hands in his breeches pocket, like a piece of machinery; sits leisurely down when he ought to field, and never gets farther in batting than to stop the ball. His is the only voice never heard in the *mêlée*; I doubt, indeed, if he have one, which may be partly the reason of a circumstance that I record to his honor, his fidelity to Jem Eusden, to whom he has adhered through every change of fortune with a tenacity proceeding perhaps from an instinctive consciousness that the loquacious leader talks enough for two. He is the only thing resembling a follower that our demagogue possesses, and is cherished by him accordingly. Jem quarrels for him, scolds for him, pushes for him; and but for Joe Kirby's invincible good-humor, and a just discrimination of the innocent from the guilty, the activity of Jem's friendship would get the poor hussar ten drubbings a day.

But it is growing late. The sun has set a long time. Only see what a gorgeous coloring has spread itself over those parting masses of clouds in the west, what a train of rosy light! We shall have a fine sunshiny day to-morrow,—a blessing not to be undervalued, in spite of my late vituperation of heat. 'Shall we go home now?' 'And shall we take the longest but prettiest road, that by the green lanes?' 'This way, to the left, round the corner of the common, pass Mrs. Welles's cottage, and our path lies straight before us.' How snug and comfortable that cottage looks! Its little yard all alive with the cow, and the mare, and the colt almost as large as the mare, and the young foal, and the great yard-dog, all so fat! Fenced in with hay-rick, and wheat-rick, and bean-stack, and backed by the long garden, the spacious drying-ground, the fine orchard, and that large field quartered into four different crops. How comfortable this cottage looks, and how well the owners earn their comforts! They are the most prosperous pair in the parish—she a laundress with twenty times more work than she can do, unrivaled in flounces and shirt-frills, and such delicacies of the craft; he, partly a farmer, partly a farmer's man, tilling his own ground, and then tilling other people's;—affording a proof, even in this declining age, when the circumstances of so many worthy members of the community seem to have 'an alacrity in sinking,' that it is possible to amend them by sheer industry. He, who was born in the workhouse, and bred up as a parish boy, has now, by mere manual labor, risen to the rank of a land-owner, pays rates and taxes, grumbles at the times, and is called master Wells,—the title next to mister—that by which Shakspeare was called:—what would man have more? His wife, besides being the best laundress in the county, is a comely woman still. There she stands at the spring, dipping up water for to-morrow,—the clear, deep, silent spring, which sleeps so peacefully under its high flowery bank, red with the tall spiral stalks of the foxglove, and their rich pendent bells, blue with the beautiful forget-me-not, that gem-like blossom, which looks like a living jewel of turquoise and topaz. It is almost too late to see its beauty; and here is the pleasant shady lane, where the high elms will shut out the little twilight that remains. Ah, but we shall have the fairies' lamps to guide us, the stars of the earth, the glow-worms! Here they are, three almost together. Do you not see them? One seems tremulous, vibrating, as if on

the extremity of a leaf of grass; the others are deeper in the hedge, in some green cell on which their light falls with an emerald lustre. I hope my friends the cricketers will not come this way home. I would not have the pretty creatures removed for more than I care to say, and in this matter I would hardly trust even Joe Kirby—boys so love to stick them in their hats. But this lane is quite deserted. It is only a road from field to field. No one comes here at this hour. They are quite safe; and I shall walk here to-morrow and visit them again. And now, good-night! beautiful insects, lamps of the fairies, good-night!

M.

TO PAY OR NOT TO PAY.

'Base is the knave that pays.'
Ancient Pistol in *Henry IV*.

Since 'one man's meat is another man's poison,' surely there is no answering for *Taste;* yet much has been said and written, in order to define it, and lay down rules for its modification. It seems to me that its best definition is contained in the maxim, '*every one to his liking*,' which was elegantly and impressively inculcated by the old woman when she *kissed her cow*. It is said by travelers (who see strange things) that the Welshmen are fond of leeks,—that the Scotch (oh, the epicures!) dote on oatmeal,—and that the Irish like nothing so well as a broken head! Again, I have heard it whispered that the aldermen of the city of London are partial to turtle! Does not all this prove the truth of my original position, that there is no answering for taste?

I am myself a man of very moderate appetites; yet even I have my *taste*. The reader will probably be surprised to learn that I do not covet from the Greenlander his train-oil—no, although he has a night of nine-months' duration to revel over the delicious beverage. I must also add, however incredible it may appear, that my cheek does not turn yellow with envy, when I think of an Esquimaux devouring a delicious bit of stinking fish with his black teeth; nor do I grudge the savages of New Zealand the finest haunch that was ever cut from a prisoner of war. Place before me a chicken (I do not care whether it be boiled or roasted), and some asparagus; or a quarter of house-lamb and a dish of nice young green peas; and I feel myself perfectly happy, although deprived of all the delicacies which I have been enumerating. Let me even have a tender rump-steak and a bottle of old port, and Parnell's Hermit may enjoy to himself, not only 'his food, the fruits,' but also 'his drink, the silver well.' This it is to have one's desires duly regulated, and held in proper subjection to the dictates of reason, which I flatter myself mine are. At the same time, what I have been saying proves most clearly that there is no answering for taste.

Ulysses is described as one *qui vetulam prætulit immortalitati;* that is, one who preferred an old woman to immortality. Now Ulysses was a prince, to be sure, and I am only a subject; but I have no hesitation to state that I do not prefer an old woman to a young one—to say nothing at all at present about immortality. Such is my taste in this matter; but, as I said before, tastes differ, and, in short, there is no answering for taste.

In truth I am (and it would be idle to seek to conceal the fact) a fellow of very peculiar notions. I sit in the inside, and my servant on the outside of my carriage. I usually dine before supper-time. Not feeling that it is a very disgraceful circumstance to be an Englishman, I am not over-careful to take measures to keep people in ignorance of the fact: I therefore do not sport mustachios. I still use buttons; for, as I have never eaten frogs in compliance with the taste of the French, I am not inclined to wear them in deference to German partialities. This, at least, is what *my* taste induces me to do; but a stroll in Bond-street or Pall-Mall convinces me that there is no answering for taste.

Regardless of the sneers which my Gothic ideas may excite, I candidly confess, that in my estimation Mr. Young, as an actor, is equal to any horse in Davis' stud; and that Mr. Kean, in spite of his stature, is almost as interesting as that half-reasoning animal, an elephant. I do think that Liston is quite as comical a dog as Carlo, and that Mathews is nearly as amusing as a dromedary. But the managers will be shocked at my taste;—and I cannot but marvel at theirs:—so here we have another proof that—there is no answering for taste.

But a truce to all this beating about the bush, and *à nos moutons*, as Rabelais has it. Some men (I do not say that the vice is very prevalent) are strangely partial to strict accounts—pay as they go—owe no one any thing—and have ever in their mouths that vulgar, mechanical, contemptible maxim—'*Short reckonings make long friends*'—a maxim, as I shall show, as false as it is absurd, and the cause of certain obscurity, neglect, and indifference. But in one or other of these classes we must absolutely range ourselves: there seems to be no medium—*we must either pay or not pay.* Mankind in general, therefore, and young men in particular, are called upon to make their choice, and, as it is one of much importance, due deliberation should be used before deciding. Let us consider the matter a little.

A-propos! Here comes one, who furnishes a case in point. Poor Honestus never leaves his door in the morning, without giving a glance to the sky, to determine on the propriety of taking his umbrella; for even a silk hat, though better able to resist the wet than one of beaver, is not improved in condition by a shower of rain. His coat is neat enough—but then, would you believe it, it is two inches too long and the collar two inches too short, by which we know its date. He enters a coffee-house, and it is at once to be seen, in the countenances and manners of the waiters, that he has the *misfortune to pay.* He is left to seek out a box for himself; he must wait for the newspaper till it be disengaged; and when he leaves the room, it is with a bow to the regular visitors, which they scarcely deign to return. All this neglect comes of paying.

But ah! who now enters? It is the gay and graceful Beaumont. A general stir of satisfaction is visible. The barmaid puts on her sweetest smile; John runs and dusts a seat; the old gentlemen in spectacles take them off their noses to welcome with nods the new visitor. Beaumont advances—winks at the bar-maid—says, 'well, Jack,' to the waiter, and has the newest political anecdote for the old gentlemen. Would Beaumont put himself to all this trouble, if he intended to pay? He calls for a glass of soda water, and when it comes returns it for another, because it is *flat.* He just throws his eye over half a dozen newspapers; he interrupts all the readers by humming the last new song—but, recollecting himself, begs their pardon in the politest manner, and then whistles for the mistress's lap-dog to assist him with his sandwich. In short, he is the most agreeable creature on earth. Suddenly remembering an appointment to settle a bet, he rushes out, exclaiming—'past two, by Jupiter!'—knocks down a table, breaks a glass, and laughs at the bustle, in which he is joined by all; and they say the civilest things of him in his absence. Thus fares it with him who does *not* pay.

A reader may be inclined to exclaim—'If merely not to pay be to render one's self agreeable, who need want the recommendation?' But he mistakes the case; for it requires a happy genius to excel in this way. A certain manner, a prepossessing appearance, a perfect ease, and an undisturbed confidence, are only some of the requisites necessary for him who does not pay. Thus tradesmen have a custom of sending in their bills at the end of the year:—it is ridiculous enough certainly, and to pay them is only to encourage such impertinence; but, to prevent unpleasant consequences, they must be received *secundum artem.* 'Ah, Thomson, my good fellow!—I was thinking of you yesterday—and should have sent for you, if you had not called—let's see, what's the damage? Oh, you unconscionable dog! well, nevertheless, I suppose you must be paid:—by the bye, I mean to look in again soon on that sweet little boy of yours, with whom I had a game at romps the other day, and then we shall see what can be done for you. How's Mrs. Thomson?—how's the baby?—Beautiful child! Good morning, Thomson—I'm off to be the happiest rascal in Christendom—an angel expects me—five thousand a year—but, if you betray the secret, never, never hope to see me again in the whole course of your life.'

Is there any one who doubts the propriety of not paying? Let him consider that these tradesmen are rightly served. Go with money in your hand, and you are treated with coldness, and they show you old patterns: but in proportion to their difficulty in getting your money, may be your difficulty in choosing their goods. A gentleman, who has never been known to pay, has the best of every thing shown to him;—the shop-people quarrel for his custom,—no haggling,—how generous! You are thus enabled to make presents to the mistress of your heart, and what pleasure do we not feel when we give where we love! True it is,

that there is no answering for taste, but my choice is made: I have enlisted among those who do *not* pay; and, for this reason, I am celebrated for my equipage, for my house, for my entertainments, and my fortune!

But independently of all this respect, arising from non-payment, or *over-looking*, instead of *looking over* tradesmen's bills, think what a delight it is to be always in people's thoughts, and to be never seen or passed in the street without the most marked notice and attention! What can the most unbounded wealth do more for a man? 'The freshest flowers,' says a lord of St. Denis, 'the most verdant meadows, the most beautiful gardens, and the most cultivated fields, lose their various charms at the approach of night. The first dawn of the sun restores them to their former splendor. The most honorable birth, the most eminent merit, and the most useful virtues, strike not the eye, nor attract the attention of the world, till fortune brings those qualities to light by her fostering rays, and every spectator is dazzled on a sudden with their effulgence.' Now, not to pay, or ticking, is this '*dawn of the sun*,' is '*Fortune*.' Indeed, it is the way to get rich; for, as the wise ones say, '*a penny saved is a penny got*'—so '*fortunes are saved, not got*'—and what is *not* paying, but *saving*? I recollect an observation once made by one of the first men of the age on the late Mr. Sheridan—amongst our tribe,

Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt—

For ever honou'd be thy name and praise,—

who held with *Pistol*,—'*Base the knave that pays!*'—It was said that he was poor; my friend denied it—'I have known him,' he observed, 'these thirty years, during which time he has received a great deal of money, and, as I never knew him pay any body, he *must be rich*.' What his father's advice was to him, I cannot pretend to say; but it was probably that excellent counsel, which a dying parent once gave to his heir.—'Son,' said he, 'I have nothing to leave you, but my advice, which, if you follow it undeviatingly, will make you more wealthy than any legacy—*Always borrow, never lend, never pay!*'

Gaming, so pernicious to others, is to me innoxious. I am superior to fortune —and only read what the sages of antiquity say of such a man!—like the Italian when unfortunate at play, I exclaim, '*O Fortuna traditrice! tu mi poi ben far perdere, ma pagar no:*'—*i. e.* Fortune, thou traitress, it is true thou canst make me lose, but thou canst not make me pay! As this is the road to riches, so does it entitle a man to the character of wisdom; or whence could arise the saying—'*Fools and their money are soon parted!*' But this is not all; for it is the cause of long life, making a man, in short, 'healthy and wealthy and wise.' That it tends to prolong existence may be concluded from the evil effects of the contrary practice. Rabelais tells us of a man who *died* of *paying an old debt*, which melancholy event seems to have produced so lasting an impression on the world, that it is wonderful how cautious some men are in that particular. Many perhaps would as soon pay the debt of nature as an old debt, and indeed give a pointed preference to the discharge of the former. The statute, enacting that time may be pleaded in bar of actions for debts, was probably enacted with a view to the longevity of debtors, and to secure them from the perils of rash payments.

Thus freed from the annoyance of keeping accounts, especially the settling of them, which occasions so much bickering and bad blood, I may in a great measure be considered as the practical philosopher, described by the secretary of Christina of Sweden, in a little piece entitled

'*Le Sage du Monde.*

Le sage écoute tout; s'explique en peu de mots;
Il interroge, et répond à propos;
Plait toujours, sans penser à plaire;
Dans ses moindres discours marque son jugement;
Et sçait au juste le moment,
Qu'il doit ou parler ou se taire.
Devant un plus sage que lui
Rarement il ouvre la bouche.
Il n'est point curieux des affaires d'autrui;
Et ce qui le regarde est tout ce qui le touche.
Jamais à s'affliger il n'est ingénieux.
Il s'accommode aux temps, aux personnes, aux lieux;
Ne s'alarme jamais d'une chose incertaine.
Il va par sa prudence au-devant du danger,
Et souffre sans chagrin, sans murmure, et sans peine,
Ce qu'il ne peut ni rompre ni changer.
Le repos de l'esprit est tout ce qu'il souhaite;
Et s'il n'a pas beaucoup de bien,
Du peu qu'il a son âme est satisfaite,
Et tout ce qu'il n'a pas, il le compte pour rien.'

To all the wise man gives his ear,
His answers short, precise, and clear;
His questions fit so well the case,
They rise with unaffected grace;
So prudent is his whole discourse,
And so replete with native force.
Praised for his silence and his speech,
He marks the nicest bounds of each;
Silent, whene'er a greater sage
Attempts the audience to engage;
Industrious in his own affairs,
To others leaves their proper cares.
With too much wit to rack his brains
With voluntary griefs and pains,
He with dexterity embraces
Each change of persons, times, and places.
Steady he meets th' approaching foe,
Yet heedless of uncertain woe:
The ills, from which he cannot fly,
He bears without one dastard sigh;
His greatest happiness repose,
Which from a careless bosom flows.
Should fortune frown, she can't prevent
The humble blessings of content:
To what he has his view's confin'd;
All else to him is chaff and wind.

This it is to be a practical philosopher, and to enjoy the high and glorious, but calm and undisturbed feelings of independence!

I have scarcely patience, but I will just notice that 'flat, stale, and *unprofitable*' maxim, 'Be just, before you are generous.' Was there ever any thing more base and contemptible, ungentlemanly, and I may say, unchristian-like, than this?—'What, stifle all the noble workings and impulses of the heart, rather than leave a butcher's bill unpaid.'—'Ay, but the butcher's bill should be paid,' you say, 'and it is wrong not to give him his money.'—'Agreed—for the sake of argument—it is wrong—it may be a sin—and what then? Is there nothing in *charity*? 'Charity,' you know, or ought to know, 'covereth a multitude of sins'—and there is an end of the matter. Really, really, *honest people*, as they are called, are so taken up with their prudence, and justice, and morality, that they utterly forget their *religion*!' This point I have argued for the benefit of others, having no interest whatever in it myself; for *I* never let my generosity interfere with my justice, or *vice versâ*, but observe the utmost impartiality towards both!

'But writs, actions, judgements, executions—gaol.' What, are you a man?—have you a heart no bigger than a pippin?—am I dealing with cowards?—with babies afraid of being put into the closet? Gaol! what is a gaol? What, but a house rent-free, and exempt from parochial rates and assessed taxes*. And what in the name of wonder has it to do with *paying*? I admit that there is a chance of this change of residence, this little local variety; but 'variety is charming'—and if not so, the happiness of man does not consist in the locality of his situation; and which best provides for such an occasion, the simpleton, who pays, and goes to gaol without a penny in his pocket, or he, who has providently abstained from such weak, imprudent conduct, and goes to prison with a full purse? The former is a fool, according to Homer; for he has only looked to the present; while the latter is a wise and prudent man, who, like *Janus*, looks '*fore* and *aft*!' But you wish him to pay, and now you think the time is come. You are right—he pays all—not, however, with his money, but by means of his very worthy, humane, and considerate friends, the commissioners under the insolvent act, who, as gentlemen and scholars, feel keenly for a man of his genius, and quickly set him free, again to follow

'Where Pleasure beckons, or where Fancy leads;'

and I may add,

Where tradesmen trust, and roguery succeeds.

CHEVALIER D'INDUSTRIE.

TRAVELS IN THE TARENTAISE†, AND IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE ALPS, IN 1820, &c.

by R. Bakewell, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 1823.

THERE are many tourists who travel with such rapidity, as not to allow themselves time to examine the country, or

* It is said that no man ever goes to prison, without coming out the worse for it:—more shame for those who send him thither!—it is no choice of his—and there can be no vice where there is no free will! But it is a vulgar error to speak thus disparagingly of a prison. Hear what sir Thomas Overbury says of a prisoner: 'He is one that hath been a monied man, and is still a very close fellow; whosoever is of his acquaintance, let them make much of him, for they shall find him as *fast* a friend as any in England. He is a sure man, and you know *where to find him*. The corruption of bankruptcy is commonly the generation of this creature. He dwells on the back-side of the world, or in the suburbs of society, and lives in a tenement, which he is sure *none will go about to take over his head*.'—CHARACTERS.

† A province or district of Savoy.

prosecute a regular course of inquiry. Their accounts and descriptions are consequently very imperfect and grossly inaccurate, and tend to mislead rather than inform the reader. This, however, does not appear to be the case with Mr. Bakewell, who proceeded leisurely in his peregrinations, and resided a considerable time in the Alpine territories which he professes to describe.

The first part of his foreign residence was among the Savoyards, of whose general character he entertains a favorable opinion. They are courteous in their manners, decorous in their behaviour, observant of the laws of morality, diligent and industrious.

'They are more religious (he says) than their neighbours the French; and, if a catholic wished to show his religion under its most attractive form, he should lead us to the remote villages of Savoy. The *curés*, or parish priests, have a house and garden, and from seventy to a hundred Napoleons per annum, which is paid by the government out of taxes raised for the purpose, tithes having been abolished since the French revolution. As the priests have no families, this income is sufficient to provide them with all the comforts of life. They are seldom translated or removed from one parish to another, and have no temptation to be cringing to the great, and hunting after preferment; but being once fixed in the cure, where they expect to spend the remainder of their days, they generally devote themselves to the instruction and edification of their flocks, or to visiting the sick, and offering advice and consolation to the afflicted. On many of their countenances, benevolence and simplicity of character were strongly marked; and the conversation I had with some of the Savoyard *curés* tended to confirm the favorable opinion I had formed of them. Their influence and authority are, however, very great. It is necessary to obtain permission of *Monsieur le Curé*, before a Savoyard can have a little dance, even in his own house; and, in many parts of Savoy, dancing is entirely prohibited.

'The religious *fêtes* and processions, which are more strictly observed here than in France, form an innocent amusement and an agreeable variety to so simple a people as the Savoyards: these *fêtes* must also tend to civilise them and soften their manners:—perhaps there may not be much religious feeling connected with such observances, but this may be said of ceremonial worship of all kinds, in every age and country.

'Between the processions of the *fête de Dieu*, as observed at Paris and in the valleys of Savoy, there is an amazing difference, greatly in favor of the latter. We had an opportunity of seeing the ceremony at Duing and Talloires in 1821, and the following year at Paris. The branches of trees and garlands of flowers that overhang or adorn the path along which the procession was to pass at Duing, seemed a more appropriate tribute of respect to the supposed presence of the Deity, than the Gobelin tapestry at Paris, on which were wrought the loves of Mars and Venus, with battles and sieges, and scenes from the history of the French court, with figures of men in bag-wigs, and women in hoop-petticoats, in every variety of fantastic attitude. This tapestry was extended in frames on each side of the road from the Tuileries to the church of St. Germain.

'But it is not from their public processions that we can judge of the religious feelings of the Savoyards.—The churches here, as in other catholic countries, are left open for private worship. The Savoyard, before going to his labour, generally visits the church, if it be near, to offer up his orisons. Often, when I have entered one of these retired churches, either from curiosity or to rest myself after a walk, and supposed I was alone, as my eyes became accustomed to the gloom, I have discovered a peasant on his knees, absorbed in serious meditation or prayer, after which he would rise, cross himself, and retire. There may be error mixed with these devotional exercises, but they are performed with humility, unobserved by human eye, and must at least have the merit of sincerity. I was often tempted to say, with Burns—

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!

'The Savoyards here are well made: their features are frequently handsome and rather delicate; but, owing to poverty and bad nourishment, they have a sallow complexion and famished look. As age advances with its infirmities, the poor become melancholy objects; and their future prospects in this life are truly gloomy, since the abolition of

the monasteries, where they could formerly apply for aid. I have seen old men and women staggering under burdens, who seemed paralysed in every limb, and scarcely able to drag themselves along. By a kind provision of nature, however, the number of these aged sufferers bears but a small proportion to that of the young, whom health and animal spirits make cheerful for the present, and who suffer little from anticipation of the future.'

In addition to private instruction in religion and morality, the priests are very assiduous in the duty of catechising children after divine service. This practice is not regulated by any printed form, but is conducted at the discretion of the particular minister.

'At the conclusion, the priest examined the children in the catechism before the congregation, walking about in the middle of the church all the time, and speaking to them in an easy familiar manner. His first question was, 'What do we all desire most?' One boy answered, 'God;' another, 'paradise;' but the priest told them it was *le bonheur* that all men most desire, and that happiness was to be obtained by fulfilling the will of God; that his will was to be learned of the *priest*, as the means, and that paradise, or eternal life, was the end. To the next question, whether there was one God or many? the reply was much the same as in the Nicene creed; but he endeavoured to explain the doctrine of the two natures of Christ, by our having a soul and a body. Whether we suffer mentally or corporeally, he said, it was still the same person who suffered. He then asked a boy what became of the soul when the body was buried? 'does it go back to the house *pour arranger ses affaires* (to look after its affairs)?—'No, it goes into limbo, or purgatory, to await its doom.' Observing a little girl asleep, he cried out, '*Fanchette, eveillez vous, vous avez toujours un grand talent pour vous endormir tout de suite,*' and another time he called to a little boy to reply to a question—'*Repondez, Paul, car vous êtes un petit homme de grand talent, surtout pour repondre quand il n'est pas necessaire.* Among the means of grace he particularly recommended making the sign of the cross, as an acknowlegement of putting themselves immediately under the protection of God. One boy, being asked when he should make the sign, replied, in the morning and evening; on which the priest told him it was of equal importance at all hours: as, when he was in a passion, or tempted to commit a bad action; or when he had followed his sheep among the rocks, and was in danger of falling down a precipice, &c. In this manner he also explained various moral duties.'

Among the qualities which Mr. Bakewell attributes to the people of Savoy, there is one that is frequently ascribed by cynics to the ladies in particular, but which he extends to both sexes.—'At four o'clock in the morning, I heard much noise and bustle in the streets, and, on looking out of the window, I was surprised to see the shops open, and the streets thronged with people, all eagerly engaged in talking with their neighbours. No cause can be assigned for opening the shops at so very early an hour, unless it be to enable the inhabitants to discharge a portion of the *talking fluid*, which may have accumulated to a painful excess during the silence of the night. The Savoyards are certainly the greatest talkers in Europe. Physiologists may, perhaps, deny the existence of such a fluid in the animal economy, though it seems proved by experience, that speech is not so frequently employed to communicate ideas, as to relieve the speaker from a certain restless irritation; thus we invariably find, that those persons talk the most who have the least to say. I have sometimes been utterly astonished at hearing the Savoyard peasantry keep up an uninterrupted flow of words for several hours.'

This loquacious spirit is more remarkably prevalent at the walnut harvest, when the peasants 'enliven their labor with facetious stories, jokes, and noisy mirth.' This fruit is the 'natural olive of the country.' The walnuts are beaten off the trees with long poles; the green husks are taken off as soon as they begin to decay; the nuts are then laid in a chamber to dry, where they remain for nearly two months, when the process of making the oil commences. The first operation is to crack the nuts, and mallets are used for that purpose. The next business is to take out the kernels, which are laid on cloths to dry for a fortnight, and are then carried to the crushing-mill to be ground into a paste; this is put into cloths, and pressed for the extraction of the oil. The best oil is pressed cold; but an inferior sort is

extracted by heating the paste. The nut-shells are burned for the ashes, which are used in washing; but the alkali is so caustic, that it frequently injures the linen, like the muriatic acid which is used in this country. The paste, after the operation of pressing, is dried in cakes, which, though not very palatable, are eaten by the poor.

The industry of the people is displayed to advantage on many other occasions. 'Almost every article of dress, worn by the peasants, is of domestic manufacture. The wool of their little flocks is dressed and spun by themselves, and woven by the village weaver. Black sheep are very general in Savoy; and by mixing the black and white wool, a sort of greyish brown cloth is produced, which saves the expense of dyeing. The flax is also dressed and spun by themselves, and woven in the neighbourhood. Itinerant tailors and shoemakers make the clothes and shoes of the peasantry under their own roofs, as was the case among the farmers in England half a century ago, when the tailor was the traveling gazette of the village, and brought to the good housewives of those days all the important histories and anecdotes that were known concerning the king and the queen upon the throne, or the vicar and the vicar's wife of the adjoining parish.'

Being an admirer of the wonders of nature, our author viewed the glaciers and other remarkable scenes with an eager eye: but we cannot follow him in his curious researches, or in his geological speculations, though we are tempted to quote his account of the Aiguille de Dru and of the red snow.

'The most striking object in the valley of Chamouny, next to the glaciers, and far better worth the labor of the journey to see than Mont Blanc, is the *Aiguille de Dru*, a taper spire of granite, which shoots up to the height of eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea, and is apparently detached from all the surrounding mountains. The upper part, or spire, rises nearly to a point, in one solid shaft, more than four thousand feet: it is utterly inaccessible; its sides are rounded, and are said to have a polish or glazing like that which is sometimes seen on granite rocks exposed to the action of the sea; but this I could not discern with my telescope. It appeared composed of perpendicular plates of granite. It is impossible to view without astonishment this isolated pinnacle, shooting up into the sky to such an amazing height. I have neither seen nor have I heard of any pinnacle of granite in the Alps that can be compared with it, for the elegance of its form, or for the length of its shaft. The *Géant*, it is true, is nearly equal to Mont Blanc in height, but it does not rise so far above its base as the Aiguille de Dru, and, when seen at a distance, its form is like a bended finger.

* * * * *

'It will be recollected, that on the return of captain Ross from Baffin's-Bay, much surprise was excited by the account of the red snow (as it was called) covering some of the mountains near the coast in those high latitudes. It is a little remarkable that it should have escaped public attention at the time, that the same phenomenon occurs every year in the Alps. Our guide said that its appearance was like that of minute red grains scattered on the snow; they were to be seen in March, and generally disappeared about the beginning of June. Several persons informed me that they had seen this red snow, and, on referring to Saussure, I find he has given a very full account of it, as occurring in Mont Breven, and also on the Great St. Bernard. The powder or grains penetrate two or three inches into the snow, and are of a very lively red color: it occurs chiefly where the snow lies in a concavity; it is deepest near the centre, and very faint upon the borders, as if it had been carried down from the edges towards the lower parts, by a partial melting of the snow. On the return of captain Ross, the residue of some of the red snow from Baffin's-Bay, after the water was evaporated, was examined, and the substance was said to be oily, and the product of some vegetable. But perhaps it may appear as probable, that this powder is deposited by some species of fly. Mont Breven, where the red snow occurs most abundantly, is on the sunny side of the valley of Chamouny. The oil extracted from it has the smell of wax.'

Mr. Bakewell expatiates on the institutions, politics, religious varieties, and prevailing customs, of the people of Geneva; but there is little novelty in this part of his work. He is evidently fond of their character and manners; and it is

equally evident that he has a strong predilection for liberal politics. Of Berne and some other Swiss cantons he has given judicious and amusing accounts; and, while he mingles scientific remarks with miscellaneous details, his political opinions are not obtruded with offensive intemperance.

ALPHONSO AND ISABEL; A DRAMATIC SKETCH,

by J. J. Leathwick.

Scene—*A splendid Villa surrounded by extensive pleasure-grounds.* (*Night.*)

Alphonso *enters.*

Alph. Hail, thou diffusive orb! as chastely pure
As that fair maid, whose image on my heart
For ever is engraven. How soft and sweet
The perfume-laden breeze salutes my face,
As if it sigh'd my welcome to this spot!
Sigh on! my heart will echo back your sighs.
There was a time when I need not have crept
(Like a vile brigand stealing to his prey)
To range these shady groves, these hallow'd scenes.
Oh yes! the mid-day sun then smil'd upon me;
Eyes then were there that kindled at my presence;
There were kind hearts that bless'd me when afar;
And there were arms that clasp'd me when I came.
Now all are dead, gone from this world of grief,
Save that dear one in whom my life exists.
Oh what a theme of bliss is constancy,
The sweetest crown the brow of love can wear!
How radiantly it sits on Isabel's!
How true she is to me!—In vain they try
To lure her from her love—her love for me.
They fain would deck her in the garb of pomp,
Would bind her in the chains of heartless pride:
They shall no longer tempt her faithful heart,—
They shall not chase the roses from her cheek.
I have this one resource—it cannot fail:
I 'll urge her to escape,—to fly with me.
'Tis near the hour; the inmates are at rest,
And sleep sits heavy on the silent world,
Except on lids where grief and love keep watch.
I now will glide towards the oriel window;
Perchance she there is pouring forth her soul,
Her spotless thoughts to Him who bade them live,
And shrin'd them in a breast as spotless too.
Ah! there it glistens in the pale moonbeams!
No light within illumes the stained panes,
Or throws a sombre, particolor'd hue
On the sweet passion-flower that droops beneath,
Yet clings around the marble colonnade,
As love ill-placed entwines its idol still.
I 'll wake the sleeping air by murmuring
The well-known strains that love and truth compos'd,
When life was sweet, and happiness was bright.

[Sings.] My dearest, rise! the pale moon shines
And gems the evening dew,
Whilst round my heart affection twines
A wreath of love for you.

Then, dearest, wake thee from thy rest,
And glad thy lov'd Alphonso's sight;
Hear him his fervent truth attest,
And fill his bosom with delight.

Come, shining in thy loveliness,
Nor fear an adverse power;
Passion was ever happiness,
When felt in moonlight bower.
Th' angelic spirits, soaring high,
Where melodies eternal roll,
Shall catch thy dear and balmy sigh,
And breathe it on my raptur'd soul.

[*A light is seen.*

My tones are heard—mine eyes again shall view
The bright effulgence of her matchless charms.

ISABEL *appears on the balcony.*

Isab. Oh, my Alphonso! haste thee from this spot,
Nor dare to tempt the dreadful fate that hangs
O'er thy unconscious head! Leave me, oh, leave me!
For every brake may teem with enmity,
And every shrub may shade an ambush'd foe.
I'm weary of my life; it hath no charms
For me. I think I could this moment die,
Without a single shrink, except the pang
Of meeting you no more.
Alph. Oh! do not dwell
Upon such gloomy thoughts. Hath any new
Misfortune now befallen thee?
Isab. To-morrow
Is the appointed day when duke Montano
Hopes to conduct me to the dreaded altar:
But never,—never shall he call me *his!*
You have my heart—I will be only thine;
And rather than submit to such a fiend,
My oozing blood shall stain this spotless robe,
While my last sigh shall murmur forth thy name.
Alph. Dispel such fears, my lovely Isabel!
Hope dies but once, and that is when our life
Dies with it. Oh, let it not die in thee.
Isab. I thank thee, dear Alphonso! but my death
Alone can free my soul from misery.—
Consider, love! the fleeting time—*to-morrow,*
Didst thou not mark, *to-morrow?*
Alph. Ay, *to-morrow!*
I did; my ear received the woe-fraught word,
And as a death-knell it alarm'd my soul.
But—fly with me—fly to this breast, and take
Possession of a heart,—its *life* thy *love!*
Oh, do not hesitate. Behold yon dome
On which the placid moonbeams seem to sleep,
And recollect that eve when thy dear mother,
Her languid smiles the harbingers of death,
Joining our hands, did pour upon our heads
The benedictions of maternal love.
And shall the influence of a second sire
Destroy her prayers?—Thou surely wilt not stay.
Fly to the heart that beats alone for thee!
Fortune may smile more kindly on our loves,
And peace and safety may at last be ours.

Isab. How gladly would I fly with thee! but how
Shall I escape? or whither shall we go?
My sire (if once alarm'd) will hem us in
With troops of armed men, and thou wilt fall
A hapless sacrifice to love and me.

Alph. Better to fall than live in agony.
But do not think I stand unaided here;
I have a hand and heart, and I have *love*,
That nerves with double energy their force.
A friend too in this mansion I have found,
For Marco is prepar'd to aid my plans
In any way I wish; and, more than all,
A galley rides within the neighbouring bay,
Which, when the glowing east betokens morn,
Will hoist her sails, and cut the bounding waves
For Albion. Then quick descend, my love,
And in my arms regain thy wonted smiles.

Isab. How feeble is my mind! one moment since,
And death I could have dar'd in any shape;
But now my care-worn heart quails at my thoughts,
And visions swim before my phrensied eyes!
I thought I saw the figure of a man
In crouching attitude amid the leaves
Of yonder citron grove. Oh! it *is* so,—
I am not now deceiv'd.—I see his arm:—
Yet,—no!—'tis but my 'wilder'd fancy's dream;—
And yet I think I saw——

Alph. My dearest love,
Let not despair o'erwhelm thy mind. The breeze
But mov'd the citron blooms, and in thine eyes
The trees assum'd the aspect of a foe.
But place thy step without the balustrade,
And nought but death shall part us more.

Isab. The height
Is fearful.

Alph. Do not fear; I'll catch thee, love.

[Isabel *is on the point of descending, when* Montano, *with rapier drawn, appears within a few paces of* Alphonso.

Isab. Beware, Alphonso! the figure, oh, beware!

[*The duke makes a furious attack upon his rival.*

Mont. Take that, thou base intruder!

Alph. Is it thou?
Oh, it doth glad my soul to meet thee thus.
Now, demons of revenge! come, guide my sword
To find his heart; and I will thank ye with
The recreant blood of his nobility.

[*They engage:—in the heat of combat they force each other off the stage, and the clashing of swords is heard at a distance.*

Isab. Heaven preserve Alphonso! Hark, how the swords
Now clash! Oh God! thou wilt not let him die!—
Yet louder! Death is in the strife, and waits
The dreadful blow that yields to him a prey.
Ha! a groan—another! the clashing's ceas'd.
Surely that groan was not Alphonso's! Hark,
I hear a footstep. Oh, he lives, he lives!
My God, I thank thee! I am bless'd indeed!

Alphonso *enters.*

Alph. 'Tis well,—the prying villain breathes no more,—
Thanks to thy anxious zeal, that did espy
The foul assassin ere he struck my form.

Marco I have appris'd, and he hath thrown
The bleeding corse beneath yon clump of trees.
He now awaits obedient to my call,
And free egress is ours; then lose no time,
But quick descend. The stars are fading fast
Before the morning's light! Haste, haste, my love!
[*She descends; they retire up the garden, and gain the station occupied by Marco.*

Alph. Farewell, ye scenes where I have drunk the cup
Of bliss,—and emptied to the very dregs
The noisome draught of bitterness and grief.
Oh! it is rapture e'en to think, that when
The morning beams, instead of festive joy,
And happy faces, and a marriage feast,
There will be clouds on many a darken'd eye;
And how thy sire will mourn to find his friend
A lifeless mass! that I have ta'en the bride,
And death her destin'd co-mate. Let us haste
To gain our bark; and, though I dearly love
My native soil, we'll steer our wayward course
For sea-girt Britain, happy Albion,
The envied land of love and liberty!

ADDRESS TO A FAITHLESS LOVER;

by Mary Howett.

'Tis many a day since last we met,
And more may be ere we shall meet;
And sad the change since then—but yet
The memory of the past is sweet.
Still, still my heart shall never bow
To sue for past delights again,
Nor let thee know, in secret, how
Thine alter'd heart has given me pain.

Thou hast not seen a bitter tear,
Thou hast not heard a secret sigh;
And scarcely wouldst thou deem that e'er
My heart was wrung, if thou wert by.
I've proved thee false—I know thee chang'd-
I saw thee fly when friends were few!
And thou, whom I least deem'd estrang'd,
Heard'st whispers, and believ'd them true.

I did not soon believe thy breast
Could thus forsake an injured one;
And, ere I did, thou hadst express'd
Scorn cold, as few before had done.
Oh then!—the feeling of that hour!
The cherish'd tie so rudely broke;
The one I trusted, thus to lower
And crush me with a parting stroke!

Pride, burning pride, and hate awhile
Possess'd my soul, and then I thought
Of thee, but with a scornful smile,
Nor knew the ruin thou hadst wrought.

Thy fond, kind smile, thy laughing eye,
Thy converse rich in fav'rite lore,
The def'rence paid when I was by,
The plaudits of me o'er and o'er.

And canst thou then remember these?
And canst thou say they were my due?
And didst thou once so strive to please,
That what I did thou didst it too?
Yes, I was then a friend so dear,
Because I had no cause to claim,
In hour deserted, dark and drear,
What more in friendship was than name.

But when I sadly stood alone,
Aim'd at, and shunn'd like stricken deer;
How was the alien thought unknown,
That even thou wouldst shun me here!
Yes, changeling! thou art false, I know,
And I can never prize thee more;
Yet will my memory ling'ring go
'Mid ruin'd hopes, and pleasures o'er.

Thou dost not know I love to trace
Remembrances of friendship flown;
Thou shalt not know that thou hast place
In bosom injured as mine own.
I cannot love thee as thou art;
Yet must I muse on things gone by,
Then from the faded vision start,
And loathe thee for thy perfidy!

LINES ON THE FLOWER CALLED 'FORGET ME NOT;'

Addressed to W. B.

There is a flow'r which oft unheeded blows
Amidst the splendor of the summer's ray;
And though this simple flow'r no sweets disclose,
Yet would it tell thee all I wish to say.

And when we're parted by the foaming sea,
And thou art heedless what may be my lot,
I'll send that flow'r a messenger to thee,
And it shall whisper thus—'Forget me not.'

CHARLOTTE.

ANECDOTES OF ALIA, A MAHRATTA PRINCESS, AND OF TOOLSAH BHYE;

from Sir John Malcolm's Memoir of Central India.

From a very minute narrative which has been obtained of Alia Bhye's daily occupations, it appears that she rose one hour before daybreak to say her morning prayers, and perform the customary ceremonies. She then heard the sacred volumes of her faith read for a fixed period, distributed alms, and gave food, in person, to a number of Brahmins. Her own breakfast was then brought, which was always of vegetable diet; for, although the rules of her tribe did not require it, she had forsworn animal food. After breakfast she again went to prayers, and then took a short repose;

after rising from which, and dressing herself, she went about two o'clock to her Durbar, or court, where she usually remained till six in the evening; and when two or three hours had been devoted to religious exercises and a frugal repast, business recommenced about nine o'clock, and continued until eleven, at which hour she retired to rest.

The fond object of her life was to promote the prosperity of all around her; she rejoiced, we are told, when she saw bankers, merchants, farmers, and cultivators, rise to affluence; and, far from deeming their increased wealth a ground of exaction, she considered it a legitimate claim to increased favor and protection. There would be no end to a minute detail of the measures of her internal policy. It is sufficient to observe, she has become, by general suffrage, the model of good government in Malwa. Tantiah Jogh, the present minister of the prince Mulhar Row, is satisfied that he is at once pleasing us, gratifying the family with the management of whose affairs he is entrusted, and gaining popularity, by professing to follow the example of this extraordinary female; and her name is considered such excellent authority, that an objection is never made, when her practice is pleaded as the precedent.

The correspondence of Alia Bhye extended to the most remote parts of India. It was generally carried on through Brahmins, who were the agents of her pious munificence, which was as unexampled as it was unbounded. She daily fed the poor, and on particular festivals gave entertainments to the lowest classes. During the hot months of the year persons were stationed on the roads to supply travellers with water; and at the commencement of the cold season she gave clothes to great numbers of her dependents, and to infirm people. Her feelings of general humanity were often carried to an extraordinary excess. The beasts of the field, the birds of the air, and the fish of the river, shared in her compassion; portions of food were allotted to them, and the peasant near Mhysir used in hot days to see his yoke of oxen stopped during their labor to be refreshed with water brought by a servant of Alia Bhye; while fields she had purchased were covered with flocks of birds, that had been justly, as she used to observe, driven by cultivators from destroying the grain, on which the latter depended for their own sustenance.

An event occurred in the latter years of Alia Bhye of too interesting and afflicting a nature to be passed over in silence. She had one daughter, Muchta, who was married, and had a son, who, after reaching manhood, died at Mhysir. Twelve months afterwards his father died, and Muchta declared immediately her resolution to burn with the corpse of her husband. No efforts (short of coercion) that a mother and a sovereign could use were untried by the virtuous Alia to dissuade her daughter from the fatal resolution. She humbled herself to the dust before her, and entreated her, as she revered her God, not to leave her desolate and alone upon earth. Muchta, although affectionate, was calm and resolved. 'You are old, mother,' she said, 'and a few years will end your pious life. My only child and husband are gone, and when you follow, life, I feel, will be insupportable; but the opportunity of terminating it with honor will then have passed.' Alia, when she found all dissuasion unavailing, determined to witness the last dreadful scene. She walked in the procession, and stood near the pile, where she was supported by two Brahmins, who held her arms. Although obviously suffering great agony of mind, she remained tolerably firm till the first blaze of the flame made her lose all self-command; and while her shrieks increased the noise made by the exulting shouts of the immense multitude that stood around, she was seen to gnaw in anguish those hands she could not liberate from the persons by whom she was held. After some convulsive efforts, she so far recovered as to join in the ceremony of bathing in the Nerbudda, when the bodies were consumed. She then retired to her palace, where for three days, having taken hardly any sustenance, she remained so absorbed in grief that she never uttered a word. When recovered from this state, she seemed to find consolation in building a beautiful monument to the memory of those she lamented.

Alia Bhye died at the age of sixty, worn out with care and fatigue; and, according to some, she hastened her death by a too strict observance of the numerous fasts prescribed by her religion. She was of middle stature, and very thin. Though at no period of her life handsome, her complexion, which was of a dark olive, was clear; and her countenance is described as having been to the last hour

of her existence agreeable, and expressive of that goodness which marked every action of her life. She was very cheerful, and seldom in anger; but, when provoked by wickedness or crime, the most esteemed of her attendants trembled to approach her. The mind of this extraordinary woman had been more cultivated than is usual with Hindus: she could read, and understood the Puranas, or sacred books, which were her favorite study. She is represented as having been singularly quick and clear in the transaction of public business. Her husband was killed before she was twenty years of age, and to that misfortune was [*were*] added the vice and insanity of her son. These afflictions made a strong impression on her mind. After her husband's death she never wore colored clothes, nor any jewels except a small necklace; and, indeed, remained, amid every temptation, unchanged in her habits or character. Flattery even appears to have been lost upon her. A Brahmin wrote a book in her praise, which she heard read with patience; but, after observing 'she was a weak sinful woman, and not deserving such fine encomiums,' she directed it to be thrown into the Nerbudda, and took no farther notice of the author.

The facts that have been stated of Alia rest on grounds that admit no scepticism. It is, however, an extraordinary picture:—a female without vanity, a bigot without intolerance; a mind imbued with the deepest superstition, yet receiving no impressions except what promoted the happiness of those under its influence; a being exercising, in the most active and able manner, despotic power, not merely with sincere humility, but under the severest moral restraint that a strict conscience could impose on human action; and all this combined with the greatest indulgence for the weakness and faults of others. Such, at least, is the account which the natives of Malwa give of Alia: with them her name is sainted, and she is styled an Avatar, or incarnation of the divinity. In the most sober view that can be taken of her character, she certainly appears, within her limited sphere, to have been one of the purest and most exemplary rulers that ever existed; and she affords a striking example of the practical benefit a mind may receive, from performing worldly duties under a deep sense of responsibility to its Creator.

Toolsah Bhye *, the pupil, if not the daughter of an artful priest, who, with pretended sanctity, was the slave of worldly ambition, had been tutored in more than the common arts of her sex, and she possessed sufficient learning to be considered an extraordinary person, in a country where women are seldom at all instructed. She was handsome, and of winning manners; but violent in her disposition, and most dissolute in her morals. She appears to have had considerable talent, and sometimes displayed great resolution; but the leading feature of her character was a cruelty of disposition, which seems almost irreconcilable with that seclusion in which she had been brought up, and in which, contrary to the example of Alia (whose exact opposite she appears to have been in every particular), she continued till her death.

The reason commonly assigned for Toolsah keeping behind the curtain was her youth and beauty; but it is perhaps as much to be referred to her immoral character. She was at first not so shameless as to brave the world, and she knew that if it were publicly known that she was a woman of abandoned character, it would have injured if not destroyed her influence as a ruler. The example of Alia had created a prejudice in favor of power being vested in a female, and was at first an advantage to Toolsah; but the delusion soon passed. Every act of the latter showed that she had all the frailties and vices of her sex, without any redeeming virtues; above all, she wanted that noble confidence which purity of mind bestowed upon her predecessor.

* * * * * *

[*When Toolsah's tyranny and cruelty had given rise to a conspiracy against her,*] a tragical event, says sir John Malcolm, took place at night. Her death appears to have been early determined on; for the guards placed over her were so strict, that all access was prohibited. This hitherto arrogant female now refused sustenance, and passed the day in tears: and, when she was seized to be carried to the banks of the river (the place fixed for her execution), she is stated to have implored those who conveyed her to save her life, offering her jewels as a bribe, and loading others with the guilt of which she was accused.

* The favorite of Alia's successor, Jeswunt Row.

It was near the dawn of day when this occurred, and many who were asleep in the quarter of the camp where she was were awakened by her cries; but, to use the emphatic expression of a person who witnessed this scene, 'not a foot stirred, and not a voice was raised to save a woman who had never shown mercy to others.' She was taken from her palanquin on the banks of the Seepra, where her head was severed from her body, and the latter was thrown into the river, being denied even the common rites of a Hindu funeral.

Toolsah was not thirty years of age when she was murdered. She was handsome, and alike remarkable for the fascination of her manners and for quickness of intellect. Few surpassed her in a fluent eloquence, which persuaded those who approached her to promote her wishes. She rode (an essential quality in a Mahratta lady) with grace, and was always when on horseback attended by a large party of the females of the first families in the state. But there never was a more remarkable instance than in the history of this princess, how the most prodigal gifts of nature may be perverted by an indulgence of vicious habits. Though not the wife of Jeswunt Row, yet being in charge of his family, and having possession of the child who was declared his heir, she was obeyed as his widow. As the favorite of the deceased, and the guardian of their actual chief, she had, among the adherents of the Holkar family, the strongest impressions in her favor; but, casting all away, she lived unrespected, and died unpitied.

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

NO. II.

MALVINA TO OSCAR.

Dear Sir,—Never in my life did I experience so much embarassment in writing to a friend. How shall I declare, in appropriate terms, my sense of the honor conferred upon me, or the exquisite pleasure I felt on the perusal of your very welcome and unexpected communication? You had indeed promised to write to me; but I had little reason to hope that so kind a promise would be so handsomely fulfilled toward one whose juvenile ingratitude had at one time so completely alienated your affections, whose rebellion I could not yet flatter myself was entirely forgotten, and to whose penitent acknowlegements you were so very little beholden. Yes—gracious Heaven!—*Malvina was once the enemy of Oscar!*—Ungrateful that I was!—yet he now considers me as his friend, and forgivingly condescends to be mine. My pardon has indeed been cheaply bestowed, and seems to be confirmed by a series of the most flattering attentions, before his delicacy permitted him to charge me with a crime.

But why, my dear sir, should you suppose that a feeling of resentment would be excited on perusing so delicate a token of friendship? Do you really think me so proud—so disdainful—so ungrateful?—Alas! unworthy as I am, my worst enemy shall never have it in his power to charge me with insensibility; what then must be my feelings toward one whose devotedness to my welfare is calculated only to inspire sentiments of high regard and esteem? If my cheek did glow, it was the confused flame of conflicting associations, or perhaps the proud blush of gratified vanity. Nor indeed is our acquaintance so very *slight*; those soothing attentions, those winning endearments, that increasing confidence by which our late intercourse has been cemented and animated, seem rather to be the proofs, the effects, of an intimacy of no ordinary kind.

I remember well the beautiful evening in May. It was indeed a glorious scene: the sun, perhaps in compliment to our parting interview (as you *poetically* insinuate), seemed to shine with unusual splendor; but his beams were (to me) completely eclipsed by the still brighter irradiations of my friend's disinterested benevolence, expressed in his earnest desire for my welfare. The hour was sacred to friendship; and the close of the Sabbath seemed to shed a holy lustre over the most amiable sympathies of the human heart. Who can describe that tenderness, mingled with regret, which we experience on feeling our hand eagerly grasped, for the last time, by the person we highly esteem? and the impression was not lost upon the too sensible heart of your correspondent. But I forget myself—pardon me, Oscar.

I feel myself here comfortable, if not so happy as I used to be at home. That regret which one experiences on leaving home for the first time is in a great measure worn off; but, although I could

live in Edinburgh, I still feel a strong predilection for the place of my nativity; and, even while all my friends are emulous in acts of kindness—(Mr. M—— himself having accompanied me to every place worth seeing), yet I am so much of a spoiled child, that I decidedly prefer the friends of my youth to all my newly-acquired and new-fashioned acquaintance in this city.

The criminal levity of *my* sex, and the profligacy of *yours*, have sometimes cost me a blush; but it would require the united efforts of the philosopher, the politician, and the moralist, to point out an effectual remedy for the evil. *You* are to blame in flattering us, and *we* in listening to your adulations. *You* spread the snare, and *we* seem abundantly willing to run into it. As both parties then are culpable, if punishment is to be the order of the day, let neither of them escape the castigation due to their respective demerits. If a certain measure of iniquity is (according to your plan) to render a woman incapable of forming a matrimonial alliance, might not a still *greater* measure (this is fair enough!) subject the men to a similar degradation? But some of you would consider this as no great loss.—I have committed myself—don't laugh at my ignorance—I shall think of something better in my next.

Your scheme of a moral board is pleasant enough; but I shrink at the idea of compulsion. Adieu, *then*, to the sweet assignation, the welcome tap at the window, and the rapturous whispers of midnight love!—As to my *vote*—should you think of aspiring at the presidency—what a terrible trial—what a struggle betwixt duty and friendship!—Pardon me, Oscar—but of all my acquaintance you are the least qualified for such an office, and I hope you will spare me the temptation of making a shameful compromise. I need not explain myself: you are too *partial* to the ladies, my dear sir; and should any of your favorites deserve censure (for they are no better than their neighbours), they would only be suffered to escape, as so many examples of your mal-administration, and perhaps confirmed in impenitence, through the mistaken clemency of your tribunal. Besides, what would become of the fond, the fascinating Miss D——? Should that gay girl take it into her head (and who can blame her, if, as you say, the 'sole end and aim' of every girl be to get a husband?)—should your old favorite, I say, take it into her head to go to a ball, or a fair, to see her sweetheart, or to find one, that sprightly victim of innocent pleasure would be rendered quite miserable, should the honorable board at S—— be over-scrupulous in their ideas of female decorum. But to end the matter at once, should *my* guardian angel slumber on his post (and I do not think he is over-watchful), and I happen to be summoned to your bar, would you not regret that my vote had brought you into such a dilemma? I do not think my sentence would be very severe, but people do not like to be made the town-talk, and I dread nothing so much as an *exposure*. You know *who* has declared,

> 'Not for worlds would Colin glory
> In a feeble woman's shame,
> Or, to gild a gossip's story,
> Prostitute his Fanny's name.'

The sentiment is noble, and I know you will disdain the ungenerous privilege of being the public accuser of the fair.

The ladies are certainly much indebted to you for the gallant ideas you entertain respecting their 'superior purity;' yet your judgement may be influenced by your partialities, and I am afraid you will find many exceptions to that standard of perfection which your sensibility has reared in our behalf. There is more of weakness than wickedness in the world; there are some whom it is difficult, if not impossible, to please; and a censorious public is ever on the alert, and eager to put the worst constructions on the most innocent sallies of a *vacant* heart.

I had been desired a hundred times by my friends to take care of myself when I came to Edinburgh; but, thank Heaven, I have hitherto seen no reason for so much caution or concern. The advice, no doubt, was well meant, and perhaps I may yet be the better for it; but I have met with neither temptation nor rudeness, and the handsome youths who promenade along the shady walks that embellish the water of Leith may, for any thing I know, be as harmless as the laughing swains on the banks of the A——.

Amidst all the gaieties and gallantries of the place, I am proud to assure you, that my *heart* is yet 'free as air;' nor do I see any danger of its being soon stolen away, unless what you once told

me be true, (which, however, I cannot understand), namely, that women frequently marry those whom they do not love. If this be the case, there is no saying what may happen before I revisit my native village, as, according to this rule, I may very probably accept the first offer. I may be mistaken; but I think I shall *not* marry the man who has not inspired a *mutual* flame.

Your partiality for the Ossianic nomenclature is pretty enough; and, as you have seated yourself in the regal halls of Selma, I must be contented to take up my humble residence on the banks of the classic Cona. Yes, Oscar, I will be your Malvina—I 'hail you as my friend,' and with unfeigned satisfaction I acknowlege my sense of your good intentions, too good perhaps, since you do not reserve all your favors for those who have a more *legitimate* claim upon your esteem. Write to me frequently. The counsels of so valued a friend will always be acceptable. The consciousness that I am still the object of your regard, and the assurance that my welfare is the unceasing theme of your inmost wish and prayer, are extremely gratifying, and will ever cheer the heart and secure the confidence of your faithful MALVINA.

MRS. BULL IN FRANCE;

from the Hermit Abroad.

IF John Bull be a great object of misrepresentation abroad, Madame Bull has her full share, although she is regarded with less jealous and severe eyes. Every foreigner who has visited the British capital is convinced of the beauty of its women, and I heard a painter, who is an inveterate enemy to the government of England, and even to the nation collectively, assert that 'the British females excelled all those whom he had ever seen;' he even added, that 'the women were goddesses, and the children angels,' and could not help esteeming both sexes individually. English ladies are certainly seen to most advantage at home; there they shine transcendently as fond wives and tender mothers, as dutiful and affectionate daughters, and hospitable and graceful mistresses of a house and family; there, too, in the highest classes, a little Parisian elegance of dress has a double effect from its rarity, whilst the native simplicity of attire is not rendered homely by the comparisons of rivals in the arts of the *toilette.* The young Quaker pleases in her plain, modest, and retiring air and garb, and the fine complexion (*ce beau sang,*) so justly praised by strangers, seems to need no ornamenting or tricking out; no rich habits and coquettish airs. The traveled English lady will always captivate, and even she who has not that advantage, will, with beauty and youth, candor and sincerity on her side, have a hold on the traveler's heart; and her obliging efforts to express herself in his language by boarding-school French, or Italian, her extensive accomplishments and education, will amuse and be grateful to him in every intercourse of society. Divest the British beauty of all the auxiliaries of trains, flounces, lace, falbalas, flowers, feathers, &c., and her native excellence will stand the test. But the eye may be misled, and the heart may balance when her powerful rival of the opposite shore enters the lists against her in all the *recherche* or studied superiority of fashion; with eyes of tender, yet consuming fire, the artillery of which conquer and dazzle at the same time; whose attitudes are symmetrical, whose form often aids its proportions by a thousand allies supplied by high dress; whose silken shoe and delicately turned ankle seem like the base of a statue which has cost much study to render it perfect, or, being otherwise, still strikes and attracts from the many graces flung over it by the hand of taste, and by the manner which comes in so powerfully to the aid of matter; a foot of moderate dimensions pleases in a slipper, which reminds one of that of Cinderella; lips *not* putting the opening rose to shame, are yet inviting when finished by a smile, and contrasted by the lily of France which peeps from between them.

An ordinary figure gains by its motions being harmonious; youth and sportiveness banish cold calculation, and put to rout the scrutinizing cold examiner. There is method in every thing abroad, even to the management of a lady's fan, to her brushing a butterfly from her forehead, or guarding against a bee about to invade the honey of her lips; all these manœuvres leave Madame Bull, fair though she be, in the background, and exercise the enchantress's wand over the astounded Briton, or other traveler. At the same time, the

affectation of the French ladies leans so much towards ease and good-breeding, that it passes sometimes unperceived and almost always uncensured; whilst Madame Bull has certain stern principles, a national adherence to stiff proprieties, cold looks and defensive gravity, which astonish without pleasing, and estrange without meriting blame. Madame Bull, too, when she visits the continent, comes not only in all her simplicity, but assumes something not very unlike stupidity from a singularity of appearance, often preserved with the most obstinate tenacity; she so frequently utters the word *shocking!* that it first terrifies, and next creates ridicule; she cannot feel that relying confidence in the gentlemen of France, so as to dance with them as if she was quite at home, or walk with them with an air of kind acquaintance; she hops very often in the quadrille, and looks like a serjeant's pike in the waltz; she has none of the bounding activity, the elastic lightness, the playful air and countenance, *ce doux abandon*, of the daughters of Gallia; it rarely occurs to her to clothe her countenance in a ball-dress, to arrange a smile for her partner, to delineate an attitude for her *vis-a-vis;* there is no exquisite yet innocent flirtation allied with the feats of her agility: in a word, she does not seem born for that *aimable folie* which is a term unknown, or at least not understood, by the softer sex of Albion's isle. —Her walk is not studied, nor always in harmony with her *ensemble;* for instance, she may trip in courtly robes, or hobble in a light morning dress; drag a half-train in the mire sooner than elevate its border well above the heel, or a little higher; and walk round-shouldered, catbacked, and half double, rather than move erectly on, under the apprehension of being *stared at by the men.* A Frenchwoman has something—'nor bashful nor obtrusive' in her deportment, the play of diffidence grafted on self-confidence, a withdrawing to be followed, a retiring to advance with more effect, the generalship of which beats the

'Malo me Galatea petit'

of Virgil, out of the field.

These anglings with the heart are not unknown to the fair of Britain, but they are only practised on great and serious occasions; whilst all these little skirmishings with admiration and desire are brought into play in every incident of social life, by the Paris belle, at the toilette, the breakfast table, at the banquet, and at the ball; in walking, dancing, conversing, smiling, and even at church, there is no peace for the *amateur* of the soft sex in France; but, in England, neutrality, or a suspension of amatory hostilities, may long be observed, and even a non-intercourse bill may be obtained, which the provoking glance of a Parisian Galatea would destroy in a few seconds. The foreign beauty has another and a last advantage over her of domestic growth; it is the *talent de plaire*, the way to please, not only in the dance and in the other exhibitions of her fair proportions, but in familiar chit-chat; and whilst Madame Bull is deep read and generally well informed, the light transient flowers of French conversation leave a most pleasing effect, and prepossess the hearer in favor of her who has said so many gay and agreeable things to him;—now, as men rather expect to be delighted than instructed by female converse, Madame Bull comes off second best, and all her study and quotation, her memory, wit, and understanding, are wasted on the desert air.

Having said thus much in the way of comparison, it is but justice to add that when Mrs. or Miss Bull do fail to please, it is from a want of attention, not from a want of means; take off the thick black leather shoe, or cumbrous half-boot, and supply its place by the silken buskin, or thin *chaussure* of the French, and the state of affairs is immediately changed; replace the cottage bonnet, like the *sombrero* of a bravo of Italy or Spain, or the flapped articles of the *forts de la Halle* (the strong corn-porters,) by the smart tricked-out hats and bonnets of the rue Vivienne, and other streets filled with milliners, and the countenances of these good ladies will be vastly cleared up; a little manner and a little sprightliness added to this will so improve the picture, that it will be difficult to recognise it; the imitation must, however, be well done, or the portrait will be entirely spoiled.

STATEMENTS AND OBSERVATIONS CONNECTED WITH NATURAL HISTORY.

The Wolf of the North-American Prairies.—'THESE animals (says Mr. Edwin James) are the most numerous of our wolves, and often unite in packs for

the purpose of chasing deer, which they very frequently succeed in running down and killing. This, however, is an achievement attended with much difficulty to them, and in which the exertions of their utmost swiftness and cunning are so often unavailing, that they are sometimes reduced to the necessity of eating wild plums, and other fruits to them almost indigestible, in order to appease the cravings of hunger. Their bark is much more distinctly like that of the domestic dog, than of any other animal: in fact, the first two or three notes cannot be distinguished from the bark of a small terrier, but these notes are succeeded by a lengthened scream. Mr. Peale constructed and tried various kinds of traps to take them, one of which was of the description called a 'live trap,' a shallow box reversed, and supported at one end by the well known kind of trap-sticks, usually called the 'figure four,' which elevated the front of the trap upwards of three feet above its slab flooring; the trap was about six feet long, and nearly the same in breadth, and was plentifully baited with offal. Notwithstanding this arrangement, a wolf actually burrowed under the flooring, and pulled down the bait through the crevices of the floor. Tracks of different sizes were observed about the trap. This procedure would seem to be the result of a faculty beyond mere instinct.' —*Expedition to the Rocky Mountains.*

The Grisly Bear.—'This quadruped (says Mr. James) is widely distinct from any known species of bear, by the essential character of the elongated anterior claws, and rectilinear or slightly arcuated figure of its facial profile. In general appearance it may be compared to the Alpine bear, and particularly to the Norwegian variety. The claws, however, of these appear to be of the usual form and not elongated, and the facial space, included between the eyes, is deeply indented; they also differ in their manners, and climb trees, which the grisly bear is never known to do.

'Lewis and Clarke frequently saw and killed these bears during their celebrated expedition across the continent. They have mentioned one which was nine feet long from the nose to the tip of the tail.

'They will not always attack, even when wounded. One of them, when fired at, did not attempt to attack, but fled with a most tremendous roar; and such was his extraordinary tenacity of life, that, although he had five balls passed through his lungs, and five other wounds, he swam more than half across the river to a sand-bar, and survived twenty minutes. He weighed between five and six hundred pounds at least, and measured eight feet seven inches from the nose to the extremity of the hind feet.

'One lived two hours and a half after having been shot through the centre of his lungs, and, whilst in this state, he prepared for himself a bed in the earth two feet deep, after running a mile and a half. Another, shot through the heart, ran at his usual pace about a quarter of a mile, before he fell.'

The West-Indian Rat.—'In no country (says Mr. Stewart) is there a creature so destructive of property as the rat is in Jamaica; their ravages are inconceivable. One year with another, it is supposed that they destroy at least about a twentieth part of the sugar-canes throughout the island, amounting to little short of 200,000*l.* currency per annum. The sugar-cane is their favorite food; but they also prey upon the Indian corn, on all the fruits that are accessible to them, and on many of the roots. Some idea will be formed of the immense swarms of those destructive animals that infest this island from the fact, that on a single plantation thirty thousand were destroyed in one year. Traps of various kinds are set to catch them, poison is resorted to, and terriers, and sometimes ferrets, are employed to explore their haunts and root them out; still, however, their numbers remain undiminished, as far at least as can be judged by the ravages they commit. They are of a much larger size than the European rat, especially that kind of them called by the negroes *racoons*. On the experiment being tried of putting one of these and a cat together, the latter declined attacking it.'

The Crow of Jamaica.—'The most valuable bird in this island (says Mr. Stewart) is the most forbidding in its appearance, and the most nauseous and disgusting in his habits, of any in it—namely, the black vulture, or carrion-crow. This animal seems a peculiar gift of Providence to the inhabitants, who, without its agency, would be desolated by pestilence. It eagerly and speedily devours all that putrid matter, which, if

left unconsumed, would spread the seeds of disease and death through the atmosphere. So sensible are the inhabitants of the value of these birds, that there is a law against killing them.'

The Burrowing Owl.—'These owls (says Mr. James) appeared in the villages, sometimes in a small flock much scattered, and often perched on different hillocks, at a distance deceiving the eye with the appearance of the prairie-dog itself in an erect posture. They are not shy, but readily admit the hunter within gun-shot; but, on his too near approach, a part or the whole of them rise upon the wing, uttering a note very like that of the prairie-dog and alight at a short distance, or continue their flight beyond the view.

'The burrows into which we have seen the owl descend resembled in all respects those of the prairie-dog, leading us to suppose, either that they were common, though perhaps not friendly occupants of the same burrow, or that the owl was the exclusive tenant of a burrow gained by right of conquest. But it is at the same time possible, that, as in Chili, the owl may excavate his own tenement.'

Unlike the owls of Europe, this bird is of a social disposition, and does not retire from the light of the sun, but endures the strongest mid-day glare of that luminary, and is in all respects a diurnal bird. It stands high upon its legs, and flies with the rapidity of a hawk.

IRELAND AND ITS PEASANTRY.

AN intelligent friend has lately put into our hands 'the reports of the society for improving the condition and increasing the comforts of the Irish peasantry;' and, as it is a subject on which we have thought much, and one which has attracted the attention, and secured the cordial assistance of many of our countrywomen in the higher classes of society, we are induced to offer it to our fair readers, as meriting the attention of *all*, being indeed of the highest importance and most affecting interest.

Of all the plans, now in operation for the benefit of the poor and the relief of the afflicted, and which diffuse over the present age a lustre unprecedented in the history of civilized society, we may venture to assert, that not one subject equally worthy of consideration and support, has been suggested to the public mind. Even the grand scheme of Negro emancipation, urgent as its demands may appear to be, must yield to this, as one where there is scarcely less infliction of evil to lament, yet much more to hope for in case of success; where there is no conflicting interest, by which the humanity and justice of the benevolent may be embarrassed,—and which comes to us with a home-felt heart-touching pathos, that belongs especially to the claims of kindred and brotherhood. It presents to our view wants which we all can feel, sorrows that we all can estimate; details of troubles we cannot doubt; sources of error which every one may help to remove, arising from such causes as every one ought to deplore.

It is useless, now, to look back upon the causes (as arising from political occurrences) which have combined to crush a race of people who, physically considered, seem more likely to stand preeminent in Europe as a 'chosen band,' the flower and the strength of human population, than to occupy the sad station they now hold, as beings who are scarcely one step higher than brutes. Whether trampled upon as a conquered people, worn down by a defective system of legislation, or ground to the dust by tyrannic landlords, and their more tyrannic agents, is now a consideration of little moment. It is sufficient that the public eye is at last opened to the miseries of their situation, the public heart at last touched by their calamities. The spring of beneficence, so long bound by the icy breath of cold indifference, being at length liberated by the terrible storm which absolute famine and its desolating train brought on the country in the winter of 1821—2, it must be henceforward the great object of pure philanthropy and Christian charity to keep it flowing in that regular course which is required to fertilize a promising, though barren soil.

Of all the means by which the ends of humanity can be attained, (such ends being, in the present case, immediate removal of actual want, and progressive improvement in industry, morality, cleanliness, and knowlege), it is evident that the Irish peasantry may be, and must be, more benefited by those aids which are communicated by female benefactors than by any other medium. Sir John Doyle, in his excellent address

to the society, strongly and justly insists upon this fact. The Irish ladies who undertake the task of inspecting the cabins, instructing the women and children in the decencies of life, rewarding the labors and stimulating the energies of creatures habituated to disgusting habits, averse from toil, and insensible to shame, are in fact the best patriots, the noblest defenders, the most munificent and enlightened improvers of their country. May we not say more? are they not 'ministering angels' to the bodily and mental wants of those who, however sunk in degrading ignorance, stupifying poverty, and even actual guilt, are yet 'heirs of the same inheritance' with ourselves, called by the same glorious name, bought by the same precious redemption, and, like us, subjects of that empire which is now universally recognized as the first on earth, because its blessings extend to its lowest members, its most remote as well as its meanest ramifications.

When we look at the difference between the poorest English cottage and the hut of the Irishman, the mud floor of the one, and the clean hearth of the other,—the scanty and disgusting meal, which barely preserves life in a growing family, half-naked, embrowned with smoke, and loathsome from filth,—the clean, ruddy, strong, and well-fed train, seated round the homely, but wholesome and abundant meal of the other; we cannot but feel the value of all those efforts which really go to the groundwork of this disgraceful and distressing state. Such are the efforts of the ladies who are engaged in this 'labor of love,' this calm, but strong, endeavour to draw, from the 'slough of despond,' creatures who can only be expected to escape by slow degrees into a purer region, and whom they must bribe to benefit themselves. Numerous rewards of small amount, yet of great influence, are therefore given for every proof of cleanliness and good order, both in and out of the dwelling. The removal of the domesticated pig to a separate lodging is insisted upon, or rather advised, and incitements of every kind are held out, whereby dormant energies may be awakened, and a new sense of comfort and decency imparted, from which may spring not only necessary emulation, but an actual feeling of uneasiness, whilst under the load of squalid dirt and disorder hitherto habitually persisted in.

The old proverb, 'a man must ask his wife if he can live,' though of wide and almost universal application, yet comes evidently nearest the case of the poor man, whose personal comforts are all of her administering or withholding, and whose hard earnings ought so to be expended as to render 'well-ordered home his solace and delight;' and, in order to render the Irishman's hut such a *home*, it is earnestly recommended by the society, that the women shall be employed only in those in-door occupations which properly belong to their sex, because (it is said) 'the first steps towards civilization have been always marked by an increase of deference and delicacy towards women.' This assertion we consider as undeniable; but we do not therefore conclude, that the adoption of so entire a change is necessary for this object, since, in the agricultural districts of England, the women universally share out-of-door labors with the men, without in any degree forfeiting respect by it. Such a recommendation may, however, be very necessary to a people sunk in indolence and apathy, as otherwise a woman might be expected to unite, to the toils of a beast of burthen, those labors of housewifery which inevitably require time, as spinning, knitting, &c. and in proportion as she became worthy and industrious, would become the enslaved subject of domestic exaction and tyranny, and, instead of being man's helpmate, would be alternately the usurper of his station, or the supporter of her lazy lord, according as her temper might happen to incline.

It is evident, that the regeneration of a people 'steeped in poverty to the very lips,' and incapacitated by extreme ignorance, as well as indolence, from understanding the value of exertion, and the power of rising above the oppression which such a state imposes, can only proceed by slow degrees, and that it requires from all who sincerely and rationally seek to do them good a character of forbearance, patience, energy, and activity, beyond all other demands of charity whatever, and can only be effected by pure patriotism and religious principle, acting on a broad basis, and exhibited more in deeds than in words. Happily, with much to encounter, there is also much to hope; and, so far as

seed has been sown, the harvest has been not only promising but abundant, as the report of the committee satisfactorily proves; and there can be little doubt that, if idleness (which Dr. Johnson calls the vice of our common nature, the *universal* fault) can be removed from the Irish hut, all the virtues of humble life may be planted in its stead, since experience and observation alike prove, that this degraded race are vigorous in action, of singular acuteness and sensibility, and even in their vices display the germs of high and noble qualities. As they are violent in all their passions, and in a great measure devoid of those restraints which prevail in cultivated society, we must raise them into men, before we can expect them to act as men; and perhaps the only thing to be wondered at in their case, is the degree of virtue, the abstinence from crime, which so many display even under the influence of every species of temptation.

Most sincerely do we hope, that the *leaven* now placed amongst them by charity, virtue, and good sense, will in due time 'leaven the whole lump,' and that another generation will see the 'Emerald Isle,' that 'gem of the ocean, and pearl of the earth,' boasting a brave peasantry, which one of her highly-gifted sons* justly termed 'a country's pride,' flourishing like the hardy mountaineer of Scotland, and the sturdy husbandman of England, and exhibiting, with the independence of the one and the industry of the other, that joyous spirit and good humor which are his own peculiar characteristics.

If they be blessed, who make the 'desert a fruitful plain,' well may we assign such blessing to all who render the human plant thus fruitful in virtue and happiness, and substitute in social life, for the sandy heath, frightful precipice, and roaring torrent, (indolence, rapine, and rebellion), the calm enjoyments and the active goodness which belong to humble life, and open the way for the attainment of more eminent stations. The better and higher part of this most glorious and heart-stirring work must unquestionably belong to those who are personally engaged in it; but every person may assist in it; and we therefore conjure our readers of every description to lend a helping hand, which many of them are qualified to do, by advice, as well as by pecuniary aid. The spirited and true pictures given by Miss Edgeworth* in her admired tales, have introduced this depressed people to the sympathy of a numerous class, and we invite those who have smiled at their eccentricity, and pitied their situation, to consider and relieve their manifold wants. We call on them as daughters, wives, and mothers, to help these their sisters to a knowlege of their duties as such; we beseech them to aid, with strenuous zeal, the endeavours of weakness and want in the paths of reform, and to smile encouragement on the little hands, now first taught to be useful, and on the warm hearts, now first led to be thankful; and, above all, we entreat them to be merciful and generous, compassionate and kind-hearted, from the hope that they may thus eventually bring many to the blessings of civilization, and introduce, to the 'household of faith,' those who now wander like the sons of Ishmael, whose hands 'were against every man;' and we remind them, that He who hath promised to reward those who help even the humblest of his creatures, 'willeth not that these should perish.'

The books of the society, with all the reports, may be had of the secretary, in Queen-square, Bloomsbury, where subscriptions are received; and we should be most happy to forward information, or in any way promote an object of such vital importance to the general interests of humanity, and one which asserts such peculiar claims upon us, as Britons and Christians.

LIFE OF ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

HE who breaks through the disadvantages of a low station and a mean employment, and zealously endeavours to attract notice by a display of poetic ability, is entitled to the praise of talent and of spirit; and that praise is certainly due to the author of the Farmer's Boy, who, though the son of an obscure rustic, the offspring of a village tailor, acquired

* Goldsmith.

* The benefits conferred on the Irish by this lady, her late father, and her brother, in their own neighbourhood, are incalculable.

a considerable degree of reputation in that pursuit which ennobles its cultivators.

He was born at Honington, in Suffolk, in the year 1766. For his early education he was indebted to his mother, who kept a school, and gave him all the instruction which she was enabled to bestow. At the age of eleven he was obliged to accept the menial office of a farmer's boy, to attend the workmen in the field. In the intervals of his labors, that native genius, which sooner or later bursts the bonds of slavery, led him to peruse such books as came within his reach, and whatever newspapers he could obtain; but he did not so strongly manifest this propensity before he left the country to join one of his brothers, who supported himself in London by the manufacture of ladies' shoes. In the course of his occasional reading, he contracted a decided inclination for poetry; but many years elapsed before he ventured to send any of his compositions to the press. At length, about the age of seventeen years, he procured the ready insertion of a song, called the Milk-Maid, in one of the papers. While he was a journeyman shoemaker, he married the daughter of a boat-builder at Woolwich; and, by continued labor, he enabled himself to support his wife and growing family, without being involved in extreme poverty. Still intent on poetry, he composed verses while he was working; and the subject of agricultural employment (for he looked back with pleasure to the rural life which he had enjoyed in his puerile years) struck his fancy, and amused his mind. But he was so fully employed in shoemaking, and in attending to the concerns of his family, that he could only write by fits and starts; and it was not before he had attained the age of thirty-two years that he completed his very pleasing poem of the Farmer's Boy. To Capel Lofft, a respectable but eccentric individual, he was indebted for his first introduction to the public. His manuscript, written in a common school copy-book, was forwarded to that gentleman, and he introduced the poet and his book to Messrs. Vernor and Hood, who, to the honor of the profession of booksellers, behaved liberally to the young bard. As soon as his first publication appeared, the duke of Grafton allowed him a gratuity of a shilling a day, and the present duke did not refuse to continue that pension which a more liberal man would have augmented.

Some years after his appearance as an author, the interest of the late duke of Grafton procured for him the place of under-sealer in the Seal Office; but, as his health was declining, he was forced to relinquish a situation which was neither lucrative nor respectable. Thus was genius rewarded: surely the ministers might have provided a better office than that of stamper at Somerset-House for Bloomfield *; but was not Burns insulted with an office in the excise?

He now resumed his handicraft occupation, although it might have been expected that a poem which excited universal notice, and pleased so highly by its accurate representations of nature and of rural manners, its vivid descriptions, its moral and sentimental attractions, its general harmony of versification, and its occasional elegance of diction, would have been so far successful in its sale and its effects, when followed by other works of merit, as to preclude the necessity of continuing his humble employment. We are informed that he was also a constructor of Æolian harps, for some of which he obtained a remunerating price; but it does not appear that he at any time enjoyed much more than the mere necessaries of life.

After a long residence in London, he removed into Bedfordshire, in the hope that the air of the country might prove beneficial to him: but his complicated disorders, one of which was the dropsy, still pursued him. In his later years, he became unfit for any employment that required personal exertion. He was harassed by frequent and violent head-aches; and to his bodily sufferings were added embarrassments occasioned by bankruptcy in the book-trade. But he possessed that fortitude and equanimity, which, aided by a strong sense of religion, enabled him to bear the ills of life without a murmur. His constitution, which was naturally delicate, was at length ruined; and he died on the 19th of last August, leaving a widow and four children.

Comparing this ingenious poet with the bard of Ayrshire, the editor of the Lyre of Love says, 'Burns was the

* Queen Anne's ministers would have acted much more liberally; but Mr. Pitt regarded only political merit, and his successors have followed his example.

Bloomfield of Scotland; Bloomfield is the Burns of England. Both were alike found, by the Muse, at the plough; both delighted to sing the loves and joys of their native plains; and both have obtained the reputation and dignity of poets.' It must, however, be observed, that the superiority of genius is justly attributed to Burns.

Next to Bloomfield's principal work, his Wild Flowers may be deemed the most interesting.—'There can be no harm in telling the world,' observes the poet in his dedication to his only son, 'that I hope these *Wild Flowers* will be productive of sweets of the worldly kind; for your unfortunate lameness, should it never be removed, may preclude you from the means of procuring comforts and advantages which might otherwise have fallen to your share. What a blessing, what an unspeakable satisfaction, would it be to know that the Ballads, the Ploughman's Stories, and the Broken Crutch of your father, would eventually contribute to lighten your steps in manhood, and make your own crutch, through life, rather a memorial of affection than an object of sorrow!'

A periodical critic thus speaks of the poetical character of Bloomfield:—'His characteristic talent consists in an accurate delineation of scenery and manners, some power of fancy and of pathos, and a plain way of telling a plain story. Without any of the higher requisites of the poet, he pleases, and he deserves to please. His poetry is as unpretending as himself; he promises little, and performs all that he promises. What he knows, he describes *con amore*, and with exemplary fidelity; he gives us the scene, the whole scene, and nothing but the scene; neither omitting a single feature for the sake of effect, nor superadding any of the gloss of imagination. Every thing in him is reality, and reality is always in some degree pleasing. His descriptions and narrations have an effect like that which would be produced by surveying, in one of our ordinary and unreflecting moods, the scenes he describes, or being present at the events he relates. We see the sun rise, and the cowslip blow, and the herds feed; we are witnesses to the meeting of rustic lovers under a tree, and listen to their unpolished courtship; and we are pleased with what we see and hear, although our pleasure may not be of a very refined or recondite nature. Even the low state of society and manners delineated in his pieces, while it militates against some of our associations, has a charm for others. Though in youth and manhood we live exclusively in the society of our equals, our childhood is necessarily passed in great part among the lower orders; and whatever recalls to us the manners, the tones, and the language to which we were accustomed in infancy, affects us with a strange pleasure, which in some states of the mind we are disposed to condemn as childish, and in others to cherish as a precious relic of our early days.'

The poet's private character cannot be mentioned without praise. Modesty, simplicity of manners, good-humor, candor, integrity, and benevolence, are attributed to him by all who were acquainted with him. He was a good husband and father, a steady friend, an unoffending neighbour. His morals were untainted by the corruptions of the world; dissipation and libertinism had no influence over him; intemperance and vicious pleasure had not sufficient charms to seduce or pervert his purity of taste.

THE CAMBRIDGE DECAMERON.

SEVENTH TALE.

A FAMILY PICTURE.

On the seventh evening of meeting, it became the lot of the youngest gentleman in company to be the speaker. His task was in the first essay evidently a difficult one, but, as he proceeded, it became easier, because his heart was in his subject, and the interest which he felt was communicated to his auditors, whom he thus addressed.

As the youngest lady in company was permitted to speak of her grandfather, I hope that the same indulgence will be accorded to me. My path in life has been so short, and my views have been so circumscribed, that I can relate no story which can boast of incident, much less convey instruction; but I may venture to offer to your attention a *faithful portrait*, which, although not finished, nor sketched by the hand of a master, may have some claims for its likeness and originality, though it is only a family picture of my uncle Frank.

I have perhaps no right to say, that my dear relative was very virtuous, very learned, or in any way extraordinary, except that he was, within my memory,

a very young uncle, and the dearest and pleasantest relative a large family of children ever enjoyed. He was my mother's brother—the last child of the 'squire of the village, where my father was the vicar, and considerably the youngest of his family. From this circumstance it was not surprising, that his parents could never prevail upon themselves to part with him, since he was now left to supply to them *all* his brothers and sisters; representing in his person five brave boys, thrown abroad in the world in different professions, and three sisters all married, and engaged with their own families. And an excellent representative was uncle Frank of them all; for he had the spirit, buoyancy, and activity of the sons, with the tenderness, affection, and even the domestic consideration, which belonged to the daughters, and which fitted him peculiarly for being the support of parents in advanced life, the staff and the darling of gently declining age.

I remember, my mother used to lament much, 'that he had never been sent from home,' then, 'that his education was incomplete,' and lastly, 'that he had no profession;' but, in the mean time, we boys considered uncle Frank as the finest fellow that ever was born. There was a charm in the distant crack of his whip, which was music to every ear, and we flew to welcome his dogs the moment we heard it, aware that he was preceded by three or four of these domestics, who were in general the only servants in attendance on him, in his visits round the neighbourhood, and whom he generally followed at a smart trot, with that air of mingled gaiety and business which communicates a share of its own enlivening sensations.

In his twentieth year, my uncle Frank in his person probably resembled Joseph Andrews; for he might certainly boast all those characteristics of manly beauty, which Fielding has given to his handsome rustic, with an elegance to which the latter could not pretend, although it was very different from that of his contemporary sir Charles Grandison. Perhaps he was more like Tom Jones than either; but he was of a higher class of character than the *protegé* of the benevolent Allworthy. He joined, to the untamed freedom of a country gentleman's indulged son, a sweetness of temper, and benevolence of heart, fashioned into a frank courtesy indescribably attractive, uniting the independence of his own character with the manners of his parents, who were both persons of highly polished minds, and necessarily of the old school. Uncle Frank, also, though not a great scholar, was yet a reader of wonderful perseverance (at those seasons when he had no other amusement), and as a pupil of chivalry stood unrivaled. He had read every romance in my grandmother's library (folios as they were), and had the whole Arcadia of sir Philip Sidney stored in his memory, less perhaps for the love of the story than its author, who was his favorite hero. In any other costume than his usual one, I think he would have looked a hero himself, for he was not only tall and finely formed, but athletic, and would have trodden well under heavy armour. His complexion was ruddy to the brow, above which his high forehead rose white and smooth as ivory, crowned with thick clustering locks. I do not know whether it was his deep, clear, blue eyes, or the dimples which played about his mouth, that led one to think him the best-tempered, the kindest of human beings; but it is certain that this impression was communicated to every creature who looked upon him. Happy was the child that first caught his eye!—happy the servant that first seized his bridle! Many a time, in the absence of the man, have I seen the damsels of our household hasten 'nothing loth' to do this service; but never were they permitted. Frank loved his horse as the Arabian loves *his*; he honored woman as such, with all that fine manly feeling, of which we hear much, and see little:—of course, he led his horse to the stable, and paid due attention himself on these occasions to the useful animal.

His usual dress, whether riding or walking, was a shooting or fishing jacket, with immense skirts forming pockets all round, boots, and a glazed hat or jockey cap; it must therefore be admitted that his handsome person made its way without the advantages of dress. This, indeed, was only his traveling equipage, in which he visited his country neighbours, or prosecuted the business of life as a sportsman; for, indulged as he had ever been, and conscious that he could commit no fault in his mother's eyes, yet he never suffered his hurry, or his hunger, to seat him at her table without changing his dress. His love to her not only dis-

played the fervid affection of a son, but also that profound respect which men usually feel for a beloved and venerated grandmother; yet he was never quite able to cure himself of calling her *mama*, nor could he have slept, I really believe, if he had not kissed her when she retired for the night. For several of the last months of her life she became exceedingly feeble, and it was his custom always to carry her in his arms to bed. There was no want of others who could have performed this service, for one so very slight in person, and so willing to accept convenient aid; but he fancied that no one else could do it so well, and was aware she thought so too. After a hard day's hunting, or in the midst of a party, many a time has he stolen out, mounted his horse, and galloped over 'brake and briar,' several miles, merely to perform this tender office, and take the kiss and blessing which were its reward. I can well remember him waiting for her, on assembly nights, when there were bright eyes languishing for his presence, and also that he bade good-night again and again to his father, and listened to the danger of leaving warm rooms, with as much thankful attention as if he had really been afraid of it.

Of danger he might hear, but he never thought of it; and to fear he was an utter stranger. Not only was he the most courageous horseman the country held on record, but a swimmer whose powers rendered him almost amphibious. Three children were snatched from destruction by him at different times in the mill-dam;—by an act of self-devotion almost unparalleled, he rescued one poor fellow from certain destruction, by descending a well in the instant when the damp had destroyed his fellow-workman;—and, at the price of a dislocated shoulder, he preserved a farmer from being crushed to death by a falling waggon. Whenever there was a deed to be achieved which called for prowess, an act of kindness that called for toil and energy, whether a great neighbour required protection from poachers, or a poor man assistance in distress, Mr. Francis Harcourt was the person applied to; and he was so rarely unsuccessful, that it might be said, 'hope set out, and joy returned with him.' The recruiting officer, after whom he rode with eager haste to bring back a stray plough-boy, found his eloquence irresistible, when he begged 'for the hope of an aged mother;' and the magistrate, whose mercy he petitioned for a young sinner, compromised the matter with one who had been useful in ridding the country of old offenders. And as he was the friend of all classes, so was he a privileged personage. When he was fishing, every housewife in the vicinity was proud of sending him his breakfast, and, during the shooting season, the nearest house when he returned from the moors was always his home, nor did the most weary rustic grumble to rise from his bed and welcome the young 'squire. Indeed, to a large circle, he was at once the object of their love and the controller of their actions; for, being the only resident son of their landlord, he had all the usual privileges of the heir naturally accorded to him.

His accomplishments were well calculated to ensure admiration, as well as regard. He was incomparably the best shot in the country; and, when he fished, patience was no longer a necessary virtue; for Isaac Walton himself could not be a better angler. He could draw very prettily, was a good turner, and a pretty mechanic; yet certainly his great pockets were the finest things about him; they always appeared to me a moving mine of wealth. To say nothing of the pheasants, partridges, woodcocks, snipes, and field-fares—carp, tench, and lovely trout, which came thence in due season,—how many articles requisite for the use of man (and woman too) have I not seen them disembogue! To say nothing of fishing-tackle, with all its varieties of eternal lines, beautiful insects, hooks of all dimensions, thence have poured whips, tops, cricket-balls, and waxen babies, for the children,—silk and cambric for my mother,—maps, quills, books and writing-paper for my father. Sometimes my exploring hands have found a pound of tea, on the road to a poor woman, balanced perhaps by a bottle of wine, about to cheer a sick man; and more than once have I dragged forth a huge red and yellow flowered shawl, so fine that the whole room would burst into laughter, and my mother would gravely remonstrate on the folly of 'throwing away money on such ugly things.' For a moment my uncle would look grave, shake his whip threateningly at the mischievous urchin who had betrayed his secret or exposed his taste, and protest, 'he knew *somebody* who would like it prodigiously.'

The *somebody* was generally an ancient dame whose personal comfort he desired, or whose little services he rewarded:—a few bunches of bright pink or sky-blue riband also adorned the heads of our village maidens from the same repository, after the fair, or the visit of the quarterly-coming pedlar—but here I must pause. How could I wickedly set out with saying, 'dear uncle Frank had no extraordinary virtues?' The assertion was *false*, as the purity, the unmatched, unsullied purity of our village annals at this period will testify. Frank, whose person, and manners also, might have rendered him the charm of a polished court, and who was the idol of a circle more innocent and therefore more susceptible—wandering daily in the most sequestered glades, entering freely the most lonely habitations, and demanding all those little personal services which have a tendency to render beauty more endearing, affability more captivating—in the full glow of youthful spirits, and ungifted by nature with foresight, prudence, or pride, yet preserved the innocence of others untainted, and his own free soul unfettered by guilty secrets.

The old people to this hour talk of his virtues, and maintain that there never was a period in their memories, when the youths and maidens were so modest, and so wise. 'The young 'squire was so honest,' say they, 'that other folks were ashamed to do wrong.' Then will they bless his handsome face, tell of the kiss he gave Jane Daisy on her birthday, and talk of the 'young London lady that pined after him, and the rich nabob's widow that would have given him all the Indies.' I cannot learn that he was ever seriously in love, nor was there any thing in his composition that accords with our ideas of a sighing swain; for, though abounding in kindness and even feminine tenderness, he was too gay and too busy, too much a laughing Benedict, a wild man of the woods, to 'pen sonnets to an eyebrow.' But he was therefore the more likely to melt in the bright beams of sunny eyes, and form those temporary attachments which all around him had a tendency to inspire. That he did not, may be attributed equally perhaps to the modesty arising from his home education, and the early prepossessions given to his mind by reading the old romances; or, rather, to the total absence of all selfish consideration, which was his strongest characteristic. A single moment's thought sufficed to show that such pursuit might grieve the parents whom he honored, and injure the lovely creature who honored him:—to a heart so generous, noble, and disinterested, such a thought sufficed.

Dear uncle Frank!—my heart refuses to admit the idea that sorrow could visit *thee*, even from natural and inevitable causes. The joyousness of thy springing gait and happy open countenance, thy whistle when alone, thy song in company, thy ready joke, thy cheerful anecdote, the repartee which always told, the wit which never wounded, even the tear which sprang to thine eye, when a deed of heroism or a tale of sorrow was told,—all, *all* seemed to promise thee an exemption from the common ills of life, an assurance, that he who made so many happy should enjoy happiness himself, unmeasured and unblighted.

The first trouble Frank ever knew (save from sympathy) was that which perhaps every man feels more acutely than any other—the loss of his *mother*; and, though she had been long ill, and not expected to recover by others, yet *his* hopes and reasonings had ever been on the favorable side; and, as her long and gentle decline had only bound his affections to her more closely, the hour which at length divided them fell upon him with a severity for which he was wholly unprepared. Well do I remember my own sensations, when he entered our house (for the first time without a single preliminary crack of his whip) dressed in deep mourning, and attended by a groom instead of his greyhound; and, though he smiled upon us children, he did not speak a word. We had all been grieved to lose our dear grandmother, and affected when we saw our parents sorrowful; but this was little compared to what we felt when he took the baby on his lap, and tried to whistle as he was wont, while his under-lip was trembling and the tears were running down his cheek. At length, kissing it, he said, 'Go to your own mama, pretty one—*mama!*' with that word he rushed out of the house, and we did not see him again for a fortnight.

Indeed, we now saw very little of him at all, and when he did come, instead of those checks to our noisy play which my mother had been accustomed to issue,

she used now to say, 'dear Frank, take some more wine,' and my father would challenge him to play at draughts; but he would seldom leave home for more than a single hour. Sometimes he would take me out with him early in the morning for the purpose of fishing, observing 'that his father liked a trout;' but he always took care to be at home before breakfast-time, knowing that the sight of him was the old gentleman's only consolation. Alas! with all his care, nothing that Frank could get him, or do for him, ever did him good after he lost his beloved partner, who was seven years younger than himself, and should not have gone the first. Within the year he died also; and all the country declared, 'there never had been so excellent a son as Mr. Frank, for he waited on him to the last like a daughter.'

The lower order of our neighbours now hoped, that when the grief of his affectionate heart had subsided, their darling would look out for a wife to comfort him (for he was now twenty-three), and that he would still live in the hall, and remain its master; but unhappily the late losses were productive of great changes in the hitherto easy state of poor Frank. His eldest brother, the heir, died in the East Indies about the time of my grandfather's decease, and the estate consequently devolved to his little son, whose guardians took possession of it, and, as strangers acting through the medium of an attorney, showed little attention to those circumstances which affect the feelings of survivors, when an old and highly respectable establishment is thus broken up. Dear uncle Frank now received the fortune which he had not been taught to improve, and which, although he had never been extravagant, was far below his habitual expenses; and these now increased upon him; for, although he lived with us, he could never go out without hearing from the tenants or old servants some dismal story about 'the people who had taken the hall,' and all the evils which arose from 'narrow doings,' whether to man, or woman, worn-out horses, or faithful dogs, were so many burthens to *his* heart, and drains on *his* purse. It had always been a desire natural to a gallant and ardent mind like his to go into the army, where he had already many friends and two brothers; and, since the parents were gone for whose sake he had hitherto resigned his wishes, he began to negotiate for a commission; but he had lived so entirely at home, was so attached to his family connexions and 'the graves of his fathers,' that, although every thing in his situation and his natural temperament urged him to depart, yet many a 'little, strong embrace,' and many a tender recollection, also urged him to remain.

At length the purchase was completed, the cornetcy in a regiment of dragoons secured—his fine clothes came down, and the sight of them made the boys heroes, and the girls sorrowful;—there was nothing but laughing or crying all over the house.

The day before he left us, he took his horse and rode alone all over the estate, and called at every house, except that in which he was born—he gave but one look towards that, and then pricking his steed to a full gallop, he arrived at our house looking wild and agitated, and, on entering, flung himself on the sofa as if he saw no one.

'Dear Frank,' said my mother, 'I fear this ride has been very affecting to you—the poor creatures would all be so grieved?'

'Yes, they were, Ellen,—God bless them all!—but it was not that which hurt me—no! but I cast a look over the old place, and saw that the wretches (I cannot help calling them so) have actually dug up the flower-garden to plant potatoes—*her* flower-garden, Ellen, the spot that *she* loved so dearly, and made so beautiful.'

He strode up and down the room with heavy steps, and looked almost terrible in the gloom which anger and sorrow had planted on his impressive countenance; but, when he perceived that all around him were mute in mournful sympathy, and that my little sister looked frightened, he shook the tears from his eyes and the sorrow from his heart, and sent every one happy to bed.

The next night we were all silent, and sad, nor could the best of parents enliven us. Uncle Frank was gone, and we felt as if half of our existence was gone with him.

His career in the army was admirably calculated to restore his spirits, and display the peculiar character of his mind. He was immediately sent into the peninsula, and soon engaged in the harassing but successful warfare, which belonged to the last campaign: of course his mili-

tary labors were short, for peace was the fruit of those successes in which he so happily shared, and in which he was distinguished and promoted. He remained some time on the continent after that event had taken place, but returned to us within three years from the time of his departure.

What a holiday was that! not only to the village, but to the country, when captain Frank Harcourt came back. He arrived one Saturday evening in May; the news spread with the utmost rapidity: on the next day the church was so crowded that my father could with difficulty make his way to his own pulpit. My mother took hold of her brother's arm, and looked proud and pleased, and we all crowded around him with equal fondness and self-importance.—The good vicar was the only uncomfortable person; for, from the general murmur of approbation through the place, he was apprehensive that the congregation might lose sight of decorum, and set up a shout of welcome; and he could scarcely forbear to smile, on perceiving the assemblage below spotted by my uncle's shawls ostentatiously displayed. Had the captain come on the recruiting service, my father has no doubt that half of his flock would have speedily enlisted.

Yet, notwithstanding the warm welcome glistening from kind eyes, and whispered by kind tongues, it was evident to many, that the handsome young officer felt the scene one of great solemnity. The dissipations of a soldier's life, the dangers he had escaped, the hardships he had suffered, the strangers with whom he had mixed,—probably all pressed upon his memory, as contrasted with the peaceful scenes to which he had returned. To him the present hour had an interest both awful and endearing, as if the land and the religion of his fathers again received him to their bosom, and the spirits of the departed looked down and welcomed him with their benediction.

But however sublime and affecting might be the emotions of the wanderer whilst he was engaged in devotion, it is certain that in the church-yard he was again the young 'squire as we first beheld him, and no school-boy, at his first vacation, ever ran more eagerly to his old playmates, or sought with more avidity his former haunts. He told us much of the softly-sparkling eyes of the Andalusian women; but I question whether they were ever lighted up with more brightness than his own, when he grasped many a rough old hand, .. when he beheld the preparation for an angling expedition on the following morning.

Ever since his departure, I had officiated as wardrobe-keeper to uncle Frank's last jacket; and, whilst my mother, 'on hospitable cares intent,' would have tied me down to writing pretty notes of invitation to all our neighbours, I slipped up stairs and brought down this useful garment. In a moment he was arrayed in it, and we were all capering about him, glad to resign even our pride in the hero to our love for the sportsman: he wore it the whole day, but resigned it to me in the evening, as a relic which my care had merited. *Relic*, did I say? alas! it became one too soon; for, in one short month from the time he thus returned to us, the beloved of all hearts, the idolized of all eyes—dear uncle Frank, with all his manly courage, boy-like simplicity, gentle loftiness of soul, and rectitude of heart, slept with the brave at Waterloo.

I can enter into no details, and indeed I know little, except the hurry of his departure, and the terrible gloom which hung over every mind till the eventful intelligence was known. Whilst we were inclined to rejoice in the deliverance of Europe, we yet trembled for the individual stake we held. Our information arrived too soon, and too certainly, accompanied by the poor consolation, 'that he died in the moment when he had performed a service of some military importance, and that his honest heart was pierced by a ball which saved him from all farther sufferings.'

Dear uncle Frank, farewell! Truly might it be said, that

> '—— with the brave he sunk to rest,
> By all his country's wishes blest'—

and that—

> ——' beautiful in death
> The warrior's corse appears,
> Enshrin'd in fond affection's wreath,
> And bath'd in woman's tears.

But neither the eloquence of poetry, nor the partiality of kindred, need strew a single flower on the grave of him whose name never fails to the present hour to call up a tear, or a plaudit, from tender

and simple souls, and who, in higher circles, is remembered by *mothers* as the son whose affection smoothed the pillow of disease, and 'rocked the cradle of declining age' to his parents, and by *fathers* as the brave soldier who was an honor to his family and his country.

B——.

THE RURAL CHURCH-YARD.

In mature age, the scenes of childhood and of youth are retraced in the mind with pleasing recollection, more particularly when those scenes have passed in the country. Their colors are mellowed, not impaired, by time; and, while they excite emotions of regret for the loss of that joyous ease and freedom from care, which perhaps will never return in this life, they also exemplify the pleasures of memory.

In a visit to a retired village, the church usually attracts great attention. The poet, therefore, draws his readers to the sacred precincts, saying,

On yon gray stone, that fronts the chancel door,
Worn smooth by busy feet now seen no more,
Each eve we shot the marble through the ring,
When the heart danc'd, and life was in its spring;
Alas! unconscious of the kindred earth,
That faintly echo'd to the voice of mirth.
The glow-worm loves her emerald light to shed,
Where now the sexton rests his hoary head.
Oft, as he turn'd the greensward with his spade,
He lectur'd every youth that round him play'd;
And, calmly pointing where our fathers lay,
Rous'd us to rival each, the hero of his day.
Hush, ye fond flutterings, hush! while here alone
I search the records of each mould'ring stone.
Guides of my life! Instructors of my youth!
Who first unveil'd the hallow'd form of truth;
Whose ev'ry word enlighten'd and endear'd;
In age belov'd, in poverty rever'd;
In friendship's silent register ye live,
Nor ask the vain memorial art can give.
—But when the sons of peace, of pleasure, sleep,
When only sorrow wakes, and wakes to weep,
What spells entrance my visionary mind
With sighs so sweet, with transports so refined?

This scene is represented in the annexed engraving with picturesque elegance and impressive effect.

MISCELLANEOUS VARIETIES.

Fête of St. Louis.—The recurrence of this festival (on the 24th and 25th of August) highly delighted the French. It commenced at Paris with the gratuitous opening of all the theatres, which, *at noon on Sunday*, were filled to excess. There were new pieces at each house, chiefly relating to the contest in Spain. Few, except the lower orders, attended these representations, though the veteran Talma and other distinguished performers exercised their talents on the occasion. At Versailles, in the afternoon, the assemblage was far more respectable. The grand basin, in the palace-garden, was surrounded with many thousands of spectators, who witnessed with pleasure the simultaneous effect of a hundred *jets d'eau*. On the following morning at Paris, the discharge of a hundred pieces of artillery announced the renewal of amusement.—'A little after mid-day (says an Englishman who was present), the stream of the crowd poured itself into the great reservoir of the Champs Elysées, which soon became an ocean of turbulence and confusion. Here the government had provided, in some degree, for the substantial comfort of the people. Bread was thrown amidst the crowd in great profusion, though to the manifest danger of the scrambling populace. A friend of mine protested against the *staff of life* being employed to knock men down! More than 100,000 loaves were distributed, and perhaps an equal number of German sausages. The scrambling for the wine was very diverting, and, as generally happens in such cases, half of the quantity was lost during the struggles between the applicants. Here and there were gratuitous orchestras, before which the lower classes went through their quadrilles and cotillons with ludicrous gravity. Rope-dancing, feats of strength, burlesque performances, exhibitions of wild beasts, and other attractions, diversified the scene; and in the evening there was a grand display of fire-works, which terminated with a *bouquet*, combining a profusion of volcanic splendor with the loudest explosions and multiplied echoes.

American Barbarism.—Commodore Decatur fell in a duel, having killed five men in the same way himself. He swore shamefully at the doctors while dying,



[illegible] HE TURN'D THE [illegible] WITH [illegible]
[illegible] EVERY YOUTH [illegible]
AND CALMLY POINTING [illegible]
[illegible] HIM [illegible]

because they could not extract the fatal ball from his bowels. He is called by the National Intelligencer, 'One of the bright stars of Columbia, set for ever!' And the country is summoned to mourn for him. The president and the heads of departments, with military and naval officers and citizens, walked in procession at his funeral. The laws of Heaven and earth on this subject (says Mr. Faux) are here quite insulted, by common consent. A lady, hearing that her husband was gone to fight a duel, sent an express, charging that he should be brought home a corpse rather than disgraced.

A lady of Lexington, finding her nephew not inclined to fight a duel, encouraged him to go out; and, immediately on his departing for the fatal spot, said to her black servant, 'John, light up and get the large drawing-room ready for the reception of a corpse.' This order was given with great *sang froid;* and, in less than an hour, the room was occupied by the corpse of her unfortunate nephew.

Lately, in the state of Delaware, the high sheriff performed the duty of an executioner, and hung his own nephew, for the murder of his *own* mother, the sheriff's sister. The youth killed her by striking her with a club on the temple. In the same neighbourhood and the same week another youth was sent to prison for poisoning his uncle, a rich old gentleman, who, being childless, had taken the nephew into his house, and made him heir to all; but the youth, being impatient, went to a druggist for arsenic, which, he said, was to kill the rats, that every night kept his uncle from sleeping. He mixed a portion of it in a glass of apple-toddy, and gave it to his uncle, but in so large a portion, that it began to operate immediately, on which the old man said, 'You have given me something to do me harm.' The youth denied it; but the uncle became rapidly ill, and, not doubting that he was poisoned, took out of his cabinet a will which he had made in favor of the ungrateful and inhuman youth, committed it to the flames, and soon after expired.

Account of Lord Byron, by a Citizen of the United States.—'I have been rambling in Italy for fourteen months, and know every road in it better than any one in America, and every street or lane in Milan, Florence, Rome, Venice, &c. better than the Main-street in Richmond; I am, however, I believe, about to quit it, I fear, for ever. I am here lingering on the end. I lately overtook a gentleman on horseback, attended by a servant; I looked at his face, and instantly recognised him from a portrait by an American painter, West, now at Florence, to be the most extraordinary man now alive; a glance at his distorted foot confirmed it. We rode on: part of our object in visiting Genoa had been to introduce ourselves to him. Accordingly we wrote a short and polite note, requesting leave to pay our respects, to which we received one equally polite. We went; a servant stood ready to receive us, and we were shown into a saloon, where we waited with beating hearts for about a minute, when he made his appearance. He is about five feet six inches high—his body is small, and his right leg shrunk, and about two inches shorter than the other—his head is beyond description fine. West's likeness is pretty good, but no other head I ever saw of him is in the least like him. His forehead his high, and smaller at the top than below (the likenesses are *vice versâ.*) His hair is beginning to turn grey, he being, as he told us, thirty-five years old. His eyes are of a light blue and grey; his nose straight, but a little turned up; his head is perhaps too large for his body. Who is he? One of our company began a set apology, which he cut short by telling us it was useless, for that he was very glad to see us; and then began to ask us questions, fifty in a minute, without waiting for an answer to any, and, if by chance it was made, he seemed impatient if it contained more than two words. He talked upon at least two hundred subjects—sometimes with great humor, laughing very heartily; at length looking round, he asked with a quizzical leer which of us was from *old Virginny?* I bowed assent; then followed a catechism, to which I occasionally edged in an answer. 'Have you been in England? How long have you been in Italy? Is Jefferson alive? Is it true that your landlords are all colonels and justices? Do you know Washington Irving? He is decidedly the first English prose-writer except Scott. Have you read Bracebridge Hall? (I answered, no.) Well, if you choose, I'll lend it you: here it is. Have you any American books to lend me? I am very desirous of reading the Spy. I intend to visit America as soon as I can arrange my affairs in

Italy. Your morals are much purer than those of England (*here I laughed*)—those of the higher classes of England have become very corrupt. (*I smothered my laugh*). Do you think, if I was to live in America, they would ever make me a judge of the Ten-Pound Court? Is it true that an Englishman is always insulted in traveling through America?' —We assured him not. He then told us more laughable stories of the ridiculous biographies made of him, especially by the French. One of them represented him as a gloomy, miserable mortal, keeping the scull of his mistress as a drinking cup. I told him that was pretty much the idea we had of him, as we considered him a sort of vampire. (*He laughed heartily.*) He said, 'Bracebridge Hall is beautifully written; but, as for the characters, they only exist in the brain of W. I. There are no old Englishmen—no yeomen. The English have lost every thing good in their character. Their morals are particularly bad.'—(*Here I thought he really was quizzing us.*) In fine, he kept us for an hour and a half constantly amused, and dismissed us well satisfied with our interview. Now, who is it? Who is the man about whom I have written a whole letter? It is *Childe Harolde, Corsair, Don Juan*—in plain English, lord Byron.'

Unfeeling Inconsistency of the West-Indian Ladies.—'Human nature (says Mr. Stewart) is shaped and governed by the force of early habits and of example. The very children, in some families, are so used to see or hear the negro servants whipped, for the offences they commit, that it becomes a sort of *amusement* to them. It unfortunately happens that the females, as well as the males, are too apt to contract domineering and harsh ideas with respect to their slaves—ideas ill suited to the native softness and humanity of the female heart,—so that the severe and arbitrary mistress will not unfrequently be combined with the affectionate wife, the tender mother, and agreeable companion—such is the effect of early habits and accustomed prejudices, suffering qualities so anomalous to exist in the same breast. A young lady, while yet a child, has a little negress of her own age pointed out to her as one destined to be her future waiting-maid; her infant mind cannot conceive the harm of a little vexatious tyranny over this sable being, who is her property; and thus are arbitrary ideas gradually engrafted in her nature. The growth of this unamiable propensity is not sufficiently guarded against and corrected by the parents, who are too fond and indulgent to check these indications of *spirit* in their darlings; while, should the little black retaliate the ill usage she meets, she is immediately chastised for her *impertinence*. The more ignorant of the natives do not appear to be sensible that there is any impropriety in suffering their children to be witnesses of a most improper spectacle —the punishment of the slaves. The chastisement may have been justly inflicted; but why should the pliant mind of unhackneyed youth be thus early hardened and contaminated by witnessing such scenes? Such inflictions may in time be viewed with a sort of savage gratification; in the males it may produce brutality of mind; and in the females (to say the least of it) an insensibility of human misery, and a cold contemplation of its distresses—qualities little in unison with the female character, of which humanity and compassion should ever form a part; for, without these, beauty, wit, and accomplishments, would lose half of their charms.'

Prodigality and Luxury of Jamaica.—'When a private entertainment (says the same author) is to be given, no expense or pains are spared to render it as sumptuous as possible. The table is spread with a costly profusion of all the viands and delicacies which industry or money can procure. The dinner is not generally divided into separate courses, but the table is at once loaded with superabundance; flesh, fish, fowl, game, and various vegetables, appear at once to the view, in a style rather indicative of a liberal display of hospitality than taste and selection. The dessert, consisting of various articles of pastry, and a profusion of sweetmeats, is not less sumptuous; while a variety of wines, kept cool with wet cloths, *liqueurs*, &c. are handed round to the guests by the black attendants, who, on such occasions, appear in their best apparel. After the dessert a variety of the choicest fruits are put down; and, when the ladies withdraw (after a few toasts are given), the gentlemen generally smoke segars, and sit over their wine till a late hour. If singing be proposed, which is generally the case in mixed parties, the ladies remain longer at table, and take a plea-

sure in exerting their vocal powers for the entertainment of the company. It may be supposed that none but the most opulent venture to give such costly entertainments; but every one here is ambitious to make a figure in this respect, and they usually treat their guests in a style above, rather than below their circumstances.'

A cheap kind of Rouge for the Ladies.—A species of grass, growing in the Ukraine, is (near the end of June) torn up by the roots, which are covered with maggots, of an oval shape. These insects become indurated as soon as they are exposed to the air: they are then pounded, and water, in which they are steeped, with a little alum, assumes the color of the most beautiful crimson. The wives of the Cossacks dye their thread with them; and the Russian merchants buy them for their wives to paint their faces. The Polish Jews and the Armenians sell large quantities of them to the Turks, who employ them in dyeing silk and leather, in tinging the tails and manes of their horses, and their own hair, beards, and nails. From an experiment made at Moscow, it appears that a pound of these maggots, which costs only one ruble, yields as much rouge as half a pound of cochineal.

A Dancing Peer.—Lord Lanesborough was so fond of exercising his agility to the sound of music, that he would not suffer either old age or the gout to deprive him of this pleasure. He danced even during the attacks of that dreadful malady, although it was observed that it sometimes put him a little out of time. On the death of the prince of Denmark, the husband of queen Anne, he solicited a particular audience of that princess, for the purpose of representing to her the advantages which she might derive from dancing, as it would dissipate her melancholy, and preserve her health.

Royal Wit.—While Louis XV. was visiting an hospital at Versailles, he stopped to inspect one of the offices; a pair of spectacles lay upon the table. 'Let me see,' said the king, taking them up, 'if they are as good as my own.' He began to read a paper, which without doubt had been intentionally put into his hands, and scarcely had he glanced his eyes over it when he saw the most extravagant eulogies upon himself. He immediately laid down the spectacles, and said, smiling, 'These are indeed better than mine, for they *double* every object.'

An eccentric but candid and honest Physician.—M. Malouin, who practised the medical art at Paris, exacted an entire confidence from all his patients, and became very angry whenever any one was satirical upon his profession. He quarreled even with his best friends. One of these (with whom he was at variance) being dangerously ill, the doctor called officially at his house, and said to him, 'I hate you, I will cure you, and will see you no more.' He strictly kept his word.

On another occasion, when a celebrated philosopher thanked him at the end of four years for curing him by a remedy which he had the perseverance to continue for all that time, the doctor, in admiration, exclaimed, 'you are worthy of being ill!'

A witty Repartee.—A young lady, in the freedom of conversation, said to a military friend, 'Pray, captain, can you flirt a fan?——'I do not think I can (replied he), but I can do what is equally useful——I can *fan a flirt*;' and he immediately began to fan the pert inquirer.

Fine Arts.

The various exhibitions which the present year has produced serve to show that the arts of painting and sculpture are in a flourishing state in this country; and, if architecture is cultivated with less taste and ability, its chief professors are certainly not deficient in skill and talent.

Of the works of the Italian artists, we have a new illustration from the pencil and the pen of Mr. William Young Ottley, who has favored the

public with a splendid work, entitled 'The Italian School of Design, being a Series of Fac-Similes of Original Drawings, by the most eminent Painters and Sculptors of Italy, with Biographical Notices of the Artists, and Observations on their Works.' Few persons are better qualified for a work of this kind than Mr. Ottley, who is not merely a tasteful *amateur*, but an ingenious and distinguished artist. The drawings which he has thus brought forward are distributed into three classes:

'First, *Sketches.*—These are the effusions of the moment, when, warmed by fancy, or struck with a transient beauty in nature, the painter hastily seizes the implements of his art; or when, seeking the general economy of his picture, he varies the arrangement of his groupes, or the distribution of his lights and shades; making, sometimes, several designs on the same paper.

'Secondly, *Finished Drawings.*—In these, the disposition, the actions, and expressions of the figures—every thing is decided, the beauties of coloring being alone wanted in the representation. Designs of this description were not unusually made by the artist for the inspection and approbation of his employer, ere the intended picture was commenced; and sometimes to grace the portfolio of a favorite friend.

'The third class comprises those correct and highly wrought studies which the Italian masters were accustomed to make for the separate parts of their compositions; not unfrequently, to facilitate the advancement of the cartoon or picture, by their most able scholars; as likewise all academy figures, and other careful designs from nature.'

The earlier subjects are curious and striking. The talents of Nicolo and Giunta Pisano are exhibited to advantage, and the pieces of Cimabue and Giotto may be viewed with interest. There is a Madonna by the latter, which displays much grace and dignity. The specimens of Donatello's skill are highly worthy of notice, because they strongly excite the feelings; and Lippi's Adoration of the Magi is a fine study. Some of the designs of Leonardo da Vinci are beautiful; and the Holy Family, by Bartolomeo di San-Marco, is a delightful performance; but we are more particularly desirous of noticing some of the first conceptions and sketches of Michael Angelo. His delineation of the Prophet Isaiah, we think, will please every person of taste. It is a large whole-length, executed in bistre with great spirit. His study for a part of the Last Judgement is also a fine piece; and the design for a fresco in the vault of the Sistine chapel is grandeur itself. His Cleopatra we do not so much admire as his scriptural subjects. Among Raphael's pieces, the heads and single figures are preferable to the groupes: some are more finished than others, but all evince the skill of a master. Caravaggio's study for the celebrated frieze of the Niobe, on the front of a palace at Rome, is a charming design. Parmegiano's portraits of himself and his mistress form a very pleasing piece: the figures are seated, while the artist looks earnestly at the countenance of his favorite, which is gently turned aside. A finer sketch of the Virgin Mary and her Child than that which is given from Ludovico Carracci, we have seldom seen; and the back view of a female, by his brother Annibale, is (as Mr. Ottley properly observes) 'so finished in every part, and yet so boldly executed, as alone to be sufficient to justify the highest encomiums on his talents as a designer of the human figure.' Many performances of later artists are also exhibited with considerable effect, and the work reflects great credit on its author.

The French seem to excel more in sculpture than in painting; and some of the pupils of the academy at Paris have lately distinguished themselves by a spirited competition for the prizes which are annually awarded. Eight models were offered, representing Evander throwing himself on the lifeless body of his son; and some of these were very well executed, particularly with regard to the heads and the attitudes. The two first prizes were assigned to Dumont and Duret.

The works of Canova, engraven by Henry Moses, are proceeding with appropriate spirit. Since we first noticed the publication, some more numbers have appeared; and the engraver seems to improve as he advances toward the conclusion. The Magdalen, the three female Dancers, the Venus, the groupe associated with Hercules, and many other pieces, are executed with elegance and grace.



Cottage Dress.

thews, nor was it at all misplaced. Such a varied expression, voice, and action, did he give to the character, that he seemed to have as many different persons as professions. His introduction of the volunteer and the sham fight, from one of his own entertainments, was a well-judged embellishment, which was loudly encored; Rayner's John Lump was all that could be wished, and the other characters were well performed.

It is sufficiently troublesome to prodigal men to be assailed by one dun in a week; but the author of a new comic piece, produced at this house, assigns *a Dun a Day* to his hero. Rakely, a young man of fashion, has, by his extravagance and folly, highly irritated his father, a country gentleman of large estate, and embarrassed himself by the contrivance of Smirk, a scheming valet; and it is so arranged that his creditors, six in number, shall call, one on each day of the week. He has become deeply enamoured of Caroline Woodbine, a young lady of large fortune, but who has prudently determined to forbid his visits, unless he can obtain his father's consent. For this sanction he has written; but, instead of receiving an answer favorable to his wishes, his father sends a letter of severe reproach and abandonment. Whilst thus situated, and distracted by the supposed loss of his mistress, he is assailed by one of his creditors, Plush, a tailor, who threatens, unless his debt is settled, to arrest him immediately. In this emergency, Smirk suggests that old Plush should assume the character of Rakely's father, and be introduced to Caroline as such, and give an assent to their proposed union. This is accordingly done, and the young lady, though surprised at the vulgar manners of her lover's father, not suspecting any imposition, is induced to consent to receive the youth as a husband, under the sanction of his supposed father's approbation. Old Rakely, however, in the interim, arrives in town, desirous of ascertaining what choice his son has made, and, obtaining an introduction to Caroline, soon discovers the trick which has been played off. An amusing interview takes place between the real and the assumed Mr. Rakely, in which all the puns and jokes to which the profession of a tailor is liable are brought into play. The real Mr. Rakely, who had appointed all the creditors to meet him at his son's house, assumes the character of Caroline's father, and forbids the marriage. Plush is assailed as Rakely, by all the creditors, who, with the exception of himself, are ultimately paid. The father, discovering that the deception originated with Smirk, forgives all; the son and Caroline are made happy, and the valet and the waiting-maid are united at the same time.—This piece was very favorably received, and has been frequently repeated.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

EVENING DRESS.

Round robe of celestial-blue gossamer satin; the border oanamented with a broad twisted rouleau of white satin, with foliage on each side; the leaves edged with blue, a shade or two darker than the dress; next the hem is an immense rouleau of white satin; the bust is ornamented with white rouleaux *en serpentine*, now the favorite manner of finishing the *corsage*: a falling tucker of broad fine blond encircles the bosom. The sleeves are short and full, of puckered net, confined by straps of white satin, edged with blue. The hair is arranged in the Vandyke style, and crowned with a superb plumage of *short* white feathers, except one, which is very long, and floats over the left shoulder. A splendid comb of gold fastens up the tresses, ornamented with rubies. The ear-rings and necklace of pearls.

COTTAGE DRESS.

Dove-colored dress of *gros de Naples*, trimmed round the border with an antique ornament, consisting of richly embossed chain work, each chain, which is wrought in the Grecian style, separated by foliage of ethereal-blue satin: a three-quarters

apron, the same as the dress, is finished all round by a rouleau binding of blue satin. The dress is made partially low, with two collar capes, folded over each other, and pointed *à la Vandyke;* these are surmounted by a *fichu colerette* of Urling's lace, fastened with a brooch: the cuffs at the wrist correspond with the trimming on the border. A village hat of fine Leghorn, fastened with long strings, *à la negligée,* and simply ornamented with straw-colored ribands. Necklace of one row of pearls. Shoes of corded dove-colored silk.

N. B. The above tasteful dresses were invented by Miss Pierrepoint, Edward-street, Portman-square.

MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

We promised our fair subscribers, that, when the town became completely vacated of its fashionable members, we would follow them, with watchful eye, to the places of their summer retreat; we have performed this duty, and where we ourselves have not followed, we have despatched faithful emissaries, on whom we can depend, and from their reports and our own observations, we are enabled to present our readers with the following brief detail.

The out-door coverings for the rural and marine walk, are various; consisting of shawls, scarfs over high dresses, plain silk pelisses, or, when the weather is mild, those of fine cambric or muslin, trimmed with lace. We shall confine ourselves therefore to the full description of one pelisse for the carriage, as truly novel and elegant. It is of rose-colored *gros de Naples,* ornamented round the border with three saparated wadded rouleaux of satin: down the front, at some distance from each other, are two full rouleaux; between these a strap, in bias folds, appears to unite two leaves spread out, that are fastened at the points to the rouleaux by a small button that looks like a nail: this whimsical ornament goes from the throat to the feet; and on each side of the bust are *demi-chevrons* to the shoulders: the mancherons are formed of straps over a slight swell, terminated by cockle-shells; and the cuffs are formed by two simple rouleaux of satin. Bracelets, fastened with turquois stones, are placed very high above the wrist. This dress serves both for a carriage pelisse and a home costume; the ruff worn with it is of fine book muslin, with a very fine lace edging, and the ruff is plaited *en dents de loups.*

Large Leghorn hats are much worn for walking, ornamented round the crown with puffings of gauze and daisies. Bonnets are of white *gros de Naples,* trimmed with blue gauze, and ornamented with blue curled feathers; these bonnets are much in request; they are bent over the forehead, but not spread out so wide on each side as they were last month. A bonnet of striped *gros de Naples,* pink and white, is also much admired; it is crowned with a very full bouquet of blown roses and ears of corn; it is tied with a broad riband of pink plaid, carelessly, on one side, with ends, without bows. A few hats with scalloped brims, have made their appearance at some of the watering places. Veils are very general.

Dresses of Waterloo-blue sarcenet, are in favor for evening parties; they are trimmed round the border with a full rouleau, and leaves of satin: the body made *en gerbe;* the sleeves short, very much puffed out, and ornamented with, but not confined by, *languettes* of blue satin; each *languette* finished by a button, and the sleeve terminated by a quilling of blond. A *fichu,* with a double lace collar, turning back, is worn underneath the dress. Morning dresses of cambric or muslin, are finished at the border by several tucks; the sleeves are more full than they have been seen for some months past.

The caps and cornettes are various, but they are all appropriated to morning costume, except when a lady is confined at home by slight indisposition; then flowers supply the place of white satin riband ornaments; and a cornette turban is also much in favor for home dress. It is made of beautifully chequered gauze, which is tastefully twisted round the head, above a quilling of fine blond, which is next the face. Hats and bonnets are, however, most seen till the hour arrives for dressing; these often only are exchanged for the becoming dress hat, with plumes elegantly playing; the hat in the form of the Marguerite de Valois head-dress: the youthful fair one simply adorns her tresses with a few harvest flowers; or sometimes, where

nature has been bountiful in bestowing on her a fine head of hair, she is satisfied with that most beautiful of all ornaments; but then her tresses are arranged in such a manner, as to excite universal admiration.

The above-mentioned simplicity is adopted at most of the rural fêtes and marine balls, the dresses for which are various, and some ladies are attired in a kind of fancy style of their own; this gives diversity to the ball-room, and we wish it was more generally observed. Very few silk dresses are seen in the rooms appropriated to dancing: clear muslin, simply ornamented with white satin, tulle, *crêpe lisse*, or gauze, form the chief materials, and are, certainly, most appropriate.

The favorite colors for pelisses and silk dresses, are Persian-lilac, Waterloo-blue, rose-color, and gold-color. For colored bonnets, ribands, and turbans, pale violet, pink, and celestial-blue.

MODES PARISIENNES.

Barége silk scarfs, with elegant borders, formed of white satin stripes across the ends, are the chief covering, when the weather is not too cold, now worn by the French ladies in the public promenades: they are thrown over a blouse of muslin, made high. Canezon spencers, of Burgundy-colored satin, have lately been seen in the public walks. A pelisse also of spotted *gros de Naples*, of a violet-color, with amber-colored ornaments, has lately been remarked on a lady, eminent for leading the fashions in the French capital.

White hats of cotton *tissu*, imitating straw, are worn very wide; they are ornamented with two white feathers, of an enormous length. The bonnets are large and of various materials, but crape, sparterie, and *gros de Naples*, are the most prevailing; they are crowned with variegated feathers, or autumnal flowers. The Leghorn hats are worn very large; loaded with flowers, or encircled round the crown by a staring wreath of gaudy feathers from different birds, amongst which the beautiful eyes of the peacock's tail have the decided and deserved pre-eminence.

Dresses are of fine India muslin, made partially high, and just below the throat encircled by a full plaiting of lace; they are superbly trimmed at the border, next the hem, with two flounces of muslin, beautifully embroidered; above which are two rows of elegant quillings, set on full, but in a zig-zag manner: these trimmings, which reach very near the knee, are divided by a letting-in of lace: the mancherons correspond; and the long sleeves are formed of muslin, with stripes of lace, let in, and terminate at the wrists by a plaiting of lace. Some blouses have tucks at the border, which are laid in a manner to represent scallops in waves; they are very curious, and require much ingenuity in the dress-maker, to give them the proper effect. Dresses of colored cambric are very general; they have a broad puckered ornament round the border, confined by straps, in diamond checquers; the mancherons are trimmed to answer the border; the cuff at the wrist, *en bourrelet*. A *fichu* collar, of muslin gauze, edged with lace, falls over the dress *à la Vandyke*. A gown of purple sarcenet is also highly in favor; at the border are rouleaux of satin, *en chaines*; the bust trimmed with rouleaux in scallops reversed; a row of buttons down the front of the waist: this dress is made rather low, discovering the shoulders, but shielding the bust; the sleeves are short and full, and of the same material as the dress; the fullness confined by rouleaux of satin, placed downwards.

The hair, in full dress, is beautifully arranged in curls, ringlets, and bows, and interspersed with full blown roses. A Basque toque of blue *crêpe lisse* is a favorite head-dress; it has a long blue and white feather falling over the shoulder. Toques of light brown, placed very backward, and ornamented only with a rosette, are much in favor with ladies affecting simplicity in dress.

Bouquets are again in request; they are placed very much on one side, quite under the left arm.

Carved cedar fans are now the rage. The bracelets are of gold, mingled with hair, or with red Morocco; the clasps are in the form of a cross, and are of diamonds. Ear-rings are of rubies, as are the necklaces, to which latter ornament is suspended some relic of love or religion.

The favorite colors for pelisses and dresses are ruby, Burgundy-red (which is a shade lighter than ruby), rose-color, and purple. Ribands and head-dresses, amber, celestial-blue, La Valiere, primrose, Apollo's-hair, and lavender.

ADDRESS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A gentleman requests the editor to address him in a private letter, with his legitimate designation; but this is not an usual practice, nor is there any necessity for it in the present case.

Julia's poetical wings are not sufficiently strong to bear her through the atmosphere of criticism to the temple of Fame.

The Lines for a Tomb, by S. H., border so much on the style and manner of *Afflictions sore long time I bore*, &c. that we cannot admit them.

We should be glad to gratify W. S.; but our plan and arrangements militate against his request.

The Remarks upon Christian Names will be given in our next number.

Two Theatrical Characters, one tragic, the other comic, are ill drawn; and the former, in particular, would excite ridicule, because it contains an extravagant and bombastic panegyric upon a man of ordinary talent. 'Praise undeserved (says the poet) is satire in disguise,' although our correspondent did not so intend it.

A Cockney has sent what he calls a *Jew de Spritt*. We are not surprised at his mutilation of a foreign language; but he ought to be able to make a proper use of his vernacular tongue.

The Acrostics which we frequently receive are only fit to be committed to the flames.

Olivia, a Dramatic Sketch, is occasionally pleasing and spirited; but the greater part is heavy and dull.

A Layman's Animadversions upon the Public Character of the Rev. Mr. Irving are too censorious and illiberal; and we shall neither countenance such an attack, nor insert an eulogium upon that distinguished preacher, apparently sent by a clergyman.

We reject the Stanzas on *Hope*, because we have no *hope* of pleasing our readers by the insertion of such contemptible verses.

Old England's Banner is too warlike for our miscellany.

In the Essay on the Advantages of Society, there is not a new idea or a striking remark.

A Panegyric on Good-nature is at least useless, as no one will venture to deny the attractions of that quality; and we may also observe that this superfluous encomium is a poor specimen of composition.

A gentleman who styles himself 'a lover of the drama,' thinking that he cannot sufficiently evince his attachment to it without writing for the stage, lately sent a farce to the manager of one of the theatres; but, (as he informs us) it was rejected with some marks of contempt. Resenting this treatment, he wishes to prove that his piece ought to have been performed, and therefore requests that we will give it a place in our Magazine. But, as we have no room for it, we advise him to publish it separately, and thus *shame the tasteless manager*.

THE
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'HEALTHY AND WEALTHY AND WISE.'

So runs the saying, and so I give it; but, in this little article, I propose to omit the middle term, *Wealthy*, it being one with which I am not so well acquainted as I could wish, and shall therefore postpone that part of the discussion, until experience gives me the means of handling it with more satisfaction to myself.

Lord Bacon tells us that 'if man were removed from the world, creation would appear without a purpose;' and Thales affirms that, 'as *wisdom* constitutes the *happiness* of the mind, so does the welfare of the body consist in *health*.' With regard to wisdom or mind constituting happiness, there may be a question, which I shall not attempt to answer; but I shall submit, from a fragment of Menander, a free translation on that subject:—

Happy the hind whose intellectual wants
Afford him bliss, that knowlege rarely grants:
No mental pains, no scruples cross his ways,
His mind a blank—how peaceful all his days!
Serene he breathes, his joys no man's surpass;
Yet still more tranquil lives the humble ass.
So Fate ordain'd—and, if we nature scan,
Where's aught so full of misery as man;
Where aught so vain and wretched can you find,
As this proud being, all endow'd with mind?
Mind—hapless gift! Pandora's box gave birth
To far less mischief for the sons of earth.
The patient ass, what nature bids, sustains;
But we invent unnecessary pains.
Words, empty words, will oft inflame the soul
With direst rage, beyond the mind's control:
Then idle dreams, by night or day, distort
And rack the man with agonizing thought:
The storms of passion, and the dread of crimes,
Ambitious hope to live in after-times,
Opinions, laws, weak pride, base love of pelf;
These, these, O man! are all created by thyself!

There's a melancholy comfort for fools!—but the remark on *health* admits no dispute.

Linnæus has given us this distinction—*Lapides crescunt; vegetabilia crescunt et vivunt; animalia crescunt, vivunt, et sentiunt*—Stones grow; vegetables grow and live; animals grow, live, and are sentient beings. Man, however, stands pre-eminent in structure of frame and enlargement of intellect: his mental capacity is certainly much greater than that of all other animals, but that he is wiser may often be questioned. When I say that his mental capacity is much greater, I know that the faculty of reason is by many denied to exist in the brute creation; but all, and some of the wisest, have not been entirely of that opinion.

'There is not, in my opinion,' says an elegant writer, 'any thing more mysterious in nature than this instinct in animals, which thus rises above reason, and falls infinitely short of it.' Virgil, however, goes farther:

——Equidem credo, quia sit divinitùs illis
Ingenium.

'I think their breasts with heavenly souls inspir'd.' DRYDEN.

Old Montagne is also an authority in point:

'When,' says he, 'my cat and I entertain each other with mutual apish tricks, as playing with a garter, who knows but that I make for my cat more sport than she makes for me*? Shall I conclude her to be simple, that has her time to begin or refuse to play, as freely as I myself have? Indeed, who knows but that it is in consequence of my not understanding her language (for doubtless cats talk and *reason* with one another), that we agree no better: and who knows but that she pities me for being no wiser than to play with her, and laughs and censures my folly for making sport for her, when we two play together?'—*Essays.*

Of the 'half-reasoning elephant' and the 'learned pig' I shall say nothing, nor shall I repeat the old proof of logic in dogs; but I am ready to maintain, that other animals are often wiser than man, especially as that wisdom appears to be exercised in the preservation of health. In fact, instinct (if it must be so called) in the brute creation is, in this particular, the better wisdom. 'Man,' says the author of *Bionomia*, 'differs more from other animals in his habits respecting drink, than with regard to food. Animals living in a state of nature drink very sparingly. The carnivorous reject salt, which indeed appears to be poison to them. The *graminivori* hardly require drink, except when urged by man to extraordinary exertion. The less fluid domesticated animals are permitted to have, they are the more healthy, and the process of fattening, where that is an object, goes on faster. The juice of fruit allays thirst more completely than any fluid, and if man ever subsisted upon fruits, which must have been the case if he lived without labor, he could have no occasion for drink.'

Many animals know, and find among simples, the fit remedies for their complaints; but they have no apothecaries or wholesale takers of drugs amongst them. They luckily never read Dr. Buchan's Domestic Medicine, which work, though good in itself, has been the cause of infinite mischief. Its fanciful and hypochondriac readers have imagined themselves afflicted with all the diseases described, which is in fact worse than if any thing had really ailed them, because the latter may, but the former cannot, be cured. In this case, the only thing favorable to be said is, that as they probably take all the recipes prescribed, they may convert fancy into reality, and be no longer incurable.

'The conceit,' observes the author above-quoted, 'that the works of nature cannot go on without the interference of man, borders almost on impiety. Is it credible, for example, that a human infant should be so imperfectly organized, that it cannot pass over the years of childhood, naturally the most healthy period of life, except the biliary system be ever and anon expurgated by *calomel*? Or that the early and habitual use of this mineral poison can be unattended with injurious consequences? Perhaps the time may come when the most judicious plan of curing internal, as well as external complaints, will be acknowleged to consist in removing all impediments to the *natural* exertions made by the vital energy to restore health. Natura parendo vincitor.'

The premature decay of the teeth, now so general, he conceives to originate in some peculiarity in the present mode of living, perhaps in the prevalent and increasing use of hot fluids.

Wonder is the offspring of ignorance, and with this remark he exposes the absurd belief in the efficacy of *animal magnetism*, *metallic tractors*, and the *royal touch*, the greatness of which impositions, he well observes, 'proves that the credulity of the multitude is by no means in proportion to the craft of the impostor, but in the ratio of their own ignorance.'

The public health engages no share of the attention of the legislature, and quackery rages, and 'hangs o'er us like an unseen pestilence.' Deleterious articles of diet are vended with impunity, and secret, and for that very reason dangerous nostrums obtain even the apparent sanction of the government, because the public revenue is augmented by the sale; and their baleful propagation is increased by newspaper advertisements for the same reason. Then has this learned writer good reason to say that,

* It must be admitted that when Walton makes Piscator cite this passage in defence of his sport, he is not fishing in very clear water; for even those, who may think that the balance of sport was in favor of Montagne's cat, must find some difficulty in believing that the amusement of the angler is inferior to that of the fish or the worm!

'as the rewards and honors of medicine are now distributed, the physician may often with truth apply to himself the words of the preacher—*If it befall me even as it befalleth to the fool, why should I labor to be more wise?*'

After such an attack on quackery, I cannot dismiss this article without saying all that can be said in its defence. Where others are so ready to scandalize this *valuable* profession (to its professors), it is a duty incumbent on the lovers of justice to counteract injury as much as possible; and how can it be better done than by citing the eulogies on those worthy characters, *the quacks*, as preserved in the writings of two of the most esteemed and enlightened authors of the last century?

'When I consider the assiduity of this profession,' says Goldsmith, 'their benevolence amazes me. They not only in general give their medicines for half value, but use the most persuasive remonstrances to induce the sick to come and be cured. Surely there must be something strangely obstinate in an *English patient*, who refuses so much health upon such easy terms! Does he take a pride in being bloated with a dropsy? Does he find pleasure in the alternations of an intermittent fever, or feel as much satisfaction in nursing up his gout, as he found pleasure in acquiring it? He must—otherwise he never would reject such repeated assurances of instant relief. What can be more convincing than the manner in which the sick are invited to be well? Yet, notwithstanding all this, there are many here who now and then think proper to be sick: only sick, did I say? There are some who even think proper to die! Yes, by the head of Confucius, they die, though they might have purchased the health-restoring specific for half a crown at every corner.'

'I have heard,' says Addison, 'of a porter, who serves as a knight of the post, under one of these operators, and, though he was never sick in his life, has been *cured* of all the diseases in the Dispensary. These are the men, whose sagacity has invented *elixirs* of all sorts, *pills* and *lozenges*, and take it as an affront if you come to them before you are given over by every body else. Their medicines are *infallible, and never fail of success*—that is, of enriching the doctor, and setting the patient effectually at rest.'

As I am neither a physician nor a philosopher, I shall say no more about either *health* or *wisdom*. To confess, in face of the maxim, that I am *not* a physician, is laying myself open to a very uncivil imputation; but things might be worse, as I shall show by a short observation I once made on the medical tribe, in the following lines:

'Tis call'd by the wise a most excellent rule,
That 'at *forty a man's a Physician or Fool*,'
And some in the maxim to fail are so loth,
They manage at forty to pass for them *both!*

THE BARON AND THE BURGESS; A TALE.

The sun crowned the tops of the mountains with diadems of gold, and, wherever the parting branches of the trees permitted, threw gleams of brilliant light into the recesses of the neighbouring forests: the sparkling waters seemed to rejoice in the sunshine, as they issued from crevices in rocks, rushed in foamy cataracts down their sides, spread into bright pools, or glided along through soft grass, and beds of wild flowers. The road now wound round the side of a beetling cliff, now descended into a deep ravine, and now stretched over a smiling plain, every-where presenting the most beautiful and magnificent views. The soul of a troubadour would have expanded into song, and a knight would have paused in admiration of the scene; but the traveler, who journeyed through the lovely wilderness, was too deeply oppressed by care and anxiety to pay any attention to the beauty of the objects which surrounded him. He was a burgess of Cologne, of great reputed wealth; but piracies and losses at sea had considerably diminished his property, and his chief hope of recovering from the effects of these misfortunes, and attaining his former prosperity, rested upon the safe arrival of a valuable collection of merchandise, which he was now convoying to his native city. A few leagues only intervened between him and this haven of security; yet these were pregnant with danger. The nobles of the country were bound to keep the roads clear from robbers, from sunrise to sunset, or rather they were bound themselves to respect the persons and property of passengers during that interval, in consideration of the heavy tolls which they exacted from travelers at every bridge and difficult pass: but the prize which Bernard carried with him was sufficient to tempt the rapacity of these barons, and

induce them to break every law of honor and honesty, well knowing that they could evade or defy the punishment due to their crimes. The occasional reinforcements which his small caravan received did not remove his apprehensions, which increased with every step. He cast many anxious looks at the burthen which his mules bore, and fervently prayed that his merchandise might be permitted to reach Cologne unplundered.

The junction of several streams now formed a broad and rapid river, which crossed the road just as it began to ascend a considerable eminence. Upon the top of this hill was a plain of trifling extent, where four roads met; and, on the summit of a rugged mountain, which formed the right of a double chain, divided by this dip and the intersecting roads, stood the castle of Otho, baron of Wolfingen. Nearly hidden by the craggy rocks and the surrounding trees, the broad banner and the battlemented tower only peeped above the umbrageous shelter of the waving pines; but the roads for miles round were revealed to the inhabitants whenever they ascended a turret, erected for the purpose on the brow of a rock; and, as the fortress was deemed impregnable, the baron and his retinue might descend with impunity from his strong hold, and attack either the troops of the emperor, the vassals of his neighbours with whom he was usually at war, or the passenger whose ill fortune obliged him to traverse the dangerous territory. Though a free imperial city, the inhabitants of Cologne endeavoured to propitiate this formidable personage; but the league was often broken between them. They were induced to give shelter to his enemies, and protection to any hapless wretch who fled from his service; and in return he revenged himself upon every individual who came in his way.

While the mules were toiling up the hill under the weight of their load, Bernard and his servants, who participated in the fears of their master, looked frequently and timidly around them; but the profound repose was yet unbroken by a sound, save the gurgling of rills amid the rocks, and the hum of the wild bee as she flew to the rich blossom of the furze; they had nearly reached the spot where the roads met, and their hearts began to palpitate with stronger vibrations, as the point approached which would decide their destiny. They did not long remain in doubt; for, issuing from a woody covert, and drawing his vassals across the path, Otho commanded the merchant to stop. 'My lord,' cried the burgess, 'I have paid the toll at the bridge;—what more dost thou require for my safe conduct through thy domain?' 'Villain,' exclaimed the baron, 'dost thou presume to parley? neither thyself, nor one of thy dastardly fellow-citizens, shall have safe conduct from me. I demand of thee all that thou hast. Rejoice that I do not take thy worthless life, and hang thy carcass on yon tree to feast the raven and the kite. Say, should I spare thee, what art thou willing to give for thy ransom?'—'Alas, my lord,' replied Bernard, 'my whole estate is upon the backs of those mules; and should you deprive me of that, I have not wherewithal to satisfy my creditors and carry on my trade.' 'Vile muckworm,' said Otho, 'since thou art so reduced, that thou canst not afford to pay a proper ransom, why should I deny myself my just revenge against thy perjured townsmen? bethink thyself again, and name the largest sum which thy means or thy credit can grant. Will not the dog reply? Well, since thou hast pleaded poverty, I'll be content with five hundred marks; the luxuries of thine house, the gauds of thy wife and daughters, wherein thou darest to imitate thy betters, will supply the Away, knaves!' he continued, addressing the merchant's followers, 'report the situation of your master, and bring the gold within fourteen days, or, by the Heaven above us, he shall die.'

Prayers and remonstrances were of no avail. Peter, Rolfe, and Hugo, hastened to Cologne, and the unfortunate burgess followed his mules as they were driven up the narrow path which led to the castle. To confinement he was now obliged to submit, but it was less intolerable than it might have been. His dungeon was a square apartment, excavated out of a rock, which formed the foundation of the fortress; it was, however, dry, and through a grated window, even with the garden, he could enjoy air and light—blessings which were not always the lot of persons in his situation. Incidents similar to this were so common in Otho's establishment, that Bernard's imprisonment excited neither pity nor remark. All were eager to ascertain the value of the prize; and, as the rich silks and fine stuffs were unfolded, the strings of pearl, the blades of

pure Toledo, and Damascus steel, the furs and the gums unpacked, none mingled compassion with their joy, except Romilda, the baron's daughter, whose gentle heart shrank at the scenes of rapine and bloodshed which she so often witnessed. In vain did her father select the richest treasures from the spoil, to decorate her person; she received them with gratitude, but not with pleasure; and, shutting herself up in her chamber, shunned her favorite occupation, that of attending to her flowers, that she might not look upon the spot of the plundered merchant's incarceration, or hear the groans wrung from him by sufferings which she could not alleviate.

Days passed on, and Bernard, aware of the ruinous state of his affairs, was not surprised at the non-arrival of his ransom: he felt assured that the tender affection which his only son Leonard bore to him would have instantly redeemed him from captivity, had not the undertaking been attended with insurmountable obstacles; and he calmly prepared for the death which seemed to await him. Romilda, who could not bear the thoughts of so cruel an execution, but who dared not venture to entreat her father's clemency, shared the prisoner's anxiety; daily she sought the turret to watch for an embassy from Cologne, and every evening repaired to the dungeon window to address a few words of kindness and encouragement to its doleful inhabitant. On the thirteenth morning she espied a party approaching, and, having recognized Rolfe and Hugo amongst the groupe, flew to acquaint the merchant with the welcome tidings. She then repaired to the hall of the castle, in the hope of witnessing his release; but she saw her father's brow clouded, and the looks of the strangers filled with anxiety.

A young man whose countenance and air would have impressed her with an idea that he was of noble lineage, had not his dress denoted him to be a mere burgher, placed a bag of money on the table. 'It is only a fifth part of your demand, my lord,' he cried; 'but my father's creditors have seized the wreck of his property, and his debtors refuse to pay, unless he claims his due in person. Deign, therefore, to keep me as a hostage for the remainder of the ransom, and suffer my parent to be at liberty, that he may endeavour to retrieve his affairs—an object which can only be effected by him, as the principal, my efforts having failed to procure common justice from those who are under the deepest obligations to befriend us in our adversity.' The sight of the gold somewhat mollified the baron, and perhaps Leonard's gallant bearing made a favorable impression on his martial mind. He consented to the exchange, on the proviso that the remaining four hundred marks should be forthcoming in the course of a fortnight.'—'That,' replied the young man, 'I dare not promise; but my life will be in your hands; do with me what you will—only keep the knowlege of your intention from my father, who will scarcely accept his liberty if he should know the danger in which it will involve me.' Wolfingen, touched, perhaps, by this instance of filial piety, acceded to the son's request, and even offered to extend his patience for three weeks. The young man bowed a grateful acknowlegement; but, mingled with his passionate joy upon embracing his father, Romilda saw a painful consciousness that their parting would be final. She wept at witnessing the tender scene; the merchant could with difficulty be prevailed upon to tear himself from the arms of his son, and Leonard's courage sustained a severe trial from the warmth of his affection; but, supported by a noble fortitude, he seemed to be unmoved by his captivity, and cheered his father's heart with hopes which he dared not cherish in his own. If Romilda pitied the burgess, how much more strongly was her compassion excited by the hard fate of the young and handsome Leonard! She hurried to her chamber to hide her tears; but, as the day advanced, she stole softly into the garden,—a piece of ground which was not overlooked by any of the castle windows, and which she alone of all the household ever frequented; and, as it had always been her favorite resort, her constant visits, now that the dungeon was tenanted, were not liable to any remark, particularly as not a soul belonging to the family could suspect her of feeling any interest in the destiny of a burgess or his son. She had been accustomed to speak kindly to Bernard, and she had felt no difficulty in commencing a conversation with him; and she was surprised at the embarrassment which prevented her from flying as usual to the grate. She had gathered a rose, de-

lighted with its freshness and its fragrance, and, imagining that it might be a welcome present to the prisoner, she dropped it through the iron bars as she passed. An exclamation of surprise and joy burst upon her ear; she paused involuntarily; Leonard was instantly below the window, and though, from the depth of his abode, she could only see his eyes sparkling as they were raised to gaze upon her, the parting rays of the sun, irradiating her golden hair, and beaming on her fair and lovely countenance, revealed to the young man what he almost deemed to be the face of an angel, and he felt that there could be bliss even in a dungeon. Romilda now considered every hour to be lost that was not spent in the garden. Leonard, in despite of the scanty accommodations of his cell, had contrived to raise his head to a level with the grate; days flew away unheeded, and each seemed to be content that a whole life should be spent in conversation through an iron window: but hours such as these were not destined to last; and Romilda was apprehensive that they were drawing to a frightful conclusion.

The inhabitants of Cologne had put an affront upon Otho, which he determined not to brook; he breathed nothing but rage against them and their city; the road was deserted, for he respected not property of any kind, and murdered the defenceless wretches whom fate threw in his way. Under these circumstances there could be little hope for Leonard. The most abject slavery presented the only alternative to his death; and fresh offences and insults, offered by the enraged citizens to their turbulent neighbour, seemed in some measure to justify his most cruel resolution. It was well known in the castle that no ransom would be taken for the prisoner, and that his doom was fixed. Romilda fell into despair; her sole consolation was the certainty that she should not survive Leonard's execution; for she dared not entertain the most distant hope of softening her father's heart in his favor. Unable to sleep, she wandered all night over the castle. On passing the door of Otho's chamber, she saw that it was partly open; the rays of a lamp placed upon a table showed him wrapped in the arms of sleep, and by his side, thrown carelessly as though intoxication had rendered him inattentive to his usual precautions, lay the keys. The temptation was too powerful to be resisted; she braved the risque, and stealing gently upon tiptoe into the apartment, wrapped her long veil first round one key, then on the next, and the next, so as to secure the whole bunch from the clank which might have waked their stern guardian. A few moments brought her to the dungeon where the youth was lying sleepless on his couch of straw. Rapidly informing him of the golden opportunity which was offered for his escape, she guided him through a small portal of the castle down a narrow winding path amid the rocks, whose entrance, screened with underwood, was unknown to all except her, and which led into the great road to Cologne, unexposed to the view of any of the sentinels who kept watch and ward in the environs. At a spot where she knew he could not miss his way, she prepared to leave him, and now a dreadful conflict rose in his breast. Uncertain of the state of his father's affairs, he dared not ask her to share beggary perchance in addition to the shame which would be heaped upon her, if she should link her fate with one so much beneath her in rank; and, though the tender Romilda would gladly have followed her lover's fortunes, even if they led to the most abject penury, she could not endure to wound the heart of an indulgent parent, who, however cruel he might be to others, had ever treated her with all the kindness of which his rough nature was capable. These thoughts burst from their lips, as they stood clasped in each other's arms; but, yielding to a sense of duty, they broke the strong impulse which bound them together, and Leonard rushed forward towards the city, whilst Romilda with equal rapidity retraced her steps to the castle. Depositing the keys in safety where she had found them, she retired to her chamber; but not without unpleasant sensations; for she trembled at the consequences of her bold enterprise. She resolved to confess the part which she had acted, rather than suffer an innocent person to be punished for her fault; but, to her utter surprise, the following day passed without the slightest tumult, or even a word respecting the prisoner's escape. On the succeeding morning she heard a report that Leonard was dead. The vassal who had the charge of his dungeon, alarmed at his disappearance, had recourse to an artifice to save himself from suspicion. One of the serfs had expired of a malignant disease, and

was already in his coffin, which, on account of his disorder, no one was willing to watch. The fear of a greater evil rendered Hubert regardless of the risque of contagion. In the dead of the night he removed the tainted body, and, replacing it with stones, carried it into Leonard's cell. The dread of infection conquered any inclination which Otho or his household might have entertained to take a close survey of the deceased; the second death occurring in so short an interval filled them with consternation, and not an idea of deceit entered into any mind except that of Romilda, who soon guessed the contrivance which she did not feel disposed to reveal. Days, weeks, and months, glided away. Romilda, after the burst of joy which she had experienced at the happy termination of Leonard's sufferings had subsided, fell into a state of profound melancholy;—a vague and indistinct hope alone supported her. Unable to continue her accustomed employments, she spent her time chiefly in gazing upon the road to Cologne, anxiously watching the appearance of every passenger; but disappointment succeeded each excitement of her hopes, and existence at last became burthensome.

Otho still prosecuted his audacious career; frequent reprisals had made an irreparable breach between him and the inhabitants of Cologne; becoming rich and powerful, he valued not the alliances of his neighbours, and his encroachments on their rights and privileges kindled war with all who were able to oppose him. The emperor, whose friendship he had neglected to cultivate, and whose followers he had often insulted, was at length excited to anger by his lawless excesses, and a powerful league was silently formed against him. Finding the inhabitants of the free cities, who enjoyed all their immunities through his protection, much more willing to serve him than a rapacious and insolent nobility, the head of the empire needed little entreaty to induce him to carry on the war in person against Otho, who had refused to attend his summons at Cologne, and answer the charges preferred against him. At a moment when he was least prepared for resistance, Wolfingen was assaulted by the imperial troops, the militia of the city, and the vassals of the surrounding barons. Relying too securely upon the position of his castle, he offered the enemy battle, instead of endeavouring to propitiate his offended sovereign, and after a dreadful conflict the fortress was stormed and taken. The trembling Romilda from an upper window saw her father struck to the earth, she gazed for a moment—the body moved not—the next instant a shout of triumph proclaimed his death. Hastily wrapping herself up in a dark cloke, she flew down the staircase, ere the foe could gain an entrance, opened the private portal, dashed through the underwood which grew athwart the mouth of a cave leading to the secret path, and found an unsuspected shelter amid the rocks. Anxious to reach Cologne before the road was filled with exulting soldiers returning from their conquest, she moved rapidly forward. Instinct seemed to lead her to the city; for, had terror allowed her time for reflection, a neighbouring convent might have suggested itself as the fittest asylum for her unprotected state. Swiftly descending the mountain, she continued her course without pausing to take breath, and entered Cologne ere the news of the capture of Wolfingen's castle had reached it. As she passed the gate, she felt momentary joy at the assurance of her safety; but the idea of her friendless solitude soon chased away every pleasurable sensation. She knew not the place of Bernard's abode, or whether he still inhabited the city. A whole year might have made many alterations in Leonard's feelings, as well as in his circumstances; and with the consideration of her being entitled to his gratitude, came the fear of its being denied.

> 'She sought in vain on every countenance
> For lineaments familiar to her eyes.'

Nothing but strange faces met her view; and, wanting courage to address herself to any of the passengers, she gladly accepted the shelter of an open church to rest her weary limbs. She sate down on the steps of the altar, and bitter tears mingled with her prayers, as she ruminated on her sad destiny. The shades of evening drew on, and the lamps at the shrines only faintly illuminated the interior of the church. She knew not whether to go, or stay, and whilst debating the point her reverie was interrupted by two persons who approached the altar. The one next to her was a monk, whose bulky form and flowing garments hid his companion from her view.—'Thou dost well, my son,' he

cried, 'to dedicate to the church a part of the fruits of thy successful voyage: the recovery of so many vessels, and thine own escape from the perils of the deep, demand thy gratitude.'—'Father,' replied he who was thus addressed,—but farther speech was broken off; for Romilda, recognising the voice of Leonard, screamed, rushed forward, and fainted in his arms. She found herself on her recovery in a handsome apartment, surrounded by friends, all anxious to serve her. The burgess, his wife, and his daughters, almost worshiped her as the preserver of the most beloved of the family; and the luxuries that courted her acceptance, proved the rapidity with which they had accumulated wealth; but she was not yet free from perturbation and alarm. Otho, only stunned by the blow which he had received, was alive, a prisoner in his own castle; and, in despite of the pressing entreaties of the provincial nobles, who could not endure to see the degradation of one of their own body, the emperor had doomed him to suffer death on the spot which had witnessed his unlicensed outrages. His unhappy daughter could only be restrained from flying to him, by the warm assurances of Leonard that he would save him or die in the attempt. Romilda described the chambers of the castle with the utmost minuteness; yet, when he had left her, she deeply regretted that she had not insisted upon sharing his danger. Should he incur disgrace or death, how could she answer to his family for her share in his misfortunes?

When the burgess and his family retired to rest, she alone remained to watch and weep. With the first streak of the dawn came the appointed signal: she unclosed the portal, and saw indeed that her lover was accompanied by a tall figure, wrapped in a close disguise, whom she knew at once to be her father. Concealed in an upper chamber, he remained in safety; for the house of a burgess in Cologne was the last place which could be suspected of affording an asylum to Wolfingen; but his pride and his prejudices interfered even in this abject state to prevent the union of his daughter with a plebeian. Leonard, unable to exist in the city without a hope of espousing the mistress of his affections, entered into the emperor's service, and, after distinguishing himself by a series of valiant exploits, received the honor of knighthood. Thus favored by his sovereign, and enriched by the industry of his father, he had sufficient influence to procure the pardon of Otho, and the restoration of his estate. The baron could not refrain from admiring such splendid virtues. He reflected with pleasure on the happy events which had rewarded the exertion of Romilda's humanity in favor of a destitute prisoner; his hard heart was softened into tenderness, and he blessed the marriage of his daughter with the son of a burgess.

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

NO. III.

OSCAR TO MALVINA.

Dearest Girl, Selma, —— 1823.

To describe the pleasurable emotions which I felt on the perusal of your much-longed-for and very welcome favor,—the overflowings of pride at being thus honored with a correspondence of all others the most flattering, that of a young and accomplished female,—and the glow of gratitude that kindled in my bosom on the receipt of this exhilarating proof of reciprocal esteem—would be equally vain and impossible. The pledge of friendship has been redeemed; the interest we feel in each other's welfare has been solemnly avowed; our confidence will be more unbounded; and nothing, I hope, remains but to cement and confirm this happy intimacy by a mutual exchange of good offices, and renewed tokens of pure and disinterested affection.

There are moments, Malvina, when the springs of life seem to be more elastic; when the blood bounds through the heart with more than usual impetuosity; when visions of pleasure, in many indefinable shapes, burst upon the enraptured mind; when the demons of care, disappointment, and melancholy, suspend for a while their direful visitations;—such are the moments we spend in the company, or in musing over the written communications, of those we love. You smile very prettily, my dear, but I shall not commit myself.—Alas! it is true, Malvina; we cannot indeed be lovers; but the joys of friendship are still reserved for us, and 'friendship with woman,' they say, 'is sister to love.' Now, whether that sort of attachment which sweetens and animates our present intercourse, be one of love's *sisters*, I know not: there is reason to believe, however, that

our relative connexion is not more distant than that of *cousins*, and I am not sure that you would reckon it a compliment to be more nearly allied.

But why, dearest girl, call to mind painful recollections? The demon of discord, it is too true, had taken precedence of the soft endearments of friendship. Yes—'Malvina was once the enemy of Oscar!' but it was the enmity of accident rather than of choice. The unfounded prejudices of your maternal parent had driven her to countenance a measure, disgraceful in itself, and directly subversive of my interests, right, and reputation, as one of the *constituted authorities* of the place;—she could have snatched the very bread from the mouths of my children,—and how could I respect her daughter? You were then a little lively laughing girl, about nine years of age. I recollect seeing you sometimes at the dancing-school, and could not help admiring the ease and address with which you acquitted yourself. You stole many a sly look at me, generally brightened with a smile; but whether it was the proud glance of disdain, or the tender emotion of regret, I know not,—probably it was neither the one nor the other. On *my* part, however, this innocent look of yours (for *innocent* it must have been) was too frequently met by the sullen rebuff of resentment, as proceeding from the daughter of my enemy. At that early age, your movements, when dancing, were tinctured with affectation; probably the effect of an uncommonly delicate ear; for every motion seemed only an accompaniment to the notes of the violin. In the course of a few years your personal attractions began to develope themselves, and it was easy to foresee that you would be what every body calls a *pretty girl.* I seldom saw you; but, when we *did* happen to meet, each of us seemed to make an involuntary halt, and to gaze with a sort of wistful eagerness, as if there existed, even at that period, some secret unextinguishable sympathy, that only waited for an opportunity of bursting forth, and of uniting in the ardors of mutual recognition and forgiveness.

That opportunity at last arrived! I had often admired your opening graces; but this admiration was always mingled with regret, that seemed to ripen with your unfolding charms. Often had I cursed those unhappy circumstances which forbade a closer intimacy. 'What a pity,' would I say, 'that she cannot be my *favorite!*'——The rancor of enmity had now subsided (for time works miracles), and our families had begun to show a disposition to return to their former intimacy. Your father had always been my worthy friend, and your mother was weary, if not ashamed, of her opposition. After a dreary absence of several years, accident or business one day led me to your house, and my reception there spoke plainly that all remembrance of the past should be mutually forgotten. You might then be fifteen; I found you in your closet with a book in your hand; you looked like one of the Graces: you smiled most enchantingly, and your countenance beamed with the most fascinating complacency. I could not resist the temptation; I snatched you unconscious to my bosom, and impressed on your pouting lips a fervent kiss;—a deep blush suffused your blooming cheeks,—you looked confused and surprised, but not offended,—and this first token of affection sealed your pardon, cemented our friendship, and obliterated our animosities. From that moment you became my charming, my favorite Malvina; and the tender emotion which that happy interview kindled in my bosom can only be extinguished with life itself.

Many a time, when seated by your side, Malvina, I have wished to touch upon this nice subject, for the sake of mutual explanation; but pride and delicacy always deprived me of utterance; for I had felt myself deeply hurt; the painful association was linked with every fibre of my heart; and, not being quite aware what might be your precise views of the matter, I was perhaps afraid that the disclosure of them might disturb our present intimacy. On a candid review of the above circumstances, however, you may perhaps be inclined to admit, that my resentment was just, and my forgiveness generous. Pardon me, Malvina, I do not mean to upbraid you—it is all over now—nor have I much reason to boast of my generosity. You were then very young and inexperienced, and could neither be chargeable with the faults, nor answerable for the conduct of others.

But enough of this:—turn we now to a gayer, prouder theme—the inexhaustible mysteries of love, courtship, and matrimony!—Here, however, it will be necessary to trouble you with a few re-

marks respecting the leading characteristics, the ruling propensities or 'master-passion' of the ladies, and endeavour to detect the erroneous opinions that many people unhappily entertain on the subject, to the degradation of the more amiable half of our species. Why is it that young persons are so anxious to secure one another's favor and good graces, but that nature teaches them that each sex can communicate something essentially good to its opposite? But the *exciting* principle, or ruling *motive*, in the respective sexes, is not quite the same. Love, the sweetener of human life, the golden chain that links, the powerful charm that assimilates heart to heart,—as it exists in the breast of *man*,—is a mixed passion, the materials of which are more nearly allied to earth than to heaven. His boisterous affections are sadly tinctured with a grossness of feeling that would degrade the purer sensibilities of the woman, and transform her bashful graces into a disgusting effrontery. It would be utterly subversive of, and wholly at variance with, that shrinking modesty which constitutes her chief glory and attraction, and assimilates her more nearly to superior intelligences. This propelling instinct in the one sex may be termed *positive*, and, in the other, *negative*. In man it forms a permanent quality, but the purer essence of the woman disclaims the base alloy;—or, if the female constitution recognizes a principle that can excite one prurient thought,

——' she bears it as the flint bears fire,
Which, much enforced, doth give a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.'

From what has been stated, however, it by no means follows, that, in consenting to what is improper, the woman is the less culpable party,—perhaps she is the more criminal of the two, inasmuch as the turpitude of an action must be aggravated in proportion as the *incentive* to it is less powerful. But on this nice point nothing can be said decidedly; the motives to action are as various as the circumstances that give rise to them; it is always most gracious to seek truth on the side of charity; and, where we cannot wholly excuse, silence is our best refuge.

With respect to the propensities of females, I am aware that most people hold a very different creed; and the world, I assure you, is by no means disposed to allow you the merit of such superior natures. Hence arise the impertinent teasings, the insolent importunities, and the rude familiarities to which you are so often exposed, on the tacit belief, forsooth, that these things must be equally agreeable to both parties, and of course that all your shy bickerings, and bashful repulses, are mere *pretence*, prudery, and affectation!—Nor are your male censors at a loss for arguments in support of this doctrine. The general levity of your sex, their eagerness to associate with ours, their rage for public amusements, their avowed impatience, and almost indecent precipitation to be led to the temple of Hymen, are powerful weapons of ridicule and of censure in the hands of your adversaries.—Is it not true, Malvina? are not all of you notoriously fond of appearing at places of public resort? The theatre, the ball-room, the promenade, not to mention fairs, races, &c. have all much reason to boast of the patronage of our gallant countrywomen. Then how amusing it is to witness all the artillery of love when fairly put in motion—the amorous ogle, the coquettish titter, the mysterious whisper, the affected laugh, the sly glance, the eager stare, and above all, the pretty disputes as to who is the *bonniest* lad;—and all this for the sole purpose of attracting the notice of the men! —at least so the men themselves interpret the matter. Now all these circumstances are carefully mustered up against you, in formidable array (and with too much plausibility, no doubt), as so many indubitable proofs that the materials of your frame partake no less of dross than our own.

But it may be contended by the advocates of your sex, that levity, even to a very culpable extent, may exist where the spirit of licentiousness never found admittance, and that all the aberrations of the fair delinquents, even where pursued by their votaries to criminal excess, may readily be accounted for as resulting from the acknowleged foibles of the sex,—namely, vanity, excessive curiosity, and the love of admiration, with their kindred shades of pride, ambition, &c., without having recourse to qualities of a more questionable nature. Nothing, in short, can be more absurd, they say, than to refer every deviation from duty to what are foolishly called the *passions* of women. Again, as to the rage of the ladies for appearing in

public, it ought to be recollected, that every external object must make a deeper impression upon your minds than we are aware of, and that the degree of gratification arising from these impressions must be more exquisite; and is it not very hard that a censorious world will not allow you the privilege of profiting by your superior sensibilities, without loading you with uncharitable imputations?

With respect to the impatience of females for becoming *wives*, if it really be the case, the reason is obvious. The majority of women, while they remain single, must either go to service, or have recourse to the solitary avocations of the needle, or remain a burthen and encumbrance on their parents and friends. Now all this may be obviated at once, and can *only* be obviated, by marriage. Besides, there is something infinitely attractive in the exhilarating idea of having a protector and a *home*. When the degradation and severity of servitude, the scowl of a haughty mistress, the penury necessarily arising from circumscribed resources, and the idea of being a burthen to others, are put in the balance with the elevating sweets of independence, and the anticipated endearments of conjugal love, the choice is not difficult, and the honorable alternative is embraced with ardor. The dread of being left alone in the *market*, too, and even the *pride* of having a sweetheart, and the *boast* of outstripping a rival acquaintance, frequently act as powerful stimulants to matrimony. Nay—do not laugh at the idea—women sometimes long to get married merely because they are *tired* of living single, just as some people go abroad, because home has lost the attractions of novelty. In these cases, *love* has little concern in the affair.

But do not be alarmed, my dear friend; I do not mean to insinuate that women have no *fellow-feeling* for the opposite sex, or that they are not drawn towards them by the strong and secret sympathies of affection; and I even allow that this attachment is not necessarily connected with any distinct, positive, or *conscious* reference to voluptuous gratification. When a woman consents to become the wife of her lover, no precise ideas of the consequences enter into her mind. In her purer frame the baser particles of appetite are *neutralized*, or sublimated, by those of a more heavenly origin. Where the case is otherwise, it is only an exception from a general rule. Besides, it may be safely affirmed, that no woman ever yielded to the wishes of her seducer without a severe struggle and a strong abhorrence of her guilt. It is the triumph of *importunity* over simple innocence; and the costly sacrifice, even to a beloved object, is regretted with many a bitter tear.

Such, then, is WOMAN:—weak, erring, and fallible, she is still the master-piece of nature, the solace of our lives, without whose humanising influence this world would be a desert, and man a savage. What a powerful claim then has she to the protection and counsel of those who call themselves the *lords* of the creation, while he who triumphs over her weakness, who prompts her to error, and who glories in her fall, is 'a wretch, whom 'twere gross flattery *to name a coward!*'

'Hail! lovely image of delight! oh, why
Was such a glorious form created e'er to die?
While gazing on thee, blissful thoughts arise;
And half I learn to know what seraphs be
Who wake the pealing chorus of the skies—

* * * * * *

Man's actions, thoughts, and passions, all betray
A soul less pure, a being less refined:
Thou, lovely woman, prov'st thyself divine;
The sparkling of thine eye betrays a mind
Pure as the sky where now yon planets shine—
If heaven awaits on man, the heaven of heaven is thine!'

My paper and this cruel harangue are both ended. 'Heaven be praised!' I hear you say;—the promised 'cup of sweets' therefore, or strictures on courtship and matrimony, must be reserved for a more favorable conjuncture. Your heart is still 'at home,' you say;—you must, however, take good care of it; it is a jewel of which not every one is worthy to be the possessor.—You say likewise that you will never marry the man whom you do not love;—you are quite right; and I hope Heaven will grant you the dear youth of your heart; but more of this afterwards.

May the Almighty bless you, my dear girl, with health, wisdom, and grace; and may you long continue to be a comfort to your parents, an ornament to your sex, and the spotless favorite of

OSCAR.

A MEMOIR OF KIOSSEM, A TURKISH SULTANA;

by the Baron Holberg.

OF the origin of this celebrated lady, as of other sultanas, little can be said, since they are all, from the low station of slaves, exalted to that dignity. It is certain, however, that she was the wife of the sultan Ahmed I. During the life of that emperor, she was not much talked of; but, in the time of her children and grand-children, she became known, for then she governed with unlimited sway. Her talent first discovered itself upon the occasion of an insurrection in the reign of her son Osman, in an harangue which she made to the army. In this speech she represented what scandal and disgrace those continual insurrections brought upon the Ottoman empire, whose foundation had always rested upon a well-disciplined army; —how greatly the Christians rejoiced at such dissensions, and how much all true Moslems were shocked at them. As it had been hitherto unusual for women in Turkey to suffer themselves to be seen publicly, and still more so to harangue an army, they were all much surprised, looking upon it as an unbecoming instance of arrogance, which set the customs of the country at defiance. Notwithstanding this accusation, the sultana's conduct, as her speech was delivered with energy, failed not to excite admiration; and it was the general opinion that she possessed great and almost heroic qualities, and she was thus enabled to obtain that power which she exercised under her sons, who, according to her good pleasure and advice, were placed on the throne, or obliged to quit it. In the reign of her son Morad IV., indeed, her influence was in some measure diminished, as he was both an able and a haughty prince: but, when her son Ibrahim ascended the throne, every thing moved by her direction. She did whatever she thought proper, and obliged all the ministers to execute her commands; for she was ambitious, daring, and decisive in her resolutions, and possessed such qualities as are rarely found in women. When she was thwarted and opposed, her vigor, as might be expected under such a government, assumed an aspect of cruelty. A vizir, in Ibrahim's time, having done something contrary to her will, she caused him, notwithstanding the great services which he had performed, to be strangled, in the hope of strengthening her authority by the death of a person who was respected and honored by the army.

Whatever might be the opinion of the abilities of Kiossem, her government was not so popular as to preclude murmurs and discontent. A general insurrection occurred in 1647, and it was judged necessary to dethrone the sultan. But, as his mother was the hinge on which every thing turned, the malcontents dared not proceed to the execution of their scheme without her concurrence. The mufti undertook to persuade her; and, in an audience with which she favored him, he represented the miserable condition to which Ibrahim's bad government had reduced the empire. But, as he could well imagine that the sultana, who was a Circassian, and therefore not very tender-hearted, might yet not be easily induced to consent to the death of her own son, he only proposed perpetual imprisonment, to which she made no objection. Ibrahim was immediately called before the divan, to answer the accusations which were to be adduced against him. As he treated the requisition with contempt, a fetva or sentence of the mufti was promulgated against him, which ran thus: 'A great prince is guilty, when his subjects summon him to their tribunal to give an account of his actions.' Ibrahim, to whom the sentence was transmitted, tore the paper to pieces, and threatened to take off the mufti's head; and his friends alleged that the sentence was ill-founded, in a country where the princes are invested with unlimited power. Deriding the emperor's threat, the mufti sent him another and more severe sentence, importing that whosoever did not observe the laws of God could not be regarded as one of the faithful, but, being to all intents and purposes an infidel, had forfeited all right to the crown. The emperor tore this fetva too in pieces; but this mark of indignation had no other effect than that of hastening the execution of the decree. A body of the janisaries immediately went armed to the palace; and it was then that he lost his courage, and flew to Kiossem, by whose mediation his life was spared for some time; but he was thrown into prison; and his young son Mohammed was enthroned in his stead. He at first endured his confinement with patience,

but afterwards fell into such despair, that he would sometimes run and beat his head against the wall of his prison; and it was therefore ordered that he should be strangled.

After this tragedy, when the sultana's grandson mounted the throne, she continued to direct the affairs of state. She had already seen her eightieth year, when she was declared regent; a circumstance which at once shows her vehement desire of sway, and the high opinion that must have been entertained of her capacity; for, at this age, it is usual to dismiss a person from public employment. This appointment is the more to be wondered at, because the young sultan's mother was nearer in point of consanguinity, and also possessed the talents which such a situation required. And this circumstance paved the way to Kiossem's disgrace, and deprived her both of her power and her life. The young sultana feared that Kiossem would treat her son with the same severity which she had manifested toward her own son. She soon therefore endeavoured to strengthen herself by forming a party against the old empress; and, as Kiossem had the janisaries or infantry on her side, her artful rival courted the good will of the spahis, or cavalry. She inveighed against the insolence of the janisaries, who, after having murdered Ibrahim, held the young Mohammed in contempt. She propagated a report that Kiossem had formed a resolution of annihilating or exterminating the spahi regiments; and so great a ferment was thus excited, that they held a council of war, and sent deputies to Constantinople, demanding the heads of those who had murdered the late sultan. The chief adviser of the murder was the vizir Morad, who had been brought up among the janisaries, and was in high esteem with them. As soon as he was informed of the designs of his adversaries, he collected a body of janisaries, and advanced toward the hostile station at Scutari. He had compelled all the spahis, who were in Constantinople, to attend him on this expedition, and had so disposed them that they could neither escape, nor revolt to the other party. Then followed some skirmishes, and the vizir advised the spahis to desist from their undertaking, threatening that, if they did not, he would publish an imperial edict, by which all who were above seven years of age should be obliged to bear arms. This menace so terrified the spahis, that they immediately dispersed, and returned home. Their retreat so elated the janisaries, that they looked upon themselves as masters of the whole empire. The old sultana thought that her enemies were now under her feet. Unfortunately for her friends the janisaries, the populace of the capital demanded the punishment of Bectas, who was their aga or chief, for having adulterated the coin, and a great multitude repaired with that view to the imperial palace. The friends of the spahis neglected not to turn this insurrection to their advantage, and so far prevailed, that the seals of office were taken from the vizir, and put into other hands. Thus the city was divided into factions, while there were two contending parties at court.

In this state of affairs, Kiossem proposed to the aga a bold scheme. This was no other than the deposition of Mohammed, and the elevation of his half-brother Soliman, whose mother being dead, there would be nobody to dispute the administration with herself. About ten thousand janisaries were now assembled by Bectas, to deliberate upon this proposal: they endeavoured by promises to win over the grand vizir, whom they desired to appear at the meeting. He complied with this request, intending to dissemble, and to act as a spy upon their conduct. As soon as he reached the place of congress, Bectas placed Mohammed on his right hand, and proposed the above-mentioned project. The vizir declared upon oath that he would support it with all his authority, and was then dismissed in the full expectation of his concurrence. Some persons warned Bectas that he had committed a great error in setting that artful minister at liberty; but he ridiculed their hints, relying on his own great power, by which he hoped the next day to carry his scheme into execution. The vizir hastened to court, and made his way to the sultan's apartment, where he found the aga Soliman, a bold and determined officer, with whom he concerted a project of sanguinary violence. After a short deliberation, the aga ran to Kiossem's chamber, which he resolved to enter by force. Some of her eunuchs opposing his entrance, he stabbed one of them with his dagger; the rest took flight, and left the way clear. He then proceeded to Kiossem's chamber, where he set a guard to prevent her

escape. His next business was to inform the sultan's mother of the progress of his scheme. That princess, who had learned what was in agitation against herself and her son, gave a loud shriek, and awakened the prince, who, terrified at her cries, burst into tears, and, throwing himself at Soliman's feet, exclaimed, 'Help, my steward, help me!' The aga took him up in his arms, went out, and, by showing him to the captain of the band of eunuchs, inflamed his loyalty to his sovereign. Having secured this point, he consulted with the grand vizir, what step was next to be taken; and orders were immediately given to call up all the pages and eunuchs. Being apprised of the sultan's peril, they ran about in great confusion, imagining that the janisaries had already arrived at the palace to murder them. They therefore, with the other attendants of the court, armed themselves against the impending danger; but these movements were not sufficient to restore the young sultan to composure; for he had ever been under apprehensions of losing his life as his father had. However, he recovered his spirits in some degree on being led round the palace, and seeing what a number of armed men stood ready to serve him. When he came to the part where the pages lodged, some young man shouted, 'God grant that our sultan may live a thousand years!' The pages joined in the same wish, and cried with one voice, 'Allah! Allah!' The vizir had in the mean time ordered all the great officers whom he knew to be faithful to the sultan to march to the palace with as many men as they could levy, and with provisions for three days. Thus the palace was soon filled with armed men, and intestine war seemed to impend over the city.

During these commotions, the mufti, who thought it his duty to support the reigning prince against his traitorous enemies, went with some of the chief ministers to the palace, and comforted the intimidated youth by assurances of loyal zeal. As Kiossem (he said) had become highly obnoxious to the nation, he declared it to be the will of God that she should die; adding, that there were no other means of allaying the disturbance into which the country was thrown. He then prepared the sentence, which the sultan subscribed. Its import was that Kiossem should be strangled, but so that her body should be subject to no insult, and the execution should be performed in some place, whence her shrieks could not reach the emperor's ears.

The pages arranged themselves in two parties, one of which remained with the sultan to prevent his interference, while the other went to execute the sentence. The latter hastened to the apartment of the devoted sultana, crying Allah, Allah, and some of the Arabian eunuchs, who kept watch at the door, readily admitted twenty of the pages to perform the execution. When they had passed the hall where the sultana's ladies were present, a woman, with a view of effecting a diversion, met them, and, presenting a pistol, demanded their business. When they answered, that they were in quest of the old sultana, she said, 'I am that princess,' and snapped her pistol, but it missed fire. They were proceeding to lay violent hands on her, when Soliman, who was with them, informed them it was not the sultana. They then marched into the chamber of Kiossem, who had ordered all the lights to be extinguished, and concealed herself under a cabinet. After they had crept about for some time in search of her, she was discovered, and dragged from her lurking-place. She then promised great sums of money to the pages, if they would spare her life; and, as no one listened to the offer, she threw a handful of sequins among them, in the hope of saving herself by flight whilst they were gathering the money. Some of them indeed stooped to pick up the scattered pieces; but the rest seised her, and an Albanian, who observed that she wore two large ear-rings, tore them away by force. They were two diamonds set in gold, with which her son Morad had presented her, and they were computed to be worth a whole year's revenue of Grand Cairo in Egypt. He, who had possessed himself of these diamonds, apprehending that it would be impossible for him to conceal them, took them to Soliman, who handsomely rewarded him for his exertions. The pages then stripped their victim, and, having endeavoured to strangle her, they believed that she was dead, and left her on the floor, crying out 'dead! dead!' She made a spirited resistance, and is said to have fixed her gums upon a finger of one of the murderers so strongly, that he could not withdraw it before he had plunged his poignard into her right eye. Her executioners, who seemed not fully

to understand their business, returned to give notice that the deed of death was finished: but an aga, observing that the body of the unhappy sultana still moved, called them back to complete their work, and they instantly obeyed the order. Then the black eunuchs raised the body from the ground, and carried it to the sultan's mosque, escorted by the slaves of the deceased, four hundred in number, who exhibited all the signs of grief, howling, weeping, and tearing their hair, so that few could behold the melancholy sight without compassion. The vizir then ordered thanks to be given to the pages for the fidelity which they had testified, and said that, as the greatest difficulties were now surmounted, he would take the rest upon himself, and he acted with such spirit and address, that the janisaries from that time became more orderly and tractable, and Mohammed continued many years in quiet possession of the throne.

Such was the catastrophe of this princess, who, during the reigns of several sultans, had conducted the administration, and governed with boundless authority. Her great qualifications appear not only from her retention of power, at the age of eighty years, in defiance of more legitimate claims, but from her being subjected to the imputation of sorcery; for few of those who have distinguished themselves amongst an unenlightened nation by very superior knowlege and abilities have escaped this absurd censure.

CHRISTIAN NAMES.

'Why Lonicera wilt thou name thy child?'
I ask'd the gardener's wife in accents mild.
'We have a right,' replied the sturdy dame,
And Lonicera was the infant's name.'

CRABBE.

'A commodity of good names.'

SHAKSPEARE.

FROM the time of Goldsmith down to the present day, fine names have been the ridicule of comic authors and the aversion of sensible people, notwithstanding which the evil has increased almost in proportion to its reprobation. Miss Clementina Wilhelmina Stubbs was but a type of the Julias, the Isabels, and the Helens of this accomplished age. I should not, however, so much mind if this folly were comprised in that domain of cold gentility to which affectation usually confines itself. One does not regard seeing Miss Arabella seated at the piano, or her little sister Leonora tottling across the carpet to show her new pink shoes. That is in the usual course of events. But the fashion spreads deeper and wider; the village is infected, and the village green; Amelias and Claras sweep your rooms and cook your dinners, gentle Sophias milk your cows, and, if you ask a pretty smiling girl at a cottage door to tell you her name, the rosy lips lisp out Caroline *. Now this is a sad thing. One looks upon cottage names as a part of cottage furniture, of the costume, and is as much discomposed by the change as a painter of interiors would be who should find a Grecian couch instead of an oaken settle by the side of the wide open hearth. In fine houses fine names do not signify; though I would humbly suggest to godfathers and godmothers, papas, mamas, maiden aunts, nurses, and gossips in general, the unconscious injury that they are doing to novelists, poets, dramatic writers, and the whole fraternity of authors, by trespassing on their (nominal) property, infringing their patent, encroaching on their privilege, underselling their stock in trade, depreciating their currency, and finally robbing poor heroes and heroines of their solitary possession, the only thing they can call their own. Shakspeare has an admonition much to the purpose, 'he who filches from me my *good name*,' and so forth. Did they never hear that, never see Othello, never read Elegant Extracts, never learn the speech by rote out of Enfield's Speaker? If they did, I must say the lesson has been as completely thrown away as lessons of morality commonly are. Sponsors in these days think no more harm of 'filching a name' than a sparrow does of robbing a cherry-tree.

This, however, is an affair of conscience or of taste, and conscience and taste are delicate points to meddle with, especially the latter. People will please their fancies, and every lady has favorite

* A great number of children, amongst the lower orders, are Carolines. That does not, however, wholly proceed from a love of the appellation; though I believe that a queen Margery or a queen Sarah would have had fewer name-sakes. A clergyman in my neighbourhood used to mistake the sound, and christen the babies Catharine;—a wise error, for Kate is a noble abbreviation.

names. I myself have several, and they are mostly short and simple. Jane, that queenly name! Jane Seymour, Jane Grey, 'the noble Jane de Montfort;'—Anne, to which *lady* seems to belong as of right,—a late celebrated Scotish duke is said to have caused an illegitimate daughter to be so baptised, Lady-Anne, and Allan Cunningham's beautiful ballad has joined the name and the title still more inseparably;—Mary, which is as common as a white violet, and like that has something indestructibly sweet and simple, and fit for all wear, high or low, suits the cottage or the palace, the garden or the field, the pretty or the ugly, the old or the young;—Margaret, Marguerite—the pearl! the daisy! Oh name of romance and of minstrelsy, which brings the days of chivalry to mind, and the worship of flowers and of ladies fair!—Emily, in which all womanly sweetness seems bound up—perhaps this is the effect of the association of ideas—I know so many charming Emilys;—and Susan, the sprightly, the gentle, the home-loving, the kind;—association again! But certainly there are some names which seem to belong to particular classes of character, to form the mind, and even to influence the destiny: Louisa, now; —is not your Louisa necessarily a die-away damsel, who reads novels, and holds her head on one side, languishing and given to love? Is not Lucy a pretty *soubrette*, a wearer of cast gowns and cast smiles, smart and coquettish? Must not Emma, as a matter of course, prove epistolary, if only for the sake of her signature? And is there not great danger that Laura may go a step farther, write poetry and publish? Oh beware, dear godmamas, when you call an innocent baby after Petrarch's muse! Think of the peril! Beware!

Next to names simple in themselves, those which fall easily into diminutives seem to me most desirable. All abbreviations are pretty—Lizzy, Bessy, Sophy, Fanny—the prettiest of all! There is something so familiar, so home-like, so affectionate in the sound,—it seems to tell in one short word a story of family love, to vouch for the amiableness of both parties. I never thought one of the most brilliant and elegant women in England quite so charming as she really is, till I heard her call her young sister 'Annie.' It seemed to remove at once the almost repellent quality which belongs to extreme polish,—gave a genial warmth to her brightness, became her like a smile. There was a tenderness in the voice too, a delay, a dwelling on the double consonant, giving to English something of the charm of Italian pronunciation, which I have noticed only in two persons, who are, I think, the most graceful speakers and readers of my acquaintance. 'Annie!' If she had called her sister Anna-Maria according to the register, I should have admired, and feared, and shunned her to my dying day. That little word made us friends immediately. I like manly abbreviations too,—who does not?—they say so much for character. You may know what one man thinks of another by his manner of calling him. Thomas and James and Richard and William are stupid young gentlemen; Tom and Jem and Dick and Will are fine spirited fellows. Henry now, what a soft swain your Henry is! the proper theme of gentle poesy; a name to fall in love withal; devoted at the font to song and sonnet and the tender passion; a baptised inamorato; a christened hero. Call him Harry, and see how you ameliorate his condition*. The man is free again, turned out of song and sonnet and romance, and young ladies' hearts. Shakspeare understood this well, when he wrote of prince Hal and Harry Hotspur. To have called them Henry would have spoiled both characters. George and Charles are unlucky in this respect; they have no diminutives, and what mouthfuls of monosyllables they are!

* While we are amused with the lively and fanciful remarks of our fair and ingenious correspondent, we cannot refrain from animadverting upon an apparent inconsistency. In the names of ladies, she attends to the supposed softness and prettiness of the appellations; but, when she speaks of the names of men, she fancies that the diminutives are indications of spirit. Yet she says, that the change of *Henry* into *Harry* ameliorates the condition of the youth; that is, according to the context, makes him more manly and spirited than he was before. *Henry*, she says in a tone of contempt, is a christened hero: can *Harry* be more than a hero? Harry, indeed, is no abbreviation, but merely (like *Jack* for *John*) a vulgar and unmeaning alteration of the regular term. The lady, perhaps, prefers plain *Kit* to formal *Christopher*: be it so—there is some pretence, in the hurry of conversation, for shortening a name which many may consider as too long; but that custom is not applicable to Henry or to John.—EDIT.

names royal too, and therefore unshortened. A king must be of a very rare class who should afford to be called by short-hand;—very popular to tempt the rogues, well conditioned to endure it, wise and strong to afford it. Our Harry the Fifth, the conqueror of Azincourt, might and did; and the French Henri Quatre; and now and then an usurper. Niccola di Rienzi, Oliver Cromwell, and Napoleon, the noblest of names, have all undergone such transformation; and indeed the Roman tribune, the least known, but not perhaps the least remarkable of the three; he who, born of an innkeeper and a washerwoman, restored for a while the free republic of Rome; the friend of Petrarch, the arbiter of princes, the summoner of emperors, the arraigner of popes—is scarcely known even in the grave page of history by any other appellation than that of Cola di Rienzi—as who should say *Nick!*

I have said that names sometimes form the character. Sometimes, on the other hand, they are like dreams, and become true by contraries; especially if you christen after the virtues. Thus the wildest flirt of my acquaintance happens to be a Miss Prudentia—a second sister, too, whose elder is not likely to marry, so that the misnomer is palpable; and the greatest scold I ever encountered, the errantest virago, was a Mrs. Patience. The Graces are usually aukward gawkies, and the Belles all through the alphabet, from Annabelle downward, are a generation of frights. The Floras are sure to be pale puny girls, and the Roses are apt to wither on the virgin stalk. Call a boy after some distinguished character, and the contradiction grows still more glaring. Your Foxes and Hampdens and Sidneys range themselves on the ministerial benches, your Pitts and Melvilles turn out rank radicals, your Andrew Marvels take bribes, and your Nelsons run away. There is a fatality in those christian surnames, those baptised heathens; they are sure never to fit, never sit easily, never range well with other names. In the case of females, especially, there is a double danger; even if they seem to march evenly at first, see how they end. The most remarkable instance of this acquired incongruity I ever knew befell a fair Highlander, one of my schoolfellows. Her mother, claiming to be sprung from the Bruce family, would call her daughter after good king Robert, and nothing could be better matched than her two noble Scotish names, Bruce Campbell: they suited her like her tartan dress. She was a tall, graceful, blue-eyed girl, with high spirits and some pride, an air compounded of the palace and the mountain, a sort of wild royalty, and a step that puzzled alike our French dancing master and our English drill-sergeant,—it was so unlike what either of them taught, so un-French, so un-English, and yet so bounding and free. She left school, and for some years I heard nothing more of her than that she was happily married. Last summer I had the pleasure of meeting a cousin of hers (as near I should think as within the eighth degree), and began immediately to inquire for my fair friend. 'I understand,' said I, 'that she married early and well?'—'Yes, very,' was the reply; 'but she had the misfortune to lose Mr. Smith in the second year of their nuptials. She is now, however, re-married to a Mr. Brown.'—I heard no more! I was petrified. Bruce Smith! Imagine such a conjunction! And now Bruce Brown! fancy that! There is an apt alliteration for you! And even if she should take refuge in initials, think of B. B.! 'P. P., clerk of this parish,' has the advantage both in look and sound. Oh, your proper names are dangerous! It is the practice of the Americans too, a circumstance which stamps it upstart at once, though with them it may perhaps be politic and patriotic to diffuse and perpetuate the memory of their Washingtons and Jeffersons amongst the descendants of the people whom they freed, to give the new generation a sort of personal interest in their fame. Still the fashion is American, and we have not yet learned to take the tone, especially as to gentility, from our trans-atlantic brethren; but even their fondness for the practice does not stop the progress it is making here. Those papas and mamas, who labor under the misfortune of a plebeian surname, do the best to lighten the calamity to their offspring by an harmonious and dignified *prænomen*, sometimes taken from friends or acquaintance chosen as sponsors for the good gift of a seemly appellation; sometimes culled from history; sometimes from that pseudo-history called a novel; sometimes from the peerage; sometimes from the Racing Calendar, which, by the bye, does not fail to return the compliment. One in-

genious gentleman even christened his eldest hope after the village in which he was born,—Allonby of Allonby!—How well it looks! and what a pity that the wretched little word 'Short' should have a right to intrude! Allonby Short; 'oh what a falling off was there!'—If the son should have half of his father's genius, he will get an act of parliament, and discard it altogether. They kept a slop-shop at Wapping during the war, and are as rich as Jews, so that the expense is of no consequence.

The prefixing of a little miserable name to another of the same class is also exceedingly fashionable amongst our *parvenus*. They seem to think that in names, as in figures, value increases tenfold by the addition of a cipher. Hence the unnatural and portentous union of hideous monosyllables on name-tickets and door-plates, where two 'low words oft creep in one dull line.' Hence your White Sharps, your Ford Greens, your Hall Gills, and other appellations of the same *calibre*, which stare you in the face go where you will, and are clung to with a jealous tenacity, of which the Percies and Howards and Cavendishes (for whom one name is enough) never dream. Hence all varieties in spelling, devices to turn the vulgar to the genteel by the mere change of a letter*: hence the De's and the Fitz's, by which good common English is transmogrified into bad French, to be mispronounced by the ignorant and laughed at by the wise,—the deserved and inevitable fate of pretension, ridiculous in every thing, and most of all in names. M.

* It is pity that the hero of Mr. Lamb's excellent farce 'Mr. H.' did not possess a little of this sort of ingenuity. I am convinced that the addition or omission of a few letters, or even the transposition, the making an anagram of the word, or some such quip or quiddity, would have converted 'Hog's-flesh' into a very respectable appellation. Did not Miss Hannah K., for instance, make herself at once genteel and happy by merely striking out the first letter and the last—vile useless aspirates? And did not Martha G. become a fashionable lady at a stroke by one bold *erratum*—'for Martha read Matilda'—in the first leaf of that domestic Register, the Family Bible?—There is nothing so ingenious under the sun as your genuine name-coiner! A forger by profession is less dexterous, a coat-of-arms maker less imaginative. It is the very triumph of invention.

PORTRAITS IN VERSE.

NO. I.

ANTIGONE.

from the Œdipus Tyrannus, the Œdipus Coloneus, and the Antigone of Sophocles.

'TWAS noon: beneath the ardent ray
Proud Thebes in all her glory lay;
On pillar'd porch, on marble wall,
On temple, portico, and hall,
The summer sunbeams gaily fall,
Bathing, as in a flood of light,
Each sculptur'd frieze and column bright.
Dirce's pure stream meanders there,
A silver mirror clear and fair;
Now giving back the deep-blue sky,
And now the city proud and high,
And now the sacred grove;
And sometimes on its wave a shade,
Making the light more lovely, play'd,
When some close-brooding dove
Flew from her nest, on rapid wing,
For needful food, across the spring,
Or sought her home of love.
The very air, in that calm hour,
Seem'd trembling with the conscious power
Of its own balminess;
The herbage, if by light foot press'd,
Sent up sweet odors from its breast;—

Sure, if coy happiness
E'er dwelt on earth, 'twas in that clime
Of beauty, in that noon-day prime
Of thrilling pleasantness!

But who are they before the gate
Of Thebes conven'd in silent state?
Sad grey-hair'd men, with looks bow'd down,
Slaves to a tyrant's haughty frown;
And he the wicked king, and she
The royal maid Antigone,
Passing to death. Awhile she laid
Her clasp'd hands on her heart, and stay'd
Her firmer step, as if to look
On the fair world which she forsook;
And then the sunbeams on her face
Fell, as on sculptur'd Nymph or Grace,
Lighting her features with a glow
That seem'd to mock their patient woe.

She stay'd her onward step, and stood
A moment's space;—oh, what a flood
Of recollected anguish stole
In that brief moment o'er her soul!
The concentrated grief of years,
The mystery, horror, guilt, and tears,
The story of her life past by,
Ev'n in the heaving of a sigh!

She thought upon the blissful hour
Of infancy, when, as a flower
Set in the sun, she grew,
Without a fear, without a care,
Enjoying, innocent and fair,
As buoyant as the mountain air,
As pure as morning dew;
Till burst at once, like lightning's flame,
The tale we tremble but to name,
Of them from whom her being came,
Poor Œdipus, and one,
The wretched yet unconscious dame,
Who wedded with her son!
Then horror fast on horror rose:
She maddening died beneath her woes,
Whilst crownless, sightless, hopeless, *he*
Dar'd to outlive that agony.
Through many a trackless path and wild
The blind man and his duteous child
Wander'd, till pitying Theseus gave
The shelter brief, the mystic grave.
One weary heart finds rest at last:
But, when to Thebes the maiden pass'd,
The god's stern wrath was there:—
Her brothers each by other slain,
And one upon the bloody plain
Left fest'ring in the sun and rain,
Tainting the very air:
For none, the haughty Creon said,
On pain of death, should yield the dead
Burial, or tear, or sigh;
And, for alone she feebly strove
To pay the decent rites of love,
The pious maid must die.

She paus'd—and in that moment rose,
As in a mirror, all her woes;
She spake,—the flush across her cheek
Told of the woe she would not speak,
* As a brief thought of Hæmon stole
With bitter love across her soul.
'I die,—and what is death to me
But freedom from long misery?
Joyful to fall before my time,
I die; and, tyrant, hear my crime:
I did but strive his limbs to shield
From the gaunt prowlers of the field;
I did but weave, as nature weaves,
A shroud of grass and moss and leaves;
I did but scatter dust to dust,
As the desert wind on marble bust;
I did but as the patient wren
And the kind redbreast do for men.
I die—and what is death to me?
But tremble in thy tyranny,
Tyrant! and ye, base slaves of power,
Tremble at Freedom's coming hour!
I die— and death is bliss to me!'
Then, with a step erect and free,
With brow uprais'd and even breath,
The royal virgin pass'd to death.

M.

STANZAS.

'If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er hadst left thy sphere;
Or, could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here!
Though many a gifted mind we meet,
Though fairest forms we see,
To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee!'

Moore.

Ah, little they know of my heart, if they deem
That thy love and thy loss pass'd away like a dream:
I have not a thought, or of gladness or gloom,
But it brings me thy form, or it leads to thy tomb.

Though care's darkest clouds have hung o'er me, and hang
As darkly as ever, there is not a pang
I have felt, or still feel, like the grief of that day
Which saw thee and my heart's dearest hopes pass away.

Ah, then ev'ry joy that I long sought to claim,
Ev'ry day-dream I cherish'd of fortune or fame,
All time seem'd to promise, or life ever gave,
Sank, at once and for ever, with thee in thy grave!

* Antigone was beloved by Hæmon the son of the tyrant Creon, who, after the death of his mistress, killed himself for grief. In the fine play of Sophocles, Antigone only once alludes to her unhappy lover:

'Oh my dearest Hæmon!
And is it thus thy father doth disgrace thee?'

In the original her complaint consists but of one line, which, as the translator, Dr. Francklin, observes, 'a modern writer would have spun out to many a page.'

And now, though when living I knew that the earth
Contain'd not thy equal in sweetness or worth,
Now thy worth seems more pure, and thy sweetness more dear,
Than they seem'd when their lustre illumin'd us here.

Ev'ry word that betoken'd thy bosom's devotion
To him who awaken'd its first fond emotion,
Each action so gentle, each feeling so kind—
All that spoke in thine eyes, or that breath'd of thy mind;—

These are ever my own, or in darkness or light;
Still they hallow the day, and they brighten the night,—
Nor could either have beauty or quiet for me,
If it were not that both but remind me of *thee!* J. W. Dalby.

PEAK SCENERY, OR EXCURSIONS IN DERBYSHIRE,

by E. Rhodes; Part the Fourth.

4to. 1823.

The wonders of the Peak have been frequently celebrated, not merely by superficial tourists, but by philosophical observers of nature. There are few counties in England so worthy of a visit as Derbyshire: its mineral treasures, its romantic scenery, the remarkable customs yet prevailing in some of its districts, excite attention, and gratify the spirit of research.

The former parts of this pleasing publication were very favorably received, and this, which is the concluding portion, is equally deserving of praise. The designs are accurate; the engravings are very neatly executed; and the descriptive parts will not discredit the author. As it is not necessary, however, to examine or report fully the contents of this volume, we shall content ourselves with giving a few extracts.

The striking scenes of Dove-Dale are well described by Mr. Rhodes, and the general character of the river from which it takes its name is depicted with spirit.—'The Dove is one of the most beautiful streams that ever gave a charm to landscape; and, while passing along the first and least picturesque division of the dale, the ear was soothed with its murmurings, and the eye delighted with the brilliancy of its waters: in some places it flows smoothly and solemnly along, but never slowly; in others, its motion is rapid, impetuous, and even turbulent. The ash, the hazel, the slender osier, and the graceful birch, hung with honeysuckles and wild roses, dip their pensile branches in the stream, and break its surface into beauteous ripples. Huge fragments of stone, toppled from the rocks above, and partly covered with moss and plants that haunt and love the water, divide the stream into many currents; round these it bubbles in limpid rills, that circle into innumerable eddies, which, by their activity, give life and motion to a numerous variety of aquatic plants and flowers that grow in the bed of the river: these wave their slender stems under the surface of the water, which, flowing over them, like the transparent varnish of a picture, brings forth the most vivid coloring. Occasionally large stones are thrown across the stream, which interrupt its progress: over and amongst these it rushes rapidly into the pool below, forming in its frequent falls a series of fairy cascades, about which it foams and sparkles with a beauty and brilliancy peculiar to this lively and romantic river.'

* * * * *

'About two hundred yards beyond Dove-Dale Church, is Reynard's Cave, one of the most extraordinary and curious specimens of rock-scenery in any part of Derbyshire. This cave consists of an immense rib of rock, which is partly detached from the general mass, and excavated into a magnificent natural arch, regularly formed, and of great extent; an open court is seen beyond, and in distance the entrance into an interior cavern appears. The rocks near this arch are adorned with ivy, and so formed and connected as to present to an active imagination the rude resemblance of some mighty castle, and the fit abode of those fabled beings whom one of the greatest favorites of the nursery knew so well how to tame and subdue.

'Beyond this cave is the termination of the second grand division of Dove-Dale. Here the narrow pass commences, which affords only a passage for the

troubled waters of the Dove, and a very scanty pathway beneath the rocks, on the Derbyshire side of the stream: the opposite bank is totally impassable. Here the river, as if impatient at being restrained within the limits of this contracted chasm, rushes with great impetuosity to a more open part of the dale, when its turbulence subsides, and it becomes again a placid, but a rapid stream. Sometimes the river occupies the whole space between the rocks; at others, the traveller has occasionally to step from one huge stone to another, to avoid the water that passes between. Through this upper division of the dale, the rocks rise in perpendicular masses on both sides of the river. In some places, imposing precipices frown over the path below, inspiring emotions of awe and terror. Beneath these we passed in silence, as if we feared our voices would disturb the firm-fixed rock above, and bring the incumbent mass, like a tremendous avalanche, upon our heads.

'The entrance into this romantic dale, from the side of Thorpe-Cloud, is an appropriate introduction to the beauties that succeed: in proceeding, the forms become more decidedly picturesque, the foliage thickens, and the rocks assume a greater portion of grandeur—every step varies the scene, but the same bold impress is upon the whole. The forms of some of the rocks are peculiar, perhaps fantastic—yet accompanied, as they are, with a variety of beautiful foliage, hung with ivy, and chequered with lichens, they are not only interesting, but even picturesque objects; and, where they call to mind the forms of things to which they have but a remote resemblance, they do it so imperfectly, that the imagination is amused in supplying the deficiencies. The whole scenery, indeed, of this dale, from the southern to the northern extremity, improves at every step, until it reaches the very place where I have paused to retrace its character, and it terminates with one of its sublimest features. A mighty pillar of insulated rock, which has its base in the stream, rises from the left bank of the river; a bold mass of rock, whose conical summit penetrates the clouds, occupies the right: between these huge portals flows the river Dove. Through this contracted space, some flat meadows, clothed with beautiful verdure, appear; and still farther in distance, bold swelling hills close the prospect. The effect of this scene is truly magical: it is such a transition from one description of scenery to another, as excites surprise by its suddenness, and charms with its beauty. Through this magnificent portal, we passed into the lovely meadows beyond, where we stood awhile, to gaze upon the gloomy ravine we had just left. We then sat down amongst a grove of hazels in a sweet little vale, as dissimilar in character to the scenery of Dove-Dale as if they had been hundreds of miles apart. The river flowed gently and beautifully before us—the cattle were grazing in the meadows, apparently unconscious of the presence of any human being—the red-breast poured his lone requiem from amongst the bushes, that were scattered over the rising ground where we sat—and the rush of the waters through the narrow part of the dale came softly upon the ear, which was soothed with its murmurs. The scene was delightfully tranquil, and the mind, which, only a few minutes before, was excited to emotions of sublimity and terror, sunk into a state of pleasing repose and luxurious languor.'

Among the provincial customs which are noticed, some are more particularly connected with the mining system. The miners possess considerable privileges, one of which, we believe, is not usual in other mining districts. When a man has found a vein of ore in any part of the King's Field, which includes almost the whole mineral portion of the county, he may claim it as his own merely by fixing a few sticks on the spot, and the claim is allowed.

At Tissington a custom exists, which, in the opinion of Mr. Rhodes, is peculiar to that village. He says, 'it is denominated *Well-Flowering*, and Holy Thursday is devoted to the rites and ceremonies of this elegant custom. The day is regarded as a festival, and all the wells in the place, five in number, are decorated with wreaths and garlands of newly-gathered flowers, disposed in various devices. Sometimes boards are used, which are cut to the figure intended to be represented, and covered with moist clay, into which the stems of the flowers are inserted, to preserve their freshness; and they are so arranged as to form a beautiful mosaic work, often tasteful in design and vivid in coloring: the boards, thus adorned, are so placed in the spring that the water appears to issue from amongst beds of flowers. On

this occasion the villagers put on their best attire, and open their houses to their friends. There is service at the church, where a sermon is preached; afterwards a procession takes place, and the wells are visited in succession: the psalms for the day, the epistle and gospel, are read, one at each well, and the whole concludes with a hymn, which is sung by the church singers, and accompanied by a band of music. This done, they separate, and the remainder of the day is spent in rural sports and holiday pastimes.'

At Chesterfield a curious object occurs, which resembles the leaning tower of Pisa. Some maintain that the crooked appearance of the church-spire 'is owing to its peculiar design and construction; that it was originally intended to be what it now is; and that, in fact, it is a display of singular skill in steeple architecture. This is evidently incorrect: its inclination, instead of accommodating itself, as it is reported to do, to the situation of the spectator, is to one point only. That it was originally a straight spire there is little doubt; but the materials of which it is constructed, not being of sufficient strength and dimensions, have given way, and the structure has shrunk into something like a twisted form. No man who ever lived would voluntarily erect an object of deformity, a thing that, in its form and outline, was offensive to the eye, and in opposition to every principle of taste. A casual observation only is sufficient to convince any man that the spire of Chesterfield Church was at one time an erect structure, and that it subsequently lost its perpendicular.'

This distorted spire, however, is not so curious or remarkable as that tower which we have seen at Caerffili castle (in Glamorganshire), which has been, for several centuries, *seemingly* ready to fall, and crush the astonished observer.

A MEMOIR OF MR. CHANTREY, THE SCULPTOR.

It has been affirmed that genius and talent soon force their way through every obstacle, and that, when persons long remain unnoticed, their obscurity can only be the consequence of want of ability and of merit. This remark is not altogether candid or just. Some skilful artists, ingenious authors, able physicians, and acute and learned barristers, have for many years been treated with an indifference bordering upon contempt, for want of those opportunities which are calculated to bring forth the whole man in a proper light and in genuine splendor. Even the artist, who is the immediate object of our consideration, passed through a long period of silent labor and privation before he burst forth into eminence and fame.

Mr. Chantrey was born at Norton, in Derbyshire, on the 7th of April, 1782. His ancestors were in respectable but not opulent circumstances, and some heritable possessions still belong to the family. His father suffered some heavy pecuniary losses, and died when his only child was little more than twelve years of age. His mother continued on the farm, which had long been in the family, and gave her son as good an education as her limited means would afford. At the age of eighteen he apprenticed himself to Mr. Ramsay, a carver and gilder in Sheffield; but in this business he soon found that he had few opportunities of indulging that feeling for the imitative arts which had then taken possession of his mind.

While he was in this situation, his master was visited by Mr. Smith, a portrait-painter; and the devotion of the youth to the study and practice of drawing and modeling did not escape the observation of that artist, who was the first to perceive and appreciate his genius, and took pleasure in giving him instruction.

Young Chantrey, however, experienced considerable difficulty in making an advantageous use of the lessons thus obtained. His master supposing, and perhaps with reason, that his predilection for the arts would make him a less profitable servant, was little inclined to promote his pursuits. His leisure hours, however, were devoted to his favorite studies, and chiefly passed in a lonely room in the neighbourhood, which he hired at the rate of a few pence weekly.

Hence it may easily be supposed that the connexion between Chantrey and Ramsay was not of long continuance; they separated before the expiration of the term of his apprenticeship, a compensation being made by the youth for the remainder of his time. Being now left to prosecute his studies in his own

way, he visited London, and attended the school of the Royal Academy at Somerset-House, but was never regularly admitted a student.

'Painting and sculpture (says Mr. Rhodes), to one of which he resolved to dedicate his talents, were now presented to his choice; but he was undetermined which to prefer, and some weeks passed away before he attempted either. Painting had only a secondary place in his affections, but he regarded it as a surer source of profitable employment than sculpture; he therefore hesitated long before he made his election. Perplexed and embarrassed, he left the students' room at Somerset House, returned to his own apartments, "resolved and re-resolved," spread his canvas, and began to paint; landscape, portrait, and history, by turns attracted his notice and mingled with his contemplations; but the sculpture of the Academy was continually before him, and the images it presented became associated with all his thoughts. This state of suspense prevented him from using the talents he then possessed, and so long as it continued he accomplished nothing. During this period of doubt and indecision he visited the Elgin marbles: these perfect resemblances of nature and simplicity made a strong impression on his mind—the more he examined them, the more he became convinced of their truth and their beauty; they confirmed him in his own notions of excellence; and he revisited them daily with increased delight. In the intervals that filled up the space between his successive visits to these exquisite productions of art, he repeatedly attempted to paint: but the works of Greece, simple in design, beautiful in execution, imposing and grand in effect, were still present to him: they influenced his choice, and determined him to become a sculptor.'

His first work in marble was a bust of the Rev. James Wilkinson, which he executed for the parish church at Sheffield. He entered on this undertaking with all the confidence of conscious talent, and the assurance of success, even though previously he had never worked on marble, and had never used either a hammer or a chisel. Montgomery, the poet, referred to this early production in a speech delivered at Sheffield, on the establishment of a Philosophical and Literary Society. Having briefly noticed several individuals, natives of the place, whose talents and acquirements in science and literature were an honor to the town, he added,——

'Mr. Chantrey was not indeed a native of this town, but, having been born within the limits of this corporation, he belongs to us, and is one of us. Whatever previous circumstances, very early in life, may have taught his eye to look at forms as subjects for his thoughts, his pencil, or his hand, it was in Sheffield, after he had been called hither from the honorable occupation of husbandry, which kings and the awful fathers of mankind of old did not disdain to follow—it was in Sheffield that his genius first began to exercise its plastic powers both in painting and sculpture;—it was here that the glorious alternative was presented to him, either to be amongst the greatest painters of the age, or to be alone as the greatest of its sculptors;—it was here, likewise, after he had made the wiser choice, that he produced his first work in marble; and Sheffield possesses that work, and, I trust, will possess it, till the hand of time, atom by atom, shall have crumbled it into dust. This assuredly was the most interesting crisis of the artist's life—the turning period that should decide the bias of his future course. Having employed a mason to rough-hew the whole, he commenced his task, with a hand trembling but determined, an eye keenly looking after the effect of every stroke, and a mind flushed with anticipation, yet fluctuating often between hope and fear, doubt, agony, and rapture—perplexities that always accompany conscious but untried powers in the effort to do some great thing. He pursued his solitary toil day by day, and night by night, till, the form being slowly developed, at length the countenance came out of the stone, and looked its parent in the face. To know his joy, a man must have been such a parent. The throes and anguish, however, of that first birth of his genius in marble, enabled that genius thenceforward, with comparative ease, to give being and body to its mightiest conceptions.'

After struggling with difficulties for about twelve years, during which, beside working on stone, he occasionally carved in wood, he was employed by Horne Tooke to model his bust. He performed this task with zeal and dili-

gence: the bust, says Mr. Rhodes, 'was sent to the Royal Academy, and exhibited in plaster: but he sustained no loss from the humble materials of which it was composed. The ungracious task of arranging the various productions in this branch of art, for that year, devolved upon Nollekens, and to no man could the duty of conferring distinction on merit have been more properly confided. He placed the work of the young sculptor, not on the shelf, (an emphatic expression, denoting beyond the reach of the eye,)—nor in a dark corner—but between two marble busts of his own—and in a situation so conspicuous, that the peculiar excellences of this speaking portrait could not be overlooked. Nollekens is now beyond the reach of human praise; but he lived to see and rejoice in the fame of the artist, whose works he had the taste to admire, and the generosity to rank with his own.'

From that time Mr. Chantrey could not complain of neglect; and he established his fame by a variety of works, among which the figures of the two children in the cathedral of Lichfield, the statue of the late king, the busts of West and Wordsworth, and the monumental groupe at Hafod, are more particularly admired.

In 1814 he visited France, and, at Paris, studied the peculiar excellences of the various works of art, and obtained accurate copies of the finest statues.

During the whole of this visit, he indulged in the practice of drawing, and his sketch-book presents a faithful history of his journey. The carriage in which he traveled—the postilion who drove it—the first bed in which he slept after leaving his native country—the towns through which he passed—Paris—its public buildings—the garden of the Tuileries—the interior of the Louvre—the picturesque streets and cathedral of Amiens, were among the objects that employed his pencil.

In the autumn of 1819 he went to Italy, for the purposes of observation and improvement. While at Rome, he received that marked attention which the Italians generally bestow on men eminent in art; but he shunned as much as possible every thing like parade or ceremony, nor did he permit the many courtesies he experienced to abstract his attention from those studies which had induced him to visit Italy.

Since the death of Canova, Mr. Chantrey may justly be regarded as the most excellent sculptor in Europe. We do not say with Mr. Rhodes, that he has given 'hearing, thinking, and intellect, to marble;' for such a panegyric is mere rhodomontade, because it implies an impossibility; but he has infused into an inanimate material the most forcible expression of which it is capable, and his figures abound with dignity, elegance, and grace.

A VISIT TO SPAIN, DETAILING TRANSACTIONS WHICH OCCURRED in 1822 AND 1823; WITH GENERAL NOTICES OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE COUNTRY;

by M. J. Quin, Barrister at Law.

REMARKS ON THE NORTH OF SPAIN,

by John Bramsen. 1823.

THE affairs of Spain still excite a strong interest among our countrymen. At the commencement of the contest, it was the general wish that the base designs of the French might be frustrated, and that such a lesson might be given to the continental despots as they might not easily forget. But the disunion of the Spaniards, the servility of the higher classes, and the decline of popular spirit, have favored the attempts of the invaders, who, having gained possession of the royal person, will soon, in all probability, make such arrangements as will subject the country to the arbitrary will of the allied potentates.

Mr. Quin is evidently no friend to the constitutional party; yet he sometimes ventures to blame the conduct of the allies. We need not, however, follow him in his political course, merely remarking, on this subject, that the majority of the Spanish ladies, according to his own account,—at least those of Madrid,—were violent constitutionalists. Mr. Bramsen also informs us, that the women, in the northern parts, were 'animated by a more lively spirit of patriotic feeling than the men.'

In speaking of the state of society, Mr. Quin's remarks are occasionally lively and pertinent, but are not distinguished by novelty. Some will say, 'Is that a serious objection? As there is nothing new under the sun, we can only expect to see old thoughts, and trite observations and intelligence, in a varied form; and we must be content.' These candid observers, we may suppose, will

accept without disgust the following remarks on the limited sociality of the Spanish metropolis:

'Madrid, though built in a stately style, has been properly called the dullest capital in Europe. Every family lives very much within itself, hospitality being a virtue more frequently spoken of than seen in practice. Dinner parties are very rare indeed. The society of Madrid is chiefly seen in those evening assemblies which they term *Tertulias*.

'A tertulia means nothing more than a meeting of persons, and in the Spanish houses there is no remarkable deviation from its literal signification. A few distinguished families have their tertulias on certain nights of the week, to which any person who has been once invited is entitled, and, indeed, expected to go, on every successive similar occasion. The elders of the assembly club round the card-tables, the younger folk dance; while those who cannot pass for young, and do not wish to be deemed old, stand by and look on. There is no necessity for a particular introduction to the lady with whom a gentleman wishes to dance. If he observes her disengaged, he has only to walk up and make his obeisance to her, and if she chooses to dance she will rise; if not, she remains stationary, and the gentleman has only to look out for another. This, however, is an alternative which is seldom necessary, as the young ladies of Madrid are passionately fond of dancing. They generally dance, too, with infinite spirit, and not a few with peculiar gracefulness. They have completely set their hearts against the invasion of that English listlessness which is so common in the quadrilles amongst our higher circles. Dancing well, they wish to show it; and being of an ardent temperament, whatever they do seems to be done with a cordiality of manner which is always engaging.

'To these tertulias, however, the English were but partially invited; for whatever travellers may have said, or may say to the contrary, it is an indisputable truth, that the Spaniards are not fond of associating with the English. The French and Italians are cordially received every where; but the English are treated with respectful coldness. I do not mean to insinuate, through this observation, any reproach against the higher classes of Madrid. Their demeanour towards us seems to me to arise in a great measure from the marked dissimilarity between English and continental manners. We have not the arts of trifling conversation which foreign women delight in; we cannot sit *tête-à-tête* for hours with a lady talking to her of nothing but her fine eyes and graceful shapes; we are lazy dancers; and, *as yet*, not very general gamblers. There is also an idea prevailing in Madrid, as elsewhere, that the English are accustomed at home to splendid furniture and costly living; and the interests of vanity demand that such opulent foreigners shall not have many opportunities of entering into comparisons. The respectable English, however, resident in Madrid, had always a resource in their own cordial intercourse, and in the hospitable board of the British minister, sir William A'Court. Lady A'Court gave also a series of tertulias before the carnival, which were held every Monday night. At these assemblies the English, of course, regularly attended, and had opportunities of meeting the principal noble families in Madrid, the foreign ministers, the leading deputies of the Cortes, and, in short, every person of distinction in the capital. Dancing always took the lead of cards and conversation, and was kept up from ten o'clock till two or three in the morning. It commenced generally with English country-dances, to which succeeded quadrilles and waltzes; and they pursued each other with such unwearied animation, that the orchestra had quite enough to do to keep pace with them. In the intervals, refreshments, in the greatest abundance and variety, were handed about: and what with the polite attentions of sir William and lady A'Court to their guests, the beauty and vivacity of several of the young ladies, the jeweled head-dresses of the noble matrons around, the decorations of the military men, and the brilliancy of the apartments, it formed altogether a very delightful scene.

'Now and then a regular ball is given, for which special cards are issued. There are few musical parties, as in London, though some concerts have been recently given. They are not, however, upon an extensive scale, as, with the exception of Sala and Miss Naldi, there are no good orchestra singers in Madrid.'

Mr. Quin speaks of the Spanish ladies with an air of gallantry, and, where he meets with beauty, he is fervent in its

praise: but he is not inclined to attribute that charm, in a high degree, to the women of Madrid. 'They are less remarkable for their beauty (he says) than perhaps those of any other province of Spain. They present striking contrasts to the slight but voluptuous form, the glowing cheeks, and large, hazel, soul-speaking eyes of the south.' The females of Seville he more particularly admires. They are 'remarkably animated and interesting. They have a good deal of Arabic fire in their eyes. They mostly walk in the Alameda in full dress—that is to say, with their hair carefully curled, their arms bare; the veil being thrown over the head and shoulders, but not concealing the face. Their chief attractions, however, consist in fine forms and a lively expression of countenance, which, perhaps, are more fascinating than regular beauty. The Moorish color is not absent from their cheeks, though some are to be met with whose faces are as fresh as those of a lovely English woman. They have an oriental fondness for gay colors, which they display chiefly in the selection of their neck-kerchiefs. The gown which they wear is of black silk, handsomely flounced, and not gravely long enough to hide the snow-white silk stocking beneath. The young women take peculiar pains in dressing their feet. They generally wear a very low shoe of pink or white silk on gala days, with a large bow of white ribands: the silk stocking is also white, and of open work, and the contrast which the white stocking forms with the black gown sets off a neatly-turned instep and ancle to great advantage. It is here all the pride of the belle is seen, and her downward looks frequently indicate her complacency in the dangerous snares she has set in that quarter. The mantilla is as common here as in other parts of Spain, but generally of a finer fabric, and more abundantly decorated with lace. The middling orders, from ten to sixty, wear natural flowers in their hair. Matrons, whose heads already bear the blossoms of the grave, do not scruple to cover them with roses—thus asserting that even for declining age the all-reviving spring does not return in vain.'

Mr. Bramsen vindicates the ladies of Spain from the charge of coquetry: he says 'they appear to be coquettes, but are not so in reality.' He adds, 'they have less reserve than the men: their passions are strong: they love and hate with equal violence.' Of the fair inhabitants of the province of Biscay, in particular, he gives the following sketch: 'They are rather graceful than handsome. Their dress consists of a black silk petticoat, a black or white jacket, and a large silk *capuchon*, which shows their dark hair and eyes to great advantage. The ends of the *capuchon* hang down over the breast like a shawl, but do not hide their handkerchiefs. They all carry fans, and seem to study with great coquetry the manner of opening and shutting them. The ladies of the higher order have some knowlege of the piano-forte and singing; but the guitar is not considered a genteel instrument; it is, therefore, confined chiefly to the lower orders. At some of their meetings I have heard them perform parts of Mozart's operas; and, though badly executed, it is a proof that they have some taste for music. Drawing and dancing form a part of their education; but they do not pay much attention to languages: few, therefore, speak French fluently. In the evening all the ladies are dressed after the French fashion, mostly in white; and, when they converse, they constantly move their fans. These assemblies are not very expensive, and certainly differ very much from parties in other countries, as I never saw even a glass of water offered. At midnight they all retire, apparently much pleased, and, as I understood, often sup at home afterwards, as they generally dine between two and three o'clock, and their repasts are not of the most sumptuous kind.

'The women of the lower class [*at Bilboa*] are employed in loading and unloading vessels; they receive from the custom-house, or owners of the ship, a ticket, which entitles them to assist in those duties. This is often the cause of great altercation in the street and on the quays. But they generally speak so loud that strangers suppose them to be quarreling, when, in fact, they are only engaged in friendly conversation. The unloading of the codfish is the most profitable for them, as they are then employed for the day; otherwise they are engaged only by the hour. These women carry their loads with great dexterity on the head, which is also the usual manner with the servants in houses, who carry

on their heads every thing, even lighted candles, without the least fear of their being extinguished.'

On the music of Spain, Mr. Quin makes some tasteful remarks:—'It would lead to an interesting as well as an useful disquisition, to inquire how it has happened that different musical instruments have become allied with the customs of different nations. The harp may be said to belong to Ireland, the bagpipes to Scotland, the flute to Germany, the violin to Italy, and the guitar to Spain. The high-born Spanish maiden still delights in this harmonious instrument; the soldier takes it with him on his march and into the camp; the muleteer cheers his way over the mountains with its sound; the carriers take it with them in their covered waggons; the barber has one hung up in his shop, with which he amuses himself while waiting for a customer; through every class, from the highest to the lowest, it is preserved with affectionate feelings; it is the symbol of love, the consoler of care, and equally suited to the movements of the fandango and bolero as to the sweetness of Spanish song; or rather the dance and the ballad have followed in their figure and tone the genius of the guitar. Hence the music of Spain bears a character quite original. The simple air, heard without the harmonies in the chords of the guitar, would seem to a foreigner to possess little merit. There are, indeed, some old airs of Spain which every nation must admire; but, generally speaking, they are pretty rather than powerful, and they depend a good deal upon the spirit and taste of the performer for their effect. The fandangos, boleros, and rigadons, are gay, and peculiarly pleasing when well executed on the guitar, and the time marked by the motions of dancers and the blithe sounds of the castanets. These observations, however, chiefly apply to what may be called the ancient music of Spain, as compared with recent compositions. Beautiful as many portions of that music may be, there are few of them superior, or perhaps equal, in point of melody, to some of the new patriotic compositions. There is a fire, and at the same time a tenderness, in the best of these pieces, which, whatever becomes of the constitution, promise them immortality.'

ANECDOTES OF LOUIS XIV.;

from Memoirs lately published, written by his sister-in-law, the Duchess of Orleans.

This monarch, when he was in a good humor, was one of the most agreeable persons in the world. After he became intimate, he used to jest and rally in a very delightful way. With all his faults, he had still some great and fine qualities, and did not deserve to be defamed and ill-treated by his subjects after his death, more especially as during his life he was flattered even to idolatry.

If he had not been so unfortunate as to fall into the hands of the two wickedest women in the world, Montespan, and old Maintenon, who was even worse than the other, he might have passed as one of the most perfect kings in the world; for the evil which he did in his lifetime arose entirely from the influence of these two women, and not from any bad propensities of his own. Although I liked him in many respects, yet I could not bear him when he maintained that it was vulgar to love one's relatives. Montespan inoculated him with this notion in order that she might get rid of all his legitimate relatives, and permit none but her bastards to be about him. She even pushed matters so far as to endeavour to reserve all the king's favor to her own race and her creatures. He gave rise to great scandal through his mistresses, but he repented of it sincerely. He had much native wit, but was extremely ignorant. This vexed him greatly, and the courtiers set about turning all the wise and the learned into ridicule.

He could not bear to have people about him gabbling politics.

At Marly he abolished all pomp and ceremony. No ambassadors or envoys were allowed to come there; no audiences held; there was no etiquette, and every thing went on in pleasant disorder. At the promenade the men were allowed to wear their hats, and in the salon every body, even the captains, lieutenants, and ensigns of the foot guards, were permitted to sit in his presence. *This so disgusted me with the salon, that I never could bring myself to visit it.*

Louis used to take off his hat before all females, even the meanest peasants.

Notwithstanding his fondness for flattery, he often laughed at it himself.

He and his whole family, with the exception of my son, hated reading. The

king and his brother (my husband) had never received any instruction: they scarcely knew how to read or write. This is not at all surprising; for the cardinal wished to reign without impediment. If he had given the two princes any instruction, they would neither have respected nor employed him. This it was which he wished to prevent, in the hope of living longer than he did. The queen-mother was delighted with every thing done by the cardinal. All things considered, it is quite miraculous that the king should have ever become what he afterwards became.

I never saw the king beat but two men, who deserved it. The first was a servant who would not let him enter the garden during a *fête*; he gave him two hearty blows. The other was a pickpocket, whom he saw emptying the pockets of M. de Villars. Louis was on horseback, and, rushing toward the fellow, struck him severely with his cane. The rascal cried 'murder' loudly, which filled us with laughter, and the king laughed a great deal himself. He caused the thief to be arrested, and to give up the purse, but he did not hang him.

The court of France was very agreeable until the king had the misfortune to marry old Maintenon, who by degrees weaned him from all his friends, and filled him with ridiculous notions about the theatre and other amusements. She made him believe that it was highly improper to speak to or see persons who did not take the communion. For this reason she had a little theatre built in her own apartments, where they performed twice a week before him. Instead of the regular actors, the dauphiness, my son, the duke de Berri, and her own nieces, used to play. This, she thought, was much better than to see or to employ the professional actors.

Whenever the king learned that any one had spoken ill of him, he showed a great deal of haughtiness; otherwise no one could be more agreeable and polite. He was singular in one respect, that he was easily persuaded by those whom he loved to treat their enemies with disrespect. This was the reason why La Valière was so ill-used at the instigation of Montespan. He was desirous of being admired by every body, particularly his mistresses. Whenever he acted from his own impulses, he was always good and generous. He never thought that the dispositions of his will would be fulfilled, and said to several persons:—'they made me write a will and other things, which I did for the sake of tranquillity; but I am sure they will not last.'

ON GRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS.

The utility of the art of engraving, as applied to the embellishment of books, is, to speak generally, very great; and its beauty also is allowed on all hands: and it cannot be denied that, in the present day, the superior style in which it is mostly practised, leaves the *cuts* (as they were called) of former days, that used to be considered the *ornaments* of a book, very much behind. Perhaps no work can better illustrate this remark than the Lady's Magazine itself. Those who have taken it in, as I have, for the last twenty years, must have watched its progress and its changes, and many of them will probably agree with me, that its present exquisite illustrative plates are really little gems; but, as I sat down with no intention of flattering, I will continue my observations by saying that there are still plates engraven for books which rather disgrace than adorn their pages, though their number may be deemed inconsiderable.

The most desirable subjects for illustration by the talents of designers and the skill of engravers, are those of architecture, views of places, landscape scenery, costume, the remains of antiquity, and some others. Biography too affords good scope, provided that the likenesses be correct; yet I fear this point it too little attended to. I wonder how many *different likenesses* there have been of Shakspeare, for instance; and indeed, when any particular circumstance happens to render some modern person conspicuous or notorious, it is always deemed necessary, by petty printsellers and pamphlet-publishers, to give a LIKENESS of such person; and I need not tell the initiated that sometimes on such occasions old copper-plates are rummaged over, and any face almost that is found to be of a fit age is clothed in a dress which seems to suit the character, and out it comes, an admirable *likeness*. Perhaps of late years no two persons were more remarkable for occasioning this sort of pictorial homage than the young Roscius (master Betty) on his first appearance, and the late unfortunate queen; of both of whom you might obtain *like-*

nesses, most of which were no more like 'than I to Hercules,' from one penny to one pound.

History, with its doubtful portraits of kings and queens, representations of battles, executions, and other incidents, is in a great measure subject to the same objections; for very much must be left to the fancy of the artist. But what I principally object to, as subjects for graphic illustration, are the Scriptures and prayer-books. Unquestionably, there are some splendid exceptions to all my remarks; but, generally speaking, I am of opinion that the last-named works are better when left to explain themselves by their own simply-beautiful and expressive language. To the very young, especially, the plates that are annexed to such works are often worse than useless; and formerly the objection would have had much greater force than in the present day. What father or mother cannot remember the trouble and aukward feelings occasioned to them by the inquiries of their children for explanations of certain *pictures*, such as the creation, the flood, the representations of miracles, dreams, the raising the witch of Endor, and a vast variety of other matters, which have been attempted upon a paltry scale, and in an insignificant and imperfect mode; if indeed some of the magnificent subjects of holy writ can be properly treated on any scale.

I remember being asked by a child who had met with an engraving (in some Bible published in numbers) in which the artist had represented the all-seeing omnipresence of Providence, by placing an immense eye in the clouds at one corner of the plate, whether that was not *God's eye!* This is but one question of many that will be put by children on looking at such representations, and which will infallibly puzzle their seniors much for an answer*. Akin to this is the halo of glory generally placed round the head of the form intended to represent the Redeemer of the world, and which seems to imply a total inability on the part of the artist otherwise to give that beauty and dignity to the form, which would of themselves explain for whom it was meant.

It will be argued by some that children are often induced to look into their Bibles, principally by the attraction of the plates which are to be found in them: without doubt, there is some truth in this remark; yet I fear that in such cases they sometimes do no more than look at the pictures, and leave the text unread.

It is not to be imagined, from the few remarks I have made, that I am an enemy to the art of engraving;—very far from it. I do admire, and always have admired, this art in its best and purest specimens: it is a very pleasing and elegant art; and my objections only point to the misapplication of it, to the quackery with which it is occasionally attended, and in particular to the *adorning* of the Scriptures with the trash too often placed in their inspired pages; for it will be no sacrilege or profanation to apply to them, what has been asserted of a beautiful woman, and to say, they are,

——'when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.'

J. M. L.

* This question, we think, might be readily answered by saying, that the all-seeing eye was exhibited in this form to accommodate the idea to human and ordinary conceptions; and a similar reply might be made to the other inquiries above-mentioned. Even the writer of the book of Joshua, when he stated that the sun stood still by a miracle, adapted his remark to the prevailing opinion of the generality of people, who considered that luminary as a moving body.—EDIT.

A SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY;

Sketch the Fourth, from Author's Port-Folio.

'WHAT a bore is Sunday in the country!' exclaimed my relation Bob Hazard; 'not one resource for a man of spirit and fashion!' Bob is a dashing blade, keeps his hunters in the country, and is a member of the fashionable clubs in town; he contrives, by the aid of dice and the newspapers, to endure life on a Sunday with some degree of patience. I proposed a ride to him. 'His chesnut mare had been fatigued yesterday by a long journey, his bay had caught a cold, his black crop was in training for a trotting match, and he himself was too languid.' Whilst I was drawing on my boots, I saw him stretch himself upon the sofa, yawn, mutter; and, before I had left the room, he was in something like a doze. I mounted, wondering in my mind that there could be a being over whom the bright sunshine of a summer morning could have no influence. The birds twittered from every spray, and

Nature beamed brightly in her garb of green, embroidered by a thousand flowers. As I passed through the village, the country-folk were going to the church—the clean smock frocks of the men were drawn over their Sunday clothes. The frock is an appendage of dress which they deem indispensably necessary. Their high shirt-collars, and colored silk kerchiefs, drawn in loose array around their sun-burnt necks; their blue ribbed stockings, and their button-holes ornamented with a nosegay equal in size to a fashionable table-bouquet, also excited my attention: the women, with their stuff gowns, white clokes and mittens, dropping courtsies to the friend of the lady of the manor-house, together with a group of wonder-gazing children, formed an agreeable object of contemplation. I must confess that many of my stoppages to speak to them were more for my own amusement than from any real desire of knowing the state of their crops, or hearing of their hopes of a good harvest. The church-bells were now going, and I left the village. I felt inclined to meditate. I dismounted, and sate down on the grass by the side of the river—the last chime of the bells had faded upon the breeze, and the echo too had died into silence: all was still, save the distant bark of the shepherd's dog upon the lofty downs, or when the shallow stream, rippling along, by an occasional bubble proved that it was not stagnant. The birds still whistled; but their strains seemed to take a tinge of sanctity from the general stillness. And this was the scene which Bob Hazard could despise and forsake for the glare of artificial light! the voice of the choristers of the grove he neglected for 'dicers' oaths;' and the familiar impudence of a London waiter was more agreeable than the respectful behaviour of an unsophisticated peasant. He could find more pleasure in contemplating the chances of a gambling-table than to

—— pore upon the brook that babbles by.

And what are his advantages? Toil, fatigue, and habits of intemperance, which injure alike his health and his fortune. He sees every thing through a stained glass; and, if he should live, he will become an object of reproach to himself and of disgust to his friends. His father was a plain honest merchant, one of the old school, who would as soon have thought of flying in the air as of entering a gaming-house: he amassed a hoard of wealth to feed the profligate and vicious appetites of a gambler and a libertine. Poor old Hazard! I wonder you have not been roused from the dead to remonstrate with him. When I returned to the manor-house, at the door I met my kind hostess. She was going to pay her visits of benevolence to her poor neighbours and tenants: I pressed earnestly to accompany her, and was permitted. In every cottage she was received with affectionate respect, and every mother followed her to the door with grateful blessings. She had been accustomed to pay these visits during the whole of the preceding severe winter, and now the habit had grown into a pleasing duty; and when she returned to her own amply-provided table, she did not the less enjoy her meal from the consciousness of having done her duty as a Christian. I could not but compare her with Hazard, and I blushed to think that we had such a member of our family. Bob's fortune *is* (I mean *was*) three times as large as hers: yet he could not support his single self upon it—he plunged deeply into debt. Lady Worthy keeps a carriage, maintains a respectable establishment, and affords a kind reception to long visitors, and yet can spare for the poor by a proper management of her resources. She is a more useful member of society than he is, and a more liberal patron of the arts. Why cannot Bob derive benefit from her generous example, so free from ostentation, and still more so from affected secrecy? this is indeed the charity that is every thing worth. I could not avoid bringing forward our morning visits—not that I had any share in the merit of them. I was merely willing to endeavour to rouse a spirit of emulation in so glorious a race: but, for the credit of humanity, I will only give the observation made by one lady, and consign the others to that oblivion which they deserve. This young lady, who did not scruple to visit the horses and dogs belonging to her father, and would sometimes associate with grooms, was *quite horrified* at the idea of visiting such wretches. 'Those wretches,' replied an elderly dissenting clergyman, 'are your brethren; and the Saviour who died to redeem you has told us, that the gates of heaven open more readily to admit the poor than those who are born to riches.' Lady W. now rose to retire. 'She had,' she said, 'domestic

duties which claimed her attention: she did not wish to compel others to join in them, but at the same time she could not allow others to compel her to neglect them.' Her chaplain retired with her, and I followed them to the hall, where the servants were all assembled, and di-divine service was performed, one of Secker's lectures being read instead of a sermon. It is not because lady W. is a methodist—far from it—but the village church is at too great a distance for her servants to attend it, and therefore she has established this custom—so much more honored in the observance than in the breach. Thus terminated the Sunday excursion of W. H. L.

THE CAMBRIDGE DECAMERON—EIGHTH TALE.

THE TWO SISTERS.

ROUSSEAU has somewhere declared, that cunning is given by nature to woman for the best ends said the eighth speaker; and perhaps in this respect he is right; for, although this is a quality we all dislike, there are two kinds of it. One is indeed hateful, while the other is in some cases necessary; and it is certain that in all love matters, many minds not otherwise disingenuous, and possessing the most amiable qualities, have recourse to it in the progress of that passion, which, in some modification or other, visits every female breast. This was never more clearly exemplified than in the early history of a very dear aunt of mine, who at fourteen was a gay little romp, as artless, simple, pretty, and good-tempered a creature, as had ever been known in the parish of New——h.

This parish is a retired district in the mountainous parts of Cumberland, on the banks of the most beautiful lake which that county can boast. It is very little known even now; but, fifty years ago, when southern travelers seldom made a tour (since become so fashionable), this place, which is embosomed in the mountains, might be called *Terra Incognita*. Here lived, where his progenitors had long lived, Walter Claye, Gent. maintaining (as they had done) the character of the second man in his parish in point of property, but the first in some other things; for he had been educated at Oxford, was happy in the society of a clever and well-portioned wife, and was the father of a very fine young family; whereas the 'squire, though he inherited a better estate and had a larger house, was a plain old bachelor, and was, with two antiquated sisters, sinking into the vale of years, and the quiet obscurity which is their best accompaniment.

Mr. Claye had been intended for the church, to which one younger son at least in every Cumberland family is destined; but the accidental death of his elder brother called him from his studies to the agricultural duties of a '*statesman,* which means a cultivator of his own land, in distinction from a farmer. No man could know less of the subject than Walter, and no man could have less relish for it; but, in *that* country and in *those* days, it would have been considered high-treason against all the duties of life, for any eldest son to change the situation in which God had placed him, and there was no desire to rebel in my grandfather. He therefore laid aside his books with a gentle sigh, and began to learn so much of rural œconomy as might preserve his inheritance. In marrying a lady who already understood that subject, and was moreover a well read and very sensible woman, he secured this point still more effectually, with every other desirable quality.

His first child was a son; and a son, in all old families of this description, may be deemed equivalent to five daughters: yet two such girls as succeeded him in this house might be thought elsewhere a fair balance; though in truth he must have been a noble lad, with an eye like that of the eagle, a form tall and slender as the mountain pine that rose round his birth-place, and a step elastic, yet as firm as the rocks that overshadowed it.

Agnes and Grace were born within a year of each other; and, although several younger children followed, they were at such a distance from them, as never to interfere in their pastimes or pursuits; and they were tied together from infancy as if by tenfold cords. The perfect simplicity and monotony of their lives, the total absence of all those cares of education which now occupy the time and employ the thoughts of young women, gave to them leisure for loving, and performing the labors of love; and, as they were both full of imagination as well as sensibility, they were capable of conversation too; and, when together, always found their time pass so delightfully, that they were not aware the world

to which they were strangers boasted of higher pleasures.

Perhaps much of their happiness arose from the difference in their characters; for the hand of nature had given that decided distinction which the similarity of their nurture, it is evident, could not give. I will endeavour to describe them. Agnes was very tall, and elegantly formed; in that respect resembling her father and her brother. She was exquisitely fair; and though her small features were not remarkably handsome, yet altogether their expression, aided by complexion, gave the impression of beauty and feminine gentleness, enlivened by modest archness. Grace was of the middle size, and was neither so graceful in her form, nor so fair in her complexion; but her face was not less pleasing, and still more expressive; for the finest dark eyes illuminated the laughing features, and her little mouth was surrounded by dimples. Their only points of likeness were in teeth of ivory, and long raven locks; but these were so remarkable as to mark them generally as sisters.

It may not be useless to point out the manner in which two young women so situated spent their time; for it may serve to show how their progenitors, for many a long life, had spent theirs; since their father was so close a stickler for ancient customs, and their neighbourhood afforded so little temptation to leave them off, that we may fairly conclude it was as like the times which went before as it is unlike the present.

The girls, or (in modern phrase) the young ladies of the family, rose at six, and repaired immediately to the dairy, where they received from two stout damsels the full pails, which were thenceforward their charge. They then prepared and partook their parents' breakfast; after which, they proceeded to make a cheese, or take the butter which the maids had churned, and wash, weigh, mould, and print it,—a kind of labor which, in such an establishment, was assigned to the most delicate hands. Then came the feeding of the poultry, the collecting of the eggs, looking to ailing lambs, and providing for the wants of ailing neighbours (if any such there were), with a healthy run over the mountain to visit the wife and new-born child of the hind, to seek a stray sheep, or carry a dish of curds to the rector's lady. After this, there were aprons to sprig, lace lappets to wash, long dismal ballads to sing in concert,—younger children to instruct, to fondle, and to sew for,—puddings, tarts, and all the lighter articles of cookery to provide. When dinner was over, the cares of the dairy returned, after which they had that leisure which is so sweet to the busy.

In summer, the whole family would often walk forth to gaze on the varying forms of the mountain, the pure azure of the lake, or the promise of their own green meadows or slowly ripening corn. At these times, the father explained the *phænomena* of elemental effects peculiar to mountainous countries, or answered their numerous questions on subjects of natural history; and their mother told them stories of border feuds long past, or of the miseries and confusion caused by the last rebellion, in which she had lost a dear brother. As they returned, the girls were permitted to look in upon their humble neighbours, where they generally found some trait of native humor which awakened loud laughter in light hearts, or exercised pleasant raillery and light satire—or perhaps listened, with breathless interest and throbbing hearts, to stories of ghosts and witchcraft, the only legends they were forbidden to discuss at home. Thus they reached the house before the usual hour of rest, either with sober trembling steps closely linked, or bounding in sportive gambols, like their own fleecy play-fellows, as the humor of the moment prevailed.

In the winter evenings, whilst the mother and the girls sat round the peat fire, knitting or sewing, the father or brother read to them such books as the house contained or the rector lent. All were delightful to them; and winter after winter, even in bringing forward only the same store, combined amusement with the pleasure of affection; for each old book was regarded as an old friend, and touched the heart whilst it cultivated the mind. 'O Agnes, dear lassie, be quick with your milk siling *, for my father will read us Inkle and Yarico again,' Grace would cry out, with as much true *gaieté de cœur* as if she had been announcing a visit to a new opera, though, long before the end of the tale, tears would swim in her eyes, even while she tried to smile at the more striking effect it ever had on Agnes, whose soul

* A provincial word for straining the milk through a sieve; probably derived from *cilicium*, hair-cloth.

was more given to the melting mood, because less blended with that eternal fount of hilarity, which danced in the eyes, animated the frame, and poured from the lips of her younger sister. The old farmer John Mounsey, who had lived with the family long before the birth of their father, used to say, 'Miss Aggy's just like an elm, tall and sonsy, but kind and sheltering; while lile * Miss Gracey flickers about like aspen bushes, and makes an auld body feel young again wi' her bustling steps and her sparkling een.'

The books thus read were the Spectator, the ponderous Arcadia, Peter Wilkins, the Pilgrim's Progress, Rapin's History of England, a few volumes of Rollin s Ancient History;—Allan Ramsay's Poems, with Herbert's, and a few of Dryden's;—Tillotson's Sermons, and Boston's Fourfold State; and the sacred volume completed (or nearly so) the English books in the house. A New Testament, a Horace, a Latin Dictionary, and the book then in course of reading, always lay upon a desk belonging to Mr. Claye; the rest were locked in a cupboard, the key of which was always in the mother's pocket, and rarely granted except to the indulged heir, who soon filled the half-empty shelves with books of his own, over which his dominion was absolute.

The general occupation of the females, during the winter, was spinning fine flax for the linen of the household. When the first web, which the daughters had spun, was brought home, it was a proud day for the girls, to each of whom a new side-saddle was promised; and the grant was enlarged to new riding-habits, when Mrs. Claye, in a distinct tone, pronounced this exordium, agreeable to the custom of the family. 'Walter Claye, your table is this day spread with linen spun and bleached and sewed by your daughters; so is the shirt on your back, and the apron on your wife.' The lady might have added, that she and her maids had wrought the wool of his own lambs into hose for his legs, and cloth for his coat, such being the fact; for Walter alone was clothed with foreign produce: but, although she was too partial to him, according to all precedent, she loved her daughters tenderly, and was anxious to reward their industry and adorn their persons; and in this family the proverb was verified, which says, 'two hands in a dish, but one in a purse.' Mrs. Claye managed all the stores of the family, and dispensed them with a liberal hand; but all money concerns were regulated in the first instance by her liege lord, who yet so well knew her worth and her judgement, and was himself, under an air of assumed coldness and affected severity, so truly generous and kind, that at her first hint the canvas bag was freely opened, and the guineas were as freely given.

The new habits were procured at the town of Penrith, which was the nearest market, and then, as now, a very fashionable little place. They were made of the finest white jean, with ornamented buttons and button-holes, and worn with a frilled shirt like that of little boys, by which the necks of our young friends, which were white as the snow on their mountains, were seen in lovely contrast to their shining black ringlets. A black beaver hat with a low crown finished this dress: it was turned up before with a costly gold button and loop, and surrounded by a long flat feather, the end of which fell waving over the left eye.

Mrs. Claye might be forgiven if she felt some degree of maternal pride, when her daughters, well mounted, each managing her handsome well-accoutred steed with spirit, grace, and modesty, set out, accompanied by her son, who was acknowleged to be the finest youth on that side of the country; and, although the father scolded her for looking after them, and wondered exceedingly 'what she could see,'—it is certain that when old John said, 'she sees siccan a sight as gladdens her een and makes her heart leap,' he was not very angry, though he cried, 'fiddle de dee, get on wi' your work, old man.'

Whether the new habits gave the girls a more womanly look, or the report of their industry was connected with that idea, we know not; but it is certain they were much looked at every Sunday at church, not only by the youths of their own parish, but by many who came over the mountains for that purpose; insomuch that the rector, who was Mrs. Claye's uncle, and a very old man, grew somewhat proud to see his ministerial labors so efficient, at a time when his wife was too apt to regard him as a 'feckless old man,' whom a juniorship of twenty years gave her a right to govern. Mrs. Romford was indeed a person of

* The common abbreviation of *little*.

great importance in her own house and neighbourhood; and, having never had a child of her own, she condescended to exercise maternal authority (not unmixed with love) over her grand nieces, whom she now began to watch with a degree of vigilance which might have been very painful, if they had happened to have even a thought they wished to conceal.

The only young man in their immediate vicinity who could pretend to companionship of rank or rivalry of person with Walter Clay was Antony Osborne, a young '*statesman*, who lost his father in his seventh year, and was called in very early life to the exercise of power, which included little pleasure and much labor, since his mother and sister depended upon him for support, and his little property was already burthened by a heavy mortgage. Trouble, however, never pressed heavily on the light heart of Antony: he sang and worked, got his bread in the day and his learning at night, and never knew sorrow before his sister was taken by a rich relative to London. There she married well, and after two years returned into Cumberland to take away her mother, and exhort Antony to follow. She spoke of the advantages of trade: her husband, who accompanied her on the journey, promised his assistance in providing a situation, where the industry of her brother might be well directed, and his talents, which were far from contemptible, properly cultivated; and the youth, being his own master, though still a minor, determined to set out as soon as he could let his land. From this time he held up his head, rode a good horse, and appeared in clothes of a far different cut from those of his neighbours. He expected soon to become a visitor at White-House, and made all possible advances to Walter, consistent with that spirit of independence which characterizes every man, high and low, in his district. Young Claye saw not his advances, or did not choose to see them. He had heard that Antony thought of becoming a tradesman, and he abhorred the idea: 'had the lad thought of going into the army, there had been some sense in it,' he observed. His parents combated this idea, and their conversations about Antony made both the girls look at him on Sundays.

'What a great coxcomb Antony Osborne is!' said Agnes—'but he is very bonny, that's certain.'

'Do you think so?' said Grace.

Agnes looked in her sister's face to see to which of her assertions the reply was made, and to her astonishment beheld it covered with the deepest blushes; but Grace, by a turn of her eye, drew the attention of her sister to three young men, strangers, who were just then shortening their way to church by getting over a fence near them. Agnes imputed the blush to the sight of them; and, as she was herself the most artless and open of human beings, it never entered her mind that it was possible for Grace to have a thought concealed from her; for her own heart had not yet taught her, that there are emotions which the most ingenuous would hide, the most sincere would deny. 'A virgin's first love,' the purest, sweetest, tenderest emanation of the soul, and that which most immediately links it with the state of immortality, where only it can be perfected, ever retires into the deepest recesses of the heart, and is injured in the struggle which draws it forth to day. Grace had never seen Antony but in company with Agnes, who was so much taller than her sister, and every way more finished and attractive at this period in her person, that in general every eye fell upon *her* with such admiration, as highly gratified Grace, whose love for her was so lively, constant, and ardent, that, when this homage was not rendered, her quick and speaking eye seemed to say, 'look at my sweet sister.' To the astonishment of Grace, in the first instance, Antony looked only at herself.

'I am but a child,' she thought; 'how very odd!' Still Antony looked, and it appeared as if he lived near a certain heavy gate; for never had the sisters occasion to pass it but he was there to open it, provided that Walter was not with them. This kind office being done, he would walk beside them, making inquiries after their parents, speaking of the farm, and lamenting the distance of his own land from that of Mr. Claye, 'whose advice he should have been thankful for.' To all this Agnes replied frankly and courteously; but the words of Grace were few, and uttered in her throat; and the tongue (generally notorious for its fluency) seemed to be absolutely root-bound.

One day, after a pretty long walk, when Antony had handed them over the last stile on their road to the house of a neighbour, when he was out of hearing, Agnes, who was walking first, picking

her way through the rocky and osier-grown ground they were passing, thus spoke: 'Gracey, I must say, you are too proud by half, and in time will be as bad as Walter. We all know that the father of young Osborne was not our father's equal; but yet he was a '*statesman*, and many a by-gone generation of decent bodies has sprung from Southerly Glen; and, though he may be rather conceited, trust me, he's far from a fool. Why, ye hardly said one word to him—*you*, who are so wondrous glib-spoken to those you like. Poor lad, he's got a lonely home, and is fain to have a little chat.'

Grace scarcely remembered that Agnes had ever found fault with her before; for in truth she was a creature so made up of all the soft elements, that anger never could find a place in her bosom, even when the waggeries of Grace would have provoked it in any other. Her present reproof excited no reply; but the heart of the younger maiden, who was not conscious of the offence, only beat more quickly and kindly than usual towards the false accuser; and getting up to Agnes as soon as she could, she drew her arm under her own, and, averting her burning cheek, said, 'I will not do so another time, sister.'

Agnes kissed her, and forgot the whole matter in ten minutes; for the friend whom they visited was waiting to row them and his own young family on the lake; and, amidst the beauty of the glorious scene which surrounded them, Agnes was soon entranced in ecstasy: the bays, the mountains, the smiling cottages, the glittering waterfalls, alternately charmed her; and Grace, recovering her spirits, became fluent in their praise: yet, although she spoke of all and admired all, one little knoll was all she actually beheld; for on that knoll sat Antony. 'Surely, that is young Osborne,' said the master of the boat, looking up, and adding,

'There'll be no harm in taking him in, I'm thinking, for he's a brave hand at pulling an oar.'

'If our visitants have no objection,' said his daughter. 'None in the world,' cried Agnes, eager to make amends for her sister's taciturnity.

Antony, at the signal, sprang with the bound of a roebuck down the cliff, and was soon seated in the boat, not a little anxious to display his skill and strength to advantage; but he rested on his oars, as one under the effect of witchcraft, when Grace warbled her wild ditties, though he never ventured in those moments to cast an eye towards her.

Never had time passed so rapidly before: it was night ere it should have been noon, when they landed on a little island, spread their cloth over the greensward, and enjoyed a meal which epicures might have envied. On their return, beneath the gentle beams of the moon, Antony found courage to communicate (not, to the lady of his love, the state of his heart, but) to his host the state of his finances, his intention of going to London, and his hopes of doing well; yet he felt pain (he added) in leaving his native mountains, and it hurt him to think that it might be many years before he should sail again upon that silver lake, and cast his eyes on those bonny banks.

'Poor bairn!' said the old man with a sigh; 'yet I doubt not ye'll do weel in the world, for ye were always a good lad to yere mither, and her eye will be on ye; but, Antony, sir, I hope ye will come back to yere own land, and live in yere own nest; but, above aw things, remember to come to this country for a wife, and'—'That I will, or never, *never* marry,' cried Antony, in a tone which indicated such firm resolution and such deep though suffocated feeling, that every syllable seemed to fall distinctly on the heart of Grace. Deep depression, a sense of dejection utterly unknown before, succeeded: the tear-drops gathered fast in her eyes; and while she stooped over the boat, as if to look for the soft reflections still seen in the smooth mirror over which they glided, those drops fell quickly, though unseen and unsuspected by every one except that youth, whose burning anxious heart felt them to be the solace of sorrow, the boon of hope.

At a certain little landing-place which afforded the shortest cut to White-House, the party was hailed by Mr. Claye's man, who had brought horses for those whom he termed 'his young mistresses.' Agnes saw them with pleasure, Grace with pain. They were handed out by Antony, who declined a pressing invitation to re-enter, and, when he had seen them safely mounted, ran away as fast as possible, as if afraid of trusting himself farther. Each sister concluded that they should not see him again. Agnes 'wished him well,' heartily and sincerely; but Grace was again

silent,—her very heart seemed breaking. Yet she saw him once more: he was at church for the last time on the following Sunday, and looked the farewell which he found no opportunity of uttering. It so happened, however, that soon after the evening service, Mr. Claye sent Grace to borrow a lexicon of the rector, whose house was but a *step*, in the phrase of the country, from his own. Grace was a little afraid of forgetting the word, at a time when she was conscious that her head was much occupied; and, as she ran along through the plantation which skirted White-house, she cried out, 'Lexicon, Lexicon.' 'I would you had called Antony, Antony,' said one who was walking slowly round the premises, to look for the last time at her loved abode. Grace was startled, and, being a little angry, she said, 'she must go to the parsonage-house, and must not be hindered;' and she was obeyed with great respect; so that, when on her return the same person held the little wicket open, she could not refuse to say '*farewell*,' or to listen to a tale of love, to the pleadings and the hopes of one who had read her feelings (though himself very artless) better than herself.—'If I were as old as you,' said Grace, after a long pause, 'I might perhaps say something.'—'I am just nineteen,' exclaimed Antony: 'will you accept me when you attain that age, provided I should then be in a situation to make the offer?—I would not, dear Gracey, indeed I would not, ask you to be mistress of Southerly Glen; but I have hopes'——'We will talk about it *then*; but I dare not stay now,—if Walter should come,'—'He is safe far away. Will you allow me to write to you? old Nelly Allen will convey my letters, if you will tell me where they may be laid safely for you to take them away?'—'Letters! oh, no! indeed you must not write.'—'I cannot live without that comfort: remember, I am going three hundred long miles and more.'—'Let her put them between two stones under the great sun-flower in our garden. Now I must go.'—'One request more—never say one word to your sister about this; if you do, my hopes are ruined.'—'I cannot promise that; besides, Agnes is your friend, and she is the kindest, best'——'I know she is; but she will tell somebody, you may depend upon it; and then they will all scold you, and compel you to give me up—perhaps marry you to another.'—'Marry me! What man in his senses would marry such a child as I am? Oh! Antony, what nonsense!'—'But promise me, Grace—seriously promise; for I *can* trust you, if I have your word.'—Grace promised—tearfully, tenderly promised; but steps were heard—she scarcely allowed the parting kiss; and, half wild with fear, sorrow, love, and confusion, fled to the house.

Grace entered; the assembled family, to her great satisfaction, were all intently listening to her father, as he was reading the book of Ruth, and the farewell of Orpah fell on her ear as an echo to her feelings. The moment she sat down, she recollected that the lexicon was in the coppice; but, ere she rose to retrace her steps, Walter entered with it in his hand, saying 'that he had stumbled over it in the path.' Grace blushed, turned pale, blushed again, and, in her fear of farther discovery, stood trembling in the midst of the circle, but perfectly silent. Old John said, 'it was plain she had seen something that had flayit her;' and Agnes most kindly sought to soothe her. 'Let the child alone,' said her mother; 'she will recover best from her foolish fears by listening to the word of God.'

Grace was grateful for the relief she thus experienced from farther questionings; but it was observed by some of her friends, that she was altered from that very night; and, although in a few days her face recovered its bloom, and her eyes their radiance, yet her gait was less dancing, and her songs changed from the light Scotch air to the more sober ballad which told tales of love and murder. In truth, she was much oppressed; for she had a secret, which is always an oppressive thing, and, to the very young and artless, a positive burthen; and she found it the worse to bear, because she considered herself so very a child, as to render a love secret a kind of sin in her; and, what was the worst of all, whereas the company of Agnes had hitherto been the great pleasure of her life, she now wished for her absence, that she might walk alone in the coppice, and retrace every word, every thought, connected with a night to her so eventful.

For a time this secret was exceedingly painful; but, when a letter at length arrived from Antony, and was actually found in the often-examined *depot*, a new evil arose of sufficient power to

swallow up the past. The very act of receiving a letter, according to her conception, for ever sealed her Antony's future bride: that point she considered as settled, postponing the task of disclosing the affair to her parents; but by the same rule she must answer it—and, alas! she could not write.—

'Not write?' exclaimed Camilla,—'why I thought these Cumberland girls, with all their dairy duties and close retirement, were gentlewomen?'

So they were in every sense of the word; but it had been the will (a whimsical will if you please, but a will ever implicitly obeyed) of their father, that they should not learn, as he observed 'that it was entirely an useless art to a woman.' He had in truth a latent dread of the talents of his wife, who in her young days had been a singular woman; for she not only had read much, but frequently wrote also; she even made verses, and dabbled a little in controversial divinity, for the pure purpose of reconciling ancient feuds, and proving that charity and good-will were cardinal points. On his marriage, it struck Mr. Claye, that, as he gave up those classical studies which were his highest pleasures, so ought his help-mate to abandon her pursuits. She proved that she had not studied her Bible in vain, either as a theorist or a disputant; and, meekly bowing to the mandate, she obeyed both in the letter and the spirit of the word, and from that time never touched a book but under the eye and at the express desire of her husband.

It was in this fear of consequences that Mr. Claye had forbidden this useful accomplishment to his daughters, saying 'that if girls could use pens, they would spoil paper, and write to sweethearts;' and it is evident that Grace would have fulfilled his prediction, even before he was aware. In other cases, he was by no means inattentive to their improvement, although he never sent them to school. Their mother had taught them to read and to sew; he initiated them in figures himself, and made them bold and graceful horsewomen; and at a considerable expense he procured instruction for them in dancing, embroidery, tambour-work, and confectionary, such being the accomplishments of his mother and his only sister, both of whom had been, and were, women of merit and great consideration in their own circle.

From the period of the above-mentioned interview, Grace had given her mind so entirely to deciphering all written papers, that, by the time the neat bold hand of Antony met her eyes, she had become quite able to read it freely, and she believed she could even write like it, having already learned to use a pencil in making figures; but how could she command the time unseen by Agnes?—paper and pens too were things locked up, and could not be purchased within ten miles. After many a vain effort, made in trembling haste, and of course without the power to do justice to her own abilities, she found herself under the necessity of inventing a new mode of conveying her thoughts, and at length effected her purpose by cutting out of Antony's letter the words she wanted, and pasting them neatly on a blank half-sheet; but this was unavoidably a work of time and trouble, which only rendered her the more desirous of attaining the art she needed.

Circumstances favored her wishes.—In the evening visits frequently made by the sisters to the parsonage, they never failed to find the mistress of the mansion busily watching her spinning maidens; and, when she retired with them into the parlour, it was her custom to tap gently at a door which led to a little library sacred to her worthy husband, and observe, 'there he sits moping and studying; I wonder he has any brains left to spin out in his writings.' What Grace thought of his spinning I know not; but, as she was aware that he was completely under petticoat government, and that the 'gude wife,' with great affectation of gentility, was covetous to misery, I conclude she supposed that the poor minister had a very small allowance of fire, or was dressed too shabbily to be seen; for she resolved to develope the mystery.

For this purpose she went another evening, and, as soon as she found an opportunity, she opened the study-door with a sudden jerk, crying, 'I have a message for you, uncle.'—Oh! what a sad discovery! There sat the poor old man with a bed-gown over his clothes, carding wool for the maids. A few weeks before, such a discovery would have made the parsonage echo with Grace's laugh; but the wounded pride evident in Mrs. Romford's face, and the sight of pens, ink, paper, and quills, on a neigh-

bouring table, taught her how to turn the discovery to better advantage.

'Why, uncle!—I cannot believe my own eyes;—when I tell Agnes you study carding, she'll never believe me.'—'But, my honey, you won't go to mention it?' said Mrs. Romford, with the sweetest smile; 'for, though my dear master does it purely for amusement, ye ken, to *talk* of such a thing would never do, seeing it is not just the proper work of a minister.' 'I'm thinking,' said Grace, 'if he would *amuse* himself with teaching Aggy and me to write these winter evening , it would be much more in his way.'

The agreement was fully understood, and the old man readily changed his employment, and admitted his lively great-nieces, who soon became able to write in the neat Italian hand practised at that day; but Agnes observed, 'that although her sister was usually so thoughtless and full of nonsense, she behaved with great steadiness on this occasion, and, for the first time, proved the better learner.'

Time passed; the correspondence was unbroken; but Grace had various troubles. The suitors of her handsome sister were numerous, and she was continually apprehensive that one of them might be accepted; for, the farther she advanced in life, the more fondly did their hearts cling to each other; and Grace seemed to think that she owed Agnes the more love, as she had so long, in painful obedience to the wishes of her lover, denied her the knowlege of so important a secret. She never would allow that any man who approached Agnes was a lover worthy of her; and her gay satiric vein never failed to render every rustic beau, on his first appearance, as ridiculous as possible in the eyes of her sister, whose heart, tender as it was, escaped all impression. Grace herself disposed of all lovers with amazing rapidity, always in her own gay manner; but the care and almost maternal anxiety she thus evinced for her elder and apparently graver sister formed a contradiction in her character, which, though unaccountable to all her family, never rendered her for a moment unamiable.

Mr. Claye had promised that his daughters should visit a friend at Penrith, and be introduced at the annual ball celebrated on the young king's birthday, when Agnes entered the last year of her minority. This period at length arrived, and Grace was sent to the town in order to purchase proper dresses for an occasion so important, which in those days included an elegant morning costume also, since the partner of the evening never failed to call upon the lady the following morning. Mrs. Claye felt much serious anxiety on this subject: she observed to her husband, 'it might lead to the final settlement of Agnes, who, she feared, would prefer a town sweetheart, seeing she refused all country offers.' 'Surely,' said Walter, proudly, 'my father will never permit her to marry a man in trade. I dislike the whole race—I consider Antony Osborne's sin in selling Southerly-glen, in order that he might turn some kind of a dealer in iron, little short of sacrilege!' 'Fie, fie, said Mr. Claye, warmly—'you are too strong in your language, and far from wise in your judgement: 'tis a pity the lad was forced to sell his land; but he had no other means of helping himself, and from all I can learn he has done that effectually.'

Grace's heart beat so quickly, and tears of sweet gratitude sprang so freely to her eyes, that she was obliged to run out of the room; and, when she set out for the town, the kiss she gave her father was the fondest she had ever bestowed. On this occasion, she was the visitant of Mrs. Birbeck, the wife of a respectable surgeon, and a person of consequence in Penrith, who gladly accompanied her guest to the places where she made her purchases. She resided in the High Street of that lively little town, near the principal inn, and beheld from her drawing-room a variety of objects, which, she assured her young friend, were worth all the lakes and mountains in the world. Grace did not think so; for she was really fond of the country; but, when the lady looking out exclaimed, 'what a fine creature!' she rose to gaze also, though not certain whether the words were applied to a remarkably beautiful grey-hound or to his master. 'How elegant he is! what beautiful legs he has! I have no doubt that it is the great opera-singer from London, who is on his way to Edinburgh. There has been nothing like him in these parts since the rebellion—look at the clocks in his stockings, my dear.'—Grace looked, and looked again; gold-laced hat, an embroidered waistcoat, powdered *toupet*, gold-headed cane, and Mechlin ruffles, the regular

insignia of metropolitan beauism in those days, had rarely met her eyes at all, and certainly not to equal advantage: yet she was evidently too much busied with looking at the wearer to think of his dress. Could it be—oh! no—yet surely it was Antony.

For a moment, the face, neck, and hands of poor Grace were dyed with a ruby hue; but it quickly receded, and left her as pale as the cambric gown in which she was arrayed. Mrs. Birbeck was too intent on viewing the stranger to see the first change; but the second alarmed her! 'You are faint, my love,' said she, throwing up the sash. The sound caught the ear of the advancing stranger: he looked up, colored also, and, taking off his hat with a low bow, confirmed the hopes and fears of the trembling girl, to the astonishment and almost terror of poor Mrs. Birbeck.—'Miss Grace Claye, what do I see?' cried she.—'It is only a neighbour's son, ma'am, whom I—that is—I mean we used to be neighbours.'—'Sally, Sally,' cried Mrs. Birbeck, 'go for a chaise to the Crown this instant, and tell Mrs. Buchanan to be speedy too.'—'Yes, my dear! you and I must go to White-House this very evening; for out of my sight you shall not go till I put you in your own mother's hands. A neighbour's son, indeed! Oh! fie, fie!—such a man as that never came from the falls to my knowlege.'

Grace, though in great trepidation, could scarcely be sorry for any thing which took her to Agnes, whom at this moment she earnestly desired to see, in order that she might confess her long correspondence with Antony, inform her that he had come a year too soon, and beseech her to guard her from parental wrath and brotherly interference. Poor Mrs. Birbeck reasoned, over ten rough miles, on 'gay impostors, wicked seducers, traveling players, and ignorant misses,' and Grace's busy anxious heart heard not a word. On their arrival at White-House, Antony's return was announced by the rector's wife, who had learned that he was expected that very night at the house of the 'squire, who had a great opinion of him ever since he purchased his land, and discerned the good-sense and honor of his dealings. From such testimony there was no appeal; and Mr. Claye observed, 'that for his part he always liked the lad.'

'Then,' quoth the dame, 'sell your lambs and your hay-ricks, call your money frae the bank, and your interest too, and hold yourself ready to portion your daughter.' Every eye was turned on Agnes with surprise; but the gentle orbs of the blue-eyed maiden shrank not from their gaze, and, ere farther query could be made, Antony himself appeared.

To depict the astonishment of the whole family when the object of his visit was made known, the correspondence avowed, and the blushing Grace reminded that in the following week she would herself be nineteen, (the age in which she had promised 'to think of such things') is impossible. I can only add, that on that very day she was married to Antony, with the full though tearful consent of her affectionate parents, and that, to her unbounded joy, Agnes accompanied her to his distant residence, where, within a year, she was married to the partner of her brother-in-law. These lovely, amiable sisters, were thus in one sense united for life, and never was the tie of filial affection more happily displayed: they were thrown into a state of society altogether distinct from that in which they had hitherto moved; but their *naïveté*, good-sense, simplicity, and gentlewomanly mildness, obtained admiration, and conciliated sincere regard.

Advancing time, without diminishing the hilarity of Grace's spirits, or the delightful play of her conversation, proved that the early necessity she had imposed upon herself of prudence in guarding her love secrets had given her a stability of character, a power of thinking, reasoning, and concluding, which one so young, artless, and ingenuous, might otherwise never have obtained. Her parents, late in life, resigned their house to Walter, and took their youngest daughter with them to that part of the country where her elder sisters were so happily settled; but she died soon after her attainment of womanhood, and from that period Grace (notwithstanding her own large family) became to them all that their desolate hearts required, and by her cares preserved them both to extreme old age. She was—but I will not attempt to describe her. 'Many have done virtuously, but she excelled them all, and was, in every sense, as much the blessing as the ornament of her family.

A PANEGYRIC ON WOMEN.

M. Jouy, to whom the French are indebted for the 'Hermit of the Chaussée d'Antin,' was lately incarcerated for a political publication; and the Hermit in Prison is the produce of his confinement. From this ingenious *melange*, in the composition of which he was assisted by M. Jay, his fellow-prisoner, we extract the following tribute to the merits and virtues of the fair sex:

Whenever you meet with the unhappy, there you are sure to find the female sex. Between women and suffering, there is a mysterious relation,—the only one which they never have the will or the power to break. Without seeking to weaken the value of the sentiment which animates them, we might say that there is something like coquetry in the compassion of women:—pity and tears become them so well! The sight of misfortune gives such a tender and graceful expression to their looks, and the dark light of a prison is so favorable to their charms, that one is sometimes tempted to believe that they would never show themselves so good, if it were not to look more beautiful. No one knows all the influence of woman, all the beneficent energies of her soul, and all the ingenious resources of her wit, unless he has seen her in those fearful retreats, whence hope is never banished so long as woman is permitted to enter. Deprived of freedom in the greatest part of the globe, women, who might pass for a vanquished nation, which nature, education, manners, laws, and men, keep every where in a state of perpetual subjugation, appear occupied only in softening or breaking the bonds which their tyrants have imposed. These amiable captives, sometimes faithless in the days of our prosperity, are never so in those of our misfortune. If the examples of present times did not crowd upon me on all sides, I would appeal to history. There I should find the name of that Eponina, who followed from cave to cave her husband Sabinus, whom an emperor too much praised, the avaricious Vespasian, caused so cruelly to perish. I would recall the generous and tender memory of Arria, and of Agrippina, the wife of Germanicus. Nearer to our own times, I should find the not less sublime example of the daughter of sir Thomas More, who wished to share the prison of her illustrious father, and accompanied him to the scaffold; I should find that, after having purchased, at the price of her fortune, the bloody head of her unhappy sire, she was accused of preserving, in her cabinet, this sad relic, of reading incessantly his works, and, consequently, of nourishing sentiments hostile to the government. Intrepid before the court, she defended the memory of her father, rather than her own life, with uncommon eloquence; and the cries of her sorrow at least softened her judges, for she was not condemned.

I will not speak of Mlle. de Scuderi, who employed a multitude of devices, far more ingenious than any which occur in her romances, in order to procure for the unhappy Pelisson the ink and paper necessary for his defence. Nor will I demand of the dungeons of the revolution, how many generous sacrifices, sublime actions, touching attentions,—how many perils encountered and sufferings soothed, have raised, during our civil discords, the characters of French women to the highest rank. I am not called upon to retrace the angelic devotion of Mme. de la Fayette in the prison of Olmutz; of Mme. de Lavalette in the Conciergerie; and of another lady, of the same name, who recently died in America: history has already consecrated these glorious names. It is with virtues more domestic, and scenes less sorrowful, that I wish now to occupy my readers.

The spectacle of the *salon* of Sainte-Pélagie, on Thursday and Sunday in each week, is well worthy of the attention of any observing friend of women. These two are the only days when those who are imprisoned for offences—properly entitled criminal—are allowed to receive the visits of their relatives or friends. A single remark, to which this entire chapter will serve as a commentary, is, that at these meetings the women are far more numerous than the men. I have often prolonged my stay in this rather noisy than brilliant assembly, to make myself completely master of its details.

Education and social station create among men differences which are much less apparent among women, and which are made to disappear before pity and love, two sentiments that seem to be a part of themselves. In the midst of the miserable objects of their consolations, they are distinguished by their clothes only; they all appear, then, to possess in the same degree that charming art of

divining their wishes, of keeping up their courage, of managing their self-love,—in a word, of pouring over the wounds of the heart that balm which their ingenious tenderness alone knows how to prepare. These moral cares are far above the physical and material attentions of which they are scarcely less lavish. Amongst the women, in the midst of whom I have passed some hours on the days of our grand *levée,* there was pointed out to me a young girl, who, for the last three years, came regularly from Nanterre, on foot, twice a-week, and in all weathers, to bring to a friend among the prisoners some of the little cakes of the country, of which he is very fond. The other day he scolded her for coming to see him in such bad weather: and I listened with interest to the little excuses which her heart was constantly suggesting, in order to lessen the merit of her fidelity. 'It did not rain when she left home—or, when the rain began, she was lucky enough to meet with an old milk-woman, who had taken her into a little covered cart, and brought her to the *Boulevard de la Madeleine.*' While she said this, she was drying her wet clothes, and making a sign to an old man who accompanied her not to betray her. On another seat I saw a female, still beautiful, though in the decline of life, who pressed her son to her bosom with an expression of tenderness and grief it is impossible to describe. The husband turned away his eyes, full of contempt and anger, from a son for whom he had cause, no doubt, to blush, and the fond mother seized the moment to slip a purse, which she had drawn from her bosom, into the youth's hand.

I know not by what sign it was that I recognised the delicate shades of the same sentiment with which the faces of all the females were animated: mother, daughter, wife, friend, or mistress, I could distinguish them all at a glance. There would have been no cause for boasting of this acuteness, if I had had to exercise it only on the countenances of women as open as that of a very pretty little creature, who had, together with him whom she came to see, taken possession of the darkest and most remote corner of the room; all I observed was, that it would not have been possible to occupy a smaller portion of any given space than was occupied by this sentimental couple. Maternal tenderness, filial piety, love, benevolence, and friendship, are the virtues of which the females in this place might furnish me with innumerable examples: but there are others, such as patriotism, courage, honor (in the chivalrous sense of the word), in which women have raised themselves to the highest pitch of heroism. I may indeed say, that the great Author of our being has placed in the heart of woman, in her generous cares and tender solicitude, a compensation for all the perils, sorrows, and evils of life.

TONBRIDGE WELLS.

AMIDST the rage for buildings and improvements, in the century of squares, and crescents, and circuses, and quadrants, modern innovators have condescended to leave Tonbridge Wells untouched. Balconies, verandahs, jalousies, Roman-cement, and all the gauds of fantastic workmanship, have been transported by land and by water, to Cheltenham, and Ramsgate, and Worthing, and Brighton; projectors have overbuilt themselves; and people, rushing out of the smoke of London, instead of being greeted with leaves and blossoms, see very little save green Venetian blinds, and staring white-paper placards with 'Lodgings to Let' legibly inscribed thereon. Here the good old-fashioned roomy tenements, many built in the reign of Anne, and some much older, rise in the midst of embowering groves; and, though the eye of refined taste may be a little offended by clipped yew hedges, trees curiously cut into arches, houses of flaring red brick, with roofs of tremendous ponderosity, these are only feathers in the scale, when weighed against the simple beauties of the place. The dwellings, instead of being collected into streets, are scattered over several gentle eminences, surrounding a picturesque common, where rocks tufted with trees rise amid gorse and fern on a rich carpet of heath flowers, gleaming like amethysts in the sun. At the summit of every slope a fine landscape bursts on the eye. Cultivated fields, mingled with verdant pastures, stretch along the valleys; long woody ridges, surmounted with wild rocks irregularly piled, form the bases of hills, each crowned with lofty trees, the tower of a church, or the battlemented turret of a castle, whose golden vane catches the rays of the sun; and from every grove wreaths of white vapor

arise, and tiny casements, glittering like diamonds, betray the rustic habitations within, whilst onwards, far as the eye can reach, the ground beautifully undulated is clothed with wood and gemmed with villages.

This rural spot, though so filled with guests, that not a house or a lodging is unoccupied, possesses few of the features of a place of public resort. The true enjoyment of the country seems to be the only aim of the visitors, who, simple in their dresses and in their manners, though among them are many individuals of high rank, exhibit not that finery and splendor which are so lavishly displayed at Brighton and Cheltenham. Luckily placed out of the high road, it is not in the way of the frequenters of watering-places; and the springs do not happen to suit the bilious invalid from either Ind, or tempt him to bring the expensive luxuries of the East or West to corrupt the simplicity of the inhabitants; nor does it attract the wealthy denizen from Cockaigne, the true son of Mammon, who looks with contempt upon any place which is not recommended by varnish and paint and gilding, bay windows, Chinese railings, and other decorations.

The only innovation which has taken place here is the change from the old appellation of Pantiles to the more fashionable name of Parade,—a foolish ambition—for who would wish to banish or obscure the associations connected with the memory of Beau Nash, that eccentric genius and most brilliant master of the revels, who, we are told, used to travel in his chariot and six from Bath, whenever the return of warm weather ushered in his short but festive reign? This was also the favorite haunt of Richardson and Cibber; these veteran worthies lounged under the shade of the trees in the planted Pantiles, listening to the music, and looking out for beauties, as the author of Clarissa pleasantly expressed it. The reader of history, delighting only in the veritable narratives of substantial facts, will find amusement in the recollections of Charles the Second's merry sojourn at the Wells, and trace the witty De Grammont from scene to scene; whilst those whose fervid imaginations will not disdain to invest ideal personages with local interest in the theatre of their fancied adventures, cannot fail to meditate upon the eventful story of Madame D'Arblay's charming heroine Camilla, which, in despite of the opinion of Mrs. Barbauld and other sound critics, we continue to think the pink and crown of her writings. Mount Ephraim, the scene of the gay baronet's prowess, is no longer a dangerous pass for skittish horses; but here are the shops and the libraries which drew the last half-guinea from poor Camilla's purse, and the tempting milliner's rooms, where, aided by the persuasions of the odious Mrs. Mitten, she contracted her first debt. The form of the persevering Mr. Dubster may be conjured up under the trees on the common, in that most interesting shower which accelerated a reconciliation between the gentle girl and her provokingly perverse lover, Edgar Mandlebert; and, though no eccentric Mrs. Arlberry, or dashing Sir Sedley Clarendel, now attract the gaze of the multitude, at a certain hour of the morning the musicians, seated in their aerial orchestra on the parade, bring a cheerful assembly together; and the theatre and the ball-room are open in the evening, inviting the strangers to solace themselves with the pleasures of comedies and quadrilles.

Here, without a metaphor, we find tongues in trees; for play-bills and notices of balls, with intelligences of distant races and projected cricket-matches, are fastened on the trunks of the patriarchs of the soil,—a sight which imparts a rural air to these sports, and conveys the pleasing conviction to the mind that we are really and *bonâ fide* in the country, not cheated by the name of a summer residence into a wilderness of stone and mortar, where stacks of chimneys form the only grove, and we must seek for shade in narrow streets, and under the lee of a brick wall. Even the ungentle climate of our humid island is despoiled of much of its annoying powers; the deep sand of the soil absorbs the rain immediately, and in half an hour after a demi-deluge the paths are dry for the pedestrian. With such facility and such temptation to walking exercise, we rarely seek a roof except for refreshment and repose, and may be said to live in the open air. Our dreams of the golden age seem to be half verified, as we gaze upon the rich luxuriance around us; an air of comfort is shed over the most humble dwelling; troops of rosy children, healthy and clean, bound from lowly huts, and frolic under hedgerows perfumed with the flaunting

honeysuckle. Tufts of purple digitalis, and yellow lupins, mingled with the white bells of the convolvulus, and delicate stars, the lavish abundance of nature's silken treasures, tapestry the banks; and every path leads to some sequestered village, some sweet retreat surrounded with peaceful images.

Conspicuous in beauty, Frant bears the palm from all its sister hamlets. Overlooking a richly variegated country, it commands picturesque and extensive prospects;—the church, the scattered houses trellised with clematis and jasmine, tenanted by the superior inhabitants, and the clusters of small cottages surrounding a smooth green, dotted with sheep, and aromatic with wild thyme and camomile, present a picture of rural scenery rarely to be surpassed: nor are the visitors attracted only by the natural beauties of the place,—the church is distinguished for its simple elegance, and the village boasts the presence of a native artist of no mean fame. On the road-side, happily placed on the edge of a hill which sweeps boldly down to the woody recesses of lord Abergavenny's park, stands a cottage surrounded by a garden pre-eminent for its neatness, and redolent with flowers, from the superb hydrangia to the lowly daisy: this dwelling is the residence of G. Smart, whom the caprice of fortune has nailed to a tailor's board. The profession of a barber perhaps might have been more suitable to his constitutional loquacity; for Figaro himself, lounging under his pole at Seville, even when personated by Mr. Liston, has not more to say on the subject of his own merits than our village tailor, who, having a soul above buttons, has produced works which have given some celebrity to his name. His happy imitations of various animals in cloth, velvet, &c. might pass without any particular observation in a fancy shop; but when we behold them ranged on a ledge on the outside of a very pretty cottage, and are assured by the manufacturer that he is quite a *natral* genius, they instantly seem to rise in value, and all critical severity is lost in admiration. Ingenuity the tailor most assuredly possesses; and his loquacious good humor, joined to the exquisite cleanliness of his house, and the comfortable appearance of his establishment, the happy effects of honest industry, fill the philanthropic mind with unmixed pleasure. Enjoying a delightful consciousness of superior talent, blessed with competence, and inhabiting a cot which many artists of higher birth, brighter genius, and more refined education, drudging for scanty pay in London, might covet as a resting-place, a retreat from a world wherein they have experienced all the misery of blighted hope, there are few more enviable personages on this terraqueous globe than the village tailor. His little parlor is embellished with numerous cards belonging to peers and peeresses who have honored his domicile with their presence; and, when he introduces with infinite *tact* less dignified customers to this august assembly, he entreats them to read the inscriptions, among which they will doubtless find the names of many of their *respected friends.* Altogether Mr. Smart is a character well worthy of contemplation. His conversation might furnish some of our comic writers with useful hints; and, if Mathews should travel to Tonbridge Wells, we do not despair of seeing our friend transplanted to the boards of a summer theatre.

As we are not under the influence of peculiar circumstances, and are unswayed by a charm, bright perhaps but evanescent, or by feelings which usually prevent the traveler from seeing things as they really are, our admiration has been excited by the genuine beauties of the place. Warm sheltered nooks, romantic dales, grey rocks wreathed with lichens, and knolls surmounted with the gnarled oak or graceful elm, the soft magic of woodland and hill, wherein the pensive mind may indulge in gentle melancholy, whilst the more buoyant spirit may rejoice in nature's happy mood;—these are not subject to the mutations and vicissitudes of watering-places, which depend upon adventitious aids for their attractions, and are to some a paradise, and to others a purgatory. The imagination will often create an Arcadia in a scene, which, divested of the fairy enchantments of a mind reveling in the enjoyment of some unexpected pleasure, will appear to the jaundiced eye of disappointment a region of barrenness and desolation. The young aspirant, who has recently escaped from the trammels of a governess, fresh to the delights of balls at the pavilion, will tinge every object with *couleur de rose.* Brighton is described as an Eden of felicity: the invalid, deriving health from the invigorating breeze

sweeping over the briny wave, is content with a sea view; and the bleak downs are panegyrized, because their atmosphere is impregnated with the saline particles which strengthen and brace the languid frame. The citizen's daughter, emerging from a confined street in the metropolis, is delighted to display her feathers and her finery on the Steyne in the morning, and try her luck at the libraries when they are lighted up at night for the loo, ringing with music, and filled with an eager crowd all gay and cheerful as herself. But those whom such enjoyments do not reach are puzzled to guess why Brighton, from a mere fishing-town, has risen to its present consequence. To persons living in what is called the world, not to have seen Brighton seems just as extraordinary as if a Bond-street lounger had never visited Hyde Park. The name which it has attained, and the facilities afforded to travelers of every description, sufficiently account for the numbers who now frequent it. Some go because it is full, others because it is comparatively empty. In the winter it is reckoned warm, and the superior brilliancy of the company offers an inducement; in the summer the crowd compensates for the heat and the glare. Hence all persons of spirit, from the nobleman to the shopman, and from the duchess to the mantua-maker, run down to Brighton at some season of the year. This is perhaps a fortunate circumstance for Tonbridge Wells, the *agrémens* of which have not yet invited a host of masons, bricklayers, and carpenters, to burthen the green earth with their monstrous fancies, and build long rows of squalid habitations for their workmen, where now at intervals detached tenements peep from the mantling foliage of clustering fruit-trees.

SHORT CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Extracts from the Diary of the late Michael Underwood, M. D.—If a respectable list of subscribers could secure the favorable reception of any work, this volume would command success; and, as it is published for the benefit of the author's widowed daughter, we sincerely hope that the public patronage will be fully extended to it. It consists of 'meditations, critical and practical remarks on various passages of Scripture, miscellaneous essays, and occasional hymns.' The author was bred a surgeon, and at length became a celebrated *accoucheur*; in which capacity he attended the unfortunate mother of the late princess Charlotte. He died in 1820, in his eighty-third year; having been for some years disabled from practice by nervous irritability, and consequent depression of spirits. His manuscript diary extends to 122 volumes; but only a small part has been presented to the public. It evinces his conscientious feelings, and that fervent piety which, we apprehend, is not very common among the professors of the healing art.

History and Antiquities of the Metropolitan Church of Canterbury, by Mr. Britton.—As Canterbury was the earliest seat of Christianity in Britain, a correct account of the rise and progress of its church must be acceptable to every Christian reader. The cathedral (says this intelligent antiquary) 'at once exemplifies the powers, capabilities, varieties, and merits of Christian architecture. This, like genuine Christianity, is genial, tolerant, expansive, and appeals both to the heart and fancy of man. That heart, indeed, must be flinty, and fancy phlegmatic, which can be unmoved by the present cathedral of Canterbury. It is an edifice of great extent and amplitude, considerable variety and intricacy; in some parts grand and imposing, and in many others curious, beautiful, and interesting. Considered in its historical relations, as well as in its architectural characteristics, it naturally awakens associations and expectations of varied and imperious interest. In the fabric itself, and in its constructive history, we expect to find much to excite, as well as to gratify curiosity; we look for satisfactory *data* to illustrate Gothic or Christian architecture: at this place, and in this very fabric, we expect to find some unquestionable examples of Anglo-Saxonic, Anglo-Normanic, and all the progressive styles and varieties of ecclesiastical building; if we fail in finding all that may be wished, we shall still meet with much to gratify and reward our researches.'

The engravings and descriptions happily illustrate the subjects. The fine altar-screen, the crypt, and other striking objects, are well represented, and the whole volume reflects great credit on the author.

Meteorological Essays and Observations, by J. F. Daniell.—We all pretend to be judges of the weather; and, indeed, as this writer observes, 'man may almost with propriety be said to be a meteorologist by nature. He is placed in such a state of dependence upon the atmospheric elements, that to watch their changes, in order that he may anticipate their vicissitudes, becomes a portion of the labor to which he is born. The daily tasks of the mariner, the shepherd, and the husbandman, are regulated by meteorological observations; and the obligation of constant attention to the changes of the weather has endued the most illiterate of the species with a certain degree of prescience of some of its most capricious alterations.' There is some truth in this remark. The numerous adages prognosticating the weather may be considered as theorems deduced from continued observation; and the long list of peculiarities in the habits of animals and plants, with a reference to the weather, which are found in the literature and superstitions of every people, may be regarded as popular descriptions of the mode of action of so many *instruments* indicating atmospheric variation.

It is remarkable that a passage in Pliny's Natural History, which was long disputed and ridiculed, has been in a great measure confirmed by modern observations. When the dishes on which cold provisions have been served up leave a kind of dew on the board or table, it is, says that naturalist, an omen of rainy or stormy weather.—Some of Mr. Daniell's observations, we may add, are judicious and philosophical.

Portraits of the most illustrious Personages of Great Britain, with biographical and historical Memoirs, by Edmund Lodge—the second and third Parts.—This is a pleasing and important publication; the portraits are well executed, and, as far as we can judge, are good likenesses; the subjects are well chosen, as no obscure individuals are mingled with their superiors; and the memoirs are not only apparently accurate, but are given in a neat and unaffected style.

A critical Inquiry into ancient Armour; from the Norman Conquest to the Reign of Charles II., by Dr. S. R. Meyrick. 3 vols. folio.—This antiquary asserts (what no one will deny) that his subject is connected with the history of the wars of mankind: we need no ghost to give us that information. He also observes that it is connected with the rise and progress of a large portion of the arts, and with questions of jurisprudence and civil polity. To one branch of art it certainly belongs; but with the last-mentioned department its connexion is at least disputable and problematical. It is evident that he thinks too highly of his subject. He boasts of trifling discoveries, particularly of the nasal piece, which, while it occupied its place, prevented William the Conqueror from being recognised in battle by his own son; but we allow that he has thrown some light on the martial accoutrements of different ages. Let other critics extol his work to the skies; but, while we are content to admit his claims to the characters of a respectable antiquary and a learned civilian, we are of opinion that he has little more merit on the present occasion than any other erudite *F. S. A.*, who should give a regular history of the fabrication of culinary utensils, from the time when the Norman invaders condescended to instruct the Anglo-Saxons in the art of cookery.

A Visit to Milan, Florence, and Rome.—If the gentleman who made this visit had not styled himself *W. T. P. Shortt, A. B. of Worcester College, Oxford,* we should not have supposed that he had ever enjoyed the benefit of an academical education. He writes more like a lady's maid than a scholar, breaking Priscian's head in the most outrageous manner; his remarks are either trite or frivolous; and on his statements it would be unsafe to depend. Yet even this imbecile trifler has been praised by a periodical critic, and his *Visit* recommended as a model for tourists!

Diary of a Tour through Southern India, Egypt, and Palestine, by a Field Officer of Cavalry.—We are glad to see a spirit of piety prevalent among military officers, who are usually addicted to pleasure and dissipation; but the mixture of religion with ordinary intelligence and vulgar details must, we think, be considered as incongruous and misplaced. So high and momentous a subject is degraded by mean associations. Let this officer publish a religious essay, and it will meet with due attention. This hint, we trust, will not offend him; and, if it

should, we hope to please him on the other hand by remarking, that his diary is interesting in various respects, and affords some curious information.

The Fire-Eater.—A British officer, stationed in France after the battle of Waterloo, forms an acquaintance with a young and beautiful girl, and, in spite of her humble station (for she is the adopted daughter of a petty innkeeper), conceives an affection for her, which breaks out into a half-declaration. This she refuses, because she is in love with another; a very common case in novels. But the story of her virtues, and of his increasing passion, is very pleasingly told; and the great point of interest is the character of her favored lover, Du-Chesne. He is a young French officer, about whom there hangs an impenetrable mystery, which is not completely dissipated even at the end of the tale. He is associated with a band of conspirators against the Bourbon government, and, to elude detection, assumes a variety of disguises. At one time he is a peasant, at another a postilion; he is also a conjuror and fire-eater. He is at length betrayed by one of his accomplices, and put to death, when a reprieve is on its way to the place of his confinement; and the girl whom he has espoused dies distracted.—The tale was seemingly written in imitation of the author of Waverley; it displays both humor and sentiment, and the interest is well sustained.

Koningsmarke, the Long Finne, a Story of the New World.—The Americans are striving to rival our countrymen in novel-writing; but they have not yet obtained the honors of equality, although some of their writers possess a considerable share of literary talent. The present story is by no means deficient in interest and attraction. It refers to the early Swedish settlements in Pennsylvania; and the author's manner of writing resembles that of Washington Irving in his humorous history of New-York.

Ferdinand the Seventh, a Dramatic Sketch.—This piece is translated from the Spanish of Don Manuel Serratea; but, whether the original writer or the translator be the more wretched scribbler of the two, we are at a loss to determine. Almost every speech excites a smile by its absurdity; and the whole is unworthy of critical notice.

The Sea-Songs of Charles Dibdin.—This volume was intended by the editor, Dr. Kitchener, as a supplement to his late collection of the Loyal and National Songs of England. Mr. Dibdin was the most prolific song-writer of his time; and, when we consider his three-fold merits, as an author, composer, and singer, we must allow that he possessed very considerable talents. According to his own account, he wrote about nine hundred songs, among which were ninety appertaining to the lives, occupations, and concerns of seamen. Many of these are highly popular, and largely contribute to the sailor's 'stock of harmless pleasure.' With an air of self-complacency at which we are not disposed to cavil, he says, 'My songs have been the solace of sailors in long voyages, in storms, in battle; and they have been quoted in mutinies, to the restoration of order and discipline. I have honorably discharged the duty of a good subject:—in every thing I have written, even in my comic songs, I have warmly inculcated morality; and I have prominently brought forward those men whose valour has ensured, and will perpetuate, the glory of their country.'

The Family Oracle of Health, edited by Dr. Crell and Mr. Wallace.—Health is the most desirable of all blessings, as without it no one can be comfortable or happy: but, whether these oracular gentlemen will effectually promote or secure it by this strange compound, which they denominate a 'Magazine of domestic Œconomy, Medicine, and Good Living,' we are very doubtful. Some of their serious hints, however, are pertinent and appropriate.

The Footman's Directory, and Butler's Remembrancer.—It is alleged that this volume is principally the composition of a gentleman's servant, who wished to make domestics more diligent, orderly, and useful, than they generally are. The design is laudable, and the execution is not altogether contemptible. The directions extend to the most minute circumstances, and servants are not only furnished with instructions for their particular business, but for their general conduct in life.

TO MARY; ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

I hardly dare begin the theme,
  Though it is rapture e'en to name thee;
For o'er my mind has roll'd a dream,
  Whose recollections hurt and shame me.
But that sad dream has pass'd away,
  Those bursts of ire are gone for ever!
E'en should despair o'ershade my day,
  I will not love *thee* less—oh never!

How oft I think, when 'mid the flowers
  Of hope and joy I fondly view thee,
That many of thy natal hours
  Had fled, ere I, dear Mary, knew thee!
Thank Heaven! it was reserv'd for me
  At length with rapturous joy to find
A form of matchless symmetry,
  And, ah! a yet more matchless mind!

Twenty and two bright summers o'er have roll'd,
  Since first thy waking eyes beheld the day;
That time has shed on thee those locks of gold
  That fringe in loveliness the azure ray
Of sweet serenity, that from thine eyes
  Beams as a spell. I never can forget
  That hour! that blissful hour! when first we met,
When thy dear presence wak'd my earliest sighs,
And taught me thou wast all my heart could ever prize.

Oh how I've hung enraptur'd on those tones
  Of genuine feeling, from thy dear lips flowing;
Thine are the strains the list'ning bosom owns,
  Thine are the notes that kindle the soul's glowing.
And how thy plaintive voice has thrill'd along
The 'witching numbers of the 'spirit's song;'
And, in our Moore's delicious melodies,
How often hast thou claim'd the full heart's sympathies,
When, by the force of music's godlike power,
My Mary made a heaven of each hour!

Oh may the blessings that now greet thee here
  Be harbingers of those which yet await thee;
May smiling joy dispel sad sorrow's tear,
  And scenes of happiness for aye elate thee!
And may each bless'd succeeding natal day
  Prove but the birth of greater happiness!
And may thy God to thee his gifts convey
  Till all thy hopes are gain'd, and he no more can bless!

J. J. Leathwick.

LOVE;

an Anacreontic Song.

In vain from fate we fly,
For first or last we all must die:
So 'tis as much decreed above,
That first or last we all must love.

Lansdown.

Can any thing in nature prove
More pleasing to the heart than love?

Can man know a greater bliss
Than the sweet, the balmy kiss,—
Soothing looks, each grateful smile,
All that can the heart beguile?
Why so often do I sigh,
Pine alone, yet know not why?
Love has surely vanquish'd me,
And thus I own his deity;
Cupid, god of fondest love,
To my wish propitious prove!
You who sighing lovers aid,
Warm with love the lovely maid!
Only this I ask of thee;
Conquer her as well as me.

N.

THE FIRST-BORN;

a Sonnet, by Alaric Allan Watts.

Never did music sink into my soul
So 'silver sweet,' as when thy first weak wail
On my rapt ear in doubtful murmurs stole,
Thou child of love and promise!—What a tale
Of hopes and fears, of gladness and of gloom,
Hung on that slender filament of sound!
Life's guileless pleasures, and its griefs profound,
Seem'd mingling in thy horoscope of doom.
Thy bark is launch'd, and lifted is thy sail
Upon the weltering billows of the world;
But oh! may winds far gentler than have hurl'd
My struggling vessel on, for thee prevail:
Or, if thy voyage must be rough,—may'st thou
Soon 'scape the storm, and be—as blest as I am now!

CONSOLATION ON THE LOSS OF A CHILD,

by the same Writer.

Look up, look up, and weep not so, thy darling is not dead,
His sinless soul is cleaving now yon sky's empurpled bed;
His spirit drinks new life and light, 'mid bowers of endless bloom;
It is but perishable stuff that moulders in the tomb.
Then hush, oh! hush the swelling sigh, and dry the idle tear!
Look out upon yon joyous heaven, and joy that he is there!

Already hath he gain'd the goal, and tasted of the bliss,
The peace that God's pervading love prepares for souls like his;
He hovers round the throne of thrones, on light and filmy wings,
The Ariel of attendant sprites upon the King of kings!
Then calm thy sorrow-stricken heart, and smile away despair;
Think of the home thy child hath won, and joy to meet him there!

When summer-evening's golden hues are burning in the sky,
And odorous gales, from balmy bowers, are breathing softly by;
When earth is bright with sunset's beams, and flowers are blushing near,
And grief, all chasten'd and subdued, is gathering to a tear;
How sweet 'twill be, at such an hour, and 'mid a scene so fair,
To lift thy streaming eyes to heaven, and think that he is there!

And when that fatal hour arrives, that hour which all must brave,
Ere thy full ear of life be reap'd and garner'd in the grave,

Whilst deeply musing on the fate our prayers may not defer,
What ardent longings after bliss each failing pulse will stir!
How sweet will be the glance to heaven,—the heaven thou soon may'st share;
The memory of thy buried babe—the hope to meet him there!

LINES ADDRESSED TO CHARLOTTE,

Author of 'Forget me not.'

Thy modest trembling flow'r, 'Forget me-not,'
While thy sweet message it imparts to me,
Softly reveals as well my blissful lot,—
Though far away, *I*'m not forgot by *thee*.

A true and tender flow'r to thee I send,
To pledge my faith, while I'm beyond the seas;
It is a flow'r which thou hast made *my* friend;
It knows my love, and bids thee have 'Heart's-ease.'

W. B.

ANECDOTES, ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE IMPORTANCE OF CHEMISTRY;

by Mr. Goldsworthy Gurney.

It is well known that *lime* forms an excellent manure, and that it is procured for this purpose by burning common chalk or limestone (which is usually a tolerably pure carbonate of lime), and thus dissipating the carbonic acid, and leaving the lime to act immediately on the soil with which it is placed in contact.

I am acquainted with a farmer who, some years ago, went to a considerable expense in erecting lime-kilns, &c., in order to procure manure in the way I have just described; and he used, for the purpose of procuring the lime, a limestone which was very plentiful on his own estate, and which furnished a lime that was, for all common purposes, similar to any other. After manuring the greater part of his land with the lime thus obtained, he found, to his no small amazement and injury, that, instead of improving his land, he had totally destroyed its power of supporting any vegetation whatever. In the arable land the seeds perished and disappeared; and in the meadow land the grass withered away and died. It turned out, on inquiring into the exact nature of the limestone he had employed, that it contained a portion of *magnesia!* The mystery was solved at once, but not till it was too late. If my friend had been a chemist himself, or had applied to one *before* the mischief was done, instead of *after*, he would certainly have avoided it all. On a chemical examination of the smallest fragment of the stone in question, it would have appeared in a moment that it was totally unfit for the purpose required. There can be little doubt that, if my friend had attended a single course of chemical lectures (or even a single lecture, supposing the earths had happened to have been the subject of that lecture), he would have missed all his disappointment, mortification, and loss.

With respect to the importance of applying chemical principles to the art of manufacturing *fermented liquors*, I will mention that, until within these few years, a disease was prevalent in the cider counties, and more particularly in Devonshire, well known by the name of the '*Devonshire colic.*' It was for a long time considered that this disease arose from some injudicious use of cider, such as drinking it too new, or in too great a quantity; but this was not generally regarded as a satisfactory explanation of the fact. At length an observant chemist remarked that the manufacturers were in the habit of conducting one part of their process of cider-making in *leaden vats.* Nothing more was needed to explain the fact. The malic acid of the apple took up a portion of the lead, which immediately acted on the stomach, as it invariably does, and produced the disease in question. The evil has been since remedied, and the disease has disappeared.

The importance of chemical knowlege to those engaged in the production of the different *metals* from their native state in the bowels of the earth is strikingly exemplified by a fact. In my native county of Cornwall they are at present actually

working over again some old mines which had been abandoned as exhausted—not for the purpose of detecting any vein or ore which the old miners had overlooked, but for the purpose of obtaining what was formerly cast aside as *refuse*, but which is now found to be incomparably more valuable than the substance for which they were alone in search in former years. The metal in search of which the mine was originally worked was *tin*, while the ore, which they threw aside as valueless, is *copper!*

MISCELLANEOUS VARIETIES.

Northern Expedition.—ALL hopes of reaching Behring's Strait by the Arctic Ocean are now at an end. Captain Parry has lately returned from his hazardous enterprise, and the Fury and Hecla have re-entered the Thames, after the loss of four of the crew by illness, and of one man by an accident. In the year 1821, he explored Repulse Bay (to the north of Hudson's Bay), Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome, Middleton's Frozen Strait, and other remote parts; but, not finding any passage to the northward or westward, he wintered in the southern bay of an island, in the latitude of 66 degrees, and the longitude of 83. In 1822, guided and encouraged by the information which he had received during the winter, from a party of Esquimaux with whom he had established a friendly intercourse, he renewed his attempts to the northward, and examined all inlets toward the west, till he arrived at a strait which separates the northern coast of America from clusters of islands, extending northward to the scene of his former voyage. The great object of ascertaining the northern limit of the continent being thus accomplished, he penetrated two degrees to the westward, with considerable expectation of final success; but, as he proceeded, he found the ice fixed in that peculiar manner which indicates that it is perpetual, and not separated in any season, or under any circumstances. He then passed the winter within the 70th degree of latitude; and, in the summer of the present year, finding the ice still fixed to the shores, so as to preclude all hopes of the desired passage, he relinquished the attempt, and returned to Europe.

Commencement of a new Voyage of Discovery.—Captain Otto von Kotzebue sailed from Cronstadt, in August, under the auspices of the emperor Alexander, in a ship of 24 guns, with several learned and scientific men, thirteen officers, and eighty sailors. He will proceed to South-America, pass Cape-Horn, and then range over the Pacific Ocean; but, if his discoveries should not be more important than those which occurred in his last voyage, he will not rival the fame of captain Cook.

A Pasquinade upon Alexander's Thirst of Dominion, and his late extravagant Claims in the North-Pacific.

Old Neptune one morning was seen on the rocks,
Shedding tears by the pailful, and tearing his locks:
He cried, 'a *land lubber* has stolen, this day,
Full four thousand miles of my ocean away;
He swallows the *earth* (he exclaim'd with emotion),
And then, to quench appetite, *slap* goes the *ocean*;
Brother Jove must look out for his skies, let me tell ye,
Or the Russian will bury them all in his belly.

Exhibition of the Productions of National Industry at Paris.—This varied display attracts great crowds, as it affords a pleasing view of the progress of art. The ladies admire the improved manufacture of articles of dress, and are particularly delighted with the rich gauzes and the beautiful shawls fabricated by Ternaux from the wool of Tibet. Tailors and tradesmen linger, with careful inspection, over the cloths of Louviers and Sedan, the cheapness of which excites suspicion respecting the color that attracts the eye, and the softness that gratifies the touch. Cabinet-makers and *Ebenistes* invite attention to furniture made of the roots of almost all sorts of trees, and polished with incredible hardness and brilliancy. The fowling-pieces of Lepage, Prélat, and Pichereau, fix the amateurs of the *chasse* by their union of ingenuity with elegance; and the harps of Nadermann and the *pianos* of Pape delight the votaries of music by the novelty of their forms and the purity of their sounds. As for bronze, porcelain, lamps, vases, lustres, and *pendules*, they are in such numbers and of such variety that it is almost impossible to choose, and quite impossible to praise—an exclamation over the mass is all that can be given. Here the Didots display their elegant types and their superb editions

of the Latin poets; there the Waddingtons have deposited their cogs and wheels of cast iron; yonder bloom the artificial flowers of a new horticulturist, who has completely withered all the pretensions of the wax-workers by producing bouquets and plants in whalebone; and, in another part, piles of *bonbons*, perfumes of all countries, and distillations from all plants, tempt the palate, and titillate the olfactory nerves. Many other varieties might be mentioned; but these instances sufficiently show that the exhibition is calculated to amuse the idle and gratify the curious.

Amusements of Central India.—'In the towns (says sir John Malcolm) gambling with dice is a prevalent vice, but it is little known in villages. The military portion of the population who have horses pass a great part of their time in training and exercising them, and in learning the use of the spear. Both these and the poorer classes, who follow the profession of arms, study the use of the sword under competent teachers, and practise with their matchlocks till they come to great perfection; they also improve their activity and strength by gymnastic exercises. Dancing girls are the luxury of large towns; but every cluster of villages in Central India have attached to them (living in huts or tents) men and women of the Nutt or Bamallee tribes. The former are tumblers and rope-dancers; the latter are jugglers. Both of them have rude musicians and minstrels, and their music and songs form the common entertainments of the peasantry. The villages are also frequently visited by drolls and strolling players: many of the latter are very clever. The subjects of the satire of the plays, or rather farces, which they represent, are as often their mythological fables, as the measures of their earthly rulers and governors. The figures of the demi-god Hunoomaun, with his monkey face,—Ganesa, with his elephant head and portly belly,—are brought on the stage, to the great entertainment of the spectators. The incarnation of the Hindu deities is a common topic with these players; and the frisking of the figure of a large fish, which represents one of the principal incarnations of Vishnu, always excites bursts of applause. The rajah and all the ministers of his court are frequent objects of ridicule with the actors; but what gives most delight to the peasant is a play in which the scenes that he is familiar with are exhibited. The new manager or renter of a district, for instance, is exhibited on the stage with his whole train of officers and attendants: every air of consequence is assumed by the new superior, every form of office is ostentatiously displayed; the potails and villagers are alternately threatened and cajoled, till they succeed in pacifying the great man by agreeing to his terms, or by gaining one of his favorites, who appears in the back part of the scene whispering and taking bribes. In some of these representations the village potail is described as losing his level, from his intercourse with courtiers, and becoming affected and ridiculously great among his poor friends; and this commonly closes in some event that shows him in a condition of ludicrous degradation and repentance. Such representations are received with acclamation by the village audience of men, women, and children, who sit for whole nights looking at them. The actors are fed by the principal people, and a little money is collected for their reward; they also receive a mite from the village revenue.'

American Wit.—A man of color, a general messenger, died lately in Kentucky, to whom the name of *Conclude* had been given from his frequent use of the word. A journalist has devoted to his memory the following epitaph:

Poor sable child of honesty and fun,
Thy *traveling* career on earth is done!
Alas! thy logic! how could death, so rude,
Thy life and argument at once *conclude*?
No more *conclusions* from thy lips shall flow,
Until the *grand conclusion* here below,
When (sov'reign mercy's *fiat* gently given)
Thou may'st *conclude* thy doom—to dwell in heav'n.

Expediency of attending to the Eye-lashes.—Being desirous of giving full effect to female beauty, we quote the following passage from the Family Oracle of Health.—'It is no less strange than true, that European beauties are quite inattentive to the growth of their eye-lashes; though in Circassia, Georgia, Persia, and Hindostan, it is one of the first objects of a mother's care to promote the growth of her children's eye-lashes.—Hair left to itself seldom grows long, but either splits at the top into two or more forks, or becomes smaller and

smaller till it ends in a fine gossamer point. When it does so, it never grows longer, but remains stationary. The Circassian method of treating the eye-lashes is founded on this principle. The careful mother removes with a pair of scissors the forked and gossamer-like points (not more) of the eye-lashes, and every time this is done their growth is renewed, and they become long, close, finely curved, and of a silky gloss. This operation of tipping may be repeated every month or six weeks. The eye-lashes of infants and children are best tipped when they are asleep. Ladies may, with a little care, do the office for themselves. This secret must be invaluable to those whose eye-lashes have been thinned and dwarfed, as often happens by inflammation of the eyes.'

Influence of Vocal Music.—'The relative of a friend of mine (says Mr. Nathan), having been ordered to Devonshire for the benefit of his health, used frequently to ride out in the evening. One night, as he passed a lone house, his attention was drawn towards it by sounds of such dulcet melody, that his heart became captive through his ears, and, without seeing the fair siren, he was 'full fathom five' in love: he never rested till he obtained an introduction; his offers were accepted, and they were married. But, alas! for the waywardness of the human heart! A short time elapsed ere they separated; and, for fifteen years, they were ignorant of each other's pursuits. Business called him into Scotland, where his ear, when least expected, caught the sound of that voice which had formerly made so deep an impression. The affection, which had slumbered so long, revived with fresh ardour; the hour of the evening, the similarity of situation, and the same melody, were coincidences that struck forcibly on his heart: repentant, and trembling with emotion, he rushed into the apartment where she was, and, renouncing his errors, implored her forgiveness; a reconciliation followed, and the renewal of their affection was permanent and unabated.'

An English Nunnery.—A catholic lady of the name of Bedingfield, in concert with a friend of the same persuasion, established a boarding-school at Hammersmith in the year 1690; and, soon after its institution, the governess and teachers having voluntarily obliged themselves to the observance of monastic rules, it obtained the appellation of a nunnery, which claim it has ever since kept up, many devotees having from time to time taken the veil, and resigned themselves here to voluntary seclusion. As a seminary of instruction it maintains a high character, and above forty young ladies now receive their education within its walls. Among others who suffered under the tyranny of Robespierre were the English Benedictines of Dunkirk, who were placed under arrest, and sent off to Gravelines, where they long remained in a most perilous state, subjected to every kind of privation and insult. Rescued by his death from this miserable condition, they obtained permission to retire from France, found an asylum on English ground, and settled in the nunnery at Hammersmith. The number of religious at present in the convent is sixteen, who are governed by a superior, have a chapel, burying-ground, and other monastic appendages.

AMERICAN PORTRAIT-PAINTING, OR TWO REMARKABLE CHARACTERS.

In the novel of Koningsmarke, which refers to the middle of the seventeenth century, the governor of a Swedish colony on the banks of the Delaware is represented as a self-conceited, testy, and arbitrary man, yet in a great degree subject to the influence of two women, who are thus described by the humorous author, said to be Mr. Paulding.

'The lady Edith Piper, only sister to his excellency the governor, was a person of ominous notability, who, on the death of the heer's wife, had taken command of the establishment, and, if report says true, of governor Piper into the bargain. She was, in the main, a good sort of a body, and of a most public-spirited disposition, since she neglected the affairs of the heer to attend to those of every body else in the village. She knew every thing that happened, and many things that never happened, and we will venture to pledge our veracity as historians, that there never were but two secrets in the village, from the time of Madam Edith's arrival, to the day of her final extinction. One was the year of the lady's birth—the other we do not

care to disclose at present, being anxious to convince the world that we too can keep a secret as well as other folk.

'To do the good lady no more than justice, she was not ill-natured, although her thirst after knowlege was somewhat extreme; nor did she ever make any bad use of the village tittle-tattle which came to her ears. She never repeated any tale of scandal, without at first impressively assuring her hearers that she did not believe one word of it, not she; she merely told the story to show what an ill-natured world it was that they lived in. Madam Edith was supposed to maintain her authority over the heer Piper more by dint of talking incessantly, than through the agency of fear. When she had a point to gain, she never abandoned it; and if, as often happened, the governor walked out in a pet to avoid her importunities, she would, on his return, resume the argument just where it was left off, with astonishing precision. In process of time she worried him out, and, from long experience of the perseverance of the dame, as well as the inefficacy of resistance, the governor came at last to a quiet submission to be tyrannized over within doors, being resolved to make himself amends by tyrannizing without. Edith, who, we neglected to premise, was never married, not being able to find any body in the old or new world good enough for her, was, in sober truth, a considerable talker, although the same regard to veracity impels us to the confession that she was not always understood by her hearers. Taking it for granted that every body was as anxious about every body's business as herself, she gave them credit for as much knowlege, and was perpetually indulging in hints, innuendos, and scraps of biography, which puzzled her friends worse than the riddle of the Sphinx. Thus she generally alluded to her acquaintances in old Finland by their christian names, and detailed the various particulars incident to nurseries, kitchens, &c., as if the whole universe felt an interest in the subjects of her biography. In one word, she was a thin, short little body, dressed in high-heeled shoes, a chintz gown, with flowers as large as cabbages, and leaves like those of the palm, together with a long-tabbed lawn cap, which, on great occasions, was displaced for a black velvet skull-cap, fitting close to the head, and tied under the chin. Of her voice, it may be affirmed that it was as sharp as the heer's favorite cider.

'The only being in the governor's establishment that could hold a candle to aunt Edith, as she was usually denominated, or who ventured to exchange a shot in the war of words with her, was a certain mysterious, wayward, out-of-the-way creature, who was generally reputed to be an equal compound of fortune-teller and witch. She was by birth an African, and her general appellation was that of Bombie of the Frizzled Head. Bombie was a thick, squat thing, remarkable for that peculiar redundancy of figure, so frequently observed in the ladies of her color and country. Her head and face were singularly disproportioned to her size, the first being very small, and the latter proportionably large, since it might with truth be averred, that her head was nearly all face. The fact was, that nature had given her such a redundancy of broad flat nose, that, in order to allow any eyes at all, she was obliged to place them on either side of the head, where they projected almost as far and as red as those of a boiled lobster. This gave her an air of singular wildness, inasmuch as it produced the peculiar look called staring, which is held to be the favorite expression of that popular class of lately-created beings who stand in a sort of midway between witches, goblins, fairies, and devils, but are an odd compound of them all, being made by the mere force of the author's genius to supply the want of every natural or physical advantage.

'Bombie of the Frizzled Head was so surnamed on account of her hair, which was distinguished by that peculiar and obstinate curl, which, together with the accompanying black complexion, are held to be the characteristics of the posterity of Cain. Age had, at this period, bent her body almost double, seamed her face with innumerable wrinkles, and turned her hair white, which contrasted singularly with her ebony skin. But still she exhibited one of the peculiarities of this unhappy race, in a set of teeth white as the driven snow, and perfect as the most perfect ever seen through the ruby lips of the lass the reader most loves. And if the truth must be told, her tongue seemed to be as little injured by the assaults of time as her teeth. She was, in fact, a desperate railer, gifted with a natural eloquence that was wont to overpower the voice and authority of



aunt Edith, and drive the heer Piper from his sternest domestic resolves.

'The tyranny of Bombie's tongue was, however, strengthened in its authority by certain vulgar opinions, the more powerful, perhaps, from their indefinite nature and vague obscurity. It was said that she was the daughter and the wife of an African king, taken in battle, and sold to a trader, who carried her to St. Bartholomew's, where she was bought by the heer Peter Piper, who whilome figured as fiscal of that fruitful island, whence she accompanied him first to Finland, and afterwards to the new world. Rumour, that progeny of darkness, distance, and obscurity, also whispered that she of the Frizzled Head could see into the depths of futurity, was acquainted with the secrets of sticking crooked pins and throwing invisible brickbats, and dealt in all the dread mysteries of *Obi*. These suspicions were strengthened by the peculiar appearance and habits of the Frizzled Head, as well as by the authority of certain instances of witchcraft that happened about this time in the East, as recorded by the learned and venerable Cotton Mather, in his book of wonders, the Magnalia.

'Like the owl and the whipperwill, she scarcely ever was seen abroad except at night, and, like them, she was supposed to go forth in the darkness, only to bode or to practise ill. With her short pipe in her mouth, her horn-headed stick in her hand, she would be seen walking at night along the bank of the river, without any apparent purpose, generally silent, but occasionally muttering and mumbling in some unknown gibberish. This habit of prowling abroad at night, and at all times of the night, enabled her to attain a knowlege of various secrets of darkness that often seemed the result of some supernatural insight into the ways of men. Indeed, it has been, or it may be, shrewdly observed, that he who would see the world as it really is must watch like the mastiff that bays the moon, and sleeps but in the sunshine. When at home, in the heer's kitchen, she never slept except in the day-time; but often passed the night wandering about such parts of the house as were free to her, apparently haunted by some sleepless spirit, and often stopping before the great Dutch clock in the hall. Here she might be seen, standing half double, leaning on her stick, and exhibiting an apt representation of age counting the few and fleeting moments of existence. Her wardrobe consisted of innumerable ragged garments, patched with an utter contempt for congruity of coloring, and exhibiting the remnants of the fashions of the last century. On particular occasions, however, Bombie exhibited her grand costume, which consisted of a man's hat and coat, and a woman's petticoat, which combination produced a wild, picturesque effect, altogether indescribable. In justice to the heer, we must premise, that it was not his fault that Bombie was not better clad, for he often gave her clothing, with which no one ever knew what was done, as she was seldom seen in any thing but a multiplicity of rags.

'Though, to appearance, exceedingly aged and infirm, the *Snow-ball*, as governor Piper used to call her, was gifted with an activity and power of endurance, that had something almost supernatural in it, and which enabled her to brave all seasons, and all weathers, as if she had been the very statue of black marble she sometimes seemed, when standing stock still, leaning on her stick and contemplating the silent moon.'

THE AERIAL MESSENGER.

It is well known that pigeons have frequently been employed for the transmission of intelligence,—a task which they are enabled to perform by an instinct connected with memory. Mr. Rogers thus notices the subject:—

'Led by what chart, transports the timid dove
The wreaths of conquest or the vows of love?
Say, through the clouds what compass points her flight?
Monarchs have gazed, and nations bless'd the sight.
Pile rocks on rocks, bid woods and mountains rise,
Eclipse her native shades, her native skies:
'Tis vain! through ether's pathless wilds she goes,
And lights at last where all her cares repose.
Sweet bird! thy truth shall Haarlem's walls attest,
And unborn ages consecrate thy nest.
When, with the silent energy of grief,
With looks that ask'd, yet dar'd not hope, relief,
Want with her babes round gen'rous Valor clung,
To wring the slow surrender from his tongue,
'Twas thine to animate her closing eye;
Alas! 'twas thine perchance the first to die,
Crush'd by her meagre hand, when welcom'd from the sky.'

These pleasing lines refer to the fact mentioned by M. de Thou, that the in-

telligence of approaching relief was conveyed to the distressed citizens by a letter which was tied under the wing of a pigeon. Our readers, we trust, will agree with us, when we affirm that the whole incident is finely represented in the annexed print, both in point of design and of graphic execution.

Fine Arts.

WHILE the artists of Great-Britain are preparing for future exhibitions, and executing, with zeal and talent, the orders which they have received, the flourishing state of the Royal Academy has induced the king, who, like his father, is a liberal patron of the arts, to grant a charter for a similar establishment in Ireland. This institution will bear the title of the Royal Hibernian Academy; and its effects, we trust, will correspond with the enlightened views of the government. In that country, indeed, the fine arts are at present in a state of neglect and of evident inferiority.

Many of our countrymen are studying at Rome, where the treasures of art are freely exhibited to admiring strangers. Among those who are noticed for their rising merit in the department of sculpture, the most distinguished is Mr. Gibson, who practised under the eye of Canova. He is particularly fond of classical and poetical subjects, and is employed in various figures and groupes by the duke of Devonshire, sir George Beaumont, and other *amateurs*.

The sale at Font-Hill has dispersed among a number of persons the treasures of art which Mr. Beckford had collected. Many articles were sold at high prices, while others produced less than was expected. That picture which seemed to excite the greatest attention was the Laughing Boy, by Leonardo da Vinci. The animation and delight of the boy are admirably expressed: his eyes sparkle, and the muscles of his face are dilated in a most natural manner. This piece was purchased by Mr. Hume (not the senator) for 984 guineas. A representation of the shop of a Dealer in Poultry, by Gerard Dow, produced a more considerable sum,—1270 guineas. The countenances of the figures in this painting are full of expression; the coloring is deep and mellow, and retains a striking appearance of freshness; and the whole is exquisitely finished. A Battle-Piece by Wouvermans was obtained by Mr. Emerson for 670 guineas. It is one of the best productions of that admired artist. A Sea-Port by Berghem tempted Mr. Hume to advance his offers to 795 guineas, and by this liberality he obtained a fine picture, in which the human figures and cattle, the sea and shipping, are delineated with neatness and accuracy, and the story, if it may be so called, is well told in every part. A Distant Camp, if hostilities had been introduced into the view, would not have altogether suited the talents of Cuyp; but, as it refers to the repose and recreation of soldiers, it was executed by him with skill and felicity: the sum given for it was 370 guineas. A Christian Saint did not produce so much as a heathen Sibyl, because the former was the work of Paolo Veronese, and the latter of Ludovico Carracci. The Poultry Market by Jan Steen, though inferior in execution to Dow's piece, possesses considerable merit: there is a marked expression in the face of the lady who is bargaining for a fowl; she seems neither willing to give the price which the dealer demands, nor to lose the article. This piece, however, was sold for only 165 guineas. A portrait of a Jewish priest by Rembrandt, beautifully colored, and exhibiting both correctness and vigor, was not thought very dear at 230 guineas. The Interior of a Lady's Chamber, by Vanderneer, was greatly admired by all judicious observers. It is finished in the richest style of the Flemish school. The drapery is beautiful, the light and shade are skilfully managed, and the expression is characteristic. It was purchased for 410 guineas. The Virgin and the Holy Child, by Albert Durer, ought not to pass unnoticed. The infant, making a sudden effort to run, is gently restrained by his mother, whose countenance indicates affection and anxiety. Only 150 guineas were given for this picture.

The Parisians have lately been gratified with an exhibition, consisting of works of art sent from Rome by the students of the French academy in that city. Architectural designs, sculpture, historical and landscape painting, and engraving, have all contributed to form this exhibition. Among the paintings there are an Eresichthon and an Arion, by M. Coutan, which are fine

specimens of color, but are faulty in the drawing. M. Cour has sent a picture of the Deluge, of which some severe critics say that it possesses every thing which such a subject should possess, except coloring, design, truth, and expression! The most striking piece in the collection is a landscape by M. Rémond. It is very large, and the subject is a view of Rome from the hills beyond the Tiber. In front is Cincinnatus, at the moment when the messengers from the senate are bringing him the ensigns of the consular dignity. He is represented at his plough, to which are attached two fine bulls; and the whole scene is finely depicted. —The best piece of sculpture is an Eurydice, by M. Nanteuil. The architectural pieces consist principally of restorations of Roman edifices, and some of them are well designed.

A recent exhibition at Ghent is also entitled to our notice. Among the most striking pieces we may reckon the Toilette of Psyche, by Paelinck. The design is well conceived, and the general execution claims high praise. A Young Lady, her Nurse, and a Peasant, by M. Du-Bois, and various portraits of persons of distinction, by Kitson, are also worthy of commendation. Navez has contributed a variety of pieces, of which the Fortune-Teller is the best. A Boy drawing, by Vanderboer, is a very expressive picture; and the Game of Chess is remarkable for the fine display of triumph in the countenance of a fortunate player, and the indication of disappointment in the looks of the baffled competitor.

In London a *diorama* has been brought forward with success. It is an invention which at once deceives the imagination, and pleases the critical eye of a scientific observer. The subjects are two views; one, a beautiful representation of the valley of Sarnen, in Switzerland; the other, a correct resemblance of the interior of Trinity Chapel, in Canterbury Cathedral. The spectators are supposed to be in an elegant rotunda, overlooking a space that gives an illusion to the mind not easily described. Independently of the pictorial powers shown in the execution of the two pictures, a mechanical assistance is introduced to give the effect of a passing storm in the landscape view, which agreeably surprises us almost into the reality of being on the spot. Nor is the transition from one view to the other less astonishing by the imperceptible motion of the whole theatre with its numerous spectators going round. This effect is produced by the aid of machinery, which is so well contrived, that no one is aware of the change till he is surprised by the approach of a new subject. Upon the whole, the effect of this exhibition is astonishing, and it strikingly exemplifies the triumph of mechanical perspective.

Music.

In this department, the musical festivals at Glocester, York, and Birmingham, must be the chief objects of our present attention. The concerts at the first-mentioned town attracted a numerous assemblage. In the mornings, only English singers were engaged; but in the evenings Sapio and Madame Caradori exercised their talents. The music of Handel had the preference; selections from the works of other composers were also introduced with effect; and, on each of the three evenings, the ladies were gratified with a ball.

At York the attraction was more powerful, as the great name of Catalani was associated with the harmonic entertainment. That lady, indeed, did not appear to advantage on the first day, and Mrs. Salmon, in her greatest performance, 'From mighty Kings,' seemed to carry off the palm: but, in the evening concert at the assembly-room, the Italian vocalist displayed her astonishing powers with full effect in Rode's air and variations, and in 'Rule Britannia.' She had been requested to sing 'Cease your Funning,' but she indignantly declined it. On the following day, in the cathedral, she opened the Messiah with dignity and spirit, and her voice, more than that of any other singer, filled the vast extent of the sacred edifice. On the third day, she gave 'Angels ever bright and fair,' with extraordinary effect; but the next day's performance was still more delightful. It consisted of a selection of sacred music, nearly the whole of the first part being taken from Haydn's Seasons. Catalani repeated the sublime hymn called Luther's, which was executed in her chaste and grand style, and most powerfully supported by the orchestra. She also performed a *terzetto* with Sapio and Placci, *Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini*, and the recitative 'Sing unto

the Lord.' An *encore* was signified by raising a white handkerchief on the top of a wand in the gallery, generally at the request of the venerable archbishop, who sat in the front of the gallery. Mrs. Salmon sang, with all her exquisite mellowness of tone, and fine and rapid execution, 'Let the bright Seraphim.' She likewise took a leading part in recitatives from the Seasons. Miss Stephens gave 'O magnify the Lord' in a very pleasing style, and Miss Goodall produced great effect in her sweet and touching song 'How cheerful along the gay mead.' Miss D. Travis sang with chasteness and truth the Portuguese Hymn with the Latin anthem, *Adeste, Fideles, læti triumphantes*. The performances closed with this selection; but the enraptured amateurs wished for a prolongation of the entertainment. The profits of this festival have been appropriated to four infirmaries,—those of York, Leeds, Hull, and Sheffield. It is a pleasure to reflect, that these amusements are rendered instrumental in the promotion of beneficent purposes.

The music-meeting at Birmingham enjoyed the honor and benefit of Braham's attendance. Although the voice of that singer may have been impaired by the progress of time, his taste is rather improved than deteriorated, and his energy has not apparently declined. He was greatly applauded for his execution of a recitative and air by Rauzzini; and, when he joined Catalani in the duet, *Ecco di Pafo il tempio*, he and his fair associate gave to the piece an elevation of which Cianchettini's music seemed incapable. The performances were well selected, admirably performed, and numerously attended.

From the number of recent musical publications, we are induced to select the following, though some others may be thought to possess equal or superior merit.

A mass by Mr. Webbe is scientific, and well suited to the purposes of ecclesiastical music.—A sonata by Moscheles is melodious, and claims also the praise of brilliancy and spirit.

Juvenile Songs, by a lady, may prove useful to those who have very young pupils.

The Piano-forte Journal is a publication consisting of a collection of overtures, airs, rondos, and other movements, selected from the works of popular composers. The last number that we have seen contains a rondo, by Hummel, which is a delightful specimen of this composer's style; it is full of fire and fancy, natural genius, and the acquirements of science.

The *Amusement des Dames* is a selection for the harp from the works of foreign masters. This publication is to be completed in six numbers: the first contains an Austrian waltz, an Alsatian melody and waltz, and a French air with variations. These pieces deserve a very favorable report.

Bochsa has three new works for the harp; *Home, sweet Home!* with variations, *Aurora che sorgerai*, and *La Chasse au Renard*. The first is agreeable, and not difficult: the second is a piece of greater pretension and merit; the third is an imitation of a fox-chase and its attendant *noises*, and some animated and elegant strains descriptive of the hunt are introduced.

Mr. Calkin's *C'est l'Amour*, as a rondo for the piano-forte, is written in a light and unassuming style. The air is very popular, and he has certainly added to its interest.

The Vocal Anthology has proceeded with undiminished excellence to its fifth number. It consists of biographical notices, a catalogue *raisonné* of the music inserted, and specimens of classical English, French, Italian, German, and Scotish compositions.

Drama.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

If we had only one great establishment in a populous city for the representation of dramatic pieces, we might soon have reason to complain of a want of excellence and a deficiency of spirit: but, as we are provided with two theatres, both of which are constructed upon a large scale, and have also many minor places of similar amusement, which, though they do not pretend to vie with the great houses, yet find the means of attraction, and are capable of affording considerable entertainment, competition necessarily ensues, and a strong degree of rivalry is excited, the effect of which is gratifying to the public, because it

elicits talent, and brings merit into full display. The proprietors of the major theatres have not only expended large sums in new decorations and embellishments, but have strengthened their respective companies by the judicious enlistment of auxiliary performers.

The New Drury is unquestionably a very handsome theatre. The extent of the alterations made in the last year left little room for addition; but every thing which could be done to perfect the original plan has been effected on a liberal scale. The principal novelty is a new central lustre, which is certainly tasteful and elegant in appearance. Two new drop-scenes are also provided, which display much skill in the execution. In the first circle, as well as in the dress circle, the accommodation of family-boxes is introduced. The saloon is greatly embellished. We also observe, with satisfaction, that wax candles are substituted, in the two circles, for the unhealthy and unpleasant gas-lights. These improvements were exhibited by Mr. Elliston to a select party of friends and theatrical connoisseurs, whom he treated with a variety of refreshments, and who applauded his active zeal, which, at the opening, the public likewise acknowleged by acclamation. On that occasion he made choice of Sheridan's Rivals, and produced a new representative of Sir Lucius O'Trigger in the person of Mr. Waller, whose acting did not, however, fully answer the expectations of the audience. The Lydia Languish of the evening was Miss Lydia Kelly, who, re-appearing after an absence of some years, gave evident signs of improvement. Harley performed Acres almost as well as Quick formerly did; Wallack was a good Falkland; and Elliston gave to the character of Captain Absolute a high degree of vivacity and spirit; while the testy old father was personated by Dowton in a style of undisputed excellence. The comedy was followed by a piece of one act, called *Stella and Leatherlungs*. This consisted of little more than the introduction of a *star* (Clara Fisher) to a provincial theatrical manager, by a strolling player (Harley): the young actress gave some of her imitations in a manner which excited applause; and the performance was allowed to be repeated, but it is now laid aside. A ballet styled *Cupid and Folly, or the Court of Lovers*, proved more attractive, as the dancing was of the highest order. The god of love was Miss Zerbini, who, after occasional displays of agility, flew up into the air (in appearance) with the lightness of a sylph.

On the revival of the first part of Henry the Fourth, Mr. Archer made his *debut* as the king. He has a good figure and a sonorous voice, and is so far endowed with the requisites of an actor as to afford a promise of utility to the establishment. Dowton's Falstaff was very respectable, and certainly superior to that of Stephen Kemble and of Fawcett, if not equal to that of the late Mr. Henderson. He did not, like Cooke, send forth the witticisms of the mirth-loving knight with a sly and sarcastic bitterness, but was pleasant and good-humored in his satire. Elliston undertook the part of the Prince of Wales; and, except that he was sometimes too formal and serious in his raillery, his performance was very animated and effective. Wallack's Hotspur would have been more generally pleasing, if a greater portion of dignity and polish had been mingled with animal vivacity.

The revival of the Trip to Scarborough furnished Miss S. Booth with an opportunity of shining in the character of Miss Hoyden, which Mrs. Jordan used to render a prominent part; and it served to bring forward on this stage an actor from Liverpool, named Brown: but we do not think that he or the manager made a good choice of a character. Lord Foppington is a mere fop of the old school, an insignificant and contemptible personage, who cannot easily be brought forward at the present time with effect; and, therefore, we ought not to be surprised, or to inflict censure, if this performer did not altogether succeed in the representation. It may at least be allowed that he was amusing on this occasion, and we admit that he is qualified for better parts. He soon after made an experiment upon another coxcomb,—Floriville in the Dramatist; and in this character he was more successful. Elliston, on the same evening, played Vapid in a lively and humorous manner; and Miss Lydia Kelly was a pleasing Marianne.

The first appearance of Mr. Macready at this house attracted a great number of visitants, who were highly gratified by his masterly performance of Virginius. This may be called his own part, and he has made it so by giving it a power and mastery which are copied from no one. Here he treads safely and firmly on his own ground without fear of com-

parison. The early scene with his daughter was beautifully simple and affectionate, and afforded a fine contrast with the manly and intrepid spirit, and the indignant towering passion of the later scenes. The best part of the play was the trial before Appius. The mad scenes were fine, but they are terrible. The ghastly and distorted visage, lighted up by gleams of savage triumph as he cowered like a famished vulture over the body of the strangled Appius, was a frightful picture; but, as terror is one of the essentials of tragedy, we must not recoil from it.—Terry, in Dentatus, was blunt and manly: Wallack was a good Icilius, and Mrs. West a charming Virginia.

Munden has commenced a season which, he says, will be his last; but, as he is far from being disabled by age, we hope that he will revoke his declaration. When he lately presented himself to the public, a more enthusiastic welcome could hardly have been given. This able comedian has an uncommon power of escaping from the low vulgar parts to which his genius seems 'native and to the manner born,' and rising up into an appearance of gentility and good-breeding. His Old Dornton is one instance of this kind, and his Sir Peter Teazle another. There was a rich mellow uxoriousness about the latter which rendered his performance exceedingly amusing. The struggle, between his blighted hopes and his fond anxiety, was finely given, and irresistibly comic. The audience entered heartily into the success of an old favorite; and when he met with Dowton, and their cordial salutations were exchanged, there was a fervent burst of sympathy from all parts of the house. Dowton kept up his assumed character with ease and humor, and in the auction scene he was inimitable. Wallack's Joseph was respectable; but Elliston is the best of all representatives of that character. He has an inimitably hypocritical face, and the deep, oily, insinuating tones of his voice seem to be exactly fitted for hollow sentiment and wheedling protestation. Still his Charles is a fine piece of acting, though he is occasionally too jocund even for that gay rake.

Macready has repeated his enactment of Hamlet with considerable, if not striking effect. Some critics praise him highly for his personation of this character, while others depreciate his efforts. In Rolla he appears to give more general satisfaction by an union of force, dignity, and feeling.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

It may be expected that some notice should be taken of the interior alterations in this theatre, before we advert to the performances: but we need not dwell on that topic. An additional decoration of the boxes, an improvement of the pit in point of accommodation, a greater facility of access to various parts of the house, a new festoon curtain as an ornament to the *proscenium*, and a beautiful drop-scene, are the new attractions of the house. These marks of attention to the public were exhibited by the manager to a mixed company with an air of complacency; but he was not so hospitable on the occasion as the lessee of Drury-lane.

Much Ado about Nothing was the play chosen for the opening. In the distribution of the characters, the only novelty was the assignment of the part of Hero to Miss Jones, who performed it well, but not so agreeably as Miss Foote.

Resuming his old station, Mr. Young has lately re-acted his best characters at this house with unabated applause. Of his Macbeth, his Pierre, his Hamlet, it may seem useless now to speak, as we have sufficiently described them on former occasions: but, with regard to the first, we are induced to quote the remarks of a periodical critic, because they are appropriate and judicious.—'Grasping with an eager hand the highest honors of the drama, he came forward as the hero of the play; and we are bound in justice to acknowlege that he never, in our recollection, appeared so thoroughly master of the character, or gave so complete and finished a delineation of the varied and complicated feelings by which it is distinguished. The dagger scene, and that succeeding the murder of the king, which have ever been considered as affording the surest test of an actor's skill and talent, were given with the best and happiest effect. In the former, the uneasiness visible in his countenance—the hesitating tone of voice—the difficulty he appeared to feel in 'binding up each corporal agent to the terrible feat'—his apparent approach to the chamber—and then his apparent resolution to abandon the project he had undertaken, until the power of his imagination conjured up the 'air-drawn dagger of the mind,' afforded a specimen of discriminating by-play such as we have rarely witnessed; whilst, in the latter,

the feelings of remorse and anguish working upon a soul naturally noble, but urged by ambition, and stimulated by 'fate and metaphysical aid' to the commission of a heinous crime, were as powerfully and ably executed as they were justly and faithfully conceived. In the other parts of the character--the scene with Banquo's ghost—his interview with the 'weird sisters'—his gallant and courageous conduct when 'bear-like they have tied him to the stake, and he must fight the course'—the confidence he places in the predictions of the witches, till one-by-one his hopes begin to vanish, and he finds that 'they have palter'd with him in a double sense'—in all these trying situations he confirmed the favorable impression he had made in the earlier part of his performance, and offered a just claim to that tribute of applause which was so liberally bestowed upon him.'

It is stated that this great actor intends to vary his line of characters, and to appear, for instance, in the comedy of the Man of the World, as Sir Pertinax Mac-Sycophant. He has already performed this and other comic parts in the country; but a metropolitan audience may not be so ready as the provincials to allow that he possesses the pleasantry, humor, and versatility of Garrick.

Mr. Charles Kemble shares the principal tragic characters with Mr. Young: each feels the spirit of honorable rivalry, and each candidly acknowleges the merit of his friend. The Macduff and Jaffier of the former are correct and natural representations; and both characters derive additional dignity from his graceful and spirited style of acting.

It was not to be supposed that the merit of Mr. Rayner would escape the notice of Mr. Kemble; who, therefore, as soon as he had witnessed his performance of the part of Giles at the English Opera-house, offered to enroll him in the Covent-Garden corps. Terms of agreement were quickly adjusted; and the School of Reform was taken from the shelf, and put into rehearsal, with a view of exhibiting Mr. Rayner in the character of Tyke, which had been so ably sustained by Emery. At the age of thirteen years, he was so highly interested by the representation of the comedy of Speed the Plough, that he from that moment conceived a strong desire of becoming an actor, but he did not join any theatrical company before he had completed his nineteenth year. He then made his first essay in the part of Clodpole. Being a native of Yorkshire, an attentive observer of the manners and language of the peasants, and not deficient in talent and humor, he executed his task with such spirit, as to gain the applause of the audience. After acting for eight years in different parts of the country, he appeared at the Hay-market theatre, in 1814, as Frank Oatland, and was favorably received. In the last winter, he acted Dandie Dinmont twice at Drury-lane; but Mr. Elliston did not think proper to engage him.

The difficult part of Tyke did not suffer by Mr. Rayner's mode of handling it. He depicted its debasement and its cunning, its strong passions and terrible features, with undoubted talent. In the highest-wrought scenes (his description of his father's falling dead on the shore, and his recognition of his parent) he represented the horrors of a strong mind torn to distraction, in a manner as appalling as ever was witnessed upon the stage. Nor were his other scenes inferior in skill, though necessarily inferior in interest; and, without particularizing them, we shall only add, that the whole was masterly.

The other characters were in general well supported. Jones, in Ferment, was capital; and Mrs. Gibbs, as his lady, was full of that quiet talent which makes the most of a part without an apparent effort. Egerton was respectable in Lord Avondale, and Chapman in Farmer Tyke; Mrs. Davenport was *the* old housekeeper herself, and Blanchard *the* old general himself; but Miss Henry did not play the heroine so well as she might have done.

A melo-dramatic piece, styled the *Beacon of Liberty*, was produced on the 8th of October. The subject, borrowed from the history of Switzerland, comprises some of the events in which William Tell and his brave associates figured, when their country was rescued from the Austrian yoke. This story was dramatised by Mr. Bayley (now dead), author of the Sketches in St. George's Fields; but it is evidently deficient in dramatic interest. There is too much declamation about freedom and despotism; and, though the sentiments are expressed in forcible language, the piece is not interesting enough to command attention through two long acts. The

character of the Austrian governor is over-drawn. His tyranny and cruelty are obtruded too strongly upon the notice of the audience, and excite a feeling of abhorrence. The part of the hero was performed by Mr. Bennet: this gentleman has talents, but they are much impaired by an injudicious habit of ranting. The music, though by Bishop, is not very extraordinary. A pretty duet was sung by Master Longhurst and Miss R. Boden; Miss Love had an agreeable song; and the overture contained some spirited movements. The beauty of the scenery was allowed by every one; but the performance itself did not meet with general approbation.

THE HAY-MARKET THEATRE.

Near the close of the season, a musical piece, founded on the popular novel of the Vicar of Wakefield, was submitted to the tribunal of the public: but, as it was a mere shadow of the original, the judgement pronounced upon it was not the most favorable. The performers did as much as could be done for the different characters; but unfortunately the author had done nothing, at least nothing good, for them, and their efforts were regarded very coolly. The part of Moses was committed to the care of Liston, whose comicality of visage occasionally created merriment, in spite of the dull dialogue in which he was doomed to take a part. The character bears scarcely any resemblance to that which Goldsmith created; and, in proportion as it deviated from the original, its dullness and insipidity became a more heavy tax on the patience. The good old vicar, who well knew how to temper gravity with mirth, has been converted into a mere sermonizer; and, being represented with much formality by Mr. Terry, did not excite any sympathy. Cooper, who performed the character of Burchell, had no opportunity of exertion. He however furnished the audience with the word *fudge*, which was very liberally used by the *gods* as the drama proceeded. Mrs. Orger and Mrs. Gibbs, as the fashionable ladies of the novel, caricatured the airs of persons of distinction very pleasantly. The former executed a song, the subject of which is the pleasure of an opera, in an excellent style. Her imitation of the itinerant French female singers, who occasionally awake the echoes of our streets and alleys, was uncommonly clever, and created much laughter. Miss Chester was a very pretty Olivia, and performed with modesty and feeling the little that was allotted to her.

Notwithstanding this and other failures, the season at this house was uncommonly productive. *Sweethearts and Wives* must have proved very beneficial to the concern. The good choice of pieces, under Mr. T. Dibdin's management, usually filled the house; and though we do not say that Liston was the '*goose* that laid golden eggs,' his humor chiefly contributed to the abundance of the harvest.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

PELISSE of Indian red taffety, ornamented down the front with a rich wave, wadded to form a rouleau; from each scallop depends a pagoda drop button. The cuffs and mancherons *à l'antique*. A belt of the same material as the pelisse confines the waist, and fastens in front with a gold buckle. A tippet of white swansdown, or of the Siberian fox. Double ruff of Urling's lace, and Vandyked ruffles of the same manufacture. Bonnet of white *gros de Naples*, with a plume of white drooping feathers. Half boots of ethereal blue kid, and lemon-colored kid gloves.

EVENING DRESS.

Slip of salmon-colored *gros de Naples*, under a frock of tulle; the frock ornamented with oriental trimming of white satin, and full blown Persian roses; a fluted flounce of white satin is placed below the hem. Short sleeves, trimmed to

correspond with the skirt. Double falling tucker of blond. A white satin sash, with long ends on the right side, in front; instead of a bow, the sash is pinned, before the ends fall, *en dents de loups*. *Negligée* necklace of fine pearls, with very long ends, which form the new Arabian necklace, now so much admired. Head-dress, bands of pearls and full-blown roses, carelessly scattered. Pearl ear-rings, in the form of a star. Ivory fan, and white kid gloves, trimmed at the top with blond.

N. B. The above elegant dresses were furnished by Miss Pierrepoint, Edward-street, Portman-square.

MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

We have seldom witnessed, at the latter end of October, so many carriages belonging to very distinguished families, as there were then and are now to be seen in the metropolis, and in its fashionable drives. They are, certainly, not very numerous, but they contain those who rank high in modish life; and from such we have gained the following select information of the different articles of costume, and have the pleasure of offering the detail to our fair readers.

A pelisse of *gros de Naples*, of a fine Waterloo-blue, is much admired, either for the carriage, or for walking; it is ornamented with separate puffs, plaited, and set on in bias down the front. Pelisses, however, can scarcely be said to have received any decisive fashion for the ensuing winter; they are more worn as a *demi-saison* dress at home than as an out-door envelope; and either pelisses or spencers, when worn in the carriage, have generally the addition of a rainbow elastic scarf thrown over them: these elastic *ornaments*, for there is no *warmth* in them, are of a novel construction; instead of having the appearance, as heretofore, of the Arachne net, they now seem to be a chain of light texture of colored diamond-work; this by no means renders them heavy; for they have the same gossamer kind of appearance they had in the last spring, at its commencement, but they are not the same; it depends entirely on fancy to say which is preferable: we must say, we think they have gained nothing by the change, except the all-powerful charm of novelty. Shawls of raw silk, of a beautiful buff, or other light color, and of Chinese crape, embellished with silk embroidery of the same hue, are favorite envelopes over high dresses, for the carriage: silk spencers are also in request this autumn, with the busts ornamented across in the Brandenburg style, with narrow straps of satin, which are laid on in bias. Bracelets are much worn in carriages over spencers and pelisses, and are placed high above the wrist. Shawls, in every diversity of pattern, are favorite envelopes over high dresses for walking.

The bonnets continue to be worn rather small, and are of the same fascinating shape as last month; they are not spread out quite so wide, which renders them infinitely more becoming. A carriage bonnet, by its novel simplicity, pleased us much; it was of white sarcenet, covered with Cyprus gauze, the gauze richly spotted with ethereal-blue; a brocaded riband, blue and white, to correspond, ornamented the crown, and tied the bonnet lightly under the chin: a rich white blond was placed at the edge, caught up over the right eye by a small half-blown rose. Another carriage bonnet is of white satin, trimmed very much in the same way, except that flowers, partially scattered about the crown, supply the place of riband. Leghorn, and fine straw hats and bonnets, very simply trimmed, yet maintain their long-favored station for the promenade: these are rather larger than those worn in carriages, particularly the hats.

Dresses of *gros de Naples* are still of light summer colors, and are trimmed in such a variety of ways, that it would take pages to describe them: satin *appliqué*, separate French tucks, rouleaux entwined together in the most curious manner, one deep flounce, headed by a rouleau, two narrow flounces, of the same material as the dress, three of Italian net, &c. It is very rare to see two ladies in a party with their dresses trimmed alike. Dresses for rooms are made long, and evening robes for dress parties have demi-trains; these are often of white satin, trimmed with blond, and give grace and dignity to a good figure. For the ball-room, the shoe is entirely discovered; nor would a small portion of the ankle being displayed look amiss: the custom of

wearing dresses to touch the ground is neither neat nor cleanly. We saw a very beautiful dress on a female of distinction, for home costume; the ground was of the deepest shade of Spanish brown, which was figured over with delicately small sprigs of the most lively colors: it was ornamented round the border with wadded rouleaux, set on separate, and headed by narrow wrought silk trimming of pink: the rouleaux were fastened together by a cluster of leaves on the right side, edged with pink; the dress was made with long sleeves, the mancherons of which were formed by clusters of foliage, and the cuffs carried far up the arm, and formed of narrow straps; the body finished and ornamented in the Swiss peasants' style, with pink silk wrought cordon, and drop button tassels. The same lady has an elegant home pelisse of striped amber gauze, over *gros de Naples*, with simple folds of amber and white satin down the sides.

Cornettes, well wired, and extending wide from the temples, over which is placed on one side a small full-blown rose, on the other a bunch of auriculas, are much in favor for receiving friendly dinner parties at home: they are made of beautiful point lace, and the caul is of pink satin, on which is placed a rose, and two streamers depend from the caul of white gauze riband, striped with pink satin, and a beautiful pearl edge of pink. Costly as these caps are, we cannot regard them with the same admiration as the light gauze turban, the Valois hat, or, for the young, the hair finely arranged, and fastened with an elegant comb, or adorned by a beautifully clustered wreath of flowers. A cornette, be it ever so rich and elegant, yet gives the appearance of more years than the wearer actually tells, and its form must ever be plebeian. For morning dress, they are certainly more appropriate than smart French caps or turbans; but we do not admire them at any other time of the day, except on the head of the housekeeper, or the lady's maid.

The favorite colors for pelisses and dresses are amber, Spanish snuff, Indian red, and ethereal-blue. For turbans, bonnets, and trimmings, pink, amber, Tyrian-purple, and celestial-blue.

MODES PARISIENNES.

Shawls, at present, form the reigning out-door envelope of the Parisian belle: they are of rich and striking colors, with a broad border, beautifully variegated. Silk pelisses and spencers are tardy in their appearance, and have nothing new in their form, except that, as well as the dresses, the waist is shorter, and well calculated, by its make, to set off the attraction of a good shape; for it is simple in its construction, and the bust is not disfigured by Brandenburg fringe, and heavy buttons with tassels.

Wadded rouleaux are a favorite ornament round the borders of dresses, which are chiefly made of white or light colored *gros de Naples*. By our last accounts, short sleeves were still the rage; but it was expected every day that a change would take place in this respect. Colored and printed cambrics were more worn than white for *dejeuné* costume, and made chiefly in the blouse style.

The bonnets are wide, and placed very backward; few are reckoned so genteel as white *gros de Naples*: they are crowned with plumage of rather a heavy appearance, the feathers parti-colored; a wreath of flowers, or a full plaiting or puffing of riband beneath, supplies the place of a cap, and is infinitely more becoming: the strings of the hat are placed under the brim. Straw hats, and those of open chip, are yet in request; they are generally trimmed with large bows of sarcenet, or a half wreath of wintry-colored flowers.

The hair is arranged in innumerable small curls, and slightly parted from the forehead. Bandeaux of flowers, thickly grouped together, are favorite head-dresses for young ladies. Caps, with flowers, and dress hats with feathers, are much adopted by married ladies of all ages. Turbans of pink floize net over white satin, with a small bias plaiting of pink satin next the hair, are also in distinguished favor with the French ladies of a certain age, but who, nevertheless, go much into public.

Gold ornaments in enamel, or wrought in filigree, seem preferred to jewels: diamonds seem to be laid aside for a short time; but rubies and turquoise stones are occasionally seen at dress parties, on the persons of distinguished females.

The favorite colors for shawls, pelisses, and mantles, are ruby, lavender-grey, and hortensia. For turbans and trimmings, celestial-blue, flame-color, and pink.

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A New Series.

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WALKS IN THE COUNTRY,

NO. VIII.

NUTTING.

SEPTEMBER 26th—One of those delicious autumnal days, when the air, the sky, and the earth, seem lulled into an universal calm, softer and milder even than May. How we shall enjoy a walk today, as the cause which has kept us within so long has happily ceased! Gray, in an unfinished 'Ode on the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude,' which is perhaps one of his finest productions, beautifully paints the sensations of a man who, after long illness, first walks forth into the air:

'See the wretch that long has toss'd
  On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigor lost,
  And breathe and walk again!
The meanest flow'ret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise.'

But what are these feelings compared with those of affectionate relatives, who have hung over that 'thorny bed of pain,' in breathless anxiety for a beloved object, till every sense was lost in fear, and the world seemed a blank, and the blessed sun a mockery? What is the joy of the convalescent, measured with the ecstasy of those who have watched and trembled in the sickness of the soul? 'She is recovering! She will soon be well!'—Oh how sweetly those words sounded this morning from kind and skilful lips! What a weight they removed from our hearts! We, too, could 'breathe again;' and leaving her in a profound sleep, and our pretty quiet Harriet at the bedside working stealthily, as if the passage of her needle through the muslin might endanger that tranquil slumber, we sallied forth for a walk, avoiding by mutual consent the bright and sunny common and the gay high-road, and stealing through shady unfrequented lanes, where we were not likely to meet any one,—not even the pretty family procession which in other years we used to contemplate with so much interest—the father, mother, and children, returning from the wheat-field, the little ones laden with bristling close-tied bunches of wheat-ears, their own gleanings, or a bottle and a basket which had contained their frugal dinner, whilst the mother would carry her baby hushing and lulling it, and the father and an elder child trudged after with the cradle, all seeming weary and all happy. We shall not see such a procession as this to-day; for the harvest is nearly over, the fields are deserted, the silence may almost be felt. Except the wintry notes of the red-breast, nature herself is mute. But how beautiful, how gentle, how harmonious, how rich! The rain has preserved to the herbage all the freshness and verdure of spring, and the world of leaves has lost nothing of its midsummer brightness, and the harebell is on the banks and the woodbine in the hedges, and the low furze, which the lambs cropped in the spring, has burst again into its golden blossoms.

All is beautiful that the eye can see; perhaps the more beautiful for being shut in with a forest-like closeness. We have no prospect in this labyrinth of lanes, cross-roads, mere cart-ways leading to the innumerable little farms into which this part of the parish is divided. Uphill or down, these quiet woody lanes scarcely give us a peep at the world, except when, leaning over a gate, we look into one of the small enclosures hemmed in by hedgerows, so closely set with growing timber, that the meadowy opening looks almost like a glade in a wood, or when some cottage, planted at a corner of one of the little greens formed by the meeting of these cross-ways, almost startles us by the unexpected sight of the dwellings of men in such a solitude. But that we have more of hill and dale, and that our cross-roads are excellent in their kind, this side of our parish would resemble the description given of La Vendée, in Madame Laroche-jacquelin's most interesting book *. I am sure if wood can entitle a country to be called Le Bòcage, none can have a better right to the name. Even this pretty snug farm-house on the hill side, with its front covered with the rich vine, which goes wreathing up to the very top of the clustered chimney, and its sloping orchard full of fruit—even this pretty quiet nest can hardly peep out of its leaves. Ah! they are gathering in the orchard-harvest. Look at that young rogue in the old mossy apple-tree—that great tree, bending with the weight of its golden-rennets—see how he pelts his little sister beneath with apples as red and as round as her own cheeks, while she, with her outstretched frock, is trying to catch them, and laughing and offering to pelt again as often as one bobs against her; and look at that still younger imp, who, as grave as a judge, is creeping on hands and knees under the tree, picking up the apples as they fall so deedily †, and depositing them so honestly in the great basket on the grass, already fixed so firmly and opened so widely, and filled almost to overflowing by the brown rough fruitage of the golden rennet's next neighbour the russeting; and see that smallest urchin of all, seated apart in infantine state on the turfy bank, with that toothsome piece of deformity a crumpling in each hand, now biting from one sweet hard juicy morsel, and now from another.—Is not that a pretty English picture? And then, farther up the orchard, that bold hardy lad, the eldest-born, who has scaled (Heaven knows how!) the tall straight upper branch of that great pear-tree, is sitting there as securely and as fearlessly, and in as much real safety and apparent danger, as a sailor on the top-mast. Now he shakes the tree with a mighty swing that brings down a shower of stony bergamots, which the father gathers rapidly up, whilst the mother can hardly assist for her motherly fear,—a fear which only spurs the spirited boy to bolder ventures. Is not that a pretty picture? And they are such a handsome family too, the Brookers. I do not know that there is any gipsy blood, but there is the true gipsy complexion, richly brown, with cheeks and lips so deeply red, black hair curling close to their heads in short crisp rings, white shining teeth—and such eyes! That sort of beauty entirely eclipses your mere roses and lilies. Even Lizzy, the prettiest of fair children, would look poor and watery by the side of Willy Brooker, the sober little personage who is picking up the apples with his small chubby hands, and filling the basket so orderly, next to his father the most useful man in the field. 'Willy!' He hears without seeing; for we are quite hidden by the high bank and a spreading hawthorn bush that overtops it, though between the lower branches and the grass we have found a convenient peep-hole. 'Willy!' The voice sounds to him like some fairy dream, and the black eyes are raised from the ground with sudden wonder, the long silky eye-lashes thrown back till they rest on the delicate brow, and a deeper blush is burning in those dark cheeks, and a smile is dimpling about those

* An almost equally interesting account of that very peculiar and interesting scenery may be found in 'The Maid of La Vendée,' an English novel remarkable for its simplicity and truth of painting, written by Mrs. Le Noir, the daughter of Christopher Smart, and inheritrix of much of his talent. Her works deserve to be better known.

† 'Deedily'—I am not quite sure that this word is good English; but it is a genuine Hampshire word, and is used by the most correct of female writers, Miss Austen. It means (and it is no small merit that it has no exact synonyme) any thing done with a profound and plodding attention, an action which engrosses all the powers of mind and body.

scarlet lips. But the voice is silent now, and the little quiet boy, after a moment's pause, is gone coolly to work again. He is indeed a most lovely child. I think some day or other he must marry Lizzy; I shall propose the match to their respective mamas. At present the parties are rather too young for a wedding—the intended bridegroom being, as I should judge, six, or thereabout, and the fair bride barely five,—but at least we might have a betrothment after the royal fashion,—there could be no harm in that. Miss Lizzy, I have no doubt, would be as demure and coquettish as if ten winters more had gone over her head, and poor Willy would open his innocent black eyes, and wonder what was going forward. They would be the very Oberon and Titania of the village, the fairy king and queen.

Ah! here is the hedge along which the periwinkle wreathes and twines so profusely, with its evergreen leaves shining like the myrtle, and its starry blue flowers. It is seldom found wild in this part of England; but, when we do meet with it, it is so abundant and so welcome,—the very robin redbreast of flowers, a winter friend. Unless in those unfrequent frosts which destroy all vegetation, it blossoms from September to June, surviving the last lingering crane's-bill, forerunning the earliest primrose, hardier even than the mountain daisy,—peeping out from beneath the snow, looking at itself in the ice, smiling through the tempests of life, and yet welcoming and enjoying the sunbeams. Oh, to be like that flower!

The little spring that has been bubbling under the hedge all along the hill-side begins, now that we have mounted the eminence and are imperceptibly descending, to deviate into a capricious variety of clear deep pools and channels, so narrow and so choked with weeds, that a child might overstep them. The hedge has also changed its character. It is no longer the close compact vegetable wall of hawthorn, and maple, and wild roses, intertwined with briar and woodbine, and crowned with large elms or thickly set saplings. No! the pretty meadow which rises high above us, backed and almost surrounded by a tall coppice, needs no defence on one side but its own steep bank, garnished with tufts of broom, with pollard oaks wreathed with ivy, and here and there with long patches of hazel overhanging the water. 'Ah there are still nuts on that bough!' and in an instant my dear companion, active and eager and delighted as a boy, has hooked down with his walking-stick one of the lissome hazel stalks, and cleared it of its tawny clusters, and in another moment he has mounted the bank, and is in the midst of the nuttery, now transferring the spoil from the lower branches into that vast variety of pockets which gentlemen carry about them, now bending the tall tops into the lane, holding them down by main force, so that I might reach them and enjoy the pleasure of collecting some of the plunder myself. A very great pleasure he knew it would be. I doffed my shawl, tucked up my flounces, turned my straw bonnet into a basket, and began gathering and scrambling—for, manage it how you may, nutting is scrambling work,—those boughs, however tightly you may grasp them by the young fragrant twigs and the bright green leaves, will recoil and burst away; but there is a pleasure even in that; so on we go, scrambling and gathering with all our might and all our glee. Oh what an enjoyment! All my life long I have had a passion for that sort of seeking which implies finding, (the secret, I believe, of the love of field-sports, which is in man's mind a natural impulse)—therefore I love violeting,—therefore, when we had a fine garden I used to love to gather strawberries, and cut asparagus, and, above all, to collect the filberts from the shrubberies: but this hedgerow nutting beats that sport all to nothing. That was a make-believe thing, compared with this; there was no surprise, no suspense, no unexpectedness—it was as inferior to this wild nutting, as the turning-out of a bag fox is to unearthing the fellow in the eyes of a stanch fox-hunter.

Oh what an enjoyment this nut-gathering is! They are in such abundance, that it seems as if there were not a boy in the parish, nor a young man, nor a young woman,—for a basket of nuts is the universal tribute of country gallantry; our pretty damsel Harriet has had at least half a dozen this season; but no one has found out these. And they are so full too, we lose half of them from over-ripeness; they drop from the socket at the slightest motion. If we lose, there is one who finds. May is as fond of nuts as a squirrel, and cracks the shell and extracts the kernel with

equal dexterity. Her white glossy head is upturned now to watch them as they fall. See how her neck is thrown back like that of a swan, and how beautifully her folded ears quiver with expectation, and how her quick eye follows the rustling noise, and her light feet dance and pat the ground, and leap up with eagerness, seeming almost sustained in the air, just as I have seen her when Brush is beating a hedgerow, and she knows from his questing that there is a hare afoot. See, she has caught that nut just before it touched the water; but the water would have been no defence,—she fishes them from the bottom, she delves after them amongst the matted grass—even my bonnet—how beggingly she looks at that! 'Oh what a pleasure nutting is!—Is it not, May? But the pockets are almost full, and so is the basket-bonnet, and that bright watch the sun says it is late;—and after all it is wrong to rob the poor boys—'pleasant but wrong—is it not, May?'—May shakes her graceful head denyingly, as if she understood the question—'And we must go home now—must we not? But we will come nutting again some time or other—shall we not, my May?' M.

THE VILLAGE OF BARTON AND ITS INHABITANTS, NO. I.

TALES OF THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

AFTER a long sojourn in the paved labyrinth of London, how delightful is the transition to a rural scene! Though we endeavour, not altogether without success, to keep up our health and refresh our eyes with the sight of verdure in the noble expanse of Hyde-park, and the majestic woods of Kensington-gardens, the soul seems as if it had newly escaped from prison, when we can wander at pleasure through green lanes and over sweeping hills, and follow the windings of a straggling village,—an object frequently beautiful, and always interesting in an English landscape. Without one sublime feature, unembellished by rock or river, mountain or cataract, the sequestered village of Barton possesses many attractions to all who can be pleased with nature in her most simple dress. The 'squire's mansion rises in all the majesty of brick and stone-work; its park and pleasure-grounds skirting the road; the snug parsonage, a low, long building, peeps from amidst embowering trees, and is the next edifice of importance. There is a neat white house erected for the dowager lady of the manor, who was compelled to abdicate the supreme authority on her son's marriage; and a little farther on is an unpretending cottage belonging to the widow and the daughters of a late curate. The surgeon's abode and the boarding-school are distinguished by green boards, studded with gold letters; and a fine flashy modern-built house, with as many verandas, and balconies, and porticos, as could be conveniently stuck on, is the residence of my lord's agent, a person of no small consequence in the place. The inn, the shop, the tight dwellings of industrious artisans, and the more humble huts of daily laborers, form a picturesque variety particularly pleasing to the eye. All the gardens are redolent with flowers, and, as the soil is most congenial to their culture, the air is impregnated with the scent of stocks, mignonettes, or carnations. A stately avenue of oaks, leading to the 'squire's mansion, indicates the antiquity of the place. The house has undergone frequent alterations; by the last, its windows have been enlarged and its chimneys lowered; and the grounds have passed through the hands of a fashionable improver. A spacious lawn, clumped with trees, is cleared in front; the court, which was formerly paved, and surrounded with a low wall, decorated with box and holly-bushes in tubs, clipped into the forms of pyramids and obelisks, is changed to a shrubbery blooming with the pink wreaths of the acacia, the imperial purple crown of the rhododendron, the golden balls of the bodleia, and the long graceful feathers of the Spanish broom. The rector's house is unchanged; its front is covered with the shivered silver of the clematis and the white stars of the jasmine, mingled with rich buds and bursting roses. The green, closely shaven, is as smooth as velvet, ornamented with formal knots of pinks, balsams, larkspurs, and China-asters, flanked by a noble row of towering holly-hocks and lilies. The white house has its lawn (a half-oval of grass-plat) and its sweep; but a thick hedge of laurustinus conceals it from the view of the idle passenger, and the iron gates are lined with wood. The cottage of the clergyman's widow lies more exposed, though not from choice; its garden is tasteful and unpretending, filled with a profusion of hardy flowers;

her carnation tree is the finest in the village; it is rose-leaved, and clustered over with flowers of a rich buff, a deep garnet approaching to black, and a warm brown tint. Her geraniums are of the brightest scarlet, and the full globes of her hydrangias are not to be surpassed. She is famous for her auriculas and her anemones, and her tulips are the boast of the place: but, however beautiful are these parterres, the visitant of Barton is soon attracted by the gaudy splendors of the agent's house, ostentatiously displayed to the public gaze. Here are arches of trellis opening to vistas, each terminating in a greenhouse, a statue, or a pavilion. The glittering ornaments of the apartments are revealed from the unclosed windows; a superb harp is drawn across one, and a camellia japonica stands proudly in a China vase from another. Gilded cages, tenanted by gorgeous birds from foreign climes, are suspended in the portico, and a green net-work secures gold and silver pheasants in their proper bounds. These wonders viewed, a babbling brook invites us with its gentle music to follow its course; the wild flowers which spring on the banks, delicately penciled by the hand of nature, are equal in beauty to the florist's choicest wonder. How gracefully does the bell of the white convolvulus hang amidst the pale pink blossoms of the dog-rose, and how rich a carpet does the daisy (by shepherds called the day's eye) weave when intermingled with the violet and the primrose! The lane is bordered on one side by orchards, and on the other the falling ground gives an extensive view of spreading fields grouped with cattle, and yellow with waving corn. On the top of a hill, remote from the rural bustle of the hamlet, stands the church, as old as the days of the heptarchy, originally of pure Saxon architecture, now mingled with the more complicated and florid ornaments which succeeded the Norman conquest, and enlarged in the reign of one of the early Henries. It is gradually falling into decay; the tower is green with ivy, and the moping owl hides herself in its thick mantle during the day, and at twilight darts down to the yew-tree beneath, and hoots from its dusky foliage. The melancholy evergreen has forced its way through every chasm left by the fragile glass in the stone-framed windows; the walls are mossy from the damp, and funguses spring in the interstices of the pavement. In the ailes a dim light alone penetrates the interior of the building, which, if it could be put into proper repair, would be exceedingly beautiful; but the crumbling rafters of the roof, and the tottering state of the tower, forbid the hope, and it will soon be totally dismantled; yet in its present state it is very interesting; and, when the bright beams of the sun throw purple and green and crimson and azure stains from the painted oriel window on the ribbed pillars, bound round with garlands exquisitely cut in the solid stone, and gleams of light faintly illumine the tombs of those who have long since departed to another world, the gloom is dispersed, and the mind, soothed by the silence and the solitude, indulges in a gentle reverie of pensive sensations, unallied to *sombre* melancholy. The walls of the church are nearly covered with achievements, richly emblazoned with the heraldic bearings of the illustrious dead who sleep below: but these, though surmounted by coronets, are objects of minor interest when compared with the monuments graven by the sculptor's hand. The descendants of one family occupy several of these tombs, and to the right of the altar appears the form of a knight, the ancestor of the present lord of the manor, a partisan of Edward the Fourth. Joscelin Fitz-allan is clothed in armour after the fashion of his time; his first wife, with a waist pinched into the smallest possible circumference, and dressed in a cumbrous petticoat, lies beside him; the second is represented kneeling at his feet in an attitude of grief. The hand of time has cruelly disfigured the features of these three personages, sufficiently grim at first; and we need the legend which has been transmitted to us to feel assured that Jòscelin and his fair spouses were an exceedingly handsome trio. The next of the Fitz-allan family, whose memory is perpetuated by a monument in this church, stares upon us in a stone portrait from the wall. The skill of the artist has been chiefly directed to the frame of the picture, and to the curls of the wig: both are massy and curiously carved. A medallion, exhibiting a male and female head in profile, is more modern, but not better executed, and the taste of some beautifier has caused it to be white-washed. These are the most venerable of the memorials of the Fitzallans. The later descendants of the

family, instead of an effigy, are honored with pompous enumerations of their virtues, some engraven in golden letters in a quaint English style, others in Latin. The hour-glass and the scythe, sculls and cross-bones, are profusely interspersed, and the winged heads of cherubs, richly gilt, appear at the upper corners of black marble tablets.

> At every step some frail memorial,
> Crumbled to dust, of poor mortality,
> Engraves its moral on the thinking mind.

Of the struggles, the sorrows, and the joys, which these silent walls have witnessed, a brief and disregarded chronicle alone remains. Successive generations have passed away; the beams of delight which lighted up the eyes of the apparently-happy are quenched, and the torrents of tears, streaming from those of the afflicted, are dried for ever: yet is the lesson preached in vain to the generality of mankind—

> - Nor grave philosophy,
> Nor of the sage the learned aphorisms,
> Can teach contentment.

We pant and strive for felicity upon earth; the disappointment of one darling hope will render us insensible to other blessings; we pursue the phantom eagerly and unremittingly, and die when it seems within our reach. It should be ambition's cure to sit and ponder amidst these tombs.

On the pavement of the left aile there are some interesting monuments. One is of a Knight-Templar who bore arms in Palestine; for his legs are crossed—a sign which distinguishes those who fought in the crusades. Time has effaced the inscription which might have excited our wonder or our admiration at his gallant deeds: his exploits are buried in the darkest oblivion of the grave, and the mighty frame, which assisted to wrest the holy sepulchre from the profanation of infidels, is now a heap of nameless dust. Near this figure is a stone coffin curiously carved, containing the bones of an illustrious Italian nobleman. To this sarcophagus is attached a legend, that seems worthy of a place amidst those tales of the dead and the living, which a long visit at Barton has enabled me to collect. Around these remains are powerful adjurations from the silent dead, who seem to speak to us from their tombs. Though the protestant religion rejects the belief of the efficacy of masses for those who are gone to answer for themselves at the judgement-seat of Heaven, it is impossible to resist the mute pleadings which meet the eye from every point.—'In charitie praye for the soule of him who sleepes benethe.'—'For holy pity, pray for the repose of the spirit severed from its earthly tenement.'—'Stranger, whoe'er thou art, pass not this grave without a prayer for the soul's release of one who has preceded thee in the gloomy path of death.' And in return for the orisons which we are desired to offer, we may profit by numerous exhortations to virtue, and by the wisdom and experience of many active bustlers in the world, arriving at last at this conclusion—that all the coveted treasures of the earth are nought but idle vanity.

Born in a later age, and professing a different creed, the romance of my mind leads me to take a strong interest in the mortal career of persons whom all the world besides have forgotten, or who are valued by their descendants only for adding lustre to their genealogy. This fancy of mine is encouraged by my host the rector, a fellow of a college at Oxford, consequently a bachelor. Having no family cares to divert his attention from his favorite study of black-letter books and old manuscripts, he is preparing a very learned dissertation on the tombs of Barton church, which will be shortly given to the press, and will no doubt be a valuable addition to the libraries of antiquaries. His researches have been of great service to me; for, rejecting the minor details of history, as detracting from the dignity of his work, he has imparted to me some curious and interesting facts relative to the inhabitants of the graves, which he has permitted me to commit to paper in my own way. But, though my friend's pursuits have led him into tombs and charnel-houses, he is by no means indifferent to the living objects which surround him. On the contrary, he has made himself perfectly acquainted with the situation and the affairs of his neighbours, and is ever ready to gratify me by detailing the knowlege which he has collected. I must do Mr. Blagden the justice to say, that his inquiries are not dictated by mere curiosity; he is interested in the happiness, and eager to promote the welfare of every body within his circle; and I am swayed by equally laudable motives, though unfortunately I do not possess the same weight and authority to fit me for a mediator and a

benefactor. In traveling through a country, we naturally inquire the names of the persons who inhabit the houses which we happen to pass on our route, though it should seem a matter of little consequence whether they belong to the Smiths or the Browns. This information, so satisfactory on a journey, will not content us when we remain in any place for a considerable time: then we require more extensive details, and are anxious to learn every particular relative to our neighbours, to know the causes which led to the rise of one family and the fall of another, the crosses in love which maiden ladies have met with, and the strange accidents which have brought married people together. I must confess that I am strongly possessed with this spirit; and Mr. Blagden was delighted to find that, instead of sighing for London sights, and London parties, I was quite content to listen to his village tales.

Every rule of etiquette gave precedence to the manor-house, lord Warrendale's castle being completely out of the parish, and therefore merely entitled to an introduction in an episode. The hopes of the Fitz-allans centre in a young man, sole heir to the honors and the estates. His birth and fortune entitle him to match with the richest damsel in the county; but, much to the disappointment of his relatives, he has fixed his affections upon the widow's daughter, a girl who will inherit nothing beyond a slender competence, and at present possesses only beauty and virtue—qualities so common, I presume, as to be little valued at Barton. The young people are separated, though perhaps Mr. Fitz-allan's commands to his son would not have achieved this point, had not Mrs. Lyon, the mother of the young lady, forbidden all correspondence between them, when she found her alliance despised by the proud owners of the hall. Young Arthur Fitz-allan has been earnestly desired by his parents to travel, in the hope that time, absence, and change of scene, may cure him of his passion; but he is wedded to the woods and groves of Barton, and will not leave them. As he is naturally of a melancholy disposition, the seeming obstacles to the success of his love have made society distasteful to him; he refuses to participate in friendly visits, and is only to be seen in the most solitary haunts, except on Sunday, when he regularly attends divine service, chiefly for the purpose of gazing upon Grace Lyon, who sits opposite to him, as fair and as fragile as her mother's lilies. The pew belonging to his family is shaded round with curtains: through these he has arranged a loop-hole, and his eyes are constantly fixed on the conscious girl, who, at the same time, dares not raise hers from the ground.

The parents of the two lovers survey this scene with displeasure. Mrs. Lyon is a woman of high spirit and little sensibility: she is angry with the Fitz-allans for rejecting her daughter, and angry with her daughter for continuing to love after she has been warned of the necessity of conquering her attachment. Grace, patient and pale, yields a passive obedience to her mother, but droops daily. Mrs. Lyon is more incensed at her folly than alarmed at her appearance; and perchance the gentle creature's heart may break in the struggle, before the stern matron can be convinced that blighted love sometimes will bring a tender spirit to the grave.

This unfortunate affair has inflicted a deadly blow on the society in the village, by snapping the link which connected the first and second rates, Mrs. Lyon being entitled from her husband's situation to the notice of the great, and not too high from disposition or fortune to decline the acquaintance of the small. To old Mrs. Fitz-allan the *brulée* with the 'squire's family is particularly distressing: her pride will not allow her to regard Grace as a match for her grandson, or to associate with the other inhabitants of the village; and Mrs. Lyon, with whom she would gladly be upon amicable terms, will not visit at any house where her daughter is not equally welcome. Thus a fertile source of enjoyment is cut off; she can no longer learn all the politics of the place from the curate's widow, or find an auditor heartily inclined to join her in bewailing the degeneracy of the times, the aggrandizement of low people, and the comfort and even the luxury in which classes without the pale of gentility can now indulge. She wishes for a revival of the sumptuary laws, and pretends to be shocked at the assurance of Mrs. Gibson, the agent's wife, for daring to vie with her betters; yet she is always anxious to hear a minute account of the bill of fare at her last feast, and the number of yards of lace her daughters had ingeniously contrived

to quill upon their dresses. She is constrained to listen to Mr. Blagden's dry discourses upon antiquities; for, as he condemns her conduct, he will not indulge her with any other. Mr. Osborne, the surgeon, is a man of sense and a gentleman, and in his professional visits cannot be entrapped into any thing like gossip. His wife she has never condescended to notice, and now fears that an act of graciousness on her part will not meet with due gratitude. It is, however, at the dowager's annual dinner party that the secession of Mrs. Lyon produces the most unpleasant consequences; not more than fifty, active and well-bred, she was of infinite assistance in entertaining the company. With the widow's cap and black silk gown, her appearance was just as it should be, and the neat simplicity of her dress was particularly pleasing to the eye, tired of wandering over the finery of others. She supplied topics of conversation, could afford information upon every subject of local interest, and diffused general cheerfulness around her. Grace, too, was a sweet companion to Miss Arrowby, the heiress of Oatlands. Modestly attired in white muslin, and wearing no ornament except a blue riband drawn through the rich clusters of her chestnut curls, she won universal approbation by her gentle demeanor. Unobtrusive, yet ever ready to devote her talents to the amusement of others, she neither spoke too much nor too little, would make the best use of an old spinnet, rather than disappoint her hostess's wish for music, and never shrank from the disagreeable office of repeating the conversation to a deaf old gentleman, who was uncommonly anxious to know what topics were in discussion. Arthur, too, always looked happy when he was seated between the young ladies; his good breeding led him to be equally attentive to both; and Mrs. Fitz-allan flattered herself that the broad acres of the heiress in the eyes of her grandson, as well as in her own, compensated for the dearth of personal attractions. Poor lady! she cannot help fretting at the difference; her parties are now stale, flat, and unprofitable, tedious to others, and toilsome to herself. Though she advances four steps instead of three from her great chair to do honor to her guests, it has not the effect of inspiring them with gaiety. They sit round in a formal circle, as dumb and as solemn as a congregation of Quakers. Where the fair Grace is not, there will not Arthur be. Miss Arrowby misses the society of her young friends, and is silent and out of spirits. She comes out to be amused, has been accustomed to find every body anxious to please her, and disdains to search for entertainment for herself, or to find it for others. The elderly ladies feel a woeful loss in Mrs. Lyon, and soon find themselves mute in the presence of their precise hostess. The younger Mrs. Fitz-allan has weak nerves, and cannot effectively assist the antiquated efforts of her mother-in-law for the enlivenment of her visitors, and the wearied old lady feels their departure as a relief; but no cheering reflections on the retreat of the party can fully reward her for the labors of the day. She is no longer congratulated by Mrs. Lyon on the excellence of the giblet soup, or gratified with minute particulars which did not meet her ear—a commendation from Mr. Arrowby, for instance, on the cream tart, and Mr. Blagden's satisfaction at the orderly behaviour of the servants; nor is she assured that Mrs. Gibson's lobster-sauce is not equal to hers, though the receipt came from Warrendale castle; and, to add to her chagrin, her own maid, grown fat and lazy, complains of the trouble of papering up the ornaments of the drawing-room,—a task which the neat-handed Grace executed with equal care and despatch. To restore things to their ancient footing is impossible. If Grace and Arthur meet again, it must be as engaged lovers; and that conjunction is forbidden by the pride of the Fitz-allans. So the old lady fidgets and frets because she cannot rule every body in her own way, and sits at home in cheerless solitude. Mrs. Lyon, likewise, annoyed by the sacrifice which she has made to her pride in the society of the dowager, reads a daily lecture to her daughter: her advice is excellent in its kind, but not very happy in its effects, if we may judge from the wan cheeks of poor Grace. Young Fitz-allan spends his days in the open air, trying to tire out his relatives by a regular system of opposition. The gloom upon his brow deepens, as he discovers that his father's obstinacy in a bad cause is equal to his own perseverance in what he styles a good one. Sometimes he is inclined to quarrel with Miss Lyon for her obedience to her mother; but her pale face and her tears soften him; and their brief interviews, in which storms often succeed the first raptures of the meeting, end amicably, with reiterated

adieus, and mutual promises of eternal constancy.

THE LATE NORTHERN VOYAGE.

While we wait for a minute and full communication of the most curious incidents of captain Parry's voyage, we feel ourselves bound to gratify the curiosity of our readers by an early account of that remarkable enterprise. We lament that it was not altogether successful in its grand object; but we have no reason to impute neglect or want of zeal to the gallant commander or any of his associates. They persevered while there was a prospect of success; and they properly desisted when the illusions of hope could no longer be entertained.

Putting our information into the form of a miscellaneous narrative, rather than that of a scientific summary, we begin with observing, that, two years before the last June, the bold navigators reached the great body of ice, and found themselves separated from that part of the globe which is usually termed the habitable world. The exploring party might then have been thus addressed in the animated language of Miss Porden:

'Sail, sail, adventurous barks! go fearless forth,
Storm, on his glacier seat, the misty North,
Give to mankind the inhospitable zone,
And Britain's trident plant in seas unknown!
Go! sure, wherever science fills the mind,
Or grief for man long sever'd from his kind,
That anxious nations watch the changing gales,
And prayers and blessings swell your flagging sails.'

As it was not improbable that the voyage might be continued to the third summer, the two ships were completely stored for three years, and equipped in such a manner as to defy, to the utmost extent of human means, the inhospitable rigors of an Arctic climate. In addition to the former methods of neutralising the effects of intense cold, the vessels were rendered comfortable by currents of warm air, directed to various parts by means of metallic tubes,—a contrivance which proved so successful, that the lowest temperature experienced within each ship, during the winter of 1821-2, was not more than 35 degrees below the freezing point. In the next winter, indeed, it was as low as 45 degrees; but this state of coldness, though alarming to those who are unaccustomed to the hardships of a naval life, was considerably less severe than that which was patiently endured in captain Parry's former voyage, and not so inconvenient as that felt in the northern stations of the Hudson's Bay traders on the American continent.

When the first summer had been chiefly passed in a careful examination of Repulse Bay and the inlets to the eastward, which proved to be merely channels running deep into the land, the impracticability of continuing the survey rendered it necessary to make choice of a winter station; and it is remarkable that the ships were ice-bound, and detained in a motionless state, for almost three quarters of a year. During four months, the adventurers saw no human beings except their own party; but, in addition to their own exercises and amusements, their solitude was at length enlivened by the appearance of strangers. Moving forms were suddenly seen on the snow-covered plains near the bay of Winter Island. At first it was hoped that this might be captain Franklin's party; but the hope quickly vanished, as the approaching company proved to be one of those wandering hordes which roam along the shore in search of food, and erect habitations wherever it can be obtained in sufficient quantity. The great dependence of these people upon the produce of the sea for their sustenance necessarily directs their attention to the coasts, and it may be presumed from their habits that they rarely establish themselves above ten miles from the water's edge. Thus we infer, that all the interior parts are totally uninhabited. The intercourse of the voyagers with their new neighbours afforded them great amusement during the remainder of the winter. The Esquimaux who then arrived had never before seen any Europeans, and therefore their manners and customs were quite original. They had not the usual shyness of uncivilised beings. When they first came into contact with the strangers, they betrayed no fears or suspicions, but came boldly on board of the vessels, one of them even carrying an aged man upon his back to show him the amazing sight. When the trifling presents, on which they set so high a value, were given to them, they leaped, shouted, and uttered the oddest noises. Equal confidence was displayed by our countrymen, who immediately returned

the visit to the huts of the Esquimaux, and were joyfully and kindly received both by the men and women.

The habitations of this rude race are deserving of notice, as the simplicity of their construction excludes not the rules of art. A spot is selected, which is covered with snow, to the depth of about two feet; a circle is traced, about twelve feet in diameter; and the snow thus enclosed is formed into blocks or masses of about three fathoms six inches in width, and of depth equal to the thickness of the snow. The instrument used on this occasion is simply a broad knife, having a long handle. The snow is of sufficient firmness to allow its being used with almost as much convenience as soft stone. Being cut from the circle first described, each block has a slight degree of curve. The blocks of snow thus prepared are next fitted on each other, like courses of masonry, each course being scraped or cut as it is laid, so as to give it a slight inclination inwards. By this contrivance with the increase of the number of courses, the building gradually assumes the figure of a regular dome. When sufficiently advanced, the remaining aperture is closed with a more sudden curve, by cutting the rest of the blocks in the form of wedges, instead of the square figure of the lower ones. The building is thus continued till the roof attains the height of about eight feet, and it is at last closed up by a single block of conical form. A small quantity of loose snow is spread over the top and sides, so as to close the smallest crevices; a small low door is then cut out of the solid wall, and a plate of clear ice is fixed in a smaller square aperture to admit light. The bed-place is formed of snow-blocks with neatness and regularity, and the whole is thinly strewn with the smaller branches of the pine tree, to prevent the heat of the body from affecting the snow. At each end of this couch stands a pillar or block for the reception of a lamp, and of the garments which the sleeper may not want during his repose.

Hence it appears that the Esquimaux, with all their apparent clownishness, are not deficient in talent; and the figures which they make show that they are not altogether unacquainted with the imitative arts. These representations of both sexes are made of skins. The man's dress consists of a coat, having the fur inside, surmounted by a hood. In front it fits the body closely round the waist like a vest, but descends over the hips behind in a tail. The seams are down the sides under the arms, and it appears as if to get into this garb the wearer must push his head and body up into it. Round the cuffs and all the lower parts of the garment, is a white fur trimming; mittens are not forgotten; boots complete the male equipment; and so well is this figure formed that it balances itself, and can nearly stand alone. The female is still more grotesque. Her upper garment has the fur side out, and from the *capote*, which comes round the face and leaves only a little of it exposed, two long hairy appendages descend, covering two *love-locks* of her own black hair like *queues*, only not so stiff. The vest in front of this squab little personage falls into a stomacher point; and the boots come up much higher than any fisherman's, and are nearly as much in circumference as her body. These boots, we may add, are exceedingly convenient. In fact, they serve as pockets, tool-boxes, and cupboards. One day a lady of the tribe, enamored of a wash-hand basin, took the liberty of appropriating it secretly to herself; but unluckily for her the theft was discovered, she was turned over for search, and the basin was found concealed in one of her *boots!*

With a view of trying the skill of the Esquimaux in manufacture, a piece of *lignum vitæ* was offered to one of them to make eye-shades, in some degree resembling spectacles in shape, but with mere crevices to look through. The artist soon returned the eye-shades neatly inlaid with ivory, much to the satisfaction of his employer.

From childhood the natives are accustomed to use the bow and arrow, and are consequently dexterous archers. The bows are formed of two pieces of horn tied together in the centre, and their spring given by the lashing-on of the sinews of the rein-deer; the arrows are made of wood, of which also some of their spears are formed; but wood is so scarce, that the majority of their spears are formed out of the horn of the narwhal. The sharp points of their instruments are generally made of a hard kind of stone or slate. Of the spears which were brought away, one is of wood, with three prongs of bone, for striking fish below the ice, and is skilfully contrived; and another is the horn of a narwhal reduced to a convenient thickness for handling.

Among the animals of this part of America, the variety cannot be expected to be so great as in more southern climes. Beside dogs and rein-deer, there are wolves, bears, foxes, white ermines, marmots, hares, &c. The birds are, the beautiful king-duck, the eider duck, gulls of every species, snow-buntings, ptarmigans, hawks, owls, ravens, a few songsters, &c. The insects are bees, mosquitos, flies, spiders, and moths.

Of plants and flowers, the species are very few; but some of them grow in profusion. Beside the saxifrage, we may mention the andromeda, of which the natives make their beds;—the wild tansy, the roots of which they eat;—the poppy, a kind of cowslip, and a bright yellow moss. On Winter Island, vegetation was for a short season very brisk, and gardening was practised by the voyagers with success.

On this dreary spot, the adventurers may be supposed to have passed the long interval of detention in a monotonous manner.—'Our recreations and amusements (says one of the party) now became so regular, that the history of a single day may suffice for the whole winter. At seven o'clock in the morning we got up, at eight breakfasted, at nine mustered on deck; the rest of the forenoon was generally spent in walking over the snow, or visiting our fox-traps, of which almost every officer contrived to have one. At one p. m. we dined; the afternoon was spent by some in sleep, others reading, or playing chess, backgammon, or cards, till five o'clock, when we took tea; at six we attended muster, reading or writing until eight, when we supped; after that we continued in general conversation over a glass of grog and a segar until bed-time.'

From this irksome state of suspense they were released at the beginning of July, 1822, by finding a channel sufficiently free from ice to permit the renewal of their voyage.—'We then followed the coast (says the nautic writer) to the northward, meeting much ice drifting to the southward, which impeded our passage very much, and once or twice gave us some severe squeezes. We found a large bay in lat. 69. to the eastward of Winter Island: in it were several islands, one of which was inhabited. This discovery agreed with a chart drawn by one of the native women. The west side of the bay we could not approach, on account of the ice, before the end of August, when it broke away, and we proceeded up a strait about fifty miles, until we came to heavy ice. Parties were sent away to the westward over the ice; but the farthest extent they could reach presented only a sea covered with ice. We continued about this spot until the latter end of September, in hopes that it might break up; but the frost then setting in, very nearly froze the ships up, and it was with some difficulty that we got out of the strait, when it was resolved to return to the inhabited island, called Igloolek, to winter. In the beginning of October, the ships were there secured and fitted for the winter. The natives seemed rejoiced to see us return, and visited us daily on their sledges, and were always ready to drive us to their huts, whenever we wished to go; we also had sledges built, and purchased a pack of dogs for each ship; on these we were enabled to drive about at pleasure while the day-light lasted, but, when the sun disappeared, which was for forty-eight days, we were very much confined to the ships. In the spring some of the officers were slightly afflicted with the scurvy, and our Greenland mate died of a dropsy in the chest. Parties went away, in various directions, to explore the coast, and one party, under the direction of one of the natives, went to the mouth of a river, and caught a great number of salmon. It was the 7th of August before the ice broke up around us, and on the following day we got to sea. The captain's intentions of returning to England were then made known, and we sailed to the southward.'

Hence it appears, that no attempts were made in the last summer for the discovery of the desired passage. The captain and his associates had reached, as they firmly believed, the continental boundary to the northward; but they concluded that there was no probability, even in the mildest season, of proceeding to any great distance in a western direction;—so immense was the extent of ice, at a time which might be supposed to be the middle of summer. We do not pretend to be so well acquainted with navigation, or with maritime affairs, as to oppose, with full confidence, the matured opinions of seamen on this subject. We merely hint that a passage may perhaps be effected at some future period, in consequence of an alteration of the

climate, or of a convulsion of nature; but hopes depending on such contingencies *must* be doubtful, and *may* be fallacious.

JOURNAL OF A TEN MONTHS' RESIDENCE IN NEW ZEALAND,

by R. A. Cruise, Esq. 8vo. 1823.

It was the opinion of the Spanish philosopher Feyjoo, that no tribes or individuals were ever so barbarous or depraved as to be guilty of the enormity of canibalism: but, without referring to the declarations of the ancients on that appalling subject, the existence of the practice in our time has been fully proved. In New Zealand it did not escape the notice of captain Cook, who announced it (and few presumed to doubt his veracity) as one of the prevailing habits of a nation not in all respects the most uncivilised. We are sorry to find, that our connexions with that country have not enforced the suppression of this abominable custom.

A more faithful account has not been given of the manners and customs of the New Zealanders than that which now demands our attention. The author had the best means of information that a long residence among them could afford, and, that the result of his inquiries and researches might not be lost, he noted in his journal every particular which he deemed important. In his voyage from New South Wales, he was accompanied by several chieftains, whose return to their own country was hailed by their native friends in the following singular manner:—'Before the ship was brought to (says captain Cruise) she was surrounded with canoes, full of the relations and friends of the chiefs we had on board. To salute them, as well as to exhibit the riches they had acquired by their visit to Port Jackson, our New-Zealanders began firing their muskets without intermission, and, indeed, so prodigal were they of their powder, that one might presume little of it would remain after their landing for the destructive purpose for which they had gone so far to procure it. When their fathers, brothers, &c. were admitted into the ship, the scene exceeded description; the muskets were all laid aside, and every appearance of joy vanished. It is customary with these extraordinary people to go through the same ceremony upon meeting as upon taking leave of their friends. They join their noses together, and remain in this position for at least half an hour; during which time they sob and howl in the most doleful manner. If there be many friends gathered around the person who has returned, the nearest relation takes possession of his nose, while the others hang upon his arms, shoulders, and legs, and keep perfect time with the chief mourner (if he may be so called) in the various expressions of his lamentation. This ended, they resume their wonted cheerfulness, and enter into a detail of all that has happened during their separation.'

A meeting of one of the returning chiefs with his wife, who presented him with a boy that had been born during his absence, was also celebrated with *sobs and lamentations*, which were prolonged for many hours: but a dance which was given by another chief, in honor of the strangers, did not bear so mournful a complexion.—'Preparatory to the dance, the upper mat or garment is laid aside by both men and women; after which, the performers, having ranged themselves in a line one or sometimes two deep, begin beating their breasts, and frequently joining in chorus with an individual who repeats a song. The action of the arms, the gestures of the body, and the contortions of the countenance, are very violent, and often frightful; in dancing, the parties stamp vehemently with the feet, but seldom move to any considerable distance from the place where they originally ranged themselves. It is singular how simultaneous even the slightest motions of the fingers are with all the individuals in the group, be their number what it may; no irregularity is perceptible in the time and manner of their movements.—At a later period of our residence in this country, when the natives had frequent opportunities of seeing our people dance, they observed, with a degree of ridicule, that no two white men ever moved their arms or legs in the same manner.'

The war-dance, it may be supposed, is still more animated and violent than the ordinary dance. It fully agrees with the ferocious character of the people, and (says our author) 'is perhaps as frightful an exhibition as can be witnessed: the performers, who are perfectly naked, assemble in an irregular group, and jump perpendicularly from the ground as high and as frequently as possible, uttering a most piercing and savage yell; as the dance continues, their

countenances become violently distorted; they appear under the influence of an ungovernable frenzy, which they suppose inspires them with courage to attempt the most daring actions; and they describe the war-dance as being always the immediate and indispensable prelude to a battle.'

In some savage communities, the women are nearly as fierce and cruel as the men; but that does not appear to be the case in New-Zealand; for, if the females of that country were furious and violent, they would not so patiently submit to the tyranny of their husbands. They are said to be 'as fair as those of the southern parts of Europe, well-made, and, in general, handsome. Before matrimony, concubinage is scarcely considered a crime, nor is it an impediment to the highest connexion; after it, they are faithful and affectionate wives, and very fond of their children. They bear with the greatest patience the violent conduct of their husbands, who, considering women as beings infinitely inferior to themselves, often treat them with great brutality.'

Religion, when it is properly felt and exercised, softens the harsh features of character; but it has not hitherto had this effect upon the men of New-Zealand.

'It would be difficult to define what their religion is. They have innumerable superstitions, but no idolatry. They believe that the chiefs when they die go to a very happy place, but that the cookees [*persons of the lowest class*] have no farther existence beyond this world. They address prayers to the sun, to the moon, to the stars, and even to the winds, when their canoes are becalmed or in a storm; but their prayers emanate from casual circumstances, not from any regular form or time of adoration. They believe in a Supreme Being, designated the Atua, or something incomprehensible; the author of good and evil; the divinity who protects them in danger, or destroys them by disease. A man who has arrived at a certain stage of an incurable illness is under the influence of the Atua, who has taken possession of him, and who, in the shape of a lizard, is devouring his intestines; after which no human assistance or comfort can be given to the sufferer, and he is carried out of the village, and left to die. He who has had his hair cut is in the immediate charge of the Atua; he is removed from the contact and society of his family and his tribe; he dares not touch his food himself; it is put into his mouth by another person; nor can he for some days resume his accustomed occupations, or associate with his fellow-men. An elderly female, or kind of priestess, of the tribe of any warrior who is going to fight, abstains from food for two days, and on the third, when purified and influenced by the Atua, after various ceremonies, pronounces an incantation for the success and safety of him whom she is about to send forth to battle. But the attributes of the Atua are so vague, and his power and protection so undefined, and there is moreover such a want of unanimity among the people themselves in many things relating to him, that it is quite impossible to discover any thing like system in their theology.

'The belief in the re-appearance of the dead is universal among them. They fancy they hear their deceased relatives speaking to them, when the wind is high; whenever they pass the place where a man has been murdered, it is customary for each person to throw a stone upon it; and the same practice is observed by all those who visit a cavern at the North Cape, through which the spirits of departed men are supposed to pass on their way to a future world.'

In some respects, they have loose notions of morality; but, like the Arabs, when you go among them without any apparent fear of injury, they are pleased with your confidence, and testify both a sense of honor and the kindness of social feelings.—'It is worthy of observation, that though many of the New-Zealanders, when they come on board of our ships, make no scruple of thieving, if they see the probability of avoiding detection, still when the European goes among them, and commits himself and his property to their protection, he may place implicit confidence in their honesty and honor. In the morning, no less a personage than one of the wives of a chieftain had been detected in the act of stealing one of the iron scrapers with which the decks are cleaned; but now, though our guns and powder-flasks, which to them were the greatest temptation in the world, lay at the mercy of the natives, not a single article was lost, nor did any one of them attempt to enter our tent without permission.'

They are ingenious in various arts; they are good weavers, and construct boats with some degree of skill; but we cannot highly praise their architectural dexterity. Some of their store-houses, indeed, are not ill-built, and their ornamental carving is curious; but their dwelling-houses are neither substantial nor commodious. 'The houses of the chiefs are built upon the ground [*not, like the storehouses, upon stages, or posts floored over*]; the floor and the space in front are neatly paved; but they are very low, and we seldom met with one in which a man could stand upright. The small sliding door of entrance, which is the only aperture for light or air, is not more than adequate to the size of the owner: they have their verandah and carving, which, being painted red, have a showy appearance, and the quantity of carving often indicates the rank of the individual to whom the house belongs. The huts of the inferior people are wretched, very little better than sheds; but the practice of sleeping in the open air is so scrupulously adhered to, that it must be very bad weather that can force them to seek the shelter of their houses. They take their rest in a sitting posture, with their legs gathered under them; and, from the coarse texture of the outer mat in which they envelope themselves, they have the appearance, during the night, of a number of bee-hives scattered in groups about a village.'

With regard to dress, it appears that the men do not deem it absolutely necessary either for warmth or for decency: yet they usually wear some covering. It 'consists of a mat made of flax, which is very fine and silky, and woven with much ingenuity by the women: it is thrown over the shoulders, and another mat, of the same substance and texture, is fastened round the waist by a belt or girdle. In winter, at night, or in wet weather, they use a very coarse description of mat; it is very warm, and impervious to rain, and is so large as to envelope the whole body. Their heads are always exposed, even in the bitterest season, which accounts for many of them being afflicted with sore eyes; but the disease seldom affects their sight, which is singularly acute. The wife of the chief Pomarrée was an exception to this general blessing. She applied for some eye-water, and when it was given to her, she remarked that 'if she did not see as well as the rest of her countrywomen, at least, she had the happiness of being like king George;' alluding to our late monarch, the only sovereign prince known, even by name, to this people. The dress of the women is precisely the same as that of the men: among the latter, nudity at any time, or on any occasion, is not considered indecorous; but a dereliction of feminine modesty by the former is seldom known. The females are slightly tattooed upon the upper lip, in the centre of the chin, and above the eyebrows. Some of them have a few lines upon their legs; a woman was seen who had some on her breast; and we saw a female prisoner, who was nearly as much tattooed as a man.'

VULGAR SUPERSTITIONS.

'As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest; and I have seen a man in love grow pale and lose his appetite upon the plucking of a merry-thought. A screech-owl at midnight hath alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; and the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable, which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics. A rusty nail, or a crooked pin, shoot up into prodigies.'

ADDISON.

In the last Quarterly Review, where the work of Mrs. Holderness relative to the Crimea is noticed, it is remarked, that 'most of the superstitions of the Turkish rabble, and many that were never heard of by that people, send their terrors and consolations to the conviction of a Tartar, and are hourly the motives of his most deliberate actions. Herodotus mentions, that the savage race of Tauri, who inhabited in his time the mountains of this peninsula, were accustomed to fix *human heads* on poles, as imaginary guardians of their houses. It would seem that the Tartars, who have succeeded to their possessions, still countenance the practice of their predecessors, softening it, however, by substituting the *skull of a horse*, which they doubtless consider next in value. Should a child unfortunately receive *a glance* from a stranger, the poor infant must be spit upon without mercy, to avert the bad consequences of *the evil eye*.'

This reminds us of Virgil's shepherd, who says,

'Some evil eye hath surely 'witch'd my lambs.'

'If a horse,' the reviewer continues, 'be taken ill, they throw eggs in his face, or tie a bag of millet round his neck. Ladies walk about with written conjurations in their hair, while gentlemen wear them stitched between their shoulders. No Tartar would think of leaving home on a *Tuesday*; 'for,' said one of them to Mrs. Holderness, 'I once began a journey on that day, and lost two horses by it, so that I would not run the risk again for a thousand roubles.''

Here the reviewer remarks in a note—'We smile at this, without recollecting the many persons of our own age and country, who are equally superstitious as to the *ill-luck* of commencing any undertaking on a *Friday*. When the Alceste was lost, every one at Portsmouth exclaimed, 'I thought so—she sailed on a Friday.'

Friday, as most old ladies believe, is a very unlucky day. Master Jackey, says Addison, must not commence his schooling on this unpropitious fraction of the week. A modern French author states, that he is acquainted with an *esprit fort*, who treats all religious ceremonies lightly, but who would not, for the world, venture into a stage-coach, or on the water, or sign a contract, on a Friday. If this be true, it would seem that the *strong minds* in France are about as vigorous as the weakest ones in England. But a prejudice still exists among the vulgar here, to a certain extent, and was formerly prevalent in a much greater degree, against poor Friday*. The ancients however, far from despising Friday, consecrated it to the goddess of pleasure; and, on looking to our catalogue of accidents and offences, we do not find that more mischief occurs to mankind on the day in question than on any of the other six of its brethren: but, as it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy, it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

Still certain days and periods always have been, and some, according to the phantasies of the human mind, continue to be marked, as the ancients did their prosperous and unprosperous days, with black or white.

Even the learned Scaliger did not scruple to make this opinion public in his writings: 'If you *cut the hair* of your head or chin between the new moon and old, the excrescences will more slowly be reproduced. The same observation holds with regard to cutting the *nails*. Varro remarks these circumstances, and I know them to be true by my own experience.'—The reference is to Varro's Treatise on Rural Affairs.—Agrasius, a speaker in the dialogue, says that he never cuts his hair in the wane of the moon—or (in the words of Milton) when the moon is

'Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.'

There seems to be little doubt that the moon had great influence over *the heads* of these gentlemen.

What 'hips, thighs, knees, and hams,' have to do with days or the weather, it is difficult to say. I leave that abstruse matter to be explained by Francis Moore, physician.

Hesiod, in his work entitled *The Works and Days*, is a sort of Sidrophel—

'A cunning man, hight Sidrophel,
That deals in destiny's dark counsels,
And sage opinions of the moon sells.'

He says, among other notable things, that some folk would advise you to venture out to sea in the spring, when *the crow*'s footsteps first appear; but, he adds, *I myself* do not approve the advice. Even our Gallic neighbours might beat such sailors as he would make. Such hardy daring, as going to sea when the crow's foot first appears, he ascribes to excessive avarice; for, says he, 'money is the soul of miserable man; but (as he very justly observes) it is a sad thing to be drowned!'

From the dangers of the sea, he comes to *marriage*. At a fit time, he recommends this ceremony, and he pronounces the fit time to be about *thirty* years of age for the husband, and (it will be very agreeable to many of the readers of the Lady's Magazine to learn) *fifteen* for the wife. *Marry a virgin* is his injunction, which, indeed, is generally obeyed, but perhaps not always for this good reason, that you may teach her morality and chastity. You should endeavour to know how she has been educated, and avoid a light woman for a wife, as the worst of human ills. A commentator tells us that 'the reason assigned by the Spartan lawgiver for advising men not to marry be-

* Some are of opinion that this idea arose from the memorable sacrifice of the great founder of Christianity on that day; but the Christians were on that account more likely to regard it as a fortunate day.—EDIT.

fore they attained such an age, was because the children should be strong and vigorous. Hesiod's advice, both for the age of the man and the woman, seems to be reasonably grounded. A man at thirty is certainly as strong in his understanding as ever he can be; so far at least as will serve him to conduct his family affairs. A maiden of fifteen comes fresh from the care of her parents, without any tincture of the temper of another man; a prudent husband therefore may form her mind according to his own: for this reason he would have her a virgin, knowing likewise that the impression which a woman receives from a first love is not easily erased.'

In another part of the same work we find such precepts as entitle it to the honourable distinction of a sort of fortune-telling *almanac in verse*. The thirtieth day of the month is recommended as an excellent time—*to pay*. This may be of use, as many persons seem quite at a loss about the fit time! Then we are told *when* it is *lucky* for boys and girls to be born, and when to be married—the *good day* for scandal, and when girls love to be betrayed. After naming a certain number of fatal days, the poet observes that *uncertainty hangs over the rest*: yet, he continues, there are some people who distinguish other days; but, says he, summing up the whole most admirably, if he had included himself—'few know any thing at all about the matter.' I say that he ought to have included himself among the unknowing; for this *cunning man* could not, with all his foresight, foresee the work that was about to take place on that day, when, according to Solon (in Plutarch's Banquet), the brothers of a maid, violated by one Troilus, who lived with Hesiod at Locris, believing our conjuror to be an accomplice, murdered him, and threw his body into the sea. Such is the blindness of these seers with respect to their own fates! So it was with Whack'em and poor Sidrophel:

'Quoth Hudibras—the stars determine
You are my prisoners, base vermin:
Could they not tell you so, as well
As what I came to know foretell?
By this what cheats you are we find,
That in your own concerns are blind.'

So it has happened at Bow-street a thousand times.

The assembling of *thirteen* people too, at table, is a dreadful event. Originally, when this occurred, it denoted that one of the number would be hanged, before the expiration of twelve months; but, as the hanging of one out of a party conveys, until the event takes place, a sort of reflection on the whole company, it seems to have been since courteously agreed, that simple death only is indicated by the meeting of thirteen. For my part, I so far fall in with this notion, that I really believe there is more likelihood that one of the company may die within twelve months, if there are thirteen persons at the table, than if there are only six:—and by the same rule, the risk is increased, if there are fourteen, fifteen, or sixteen assembled. Extend the number to thirty-two, and (according to the calculations of the mortality of the human species) the average of deaths warrants the conclusion, that one of the party is destined to depart from this world before the anniversary of the meeting. A more reasonable objection lies against assembling thirteen at a table, if the maxim of the ancients be correct (and I have no doubt of it); namely, that a company, for the purposes of true enjoyment, should never exceed the number of the Muses, nor fall below that of the Graces—I make one exception from the *never*, in the latter case—I mean a *tête-à-tête*; but then the two Graces must be of different sexes.

It is not long since that I sojourned a few days with two maiden aunts in the country, when I had a good taste of this 'amiable weakness.' On my first appearance, my welcome was postponed, by the exclamation of one to the other—'Well, now you see the stranger that was *in the candle* last night!'—They are always hearing *death-watches*; and so great is their consternation in very trivial matters, that I have known one of them to sit up the whole night, because the evening before, whilst sitting at the fire, *a coal* had fallen out towards her, which was a sure sign that something dreadful, and then unknown, was to happen very shortly. I shall never forget the supposed misfortune of Martha, the elder aunt, who lost a halfpenny with a hole in it, which she had had twenty-five years. Had she lost all hopes of happiness in this world, she could not have been more afflicted.

Taking our usual walk, one evening, we were obliged to pass through a farm-yard. Our ears were immediately assailed by the fowls setting up a most hideous noise. The countenances of

both my aunts immediately changed; alarm was painted on their furrowed cheeks; and, on my requesting to know the cause, I was told that the *cackling of chicken* was a sure sign that the house would be broken open. Hastening home as fast as their aged limbs would carry them, they immediately examined the bolts and bars. Thomas, the coachman, was despatched to summon all the blacksmiths, &c. from the neighbouring village, and in a short time we were so secured, that, had it been in ancient days, we might have been thought to be preparing for an enemy about to besiege us. After waiting till the morning for the expected foe, we began to prepare for retiring to our beds, when suddenly a violent noise was heard at the door. Our pistols were instantly cocked, and we armed ourselves with pokers, &c. in case fire-arms should fail: but the alarm soon subsided; for in marched Snarl, the great house-dog, with as much gravity as a judge, who, finding his kennel not quite so comfortable as the warm fire-side, came to supplicate Molly, the cook, to let him occupy, for the remainder of the night, his old warm corner.

Having the misfortune *to fall up stairs*, while I was there, I heard my aunts exclaim—'*Ah! no wife for you*, my dear, this year to come!'

My junior aunt consoles herself, although on the verge of fourscore, with the idea that she may yet make a conquest of some amorous swain as young as herself, because she has on one of her finger-nails a small white speck, which indicates a wedding ring. Indeed, so much does this ridiculous nonsense, or rather idle superstition, run through the family, that even the servants are as sorely infected with it as their mistresses. Hardly had we taken our seats at dinner one day, when we were alarmed by a great noise in the kitchen, and, on inquiry, learned that the poker had fallen from the fire, which was a sure sign that Molly had a formidable rival. This so affected the poor girl, that she was put to bed in violent fits. Even my father's death was long foretold before it happened, as Snarl, the dog, was observed to be in a weak and low condition. An excellent gardener was turned away because he had a cast in his eye; and to meet a person that squints, when you are fasting, is unlucky. The moon was never to be seen for the first time through glass; and, if the cat sneezed, every body in the house was to have a cold. Laying your knife and fork across each other after your meal, was considered a fatal omen; and to break a looking-glass was looked upon as a great misfortune—and certainly, if it is a valuable one, it is rather unlucky.

There is no end to the list of ill-fated prognostics; but I must not forget to mention the ill-luck that attends the burning of *three* candles in a room. However, it is not *solely* on this account that *I* usually content myself with two. To what are we to trace this opinion? There were in the infernal regions three Judges, and three Fates; also three Furies, and Cerberus, a dog with three heads. Hence perhaps it follows, that when we light three candles, we are in imminent danger of being condemned by the Judges, tormented by the Furies, worried by Cerberus, and ultimately put to death by the Fates.

Spilling the salt—O dear, how dreadful! 'The lady of the house,' says the Spectator, 'desired me to reach her a little salt upon the point of my knife, in doing which I let it drop by the way; at which she immediately started, and said it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and, observing the concern of the whole table, began to consider myself, with some confusion, as a person that had brought a disaster upon the family. The lady, however, recovering herself, after a little pause, said to her husband, with a sigh—'Don't you remember that the pigeon-house fell the very afternoon that our careless wench spilt the salt upon the table?'—'Yes,' said he, 'my dear, and the next post brought us an account of the battle of Almanza.'—'Ay,' she rejoined, 'misfortunes never come single.''

To the ancients also we must refer for an explanation of the present vulgar opinion concerning the consequences of this catastrophe. Salt was, with them, the symbol of friendship; and they presented it to each other at the commencement of their repasts, as we see sometimes the snuff-box handed round after ours. To overthrow the salt-cellar, therefore, was deemed a sign that quarrels and disturbances would take place.

Some persons are very careful to destroy the egg-shell, after they have devoured its contents. Is this a relic of the prevailing creed among the Romans? They regarded the egg as an emblem of nature—as a mysterious and almost

sacred substance. They were persuaded that magicians made use of the egg in their incantations, inspecting the yolk and white as guides to future events, and tracing in the inside of the shell certain magical characters. They therefore were careful to destroy the latter, after eating what it encloses, in order to break the charm which might otherwise be employed against them, and thus deprive their enemies of one mean of hurting them.

I cannot better conclude this article than by a beautiful passage from Plutarch's life of Pericles:—'These were not the only advantages which Pericles gained by conversing with Anaxagoras. From him he learned to overcome those terrors, which various *phænomena* raise in those who know not their causes, and who entertain tormenting fears by reason of their ignorance. Nor is there any cure for it but the study of nature, which, instead of the frightful extravagances of superstition, implants in us a sober piety, supported by a rational hope.'

For my own part, I may add from an excellent writer, with whom I perfectly coincide, 'I should be very much troubled were I endowed with this divining quality, though it should inform me truly of every thing that can befall me. I would not anticipate the relish of any happiness, nor feel the weight of any misery, before it actually arrives.'

Henry IV., after wishing that

'—— One might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the time,'

exclaims on reflection—

'———— O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.'

It is sufficient that the Being, who disposes of events, and governs futurity, should see, at one view, the whole thread of my existence; not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I prepare for sleep, I recommend myself to his care; when I awake, I give myself up to his direction.

HEADS AND TAILS,

A PETER-PINDARIC.

IN France, as Voltaire's tomes can show,
They once possess'd no little wit;
But now, of late, it runs but low,
Or they are 'shy of using it.'
This droll declar'd 'our *wit* a deal
Less keen and polish'd than our *steel*,
And that most cutting found on these two things,—
The tails of horses and the heads of kings.'
Since then of us they've taken sample,
And follow'd *half* of our example;
Of heads enough—an empty theme—
That fill, though empty, many a ream;
But *tails*—excuse the pun—
I'll tell you one.
There lived, I've heard, in Essex once,
A 'squire who was indeed a dunce,
But fam'd for riding bits of blood:
One day, as if the devil ail'd,
He seiz'd a knife, and soon curtail'd,—
Dock'd, as they call it, all his stud.
This done in haste, and for his pleasure,
He then repented at his leisure.
Each long-tail'd nag,
His former brag,
'*Shorn of his beams*,'
Disturb'd his dreams—

When thus, beneath a wiser star,
To Ralph he spoke:—
'Methinks we've carried much too far
This cutting joke,
And now we'll put them up to sale.'—
'And sell them, sir,' said Ralph, 'wholesale?'—
'Wholesale!' he cried, 'why so,
When no diseases ail 'em?'
'Because,' said Ralph, 'you know
'We never can *re-tail* 'em!'

THE MANIAC; A DRAMATIC SKETCH;

by J. J. Leathwick.

SCENE—*The Alps, at sunset.*

IACHIMO AND GONSALVO ENTER.

Iach. OH, drive me not, Gonsalvo, to despair!
Unsay thy words!—that cannot be!—oh, death!
Thy bonds are welcome now. Speak on,—oh speak,
And blast me more;—cast out this life—words—words
Shall be thy weapons;—come, here is my heart.
Gon. Nay,—nay, Iachimo!—I will not speak
Unless thy grief is check'd.—The tale is brief—
Shall I begin? Hope is not wholly gone;
Sweet Heaven may pity her—she is not dead.—
Nay, nay, Iachimo!—my tongue shall cease;
I will not speak.
Iach. Speak on, and I will hear.
Jach. Dost think, Gonsalvo, that the stricken mind
Can always hoard its griefs? It may be thus
With those whom Time hath plac'd his calm upon:
But I—you tell me she is mad—is't so?
Gon. Would I could say it were not!
Iach. Oh, my heart!
That strove so nobly 'gainst misfortune's blast;
That rose upspringing from the shocks of fate;
That buffeted aside the sea of grief,—
Now break, break! you say she is not dead—but—
Is she not dead to me and to my love?
Away, away! I will not hear thee speak.—
Yet pardon me!—my sorrows are too great
For this poor brain to bear.
Gon. I feel for thee,
Iachimo—and I am really griev'd
That 'tis my lot to make thy soul so sad
By this intelligence—is it not right
That thou should'st know those griefs which are in store
For thee? else hadst thou seen her wasted form,
Or heard the tones of madness from her lips.
Not knowing it, or not prepar'd, thy woe
Had been still greater.
Iach. Yes, yes, it is now
Too much for me—it seems to chill my heart.
But tell me,—tell me,—let me know it all.
Gon. Prepare thy soul—nor let thy sorrows rage.
I think that nearly seven long years have pass'd
Since thy Constantia saw thee. Thy farewell

Was as a prelude to misfortune's power,
And grief alighted on her form like dew
Shed by the night. Her sire soon after died;
The morning sun had seen him rise in health;
The pale-faced moon shone on his pallid corse.
'Twas but a month from this, an avalanche
Fell with destroying force upon the cot,
And buried in a deep and snowy grave
Her aged servant Alice. She was far
From this sad desolating scene. Thus death
Made havock with her bosom's joy—a grief
Enthron'd itself upon her brow; but yet
At times the mention of thy name would drive
Her woes away, and light her face with smiles.
Thou wast her only hope—and I have oft
Listen'd to those warm prayers she breath'd for thee,
Till sympathizing tears have dimm'd these eyes,
And cours'd each other down my furrow'd cheeks.
Oh, what a stainless soul is now o'erthrown!
Thus pass'd the time. There was a languor seen
Most pensively in all she said and did;
Yet hope was not extinct, though sorrow had
Touch'd her young heart. At last the tidings came
That you were dead, and that you fell beneath
A hostile arm. I never shall forget
That look, that start she gave—'twas something more
Than mortal look: it was hope's parting glance;
It was the beacon of insanity.
Tears came not to her aid; their founts were dry,
The flame of agony had scorch'd them up.
She fell into my arms—life seem'd extinct.
At last her soul shook off its lethargy,
But madness rode upon 't. She sprang on me,
And tore my hair, and said these hoary locks
Were stain'd with blood; and then she sigh'd, then glar'd,
Ev'n till her eyeballs seem'd to burst their bonds:
But yet at times a light seem'd kindling there,
As if her soul had cast the fiend away,
And beam'd triumphant through the clouds of fate.
Alas! that light soon vanish'd, and the hope
It shed was dark again. I fear me much
'Twill ever be. Thus pass'd th' unhappy hours;
And fits of deepest ire would often seize
Her fragile form, and rend her with their force;
And then, in spite of strongest obstacles,
She would ascend, and scale those beetling crags,
Where no one dar'd to follow her; and oft
Has she address'd the winds that howl'd around,
And they have borne her broken sentences
To us below, in faint and dying sounds.
Thy name came frequent on the breeze. But now
Of late her mind is more compos'd, though still
She hears and answers not, or answers so
That he who listens wishes she were mute.
She will at times range through the spacious woods,
Singing soft airs that touch the sternest heart
With pity for her woes. Thy letters came,
Making us glad that tidings of such bliss
Were yet ordain'd for us. I meet thee now,
That thou may'st know the truth, nor unprepar'd
Start from thy cherish'd hope into despair.

Iach. Oh, my poor wilder'd brain!—curst be those lips
That told her of my death!—may they be dumb
For aye! Yet I was wounded—left for dead.
Oh that I *had* died!
Gon. Check thy grief, my friend.
Oh see, Constantia comes this way! Nay, nay,
Iachimo, thou shalt not fly to her.
If thou attempt'st to fold her in thine arms,
She will that instant fly up yonder crags,
And stand undaunted on the verge of death.
Thou wilt be ruled by me.
Iach. Do as thou wilt.
Gon. We will retire, and gain yon thicket's shade.

Constantia *enters, singing.*

I have shunn'd day's gentle light,
In my hopeless agony;
I have thought the gloom of night
Had a fitter charm for me.
I have yielded all my hours
To a sad and silent care,
And have turn'd from all life's flowers,
However sweet and fair.

'Tis for *thee* I have done this;
And, though thou'rt lost to me,
If I have one light of bliss,
I've drawn that light from thee!
In mine own unsolac'd cell,
Full of nought but icy gloom,
Think how patiently I'll dwell
Till they bear me to the tomb!

Iach. How pale she looks!—oh what an alter'd form,
The shadow of her former self!—mad! mad!
Gon. Soft, soft, Iachimo. She speaks! she speaks!
Con. My soul is heavy, and my brow is hot.
Hot! ay, it glows with flame!—oh, cool it, winds,
And I will worship you! but ye are like
The world, and lack your hire. I cannot pay;
Constantia's very poor, and has no gold.
But surely ye will pity me. Hush! hush!
Be still, be still, thou soul! or I will chide thee.
'Tis sunset now, and every mountain top
Smiles in the light; but all is darken'd here,
Dark like my soul!—it once possess'd a sun
Bright as yon orb. We yet shall meet again;
Ay—well there is a heaven—that song he lov'd
Has told us so!—oh, how he lov'd that song!
I now will sing it, for 'twill soothe my heart. [*Sings.*

There's a land of the pure and the bless'd,
Fit home for the heart without stain,
Where the weary in soul shall have rest,
And the sorrowful cease to complain;

Where the kind who have suffer'd shall seek
The guerdon to suffering due;
Where the strong shall not trample the weak,
Nor faithless ones torture the true.

Oh, how could we bear all the woes
That endlessly wait on us here,
Did not glorious visions disclose
An unfading and beautiful sphere?

Hark, hark! those echoes mock my strains! mock on,
Ye cannot kill me!—oh that ye *could* kill!
My last word would be his dear name, and then,
When ye had kill'd me, ye could bear that name
From my poor closing lips, and waft it forth,
A *requiem* for my soul. That cannot be.
Ye are too pitiless!—mock on! mock on!
I fear you not, although your murmuring tones
Were changed to thunder's deep and clashing voice.
Iach. Oh, I shall die!—By heaven, I cannot bear
The choking grief that rises in my breast,
And seems to mar my life-strings with it's ire!
Gonsalvo, let me loose;—unhand me, man,
Or I will dash thee to the wretched earth;
For curst are they indeed who live upon't.—
Why wilt thou hold me so?—Is she not mine?—
Thus will I claim her.
Gon. Not whilst I have might
To curb thy murderous haste; for thou would'st kill
Thyself and her—if once her eye should mark
A stranger's form, that moment to the cliff
She bounds, nor prayers nor force can stop her course.
Perchance our voices may be heard, and then
She quickly will depart, and seek the woods.
Be ruled by me, my friend; I wish thee well.
Iach. I know thou dost:—again she speaks—
Con. Poor, poor
Constantia! whither can I fly to seek
A home, a resting-place?—There is the grave,
The fittest home for me—there will be worms
For company; but *they* will *prey* on me;
Therefore I will not choose the darksome grave,
For there will be no sun, or moon, or flowers.
Oh! but no echoes then will mock my grief,
For all is silent in the grave!—Well, well—
If I but knew where in the ground he sleeps,
I would lie there till God should send for us;
And then what bliss to fly up to the sky,
And leave this world of prey behind! Yon cliff
Is very tall, and near to heaven—I will
Go pray there.
Iach. (aloud.) Constantia, dear Constantia—
Con. What voice is that?—It steals upon my ear
Like notes of sweetest music—I have heard
Those tones before——they have drawn tears from me.
I thought I could not weep; but here are tears—
I *can* weep now—I thank thee, voice! for this:
My heart still vibrates with those lovely sounds.
Iach. (rushing forth.) I can no more!—It is Iachimo
That clasps thee in his arms! it was *his* voice
Thou heard'st. Wake, wake, Constantia! oh wake
From thy long dream of madness! Speak to me!
Tell me thou still dost love me!—Oh, bless me
With thy voice! I am Iachimo, thy love,
Thy own true love!
Con. Where am I—in the grave?

No, no! but yet methinks I am! I heard
A voice that call'd Iachimo!—'twas his,
And he is in the grave—but I am not.—
Here are the flowers, and yonder is the sky.
Earth, earth alone bounds the still tomb. That voice!—
But who is he that dares to hold me thus?—
Unhand me, sir, or I will tear thy heart,
And give it to yon eagle, that now scowls
On thee.—Ha, ha, ha! I know thee now—thou—
Thou art the foul fiend! Oh, mercy, mercy!
Do not harm me.

Iach. I harm thee, dearest one!
O gracious God, have pity on us both!

Con. *Thou* talk of pity, chief of fellest fiends!
Thy mouth but mars that beauteous word, and makes
The hallow'd sound more dreadful than thy ire.

Iach. Lost, lost Iachimo!

Con. Iachimo!—
Why dost thou utter such a sacred name?
Thou canst not harm him; he is safe from thee:
Constantia is thy prey, but will not long
Be thine!—Avaunt! leave, leave me, fiend!—Soft—soft!

Iach. I am Iachimo, thy *living* love!

Con. What! *thou* Iachimo, my life, my light!
No, no, he's dead, dead! gone from this world, gone!
Nay, thou look'st somewhat like him now; thy voice
Is full of sweetness, as his us'd to be,
But not so sweet—his was so very sweet,
That my full heart would drink its whisper'd tones,
Till it o'erflow'd with love and tenderness;—
That voice is mute; I will go pray for him:
Nay, hold me not, fiend! I defy thy might;—
Thus do I loose myself from thy curst power.

[*She violently breaks away from the arms of Iachimo, and scales the crags till she arrives at the summit.*

Iach. Stop, stop!—oh stay thy flight, Constantia!
She'll surely perish! I will gain her yet,
Or die with her.

[*Iachimo impetuously ascends the crags.*

Con. Ah, but I've escap'd him!
How glorious 'tis to see the world beneath,
But not so grand as yon sweet azure heaven!
Iachimo is there—see, see, the fiend
Advances to me!—how he strides the air,
And cuts his way aloof to catch his prey,
The poor Constantia! but *I* can fly too.—
I'll fly to heaven!

Iach. Dear, dear Constantia, stay!

Con. He soon will be here, and then I shall be
Brought down again to the dim, darksome earth.
One moment more, and he will stop my flight!
I come, Iachimo, I come!

[*She leaps down at the moment when Iachimo gains the height.*

Iach. Now break, my heart!
Oh, she is dash'd to atoms!—Die, thou life!
join thee, love!

[*He leaps down, and dies.*

ON THE ELEMENTS OF NATURE.

While we avoid the abstruse mysteries and tedious details of science, we sometimes vary our pages by introducing points of curious information, in a perspicuous and intelligible form. Without venturing into the depths of philosophy, we may illustrate some of the established laws and regular operations of nature, in a manner which may afford grounds of useful reflexion.

The ancients supposed that four elements gave rise, in themselves or in their combinations, to all the substances which form the material world. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that these are, earth, air, fire, and water. To these the modern adepts in philosophical chemistry have added above forty ingredients, which, from their having resisted every attempt to decompose or divide them, seem entitled to be called elements. Without enumerating these, it will be sufficient to take notice of the leading properties of *matter* *; and, with this view, we offer to our readers an extract from the Epitome of the Elementary Principles of Natural and Experimental Philosophy.

'Notwithstanding (says Mr. Millington) the various substances which nature offers to our observation may differ essentially in touch, weight, and appearance, yet the elements of which they are composed all possess the common mechanical properties of matter, which are five in number, namely, 1. The particles of matter are solid, and occupy space. 2. They are infinitely divisible. 3. They are impenetrably hard. 4. They possess mobility, but are inert; and 5. They universally attract and are attracted.'

The first property may be demonstrated even by thin air. Let the upper end of a glass tube, open at both ends, be 'closed by the finger, while its lower one is immersed in a jar of water; and it will be seen that the air is material and occupies its own space in the tube, for it will not permit the water to enter it, until the finger is removed, when the air will escape, and the water rise to the same level in the inside, as on the outside of the tube.'

* Matter is the general name which has been given to every species of substance or thing which is capable of occupying space, or which has the qualities of length, breadth, and thickness; consequently every thing which is not merely imaginary is said to be matter.

The second is thus proved:

'If a single grain of copper is dissolved in about fifty drops of nitric acid, and the solution is afterwards diluted with about an ounce of water, it is evident that a single drop of it must contain an almost immeasurably small portion of copper; and yet so soon as this comes in contact with a piece of polished steel or iron, that metal will become covered with a perfect coat of copper; consequently, as much iron may be covered with copper as the solution will wet, which shows how infinitely the copper can be divided without any alteration in its texture.'

Of the third property, it is said, 'although matter, in many instances, seems to disappear, as in the cases of burning and evaporation, yet the chemist's art distinctly proves, that it is incapable of annihilation, and that the original particles, in all cases, still exist, though by change of arrangement they are made to assume a different appearance. Even substances which appear soft, such as air and water, appear hard when submitted to proper examination; for, although the constituent particles cannot be experimented upon, yet the effect of their aggregate may be shown in several ways. Thus, a quantity of water falling in an open tube appears to exert no particular force, on account of the resistance it meets with from the air; but, if that air is previously removed by exhaustion, there will be no resistance, and the water will sound like the falling of shot or stones instead of water.'

The fourth property is shown by the simple operation of 'giving a sudden push to a bowl of water, when the water will flow over on the side on which the impulse is given; but if once the bowl is put into motion, and then suddenly stopped, it will flow over on the opposite side. - - - From this property of matter, if a stone, or any inanimate mass, is undisturbed, it will remain for ever motionless; and, when once put into motion, would continue in it, and move for ever, were it not for some resistance. A bowl stops on the bowling-green through the resistance and friction of the grass and the air, and there is no doubt that, if it moved on a polished surface, it would proceed much farther; but even in that case, the air, on account of its solidity, would afford some resistance, and in time stop it; while, if it moved in a space devoid of air, as in the vacuum of

an air pump, and met with no resistance from the plane on which it was moving, it would continue to move for ever, because the only obstacles to its motion are supposed to be removed. Such is the case with the moon and planets, for these move in infinite space, unchecked by friction or resistance, and therefore always keep up that motive force which was communicated to them by their Great Maker at the creation.'

The fifth property is of several kinds: 'cohesion, gravitation, magnetism, electricity, and elective attraction or affinity. These, in their general effects, with the exception of the last, appear nearly similar, although they depend upon different circumstances.'

Beside these properties (says our author) 'matter also possesses the power of arrangement, commonly called *Polarity*. The attraction of cohesion sufficiently accounts for the formation of masses or substances, by drawing the original particles of matter together, and then holding them; but it is found that they are not only drawn and held together, but that the same matter always takes the same arrangement or formation. Thus a piece of iron, tin, or any other metal or substance, will, when broken, always exhibit the same arrangement and disposition of parts, or *Grain*, as it is generally called: and so strictly are the laws of combination found to prevail in the union of elements and formation of substances, that a most valuable, new, and important character is given to modern chemical researches, approaching almost to mathematical precision; it being not only ascertained, that the same materials will in most cases assume the same form, but that the ingredients which enter into the formation of substances do so in certain definite proportions which cannot be changed without also changing the character of the substance they form.'

ORIGINAL LETTERS,

NO. IV.

OSCAR TO MALVINA.

Dearest Girl, Selma, 1823.

It is long since you knew that I could talk about nothing but ladies and love, and you have had too much reason to conclude that I can *write* about nothing else; you will of course therefore readily anticipate the subject of the present communication. Let me not, however, incur the charge of being officious, much less troublesome. The following hints are humbly submitted to your consideration, Malvina, not surely from the despicable vanity of wishing to say fine things, but from the idea that they may be useful to you, at an age when the passions are warm, and when you have had very little experience or knowlege of the world to enable you to regulate or correct them. Lightly as the subject is commonly treated by the world, I am rather disposed to consider it in a serious point of view; for I hold it to be criminally foolish to make a jest of those great realities of life on which so much of our happiness or misery depends.

Although the Almighty created mankind 'male and female,' for the mutual comfort and general good of the species; yet this benificent purpose, from the corruption of the human heart, and the depravity of our nature, is frequently thwarted, and perverted to the worst purposes. That 'fell monster, sin,' has, in too many instances, converted our blessing into our bane. But do not look so very grave, Malvina; I am not going to *sicken* you with a sermon. I am only reminding you that, although young persons were evidently made for one another, yet so many untowardly accidents, unlucky chances, and unpleasant crosses, come in the way, that those matters do not always go on so agreeably as one could wish, and the billings and cooings of courtship too often degenerate into the murmurs and curses of the married state. This is 'shocking,' no doubt, but I do not wish to torment you; and, if you choose to remain ignorant of the truth, you may, without offending me, look upon it as a peevish exaggeration.

The sexes conceive an attachment for one another frequently at a very early age; and it is amusing to observe the amorous looks and impassioned sighs of young masters and misses. This is love in the purest state in which it can exist among mortals. The ecstatic yearnings, the novel emotions, the elastic tides of new-born passion that thrill through the veins of these unfledged lovers, give birth to sentiments for which language can supply no epithets,—sentiments which 'angels might stoop to hear, and virgins tell.' Every succeeding year brings with it a new train of ideas, and feelings more extended, more varied, and impetuous; the master-passion

'grows with their growth, and strengthens with their strength,' till it bursts forth in decided maturity, claiming the absolute sovereignty of the heart, and operating as the prime agent in forming the future character of the individual.

Would you believe it, my dear? some people consider love as little less than a crime, while others contend that the cultivation of it forms the chief good, and even the end of our creation. Neither position is altogether correct. It is foolish to call it a crime; but it is perhaps a weakness, and, when divested of reason, is the undoubted source of many errors, and injurious to the best interests of society. This, you will say, is rather an ungallant sentiment; it will, no doubt, sound very uncouthly in the ears of a girl of nineteen; but you will please to recollect the great difference between drawling out a few cold prudential strictures on courtship in the halls of Selma, and being seated by your side, taking ambrosial draughts of love from the soul-cheering smile of Malvina! This is not the place for blind adulation; I must act an honest part, and leave the rest to the dictates of your own judgement.

When a girl first receives the addresses of a lover, mingled emotions crowd into her breast, to which she was before an utter stranger. These again vary, according as the candidate for her favor is more or less agreeable. If their bosoms burn with a mutual flame, what romantic dreams of future happiness haunt the imagination of the lovely fair one! what voluptuous anticipations of bliss, (alas! never fully to be realized,) agitate the bosom of the no less enamoured swain! This is perhaps the most interesting period of a woman's life. Her softened heart is tremblingly alive to every tender impression; her feelings are tempered with a higher tone of delicacy and refinement; her excited imagination is haunted with dreams of unutterable rapture; and all the faculties of her soul acquire a more exquisite sensibility. She is alternately grave and gay, thoughtful and giddy, pensive and sprightly, probably without ever suspecting the real cause, or recognizing the mighty spell that pervades, with irresistible fascination, every fibre of her frame. Love, like charity, 'believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.' The palpitating anticipations at meeting the beloved object, and the regrets at parting, form a practical comment on the 'joys of grief,' which none but lovers can feel or understand.

'O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heartfelt raptures, bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare:
If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In social joy breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.'

Charming poet! no breast ever vibrated more keenly to the tender sympathies of nature than thy own; and had we nothing else to mind but to woo, wed, and be happy, what a blessed world should we live in! But alas! 'the course of true love seldom doth run smooth,'—and the capricious god, to whose fetters the soul has lent its 'voluntary yielding,' can supply no spell to protect his votaries against the common ills of life. Does the fond maid suspect the sincerity of her lover?—are his addresses less acceptable?—is she perplexed in her choice amongst the rival candidates for her affection?—hangs a parent's frown over the favorite of her heart?—or has he proved unfaithful to his vows?—alas! reason itself seems bewildered, and the counsels of a friend are of little avail, for 'the heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not therewith.'

There is no situation in which the virtue of a woman is more severely put to the test, or more apt to be overcome, than when beset with the blandishments of persevering love. The fond enthusiast, unsuspicious of danger, afraid to offend, and unwilling to disoblige, the object of her regard, when she meets with an admirer of a warm temperament, or of loose principles, or one whose attachment is merely the emanation of brutal instinct, has much need to be upon her guard. Unless she is firm, resolved, and deaf to all entreaty, her ruin is almost inevitable. The danger is greatly heightened by the foolish practice of frequent and unrestrained interviews, at improper hours. This may be excusable with respect to those who are not masters of their own time, and who have no opportunities of seeing one another before the labors of the day are ended; but to go *sweethearting* in an evening, where no such excuse can be pleaded, is very hazardous, if not grossly

indecorous, and is undoubtedly one copious source of immorality.

You will no doubt be ready to exclaim against my severity, Malvina, when I venture to condemn these nocturnal interviews, unless when they refer to eventual marriage. They may be abundantly *pleasant*; but to make them a matter of mere pastime, is worse than folly; and many a pretty girl can date her ruin from the hour when she first risqued the unequal temptation. But how can it be otherwise, or why should we expect young persons to be more considerate, when their parents (even *mothers* not excepted) treat the affair so lightly, and not unfrequently recite their own obsolete amours, forsooth! for the encouragement and imitation of their juniors! Till those who are fathers grow 'more wise,' it is in vain to talk about the *melioration* of the species; and another period of six thousand years will do little toward reform, so long as we with-hold from our children the result of our own *experience* as to the deceitfulness of the human heart, our liability to error, and the unsatisfactory nature of every earthly enjoyment. It is thus that folly and crime are transmitted in all their vigor from one generation to another!

How very grave you look, Malvina! and no wonder, for I am getting rather dull myself: but resume your wonted smiles, my dear, laugh at the freezing maxims of cold-blooded prudence, fawn upon your lovers, tantalize them to delirium with your irresistible graces, and make frequent assignations even after the close of day. Malvina can do nothing wrong! Yet I will venture to offer some additional remarks on this interesting subject.

Revolting as it must be to a delicate ear, do we not find even the girls jeering one another about meeting their 'lads?' and is it not a shame for women to be always chatting about the 'men,' and much more ridiculous than it is for dandies or *exquisites* to be for ever boasting of the attentions paid to them by the ladies, and dangling at the apron-strings of their mistresses. From such contemptible animals as these we can look for nothing else; an empty head and a hollow heart will account for all their absurdities: but we expect better things from those whose 'forte' is—never to 'o'erstep the modesty of nature.' Often, Malvina, have I been put to the blush for those who had not the sense to blush for themselves. Here, however, let me do my countrywomen justice; though abundantly ready to taunt each other on that score, they generally take good care to keep their own secrets to themselves; and a young woman will seldom acknowlege a partiality for any particular individual of the other sex, so long as it is possible to keep it a secret: of course they are never seen together in the *avowed* capacity of lovers. In England, I believe, they manage these matters with less reserve. It may be pretty enough to see the blooming damsels of the South gallanting it with their admirers in a flowery meadow or shady elm-row, in all the unsuspecting freedom and confidence of professed attachment; but this sort of intercourse, though it may be harmless in itself, is certainly more liable to abuse, and has less of the dignity of decorum and the sublimity of virtuous feeling, than the cautious reserve and more unbending haughtiness of our northern beauties. I do not mean to make invidious comparisons, or to insinuate that the ladies of the South are less virtuous than our own: no; I love the frank manners and the cherry cheeks of the English *witches*; they are not surpassed on the face of the earth;—and, whilst they are not more amiable than our ladies, as *women*, they are certainly not less agreeable as companions.

But to return from this digression; it must be admitted that we in the country possess superior advantages in the way of courtship to you town's-folk—(for, however partial you may be to your imaginary residence on the banks of Cona, the affairs of your *heart*, I presume, will be more nearly connected with the localities of the Water of Leith,)—we enjoy superior advantages, I say, for we have our hedge-rows, our hay-ricks, and our sylvan retreats, where our sighing swains and love-lorn maidens may console themselves with all the dotings, deliriums, caresses, and *inexpressibilities* of a tender passion—'unblasted by foul tongues'—whilst your Edinburgh lasses, poor souls! must be content to meet their *Joes* at some dismal 'close mouth' or more dismal staircase, to tell how cleverly they cheated their jealous mistresses, what a pretty scolding they expect, for which they 'dinna gie a strae,' and end with 'trysting' their lads to meet them next Sunday afternoon on the Meadow Walk, or the Calton.

Courtship, in one shape or another, generally precedes marriage; and, when it is conducted with prudence, will always escape censure. But remember, my dear, that although *we* find it so very pleasant to fall in love, and to pay our respects to the fair objects of our devotion, we do not like to be courted by the ladies; it renders you too masculine, too like one of ourselves;—it is not the law of nature; and whatever is not natural cannot be pleasing. We might suppose a case, indeed, in which a woman might be justified in declaring her sentiments to one of our sex, but the experiment must be managed with great address, and it will be well if in the end she escapes without feeling herself mortified. Here, too, let me remind you of a weakness very common among vain women, who imagine that every man who pays particular attention to them, or who addresses them in the language of adulation, or even of common civility, must be a lover. Nothing renders a woman more ridiculous:—some men are naturally given to gallantry, and you should consider their compliments merely as words of course, which they are sure to repeat to every pretty girl they meet with. But, when a man openly declares himself your admirer, you may soon determine whether or not his addresses are acceptable. If his personal appearance, manners, &c. render him an object of indifference or aversion, the sooner you dismiss him the better. If, on the contrary, you meet with an ostensible lover who is every way agreeable, however unwilling you may be to question his sincerity, your first care ought to be the ascertainment of his object or intentions. This is not always an easy task. When your acquaintance Miss I—— D——, lately observed that the young men about S—— often called out the girls merely for the sake of laughing at them, I replied that this was a very common practice, and that she ought to take care not to believe every thing they said to her. 'But how are we to know when they are in earnest?' asked that lively girl, with an arch look and some degree of concern. The substance of my answer was, that this discovery must be left to a woman's own sagacity and penetration; that she should take into account the general character of her suitor; that, when a man's intentions were honorable, he would treat her in a frank, candid, and respectful manner; that he would refer the ultimate object of his attentions to an immediate union, without asking any previous improper concessions; and lastly, that, when he paid his visits to her, he would come alone.

If your lover should insist upon the gratification of his wishes as a proof of your affection, or as a pledge that you will be only *his*—as you value your dearest interests, spurn at the insolent proposal with unequivocal horror and contempt:—for, depend upon it, in the first instance he is a mean-spirited, suspicious wretch, on whom your hand would be ill bestowed; and in the next, he offers you an insult, to which no woman of spirit will tamely submit. It may indeed sometimes happen, that a man will teaze a woman merely for the sake of putting her constancy to the test, without the smallest intention of profiting by her compliance, or taking advantage of her weakness; but, according to the adage, 'a man may try, but a woman can deny;' and whatever may be his motive, you will at all events best secure your own happiness, and his esteem, by a strict adherence to the rules of decorum and of virtue.

It is no uncommon thing in the country, as you are quite aware, for young men to go in *parties*, in order to spend an idle hour with any girl who will be foolish enough to listen to them. Whenever a professed admirer chooses to come with a *retinue*, depend upon it, Malvina, his love is all a pretence, and his only view is to laugh at your simplicity; for true love, like guilt, is always diffident; it delights in privacy, and seeks concealment. I happened to hear lately of a certain swain who went round the gentlemen's seats and farm-houses in a neighbouring parish, and in the course of one evening prevailed upon no fewer than *fifteen* girls to come and speak with him. When he had persuaded the *last* to follow him (somewhat loth) a little way from the house, on her refusing to go farther he turned about, and with a smile of derision told her that she might go home when she pleased, as he had gotten all he wanted!—Was not this a noble exploit, and well worth boasting of?

There are men to be found every where, who tamper with the affections, and sport with the weakness of credulous females. But, however richly the conduct of these clownish rakes may deserve the lash of censure, the women may in a great measure blame them-

selves. Let one sex be less fond, less credulous, and more circumspectly dignified, and the other will behave with more sincerity and respect.

That women are frequently under the influence of the tender passion, and are capable of the warmest attachment toward the other sex, cannot be doubted; yet believe me, my young friend, there is much less of it in real life than you may be led to imagine from romances, and the conversation of the frivolous. Nay, do not laugh at the idea, Malvina; perhaps it is as possible sometimes to teaze a woman into the belief that she is in love, as it was in former times to persuade a poor wrinkled creature, by the overwhelming accusations of popular clamor, that she was in 'compact with the devil.' Be this as it may, you have the advantage of us with respect to *self-control*:—a woman enjoys the important privilege of having it in her power to resist the first impressions of love;—and but for the impetuous advances of man, she would keep, with undeviating rectitude, the even 'tenor of her way.' Indeed, 'what is commonly called love among you,' as Dr. Gregory observes, 'is rather *gratitude*, and a partiality to the man who prefers you to the rest of your sex; and such a man you often marry, with little of either personal esteem or affection.'

As you are less under the influence of sensual excitement, any aberration from that native purity with which heaven has blessed you is the more inexcusable,—and it is perhaps for this reason, that in these cases the world awards such a different verdict on the sexes. The man who steals my property to a certain amount must expiate the crime with his life; while he who wantonly robs my daughter of her innocence riots in impunity, and is left to glory in his villany! Yet the one 'steals trash,' while the other murders the reputation and the happiness of a fellow-creature!

'While *man*, the lawless libertine, may rove
Free and uncensured through the wilds of love;
If *woman*, sense and nature's easy fool,
If poor weak woman swerve from virtue's rule,
Ruin ensues, reproach, and endless shame,
And one false step entirely blasts her fame.
In vain, with tears, the loss she may deplore,
In vain look back to what she was before;
She sets, like stars that fall, to rise no more!'

Should you ever be so weak and unguarded, Malvina, as to allow yourself to be overcome by the impassioned blandishments and importunities of a favorite, and consent to crown *his* wishes rather than your own, you will lose your independence with your innocence, and leave yourself completely at his mercy; and we never value much what is easily obtained, or entirely in our power. Believe me, my dear girl (and pardon me for reverting to the subject)—when women flatter themselves that, by an immoral compliance, they will have a *claim* upon the generosity of their lover, they will generally be disappointed; and too soon with tears lament the rash error which they cannot repair. Look around you, Malvina,—how seldom does it happen that a woman obtains the *hand* of that man who has found that her virtue is not invincible. He may either marry her or not—he holds her at a cheap rate, and, if *he* does not deem her worthy of being the partner of his lot, *who else* will have pity on the poor unfortunate? Does she not become the loose subject of idle talk and disrespectful observation? Is she not pointed at with the finger of derision by every pert gossip, and for the most part doomed to languish in solitary abandonment? No, my dear friend, trust not to the *generosity* of a seducer, nor commit your independence to the caprice of another:—few, very few, will be disposed to cheer you, amidst the horrors of despair, with the sympathetic throbbings and inextinguishable ardor of genuine love.

'Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Though the herd has fled from thee, thy home is still here;
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart and the hand are thine own to the last.

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through darkness, through terror and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart:
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast call'd me thine angel in moments of bliss;
Still thine angel I'll be through the terrors of this;
Through the furnace unshrinking thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, or save thee, or perish there too.'

But it is very easy to write, and still easier to *say*, fine things, without *feeling*

them; and the most exquisite rhapsodies of the 'dear youth' are more frequently the offspring of the brain than of the heart; or, what is still worse, they are more nearly related to *passion* than to *affection*,—a distinction of greater importance than you are aware of. Tom Moore, however, the author of those pretty verses, may probably be a complete admirer of your sex.

Impatient as you must be of such an insufferable lecture, you must yet hear more. Amidst those softening endearments which may occupy your unguarded hours, and lull your vigilance asleep, NEVER FORGET YOURSELF. Mark me, Malvina, for it is an eventful truth;—when a woman forfeits her innocence, she loses that which she cannot retrieve, and for which nothing can indemnify her. Marriage, indeed, has been considered as a sufficient, at least the only practicable equivalent in such cases; but, for my part, I should not think very favorably of a son-in-law, who had previously dishonored my daughter, and who, but for this very consideration, or to avoid more unpleasant consequences to himself, would never have thought of such an alliance.

'Love,' says a late writer, 'is the romance of life, when the blood runs riot in the veins, and the imagination is peopled with chimeras. It is the *ignis-fatuus* of the senses, that lures them to the Slough of Despond.' 'A sensible man,' observes the same author, 'will always be a bungler at an amour; for he has moments of reason, and one second of reflection is long enough to sign the death-warrant of love.' This is perhaps too severe; for, with all its inconsistencies, disquietudes, and follies, 'there is no life on earth,' as Ben Jonson says, 'but being in love.' One needs only a skilful pilot to keep clear of the surrounding rocks and whirlpools, and there is little danger of missing the haven of felicity.

'Let stoics scorn love's tender theme,
And turn away their eyes of pride;
Give me one hour of passion's dream;
'Tis worth an age of life beside.'

To conclude—('Heaven be praised!' I hear you exclaim;)—the art of courtship cannot be learned from written rules, or communicated by verbal instruction: one may offer useful hints, but nature is the surest guide;—the practical part must after all be left to circumstances; and, next to the blessing of Heaven, nothing can ensure a happy result, but the dictates of a clear head, and a well-regulated heart.

Why do not you write to me, Malvina? On my word this is the last communication I shall trouble you with, till I have the pleasure of hearing from you. Are your thoughts never turned homeward? or do you never cast one 'longing, lingering look' on those hills that point toward your father's dwelling? Often in impatient, yet pleasurable anticipation, do I hail the happy period of your return. Long enough, as a pensive wanderer, have you traversed, in moody melancholy, the margin of the 'blue-bosomed lake;'—long enough, as a wild enthusiast, have you gazed upon the foam of 'a thousand rills,' and marked the thistle waving its 'grey beard' in the blast. Come from your hills of mist, fair daughter of Toscar, and gladden the halls of Selma (so long left sad and solitary), by the vivifying beams of beauty. Adieu, Malvina!—may Heaven bless you, and send you a lover every way worthy of such an accomplished girl:—and when you bend in humble supplication before the throne of the Omnipotent, imploring the aids of divine grace to illuminate your mind, to direct your steps, and to help you in every time of need—I hope you will also pray for a blessing on your unworthy

OSCAR.

FEMALE ŒCONOMY.

"'You have no reason to complain of my expensiveness,' said the beautiful Eugenia to her fond husband; 'no lady in Paris goes so simply dressed as myself: no cachemires of a thousand or two thousand crowns value (her husband looked affrighted); no ball dresses to last but one night; no lace veils, the price of which would pay a year's rent; nor do I even, like the countess of Clairon, require a pair of silk shoes and two pair of gloves daily; shoes once per week suffice for my unambitious dress, and I can make a pair of gloves do twice; besides, I do not ruin you either by the jeweller's bill, or the change of the furniture of our house yearly, or oftener; four times a week satisfy me of public places; I never gamble, and my ordinary attire is a gown of colored cotton or muslin *à l'Anglaise*, and a white one when more dressed; one hat or bonnet lasts me eight

or ten days; in short, Auguste, you know not how to appreciate a good and saving wife (here she panted, and he looked fond); and it is a pity that you have not Madame Grandpré for your wife, who would spend your small fortune in fans and feathers only, and would—(a pause)—do something worse to you besides.' He rubbed his forehead.

"'Dear Eugenia!' cried her contrite partner, 'never more will I reproach you, I am convinced that you are right' —(here he sighed) 'I only regret my small means, and see that a young man should not venture upon matrimony without an ample fortune; a pretty woman (Eugenia smiled) must be dressed at least neatly, and it is not a trifle which can afford even that style in these extravagant times; they, not thou, sweet one, are to blame, nor should I have uttered a word of complaint did I not find myself terribly in arrear this last half-year, and could I account for the *deficit* in any way but by the numerous bills of dressmakers, *marchandes des modes*, shoemakers, laundresses, &c. (Eugenia smiled contemptuously.) Twenty-one gowns in one year!!' continued he.—'Ay,' replied Eugenia, 'at the paltry sum of twelve or twenty francs each.'—'The making, Eugenia, perhaps two Napoleons each, (Auguste's color increased); the getting up or washing,' added he, 'five or six francs each (he elevated his eyebrows). to be worn'—'Only once, you simpleton.'—'And,' observed he, 'then you scarcely dare sit down for fear of discomposing *flottans, volans*, falls, flounces, and falbalas.'—'What of that?'—'Why nothing: then again, twenty-four francs for a pocket-handkerchief, and the cart-loads of *fichus* and linen which go to your *blanchisseuse*, with whom you quarrel every week, as also with your ironing woman, who alleges that one of those *cheap* dresses takes her a whole day to get up.'—'To be sure!'—'And a *whole* day for you to wear,' ironically cried the suffering husband. 'Why surely you would have me go clean!' tauntingly added Madame. 'Well, love,' concluded Auguste, 'I have no objection, but it certainly *cleans* out my coffers.'—'Why did you marry then?' —'True, darling, I was wrong, but we will go on quietly as long as we can.'—'How seldom do I require silks and crapes!' observed the lady, 'or new jewels, or costly entertainments at home, or—' Here he tried to stop her, but the female tongue is not thus suddenly controlled.—'Do I, like our neighbour, break your rest by late hours?'—'No, dove.'—'Or break your heart by flirting with the men?'—'No, dear.'—'Or—' —'Kiss me, my dear Eugenia, you shall have it all your own way, try to be as œconomical as you can.'—'Nobody can be more saving,' answered she. Her husband resumed: 'Don't be out of temper, I will go out and try to borrow a thousand crowns upon my country-house, and (he looked fondly) I only regret that I am not richer.'—'Stuff'!' exclaimed his wife; 'and (saluting him tenderly) if *thou* dost borrow the money, thou wilt buy me an *amazone* (or riding habit, and let me get that great bargain of lace; recollect that it is only second-hand, and will be sold at a third of its value.'—'*Comme tu voudras*,' meekly replied the fortunate husband. They embraced, exchanged the adieus of the eyes, and parted. The husband proceeded to a Jew's, and his fond spouse went out to purchase an embroidered trimming, *cheap* and simple, as she styled it. How different from lace or artificial flowers! Happy Auguste, to have such a moderate wife!

'With this scene in my view (for I happened to be present at it,) I began to reflect on the subject deliberately. Eugenia's style of dress was truly '*simplex munditiis*;' she had not a dozen of costly ornamental combs worn in turn in her glossy hair; her fingers moved gracefully with only two rings on each hand, instead of being in the unbending armour of sixteen circles composed of all the gems, and set in a most expensive style; she preferred simple flowers to tiaras set in jewels, or to proud and nodding plumes; she was not ruinous in perfumes, baths, waiting-women, boudoir furniture, and boxes at the theatre, and yet she cost poor Auguste a pretty round sum annually; the very simple gown lasted a very short time, and was soon *worn* and *washed* out. To purchase a piece for a gown was indeed a trifle; but, before it was fitted to the elastic form which was to grace it, the bill swelled to a most fearful yet imperceptible expense. Suppose, for instance, a printed cotton or muslin of fifteen francs, what a *bagatelle!* but then, to trimming twenty-five, making ditto, ditto; three washings eighteen francs, and it then was only fit for the *femme de chambre*. These little articles too, so often repeated, must have a little effect on the revenue

of the happy man who has to pay for them. For *cheapness* and *simplicity*, a man might as well purchase a bed of straw, and, when bought, adorn it with a cambric covering, and overhang it *daily* with a chintz pattern curtain.

'But far be it from me to deprive the fair sex of their neat and humble toilette! my intention is merely to convince the marrying swain that the provisions necessary for a wife are many. When a man has his bride to support, he must not forget the milliner, the mantua-maker, the florist, the jeweller, the attendant, nor even the clear-starcher and *blanchisseuse*, who will aid madame in *making head* against him (no pun or improper allusion is made to the front, and much less an affront); and whilst the splendid, high-born dame's claims come *en gros*, he must not forget that an humbler partner has her *detail* expenses, which are like the numerous items of an attorney's or apothecary's bill. Happy, thrice happy, the wedded he who can answer all these demands; and who, being previously aware of them, has nothing to suffer from surprise, inability, or female upbraiding; whose well-stocked purse dreads not these ambush attacks, and whose even mind and temper can meet the long weekly or monthly account! A man of retired habits, and long accustomed to order, regularity and calm, would be completely overturned by such surprises: as to the unworthy writer, they would be death to him. Yet let it be well understood, that this *exposé* is not meant as a *preventive*, but merely as a *caution* to those who, of social habits and light spirits, may not wish to be a solitary, a recluse, or even

A WANDERING HERMIT.'

AN ELUCIDATION OF SOME OF THE CHARACTERS IN THE SCOTISH NOVELS.

IT is well known that many of the characters, so ably delineated by the author of Waverley, are drawn from real life, not merely those which are historically introduced from political and public history, as the marquis of Montrose, lord Dundee, the earl of Leicester, and many royal personages, but those of a more humble class and a more private description.

To Dominie Sampson a striking likeness is traced in Mr. James Sanson (the son of a miller in Berwickshire), who acted for some years as a tutor in the family of Mr. Thomas Scott, uncle to sir Walter, and was afterwards chaplain to the tenants of the earl of Hopetoun at Lead-hills, where he at length fell a victim to the noxious exhalations from the mines. His simplicity of manners, and his abstracted habits, are still remembered by the elder provincials.

The character of Pleydell is said to belong to Mr. Crosbie, who was a distinguished advocate about the time referred to in the novel. It was (says a Scotish writer) the simple custom of that period, though modern barristers would now shudder at every curl to think of such a practice, to fee counsel in John's Coffee-house over a gill of brandy and a bunch of raisins, which were then slangly denominated *a cock and a feather*. In this venerable tavern, Mr. Crosbie was frequently to be found; but his favorite resort was that place so well described in Guy Mannering, under the name of 'Clerihugh's.' This was a well frequented and respectable house in the Anchor Close, kept by a person familiarly termed *Daunie Christie*, where a splendid Bacchanalian ceremony was wont to be performed on Saturday nights, by the lawyers who resorted thither; among whom were many of the highest characters both at the bar and on the bench. Supper, consisting of tripe and minced collops, was served up at the moderate rate of sixpence per head.—Lord Gardenstone once performed on Mr. Crosbie a practical joke of a very humorous nature. This gentleman, in the coure of a walk from Morningside, where he resided, met a rustic going to Edinburgh in order to hear his cause pled that forenoon, in which Mr. C. had been retained as counsel. The facetious senator directed the man to procure a dozen or two of farthings at a snuff-shop in the Grass-market, to wrap them separately up in white paper under the disguise of guineas, and to present them, as occasion served, in the capacity of fees. Mr. C.'s heart not happening to be particularly interested in the case, he could not help frequently flagging in his eloquence, to the imminent danger of being non-suited. His treacherous client, however, kept close behind him, and ever and anon, as he perceived him bringing his voice to a cadence for the purpose of closing the argument, slipped the other farthing into his hand The repeated application of this silent encouragement,

so far stimulated Mr. C. in his exertions, that he strained every nerve his soul possessed, in grateful zeal for the interest of his client, and precisely at the fourteenth farthing gained the cause. The *denouement* of the conspiracy, which took place immediately after in John's Coffee-house, over a bottle of wine, with which Mr. Crosbie had treated lord Gardenstone from the profits of his pleading, can only be imagined.

The Driver of the novel was this gentleman's clerk. He used to sit night and day in particular taverns, and realised what Pleydell asserted, that 'sheer ale supported him under every thing—was meat, drink, and cloth; bed, board, and washing.'

Dandie Dinmont may be the general representative of his species, the 'lads of Liddesdale;' but the 'gentleman to whom the honor has been assigned with the greatest probability of justice, was unfortunately one who considered a place in the works of the great novelist rather as a condemnation than as an exaltation to everlasting fame. Mr. Davidson, of Hindlay, appears to have viewed the humors of the Liddesdale hero, as detailed in the novel, and identified with the peculiarities of his own private life, more in the light of stigmas of infamous notoriety, than as assistances to honorable renown.'

Meg Merrilies was the gipsy Gordon, of Kirk-Yetholm. In the Antiquary, one Andrew Gemmel is proposed as the original of Edie Ochiltree; and a minister near Arbroath as that of the antiquary himself. A great part of this novel, it is also stated, is thought to be founded on facts; and 'the fraud of Dousterswivel is said to have been of real occurrence in the case of some silver mines attempted to be set on foot near Innerleithen by the earl of T——.'

The Black Dwarf is asserted to have been a real living character, one David Ritchie, 'a pauper, who lived the greater part of a long life, and finally died so late as the year 1811, in a solitary cottage situated in a romantic glen of Pee-bles-shire. This vale was otherwise formerly remarkable, as having been the retirement of the illustrious and venerable Dr. Adam Ferguson;' to whom Sir W. Scott was a frequent visitor.—'In 1820, the writer visited the deserted hut of Bowed Davie, actuated by a sort of *pilgrim respect* for scenes hallowed by genius. The little mansion at present existing is not that built by the dwarf's own hands, but one of later date, erected by the charity of a neighbouring gentleman in 1802. The eastern division of the cottage, separated from the other by a partition of stone and lime, was still inhabited by his sister. It is remarkable that even with that near relative he was never on terms of any affection, an almost complete estrangement having subsisted between these two lonely beings for many years.—It was a curious trait in the character of Ritchie, that he was very superstitious. Not only had he planted his house, his garden, and even his intended grave, all round with the mountain ash, but it is also well authenticated that he never went abroad without a branch of this singular antidote, tied round with *a red thread*, in his pocket, to prevent the effects of the *evil eye*; and, when the most retired parts of his abode were sacrilegiously ransacked after his death, there was found an elf-stone, a small round pebble bored in the centre, hung by a cord of hair passed through the hole to the head of his bed!'

In the novel of Old Mortality, Robert Paterson is pointed out by the same name as a real personage; and some interesting anecdotes are given of Balfour. Lady Margaret Bellenden, it is supposed, 'was the duchess of Hamilton, who lived till the year 1716 in the castle of Avondale, which is situated in a wild part of Lanarkshire, within a few miles of Loudon Hill, and at the entrance of the muirs, which the troops of Claverhouse are described to have passed in their progress to the battle of Drumclog. Avondale Castle, which was perhaps Tillietudlem, has, since the decease of that lady, been uninhabited, and is now in ruins.'

The Heart of Mid-Lothian of course rests on the circumstances of the famous Porteous mob. In truth, Robertson escaped from the church before the service began, and was hotly pursued; and, though the author has chosen him 'for the hero of the tale, and invested him with some attributes worthy of that high character, historical accuracy obliges us to record that he was merely a stabler. He kept an inn, and was a man of dissipated habits.'

Daddie Ratcliffe was a real person of the same name, as may be found by an examination of the Criminal Records of

Scotland. Jeanie Deans was Helen Walker; but, as the story has been frequently mentioned, we will not repeat it.

ADVENTURES OF MARIA LOUISA, EX-QUEEN OF ETRURIA, SISTER TO FERDINAND OF SPAIN.

It may be recollected that this princess was one of those apparently-fortunate ladies who were dignified by the patronage of the great Napoleon, in having their husbands called to fill such continental thrones as were vacated by the effect of his victorious arms. When she was about the age of fourteen years, Louis, prince of Parma, made his appearance at Madrid as the suitor of Maria Amelia; but, being more pleased with the vivacity and sprightliness of her sister, than with the melancholy and reserved temperament of the lady whom he at first intended to espouse, he transferred his addresses to Maria Louisa; with whom his marriage was solemnised in the year 1796. After residing for some years in Spain, he was allowed to supersede the Austrian family in the sovereignty of Etruria, or Tuscany. When he was preparing for his journey to Italy, he was desired to take Paris in his way, as Napoleon wished to see what effect the presence of a Bourbon prince would have in France. Alluding to this request or command, the queen says in her Memoirs, 'alarmed as we were at this intelligence, it appeared evident to us that the danger in which our lives might be placed, was not at all thought of, in comparison with the idea of pleasing Bonaparte, and exhibiting us in a country where a few years before so atrocious a massacre had been made of our family. All that we could say on the subject, however, was useless, and we were obliged to take the road to Paris.' A residence of three weeks in the French capital dispelled these fears; and, prosecuting their journey, the travelers in August 1801 reached the palace at Florence, which they found in so forlorn a condition as to oblige them to have recourse to the nobility for plate, and other articles of domestic use. 'Our court (the queen writes) was gradually formed; but I could not succeed in retaining in my suite a single Spanish lady; all those who had accompanied me to Florence were recalled a month after our arrival.' Tuscany was then occupied by French troops under Murat; a burthen pressing very heavily on the people, but which all the king's endeavours failed to remove.

In 1802 the king and queen, though the former was in declining health, and the latter far gone in pregnancy, undertook a visit to Spain, to be present at the marriage of Ferdinand. The journey altogether proved disastrous, for her majesty suffered not a little in being delivered of a princess at sea, and the fatigue of traveling so much augmented the disorders of her consort, that five months after their return to Florence, in 1803, she was left a widow at the age of twenty-one, with two children.

The queen was now permitted to govern the realm in the name of her son.—'My sole object (she says) was to promote the happiness of the people. My son was every thing that I could wish. My only ambition was, to be able some day to show him the difference between the deplorable state in which I had found the kingdom, and that in which I expected to deliver it into his hands. In the midst of these agreeable illusions, a fatal blow came to overturn the structure of happiness which I took pleasure in rearing. In 1807, I was suddenly shocked with the intelligence that the kingdom was ceded to the French, and I was obliged by military intimidation to leave a country where my heart has ever since remained. It was said that a part of Portugal would be offered to me as a compensation for Tuscany; but that offer only served to increase my affliction.

'At Milan, I had an interview with Napoleon, in which I expressed to him the sorrow I felt at quitting Tuscany, and requested that he would be good enough to restore me that state instead of the portion of Portugal. He had the impudence to tell me, that, for his own part, he would have left me quiet in Tuscany, but that it was the court of Spain which had proposed the exchange, because my parents wished me to be nearer to them. They met me at Aranjuez; and, after enjoying the satisfaction of seeing them, my first care was to get information about the new treaty. When they told me that they had been deceived, I renewed my entreaties to be allowed to return to my dear Tuscany. While the attempts I made to effect this were going on, the revolution of the 18th of March, and my father's renunciation of the crown, took place, and my brother was

named his successor. I used the same entreaties with him, and had obtained the most solemn promise from him that my wish should be gratified, when, by a second act of treachery, he was drawn to Bayonne, and we were all obliged to follow him. Almost the first words which my father addressed to me on my arrival there, were, 'You must know, my daughter, that our family has for ever ceased to reign.' I thought I should have died at the intelligence. I took leave of my parents, and retired into my chamber, more dead than alive.'

Bonaparte being at this time at Bayonne, Maria Louisa sought a negotiation, which was for some time carried on speciously, but in the sequel left her a prisoner with her father and mother, who were desired to repair to Fontainebleau, while her brothers were sent to Valençay.

In May 1808 the ex-queen arrived at Fontainebleau, where, finding only a single apartment allotted to herself and her family, she hired a house called Passy; but, at the moment of taking possession, was driven from it by troops. At this time she became subject to convulsive fits. The next year, she was ordered to retire to Parma, receiving at the moment of departure a letter from Bonaparte, wishing her a pleasant journey. On arriving at Lyons, however, she found her people sent on before her, and was directed to proceed to Nice. It was here (in 1811) that she formed a plan of escape to England; but just as her purpose was ripe for execution, her house was entered at midnight by *gens-d'armes*, her papers were seized, her principal servants sent prisoners to Paris, while for herself she was told that the clemency of the emperor had merely sentenced her to be shut up in a monastery with her daughter, and that her son was to be sent to his grandfather and grandmother. 'Only twenty-four hours elapsed (says the queen) between this order and its execution. I traveled night and day with my daughter and a lady, beside a female servant and a physician; and, to complete our party, we had a commissary, who shewed the most brutal insensibility when he saw the tears I shed for the loss of my son, then torn from my arms. Every sort of rudeness which could be thought of to insult me during our journey he made use of; and we were also exposed to the insults of the populace. At the end of ten days, we arrived at Rome: I was delivered into the custody of an officer of the Roman police; and in the evening we reached the monastery, where I was put into an apartment which looked into the inner court, and forbidden to appear at any of the outer windows. I had passed eleven months in the convent, when my parents arrived at Rome. I was in hopes of being set at liberty immediately after; but, on the contrary, I was subjected to greater restrictions than ever. Once a month only, sometimes at greater intervals, general Miollis brought my parents and my son to visit me, but I was not allowed to kiss the dear child more than once. These rare visits lasted only a quarter of an hour, or twenty minutes at most. In this sorrowful state I remained during two years and a half, so completely cut off from all intercourse with the world, that when a stranger came to visit the monastery, I was ordered to shut myself up in my chamber, and not allowed to quit it, until the prioress sent me word that the visitor had departed.

'At length my health was so much impaired, that I was obliged to keep my bed. The physician, as well as the prioress herself, sent urgent applications to Paris, backed by the certificates of medical men, in order to obtain, if not my enlargement, at least sufficient liberty to take exercise; but no answer was returned, and perhaps nothing would have pleased the then sovereign of France better, than to hear of my decease under such circumstances, the death of an individual of the house of Bourbon being to him a source of joy and triumph. But Providence, which watches with particular care over innocence, opened a way for my deliverance. By the treaty of Murat with the allies, Rome was occupied by the Neapolitan troops, and I began to breathe, in expectation of a change of government. Miollis, however, used all his efforts to induce my parents to shut themselves up with him in the castle; as for me, he threatened to send me to Civita Vecchia, and God knows what he meant to have done with me.'

The harassed princess profited by the success of the allies, being liberated and pensioned; and, when she stated her claims to the assembled princes and ministers at Vienna, she was gratified with the possession of Lucca, and a promise of the duchy of Parma, after the death of Napoleon's widow.

GAMING.

In all ages, and among all nations, whether civilised or barbarous, various amusements have prevailed, because both the mind and the body require relaxation, after the exertions incidental to life and to society. We do not refer to those diversions which demand strength and vigor, and which serve only to counteract one species of labor by another, but to such amusements as are more of a passive than an active description—for instance, games of chance, cards, dice, &c. There is nothing improper in these amusements, when they are not carried beyond their original purpose;—they are at least innocent, if not laudable. A rigid moralist says, 'Let our recreations be such only as, while they divert, may improve the mind, and engage us in the pursuits of useful knowlege, true wisdom, unspotted virtue, and real piety.' But we would ask, 'Can all our time be passed in such pursuits? Is it any affront to the purity of religion or the dignity of virtue to desist occasionally from such exalted contemplations? Can the mere unbending of the mind erase the good impressions which we received in our infancy, and make us immoral and impious?—Certainly they have not that tendency in themselves, and, when pursued with moderation, they usefully serve to increase that stock of harmless pleasure which is necessary to soften the evils of life. It would seem most proper to avoid playing for money; but to play for *love* (as it is called) is too dull a practice to excite attention or keep up a due regard to the progress of the game, and therefore a small stake may fairly be proposed, not sufficient to create uneasiness at the loss, or gratify an eager thirst of gain. Thus conducted, games of chance ought not to be condemned; but, when persons engage in them with avidity, play for large sums, and think only of the money which they may win, their passions are too much interested in the contest, and the pursuit becomes a vice. This vice is increased in a high degree when a set of gamblers conspire, by sinister arts, to fleece the unwary, and [illegible] in luxury on the spoils of others. [illegible] system which has long been very mischievously carried on in this kingdom and in various parts of the continent, and deserves all the acrimony of indignant censure. When it proceeds to this extent,

> 'The love of gaming is the worst of ills;
> With ceaseless storms the blacken'd soul it fills;
> Inveighs at Heav'n, neglects the ties of blood,
> Destroys the pow'r and will of doing good.'
>
> *Dr. Young's Universal Passion.*

We have lately met with a work entitled 'The Greeks of the Palais Royal, and the Clubs of St. James's,' written by a person who styles himself (by a strange combination of names and titles) 'Charles Persius, Esq.—Garde Nationale de Paris.' It is by no means a masterly performance; yet it merits some notice, though a critic says that the volume might easily have been made up 'by any *black-guard* acquainted with the gambling shops of Paris, and the common rumors about the London *Hells*, instead of so high an authority as a *Garde* Nationale.'

Mr. Persius thus speaks of the gaming system, as practised in the French metropolis.—'The gambling-house bankers have the choice of weapons from a *vast arsenal* created by avarice, folly, and idleness. The Roulette, which amasses for them immense treasures, ought to be first mentioned; it is, in fact, a prompt murderer; *irregular* as all other games of hazard—rapid as lightning in its movements—its strokes succeed each other with an activity that redoubles the ardor of the player's blood, and often deprives him of the advantage of reflection. In fact, a man, after half an hour's play, who, for the night, may not have taken any thing stronger than water, has all the appearance of drunkenness!

'A chance which is thus repeated by each period of about eighteen strokes, gives to the banker the advantage of taking up one half of the stakes, which pays all the expenses for the night. This game, above all, is ruinous to the working classes. It is there that the mechanic, attracted by a futile hope of benefit, comes to dissipate, in a few hours, the gain of many months' labor; and the young student, abandoning his useful avocations, apprentices himself to a vice which has the effect of stifling those talents that would otherwise have enabled him to pursue an honorable calling; and, instead of a commendable subject, he becomes a dissipated husband, a bad father, an iniquitous judge, in a word, the most profligate of men.

'Close to this obnoxious table, we find that of *Passe-dix*, remarkable for the multitude of the chances which variegate its carpet. Pharaon, celebrated in the annals of gambling by the ruin of thousands,—and another game, (the Biribi,) of which the name *Bizarre* forms the burthen of some of the French old songs, also extends its baneful influence to the poorer class of society: the man who possesses even half of a franc is permitted to have access to it. The *croupiers*, to whom the execution of the Biribi is confided, are employed at a very moderate salary. They appear always in a state approaching to poverty; this, with the dirty situation of the rooms—the dark and hideous aspect of the players and visitors—and the indigent appearance of the instrument which serves to dispose of the chances, show that ruin is the inevitable associate of gaming, at least of this species of it.

'In one of those houses where the game of *Kraps* (executed with three dice) is prolonged until morning, a new source of calamity is offered. There libertinism and the loss of fortune go hand in hand—the sounds of music, and dancing by women of pleasure, distract the unfortunate gamester, who, in the desire of diverting himself from his despair by a wanton embrace, momentarily forgets his afflictions, and, taking from his pocket his last half-crown, throws it on the *avaricious table*, to become the prey of those infamous bankers.

'The game of Thirty-one (Rouge et Noir) is perhaps susceptible of some calculation of probability. The chances which determine the advantage of the banker are repeated more rarely than those of any other games whatever. - - -

'The gamesters by profession are haunted by a secret foreboding of their future destruction. They know they can well address the bankers by the same salutation as was made by the renowned gladiator to the emperor Claudius, '*Morituri te salutant*.'* There is a particular resemblance of condition betwixt them and men destined to perish for the pleasures of their masters. There, by the side of a lucky player, who will not believe there is any misfortune near at hand, and who fatigues the rest by his gaiety, is seated the man who meditates a melancholy suicide. On each countenance may be read a studied anxiety, discovering hope or fear. The first forms agreeable projects for the time to come; the second only sees misery and humiliation, of which his proud heart can scarcely support the reflection. - - -

'Fifteen hours a day at least are devoted to this barbarous occupation.—During fifteen mortal hours, without ceasing, the voices of a thousand of those miserable *croupiers* proclaim the decree of hazard, and the success of diverse chances. Two thousand *unmerciful* arms are elevated against the fortunes of confident dupes, and against those of children, whose innocence cannot foresee the impending calamity, and of creditors, who sleep under a fatal security. - - -

'An unfortunate idea of possessing superior knowlege in the combinations of different games of chance is fatal to most players; they are generally ruined by the three principal causes following:—1st. The inequality of the chances between them and the bank: 2ndly. The immensity of the funds of the bankers, compared with those possessed by them: 3dly. The ardor of gamesters when losing, and their timidity when fortune favors them.

'We may divide the visitors of gambling-houses into two classes, *one* of which is each day *ruined* to *enrich* the *other*. The bankers of this administration have on their side *Security*, Fortune, and Gaiety. They profess a secret contempt for their victims; a sentiment imbibed by those scoundrels from the examples daily presented to them, of men lowering themselves below the level of the brute. Frequently, many of those ruined gamesters, after having been plundered of all their property by the establishment, are taken into its employ, at a stipulated salary. They are, in their turn, the instruments of the destruction of other players; resembling those ghosts, of which the admirable Dante speaks, who, having forfeited all the privileges of their primitive state, are now occupied in tormenting those whom the same faults have thrown into their revenging hands!'

In the most fashionable salons, where extravagant entertainments are provided gratis, and venal beauties haunt the scene, 'it is curious (says our author) to see how the windows are secured by bars of iron. A strong padlock is always attached to the door of the stove which warms the apartment, to prevent any

* Those who are on the verge of death or ruin salute thee.

attempt that the arm of vengeance might be roused to make, by drawing out the destructive element, and thus set fire to the whole fraternity at one blow! Besides these precautions, we observe below the gambling tables a screen, or strong enclosure, which renders the interior inaccessible to view, and against which the player is seated, without the liberty of extending his legs and feet. The most particular inspection is made of his person by the banker's spies, and even his dress is strictly observed. He is obliged, before entering the salon, to deposit his great coat and cane, which might, perchance, afford the introduction of some weapon; and the elegance of the covering will not save him from the humiliation of having it taken from him at the door. The attempts proceeding from despair, which have been made on the lives of those bankers, have established these precautions: indignities which are practised only in prisons, for the security of their unhappy inmates. It is certain, that gamesters reduced to desperation, and on the eve of committing suicide, have conveyed into those places infernal machines with an intention of destroying the cruel plunderers and themselves at the same moment.'

He adds, that these particulars are well known to the English gamesters at Paris, many of whom, robbed of all their property, deplore their folly in deep mortification. Not a few of these dupes, he says, have committed suicide; and he affirms, but with apparent exaggeration, that 'no fewer than one thousand of these unfortunates are at this moment confined in prison for debts connected with gaming.'

The *hells* of Westminster have been brought more immediately into public notice by a late atrocious murder than they otherwise would have been; and the description which we are enabled to give of the game called *rouge et noir* may serve as a warning to the young and inexperienced. It is played at an oval table, about four feet wide, and of considerable length, having a recess upon each side, one for the banker, and another for the dealer. This table is covered with cloth usually green or blue, except a portion towards each extremity, which is quartered with red and black. These portions of red and black are bordered with a list of yellow; they are intended for receiving the money staked by the players, and it is from these colors that the game receives its name. Beside those quartered portions of red and black, there are other portions for an additional game called the *couleur*. In the middle of the table there is a basket for receiving the cards that have been used. This is placed immediately before the dealer. Before the banker is displayed the cash, which is to be augmented by the losings of the players, or diminished by their winnings; and this ostentatious display of it is not the least allurement of the game. Small rakes, or, as they are termed, maces are scattered about the table, for the purpose of drawing the lost money toward the bank, or the gained money toward those by whom it is gained. Each player has usually before him a small slip of card divided down the middle by a line, having red marked at the top of the one division, and black at the top of the other. These are for the purpose of marking the turning-up of the chances, each player perforating by a pin the column marked with the color which wins.

The game is commenced by the dealer, who unseals six packs of common playing cards, counts each pack in presence of the company, shuffles each pack separately, puts the six packs together and shuffles them, hands them to any of the players to be again shuffled, has them cut, and then sets them on edge against a little slab before him. The persons about the table may then play upon any color, and for any sum of money, from one pound to two hundred, at the *Golden Hells* near the court, and from half-a-crown to twenty pounds at the *Silver Hells* in the purlieus of the Haymarket. They all play against the table, or the gambling establishment. The placing of the money upon the colors is called 'making the game,' and, when the dealer announces that the game is made, no farther sum can be staked. The stakes are then played for, or the *coup* is played. The dealer takes up, with a blank card, a portion from the nearest end of the pile of cards before him, and turns them up one by one as long as it is necessary, and this depends upon the number of spots. *Trente-un*, or thirty-one, is the game, and whichever color comes nearest to that is the winner,—the color means that of the cloth upon which the player has laid his money, and which of course he is not allowed to change after it has been once laid down. Red is usually counted first, and then black. Every

card counts for the spots that are on it, and every court card counts ten without regard to their colour or suit; cards are laid out for red till the number be either thirty-one or above, but not more than forty; then for black in the same manner; and whichever counts nearest to thirty-one, wins. Suppose, for instance, the cards turned up were the following: *red*, a five, a three, a king, a four, an eight, and a six—making in all thirty-six,—*black*, a six, an ace, a seven, a ten, and a queen—in all thirty-four; then black would be the winner, being nearer to thirty-one than red, by a difference of two. When the *coup* is decided in this manner, the banker rakes toward him with his mace all the money upon the losing color; in the above instance he would rake to him all that was on the red; and those who have their money on the winning color get it back again with as much out of the bank. Should the red and black be both above thirty-one, and both exactly the same number, that *coup*, which is called an *après*, goes for nothing; that is to say, nobody wins or loses: the cards which have been dealt go into the basket, and a fresh dealing from the remaining cards takes place. The cards, as they are played, are thrown into the basket, and not used again.

So far it appears that the table has no advantage—that it is a fair game of chance between it and each player—that, in short, there is nothing to support the splendid establishment, to pay for the extreme watchfulness, to seal, as it is alleged, the eyes of certain *Arguses*, who are proof to all metals but gold and silver—to counteract the dread of *outlawry*, and to comfort the souls of the bankers, when circumstances render it necessary that a division from the police should storm the premises and seize the bank. But there is one circumstance which we must now explain. Among the numbers that may chance to turn up thirty-one, itself is included. If it should turn up for only one color, that wins; but, when it turns up for both, the stakes are then moved within the bars—that is, within a space marked off by lists, and the winners at the next coup get back only their own money, while that of the losing color goes to the bank. In this state of the game, however, the parties are not obliged to play. Any adventurer may withdraw his stake upon paying half of it into the bank. Still, however, it is obvious, that whenever both colors turn up thirty-one, the bank must either get the half of all the stakes upon the table, or the whole of those upon one or the other color. Nor is this all. Both colors may turn up thirty-one twice in succession: the bank is entitled to half of the stakes, or to the whole stake upon one color, in consequence of the first turning-up of two thirty-ones; and, by the second, it is entitled either to the half of what was staked by all the winners, or to an equal chance of the whole of it by a third *coup*. On examining the probability of the turning-up of thirty-one for both colors, it will be found that the result is not very far from once in thirty times, or rather, about once in twenty-seven and a half; so that, combining the chances of turning up thirty-one once for both, and twice for both, the advantage of the table is about two and a half per cent. upon all the money: and hence, if a man continue till he has staked any given sum of money forty times over, the establishment must gain the whole of it.

Roulette is not so frequently played in our metropolis as *rouge et noir*. The apparatus for this game consists of a mahogany bowl, the centre of which is of copper, furnished with arms extending along the sides, and perforated with thirty-eight holes. The bottom and the arms are moved by a piece of machinery, called a *moulinet* or little mill, which is put in rapid motion by touching a cross over the centre of the bowl. A small ivory ball is thrown, which, after whirling and bounding, settles in one of the holes, and thus the game is decided. It is so conducted, that all the money which a player stakes upon an average may be won by the leaders of the establishment in eighteen times' playing; and this may be done in ten minutes, if the inconsiderate gamester should be determined to persevere.

There are many houses where other games of chance are played, in a manner which is equally ruinous to the casual adventurer, and not so seemingly fair and open; and, in these, there is a greater opportunity for the exercise of the base tricks of those professional gamblers, who, without having sufficient interest to become partners in the firm, act as aiders and abettors in the system of depredation. Against the continuance of these seats of rapine and iniquity, we enter our strong protest, and earnestly

hope that the magistrates will make a proper use of that power with which they are already armed for the suppression of these nests of dissipation and of vice.

CAMBRIDGE DECAMERON,

NINTH TALE.

DURING the late recess (said the ninth speaker) I was a visitant at the delightful village of Twickenham, and one day accompanied the worthy old lady whose guest I was, to a house lately taken by one of her London friends. On our entrance, she seemed to be seriously affected by the recollections which the sight of it awakened, exclaiming, 'Ah' this is the very house where Mr. D—— lived—the same hall, I declare. I wish they had taken any house but this—it excites mournful remembrances, though thirty years are gone by.'

During the whole day, it was evident to me that her feelings were variously agitated by the associations which each room in turn called up; and, although it was evident that in the lapse of thirty years many beloved friends might have departed, yet I felt assured, that a more than common interest must attach to persons, whose character or misfortunes had been of such a nature as to impress so deeply the mind of my friend. She was naturally a lively woman, had mixed much in life, and had arrived at that period of it, when the ties of general society sit loosely, and the affections of even the warmest hearts gradually wean themselves, as if nature kindly assisted them to prepare for a new scene. Under these circumstances my curiosity became aroused on the subject of her meditations, and, in consequence of my inquiries on our return, she related to me the little history I am about to give you, and which will be well remembered by many of the *older* inhabitants of that village.

In that house (said she) lived Mr. and Mrs. D——, who were very rich, worthy, and amiable. The only drawback to their happiness, for many years, was the want of a child; but this was at length supplied by the birth of a daughter, at a period when they had ceased to hope for such a blessing. It will be readily conceived that this child was a source of extreme solicitude, as well as pleasure; nor will it excite wonder, as they were altogether of the old school, that the poor little stranger was almost driven out of life, by their care to preserve her in it. In truth, she was so over-clothed, and over-nursed, that it was fully expected by all their neighbours that the poor child must inevitably fall a sacrifice to this system; and they were all grieved with this expectation, for the sake of the excellent parents, whose charity to the poor, and urbanity to all, were evidently increased since the birth of their daughter; for, as they were religious in heart, their gratitude to God for this inestimable boon proved itself by increased good-will to his creatures.

Notwithstanding these expectations, the little Amelia struggled through the evils which surrounded her, and, at five or six years of age, emerged from the garden which had hitherto been her sole place of exercise, and was seen with her parents in the meadows, where her exquisite delicacy and beauty attracted every eye. She was like some cherished exotic, which the wind and sun ought not 'to visit too roughly;' yet, contrary to the general usage of such pampered darlings, this little maid was a thing of such a sweet and gentle spirit, such modest and deprecating manners, that all who beheld her loved her [illegible] strangers, who saw her in the [illegible] of two elderly people, concluded that she was their grandchild, and had lost her youthful parents under some circumstances which added the tenderness of pity to the love and admiration that she unconsciously excited. To a being believed to be so fragile, and felt to be so important, the labor of education was rendered as light and delayed as long as possible; but, as it served for employment to a child shut out of the general amusements of her age, and led by her companions (who were both endowed with strong intellects) to exert her powers of thought, it was no wonder that her progress in every accomplishment was great. At seventeen she would have been admired for her talents in any circle; but, since she had no power of comparing herself with any other, the perfect simplicity of childhood remained to her, accompanied with an air of conscious dependence (which had been acquired from her supposed invalidity during infancy), and a little of that great exactness and extreme regularity, which one might expect in a child who had been educated by an old maid.

Yet Amelia was cheerful, healthy, and as active as any person could be whose affections, as well as habits, bound her

down to many rules, and whose health, though apparently uniform, was inevitably allied to the fragility inseparable from such nurture. Whatever kindness could invent, or money purchase, that could add to her happiness, was constantly provided within the limits of a society which inevitably became every year more contracted; for, however the fond pride of her parents might have been gratified by seeing her become the charm of a wider circle, their own increasing years and infirmities, and the perpetual fears they entertained for her health, alike forbade them to engage in it; and indeed Amelia was so happy with them, so used to their habits of life, and so deeply imbued with love and duty, that there appeared as little desire for change on her part as on theirs.

Well do I remember (said my friend) how the dear girl would go to church, with the hood of her blue satin cardinal put all over her bonnet, to guard against cold, when she was almost fainting with heat, and how beautifully she blushed on putting it down, under the idea that people were looking to see how much she had discomposed her head-dress in the operation. In reality they were looking (how could they refrain from it, even in church?) at the exquisite beauty of a face which seemed to be perfect in its contour and features, aided by a complexion of such transparent whiteness, that, even under the hideous dress of that day, it always conveyed an idea of angelic loveliness. It became a kind of fashion to go to church on purpose to look at her, as it was the only place where she was to be seen, and all felt as if they had a kind of property in a creature so good, so gifted, and so humble; and, although we never could think any man good enough for Miss D——, it is certain that many talked a great deal of Mr. L——, whose father had lately purchased a noble mansion in the road to Isleworth.

Mr. L——was likewise the only child of rich and excellent parents; and, although his father had been a merchant until lately, he was a man of very good family. The son was a student at Cambridge, and was said, by all who knew him, to be the handsomest, cleverest, and best young man of their acquaintance,—one whom indulgence and wealth rendered only conspicuous for his attention to the parents he loved and honored, and who appeared to be fully capable of that munificence which was meet for his station and prospects in society.

The large fortune that Miss D—— was sure to possess, joined to her well-known beauty, and her supposed accomplishments, caused her father to receive several offers from the high, and titled, in the regular way by which people of family often come together now, but which was much more common at that period. These offers were immediately declined; but the circumstance of their being made awakened new anxieties on the part of the parents, which increased the infirmities brought on them by time, and rendered them averse to all visiting; so that the daughter, in her nineteenth year, became more a prisoner than ever; and, as this state of confinement was likely to continue for years, many anticipated that the rich and lovely Amelia was fated to a single life, and, like the great poet of the place, 'to rock the cradle of declining age,' through the most blooming hours of her existence.

In such a family, it will be supposed that the medical attendant who had for so long a time preserved to them 'the last, best gift of Heaven,' and was the daily soother of their own maladies, was a person of great importance; and the gentleman who had long stood in high and unrivaled estimation in this village well merited the regard in which they held him. It so happened that some peculiar circumstance occurred in his large family during the following winter, which induced him to invite one of Mr. D.'s very old friends to dinner, and, to his own surprise, even one who was habitually an unvisiting man, accepted an invitation to meet him.

Since the doctor's wife must have company of a high description, she judged it wise to fill her table; and without regard to the stipulation with Mr. D., Mr. and Mrs. L. and their son were added to the party, and an interview took place between two individuals of such extraordinary merit and attractions, that, as neither had any previous engagement, it was scarcely possible to avoid feeling an interest in each other. The whole scene was indeed one of so novel a nature to Amelia, that one may readily conceive in how striking a point of view a man of intelligent and graceful manners must have appeared to her, and with what effect young and handsome features would address themselves to an eye accustomed, in those whom she most

loved, to witness the encroachments of age. Nor could Mr. L., though living with the young and elegant, be insensible to the strong claims of a lovely female, who added, to beauty the most delicate and dazzling, a modesty and simplicity the most endearing, and a total unconsciousness of her own charms, while she manifested no deficiency in that dignity which every gentlewoman in her mother's days considered as a requisite indication of due decorum and maidenly purity.

In repugnance to all that had hitherto appeared in his habits, Mr. D. from this time formed a neighbourly acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. L. and admitted, though he could not return, their visits, as after this exertion he soon became much worse: but his heart was at ease; he saw, and sanctioned, the love of his Amelia, and then, as if he had lived long enough, he retired from this life in peace, rejoicing that he left his widow and daughter to the care of a worthy and estimable young man.

This event took place a few months after the commencement of their acquaintance, about the time when Amelia had entered her twenty-first year. The shock to her was very severe; and, although it was softened by the most consoling of all circumstances, it considerably affected her spirits and her health. At that period no respectable person, similarly situated, would have thought of marrying before the termination of a mourning of six months; but, being aware of the strict notions of Mrs. D. and her daughter, the family of the lover were not surprised to find that a year's delay was stipulated; and, as their son, though two years older than his affianced bride, had purposed spending another year at the university, all things were arranged for that purpose.

Mrs. D. suffered so much from the death of her husband, that it was apprehended she would soon follow him; but the kind attentions of her new friends, and the pleasure she took in her affianced son-in-law, who, for an obvious reason, neglected the attractions of Cambridge, had a most beneficial effect on her mind; and by degrees she recovered serenity, and as much of health as could reasonably be expected. In the following autumn Mr. and Mrs. L. determined on a journey into Scotland, where they had friends and property, and where they particularly desired to introduce a son of whom they were justly proud to his maternal grandfather. Amelia urged them to set out, well aware that motives of kindness alone had postponed their journey; and, when her lover ventured to mention the period of his return as the time for their marriage (although short of the year), she did not object to it.

From the very time when they bade farewell, Mrs. D. complained of a pain in her chest, which soon increased so much as to alarm her daughter, who instantly sent for their medical friend. He was aware that her life had long hung on a thread so attenuated that the slightest breeze might dissolve it; and, in the full persuasion that Amelia must soon be called to a new trial, he privately despatched a letter after the travelers, who, he understood, would halt at York. This was a seasonable precaution, since it really so happened, that, without any increased symptoms of positive disease, the aged parent calmly resigned her breath, as she reclined on the sofa in the usual sitting-room, attended only by her daughter, who was nearly overwhelmed by the shock.

Happily the lover had received the intimation of this event, and hastened to retrace his steps. His arrival in the first hours of her affliction was so peculiarly welcome, his presence so dear, that her pure and ardent love was no longer tinctured by the formality and ceremony which her education had rendered habitual; and the happy lover felt he was indeed *beloved*, as well as preferred. She informed him that, by the will of her father, she was now under the guardianship of her uncle, who was authorised to reside with her during the period of her single life.

The uncle and his lady were at a distant watering-place at the time when the good mother died; but, as proper messengers were despatched, Amelia had no doubt of their early arrival, and shrinking from the impropriety of receiving her lover alone, conscious of the disappointment and anxiety in which his parents remained, she intreated him, after a day or two of rest, to return to them, and pursue his original plan. When he found that her uncle and aunt had arrived, and that the admission of a new family, and the preparations for the funeral, precluded him from the enjoyment of her society, he adopted this advice, and bade her adieu at last by a tender note, in which he promised to bring back

his parents as soon as possible, to assist him in consoling her for the loss they all deplored.

Although Amelia was glad that he was gone, for a purpose which she earnestly desired to see fulfilled, yet his absence greatly added to her grief; and the obligation of receiving new guests, at a time when she sought only for that quietness in which she could reason with her heart and commune with her God, was very painful to her. After the last duties were paid, finding that her relatives had established themselves in the house, she withdrew to her own apartment, and endeavoured to find consolation for her bereaved state in that religion to which she had been taught constantly to look as the source of happiness and the guide of conduct—and also in writing to her lover, whom she earnestly exhorted to comply with the wishes of his parents in visiting his Scotish friends, and making the most of his time in so distant a journey. She was naturally so generous and disinterested, that such advice was to be expected from her, for her lover's sake and that of his parents; but she was also led to it by the consideration, that her uncle either could not, or would not, acknowlege the pretensions of her lover as they had hitherto been sanctioned in the family, and that her modest though tender regard was commented upon in a manner the most painful to a woman of delicate mind and reserved manners.

The constant employment and the great pleasure of her life had hitherto been charity; and, much as her spirits were depressed, recollecting that she was now coming of age, that winter was setting in, and that many who were wont to receive assistance at that season from her lamented parents, had been forgotten amidst the late pressure on her spirits, she roused herself for their sakes. It was her custom to visit several aged persons, and enquire into their wants with that interest which adds value to every gift; and, as she had been necessarily from childhood conversant with the wants and ailments of declining life, perhaps never did a wiser or kinder visitant enter the poor man's cottage. She was to such indeed a 'ministering angel;' when 'the eye saw her, it blessed her,' and 'the ear gave witness' to her goodness.

Accompanied by her mother's ancient maid, in the dusk of the evening the lovely heiress had thus been out several times, carrying balm to many a bleeding heart, and receiving it herself in those praises of her beloved parents which every where were poured upon them. In doing this, she caught a severe cold, not being aware perhaps that the confinement she had previously adopted, and the agitation she had undergone, rendered her more liable to it. In this state she became of age, and was compelled to see lawyers and go through business incident to her taking possession of much property variously situated. As soon as she had completed these arrangements, she resolved to nurse herself well, and wished to settle in her dressing-room for that purpose. To this retirement her uncle and aunt violently objected. It was in vain, that the usages of her infancy were urged in her behalf, either by herself or her former nurse; and she was condemned as undutiful toward her only relatives, and accused of a want of delicacy in thus early asserting her independence by withstanding their wishes, which were 'that she should immediately set out for Bath, where alone, in their opinion, her health could be re-established.'

The voice of contention had hitherto been utterly unknown in that house, and the gentle Amelia was the last person on earth who could have awakened it. She submitted, though it was very painful to her; for her indisposition was considerably increased, and she had also reason to believe, that her lover and his family would be at home within a fortnight, though no precise time was fixed. The uncle, as if he read her thoughts, and was determined to thwart them, hastened their departure before that event could take place. In every stage of their progress, Amelia became much worse; and, on arriving at Newbury, her old and faithful attendant protested, that she ought not to proceed; but Mr. and Mrs. D—— (very naturally perhaps) concluded, that she was no judge of the case, and had already injured their niece by improper indulgence.

Be this as it may, Amelia reached Bath in a state of high fever, and was pronounced in great danger by the physician who was called in upon their arrival, and who imputed the critical state in which she was now placed entirely to her journey, and recommended especial attention to stillness and com-

posture. In this situation I will leave her for the present.

(To be continued.)

MY NOTE-BOOK.

NO. I.

I will make a brief of it in my note-book.
SHAKSPEARE.

1. ONE of the most remarkable characteristics of the Iliad, is the absolute reality and air of truth which it wears. This arises partly from the vividness of the poet's pencil, and partly from the minuteness of detail in which he indulges. Those who complain of his descriptions of feasts, of ceremonies, and of armour, as tedious, should consider how much the effect of his brilliant passages is heightened by them. They persuade us that the poet himself believes what he is relating, from the apparent accuracy of his statement, just as we give credit to a circumstantial tale. We become acquainted with his heroes in their retirements, and are, therefore, fully prepared to sympathize with them, as with old friends, when they rush amidst the thickest battalions of their foes, and gain mighty victories, or are sent to a triumphant grave. The domestic parts of the tale not only relieve the heroic scenes, but prepare us to enjoy them. We see the chief buckling on his armour in the morning, snatching a hasty repast, and taking a hurried leave of his comrades; we follow him with breathless anxiety through the adventures of the field; and we feel the deepest tragic interest when he falls in the pride and glory of manhood. This art of Homer, by which not only all his narratives are made credible, but all his scenes are presented to the mind in a light so clear, and in colors so fresh and imposing, that the impression of them can never wear out, is copied by no subsequent author with so much success as by Richardson, who almost deserves the title of the Homer of prose. The superiority of the ancient over the modern writer consists, however, not merely in the poetical faculty superadded to the rest, or in the greater dignity of the subject, but in the life, spirit, and freshness of his delineations. The English novelist spreads his little filmy nets around us like a dream; we feel ourselves spell-bound; we try to escape from the company with which he surrounds us, but in vain; while the minutest detail of Homer is ever fresh and living, and we seem to breathe in a pure atmosphere throughout the whole of our progress.

2. The present may justly be regarded as an age of benevolent daring; in which, no longer satisfied implicitly to follow the footsteps of their predecessors, individuals, combining and concentrating their energies, have discovered new paths, and most adventurously, but most wisely, have occupied hitherto untrodden fields of labor. Till the commencement of the nineteenth century, the proposal to form schools of instruction for the grown-up children of a former generation would assuredly have excited ridicule rather than respect; and nothing could have furnished a finer subject for declamatory banter than the imagined scene of a village school, consisting of hoary-headed disciples, and boys of fifty and three-score;—shriveled fingers grasping the horn-book—eyes begirt with spectacles, poring over A, B, C,—and old women sitting at the feet of experienced instructors of sixteen. This, however, is no longer a subject for ridicule, but for congratulation; and a system of education applicable to persons of adult age, which had hitherto been wholly overlooked or set down as impracticable, has been pursued upon an extensive scale, and with very considerable success. Difficulties which at a distance appeared formidable, have vanished upon a nearer approach, and both the juvenile and mature poor population of the empire are now placed in a situation to receive those educational advantages, which, there is reason to believe, will not only prove conducive to the welfare of the recipients themselves, but most beneficial in their influence upon the civil and moral interests of the whole community.

3 The Æolian Harp is generally ascribed to Father Kircher, because he is the first European author who has described it. But the learned Orientalist Richardson says, that an instrument of the kind has been long in use in the eastern countries. As Kircher, however, was an adept in Rabbinical learning, it is probable that he borrowed it from the Jewish doctors; for it is mentioned that, when David hung up his harp in the night, it vibrated to the north wind; and there can be little

doubt that the invention of the Æolian harp originated in some such accidental circumstance. It was introduced into this country about half a century ago; but it is rather too delicate for our climate, except in summer, as it will not bear the violence of storms and rain. It is, however, a very pleasing piece of furniture in a summer parlour. Various improvements have been attempted in its structure; and the poet Bloomfield, a few years since, published an interesting collection of extracts and observations on the subject.

4. 'Alcestis,' if not the most beautiful of all the productions of its author, unquestionably contains the most exquisite scene. The descriptions given of the preparations made by the heroic wife for her approaching end—the sweet apostrophe to the nuptial chamber—her own gentle departure and leave-taking of life, preceded by maternal anxieties and thoughts of love—form an instance of the pathetic of which all the works of ancient times can furnish no similar example. In this piece one might almost fancy that the first hints were contained of that divine picture of dying excellence which it was reserved for Richardson to exhibit in full grandeur to the world. It is astonishing that Euripides was not converted from his heresies respecting the female sex by the perusal of his own Alcestis. J. W.

EXTRACTS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A FEMALE CORRESPONDENT.

A curious Antique.—The original book upon which all our kings, from Henry I. to Edward VI., took the coronation oath, is now in the library of a gentleman in Norfolk. It is a manuscript of the four Evangelists, written on vellum, and the letters, in their form and beauty, nearly approach to Roman capitals. It is supposed to have been written and fitted up for the coronation of Henry I.; but we doubt whether it is so ancient. The original binding, which is still perfect, consists of two oaken boards, nearly an inch thick, fastened together with stout leathern thongs, the corners being defended by large bosses of brass. As the book is opened, on the right-hand side of the cover there appears a crucifix of gilt brass, which the kings kissed on their inauguration; and the whole is fastened by a strong clasp of brass, fixed to a broad piece of leather.

Former Luxuries of the Sock and Buskin.—The progress of time, says an eminent writer, alters all things wonderfully, not less on the stage, than on the great theatre of human life.

When Foote held the Haymarket Theatre, he had no wardrobe belonging to the house: his plan was, to hire dresses, at three guineas for the night, for his whole company: and with this special agreement, that he was not to play tragedy, 'but after three days' notice.'

When Quin was in his greatest fame as an actor, he lived at Kensington, whence he used to walk to the Theatre; and, if there were people enough in the house to make it worth his while, he then began to dress himself. This was merely the putting-on of a coat and a waistcoat, and a dry wig; for the character of Horatio was performed in the same black worsted stockings, in which he had walked to the house.

The very head-dresses which a modern actress of any celebrity is obliged to purchase, would formerly have paid the salary of a first-rate actor; and now the very lowest company of strolling performers are much better dressed than were Betterton, Cibber, Quin, or Garrick.

Frenchmen constant attendants at Balls.—From eighteen to twenty, young men go to balls, to dance, to amuse themselves, and they are then truly happy; for they enjoy the exercise, and that period, we may justly say, is the age for dancing. At twenty-five, they continue to go to balls, but dancing begins to fatigue them; they repair to the card-room, play high, lose their money, grow impatient, and have, in consequence, very often a fit of illness. At thirty, they generally marry; they still go to the ball, for they must introduce their wives there: that is a duty they are obliged to perform, but they very rarely find any amusement there. At forty, they are excited by ambition to go to the ball; they often meet there with men high in the administration; they chat with them, find opportunities of asking favors, and build on great men's promises, which are generally forgotten as soon as made.

At fifty, and even at sixty years of age, they still continue to go to the ball. They must try to get off their daughters; they must seek a patron for their grandsons, and make it appear also to every one, that they are still in the vigor of life, and that it would be a shame for them to think yet of burying themselves in retirement. Frenchmen therefore are seen during all their lives *in the Ball-room!*

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Heavy each heart and clouded every eye,
And meeting friends turn half away to sigh;
For she is gone, before whose soft control
Sadness and sorrow fled the troubled soul;
For she is gone whose cheering smiles had power
To speed on pleasure's wing the social hour:
Long shall her thought with friendly greeting blend,
For she is gone, who was of all the friend.

Such were her charms as Raphael loved to trace,
Repeat, improve, in each Madonna's face;
The broad fair forehead, the full modest eye,
Cool cheeks, but of the damask rose's dye,
And coral lips that breathed of purity:
Such, but more lovely; for, serenely bright,
Her sunny spirit shone with living light.
Far, far beyond the narrow bounds of art,
Her's was the very beauty of the heart;
Beauty that must be lov'd. The weeping child
Home-sick and sad hath gaz'd on her and smil'd;
Hath heard her voice, and in its gentle sound
Another home, another mother found;
And, as she seem'd, she was. From day to day
Wisdom and virtue mark'd her peaceful way.
Large was her circle, but the cheerful breast
Spread wide around her happiness and rest;
She had sweet looks and pleasant words for all,
And precious kindness at the mourner's call;
Charity quick to give and slow to blame;
And, ling'ring still in that unfaded frame,
The fairest, the most fleeting charms of youth,
Bloom of the mind, simplicity and truth;
And, pure religion! thine eternal light
Beam'd round that brow in mortal beauty bright,
Spake in that voice soft as the mother-dove,
Found in that gentle breast thy home of love.

So knit she friendship's lovely knot. How well
She fill'd each tend'rer name, no verse can tell.
That last best praise lives in her husband's sigh,
And floating dims her children's glistening eye,
Embalming with fond tears her memory. M.

STANZAS ON MUSIC, BY A. A. WATTS.

Mysterious keeper of the key
That opes the gates of memory,
Oft in thy wildest, simplest strain,
We live o'er years of bliss again!

The sun-bright hopes of early youth;
Love—in its first deep hour of truth,—
And dreams of life's delightful morn,
Are on thy seraph-pinions borne!

To the enthusiast's heart thy tone
Breathes of the lost and lovely one;
And calls back moments—brief as dear—
When last 'twas wafted on his ear.

The exile listens to the song
Once heard his native bowers among;
And, straightway, on his visions rise
Hope's sunny slopes, and cloudless skies.

The warrior from the strife retired,
By music's stirring strains inspired,
Turns him to deeds of glory done,
To dangers 'scaped, and battles won.

Enchantress sweet of smiles and tears,
Spell of the dreams of banish'd years,
Mysterious keeper of the key
That opes the gates of memory!

'Tis thine to bid sad hearts be gay,
Yet chase the smiles of mirth away;
Joy's sparkling eye in tears to steep,
Yet bid the mourner cease to weep!

To gloom or sadness thou canst suit
The chords of thy delicious lute;
For every heart thou hast a tone,
Can make its pulses all thine own!

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING, OR THE ANNUAL REMEMBRANCER; A CHRISTMAS PRESENT, OR NEW YEAR'S GIFT, FOR 1824.

It was formerly a more general custom than it now is, to send tokens of respect to intimate friends, at the commencement of a new year. Even sovereigns were accustomed to receive presents at that time from their nobles and courtiers; but the donors in that case were more actuated by servility than by true regard. Gifts from equals are more to be valued, because they usually spring from respect or affection; and, to a young person, an embellished book ought to be an acceptable present, as, while it pleases the eye, it tends to inform the mind.

This publication is the first of an intended series, calculated to surpass in merit and attractions, the ordinary pocket-books which were long so popular. Its contents are various and interesting, namely, new descriptions of remarkable towns upon the continent, an original tale by Mrs. Opie, some poetical pieces by the same lady and other ingenious writers, an account of a late ascent to the summit of the Peak of Teneriffe, a canzonet in score and two quadrilles, &c. The engravings are neat and elegant, more particularly the views of Madrid, Florence, and Dresden.

Some of our fair readers, we doubt not, have already received, from their admiring friends, copies of this charming little volume; others, after this favorable notice of it, will perhaps soon be gratified in the same way; and, if some, whose lovers are not very liberal, should be induced to purchase it from their own stores, their money will not, in this instance, be unprofitably expended. In the mean time, we submit to their perusal two specimens of the literary part.

'The situation of Lausanne is so beautiful, that the tourist will feel loth to quit it; no one indeed can quit it without increasing regret, as he descends the lovely height on which it stands, towards the shores of the lake. These heights are full of varied beauties. The diversified ranges of mountains, one behind another, on the side of Savoy, present a changing scene at every point; while the rocks in the foreground, varying even more incessantly if possible, recede, step by step, with their towering cliffs, from the delighted eye. Mont Blanc, which is seen from various points in Lausanne, proudly cresting and over-towering its far lowlier neighbours, continued to rise upon us in splendid beauty. Here the astonished eye reposes on the magnificent wonders of nature; then turns to the laughing environs of the shores, the vineyards, forests, peopled hills, and all the smiling beauties of the lake. Bathed by its waters, Morges, Rolle, and Nion, enrich the cheering scene. The traveler, who would contemplate all its picturesque attractions in their fullest and most extensive exuberance, must ascend to the Signal, an elevated point behind the town, which is above 1200 feet above the lake.'

'A SONG, BY MRS. OPIE.

'Go—thou can'st wound my peace no more—
For thou hast lost thy power to charm me—
My long, weak dream of love is o'er;
I wake—and thou no more can'st harm me.

'Yet I was bless'd when I believ'd
Whate'er thy treachery look'd or utter'd;
While this fond heart, too long deceiv'd,
At sight of thee with pleasure flutter'd.

'But now that heart, whene'er we meet,
Is still, and cold—and, proudly spurning
That weakness born of thy deceit,
Is o'er past errors deeply mourning.

'It mourns o'er time to follies given,
And love's vain hopes, or vain repining,
Which might have fram'd my soul for Heaven,
And made my path with virtues shining.

'But hence regret! my bark has found
A haven where no storms affright me;
Where halcyons seem to brood around,
And gentle gales of peace delight me.

'Yet, back upon the world's wide sea,
Where once I ventur'd, dangers daring,
I pitying look, and mourn for thee,
Who still art all those dangers sharing.

'Haste! seek the land! no more be toss'd
On the world's waves, and tempest-driven:
But, 'midst their roar, my voice is lost;
Then shield him! save HIM! pitying Heaven!'

A MEMOIR OF MR. SINCLAIR.

IT may naturally be supposed, that the practice of singing long preceded the invention of instrumental music. The voice is a flexible organ, and its tones are necessarily varied by emotions, whether gentle or violent, which are excited in the course of conversation. This intonation is a sort of natural music; and we may easily conclude, that it gradually



proceeded to melodious accents, measured sounds, and harmonious combinations, so as to become a regular domestic amusement. When instruments were at length introduced, vocalism was rendered still more agreeable and attractive, and assumed a more scientific form; but ages probably elapsed before music was cultivated as a source of emolument. It is now, however, an established profession in every civilised country, and those who have studied and practised it with skill and success are entitled to our notice and respect.

Mr John Sinclair was born in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh in the year 1790. Even in a state of childhood, he evinced a strong propensity to music, and this inclination was encouraged by his parents, who procured him constant instruction in that delightful occupation. Not content with the vocal skill which he had thus acquired, he paid a visit to London, in 1811, for the purpose of hearing the most eminent professors of the art. He was introduced to Mr Thomas Welsh, who took him as a pupil for three years, and presented him to Mr Harris, the manager of Covent-Garden Theatre, who immediately engaged him for five years, a term which was afterwards lengthened to seven. Mr Welsh acquiesced in this engagement, on condition that he should participate in the salary and benefits of his pupil during the years of tuition. When the young singer made his début on the stage, as Don Carlos in the Duenna, he met with a very flattering reception, and his subsequent exertions in other characters increased his reputation. During his theatrical engagement, he entered into the matrimonial state, being married at Edinburgh (in 1816) to Miss Norton, daughter of a gallant officer who had lost his life in Egypt. He had for some time been secretly attached to this lady, whose mother endeavoured to prevent the intended union, and, when the two lovers despaired of obtaining that consent which they wished to procure, they were married without it, trusting to time for a reconciliation, which was ultimately effected by the intercession of mutual friends.

When Mr Sinclair's engagement terminated, in July 1818, he refused every overture for its renewal; and his fortune being sufficient for his support without the aid of theatrical emolument, he resolved to gratify his favorite desire of going to Italy, that he might study under the first masters, and hear the best music of that country. He left England in the following spring, and passed some months at Paris, receiving instructions from Pellegrini, the celebrated singer at the Italian opera-house in that city. In the autumn he went to Italy, and studied under Banderali, one of the masters of the Conservatorio at Milan. Being at that time undetermined whether he should or should not sing on the continent, he refused an engagement which was offered to him, and resolved, before he would venture to appear on an Italian stage, to hear every singer of note in Italy. He therefore visited every town where any celebrated opera was performed, or a distinguished singer engaged. At Naples he sang to Rossini, and by his request to the manager of the theatre of San-Carlo, who instantly offered him a long engagement. This not meeting his views, he declined it; but, after some deliberation, he consented to accept terms for a year, which were on the point of being settled, when a sudden stop was put to the negotiation by the effect of the Neapolitan revolution. A stop being put by the constitutional party to the continuance of the gaming-tables (the great source of the manager's profit), he found himself so involved in difficulties, that he refused to fulfil all unsigned engagements, and relinquished for a time the direction of the theatre.

During Mr Sinclair's residence at Naples he had the great benefit of Rossini's advice and assistance, which he likewise enjoyed at Venice, where most of the music he sang was written for him by that able master. Still intent upon farther acquisitions, he visited Florence in the summer of 1821, and received instructions from Crescentini, whose style of singing is so justly admired. During the ensuing carnival, he made his first appearance at Pisa, in Rossini's opera of Torvaldo and Dorliska. He had previously been honored with an invitation from the grand duke of Tuscany, who then kept his court at Pisa. This prince, expressing his satisfaction in strong terms, rewarded him most liberally, and his reception at the theatre surpassed his expectations. In March 1822 he repaired to Bologna, where he was chosen member of the Philharmonic Academy, a compliment which is considered as a mark of the highest respect, and is there-

fore rarely bestowed. During the remainder of that year, and a part of the present, he displayed his matured talents in various cities of Italy, chiefly confining himself to the *opera seria*, to excel in which is deemed by the Italians the highest attainment of a singer. At Venice he was gratified with the applause of the greatest of the continental princes, being one of the most prominent vocalists at a concert which was performed before the emperors of Austria and Russia; and, at Genoa, he gave equal satisfaction to the musical ear of his Sardinian majesty. This was the termination of his Italian engagements. He rejected some very advantageous offers from Spain and Germany, and preferred an engagement in his native country. His return to Covent-Garden theatre was hailed with acclamations: his melodious voice, his improved taste, and his scientific skill, enraptured every admirer of sweet sounds; and he is now regarded as the second male singer in England; for, without offence to him, we must still allow to Braham the first rank.

Fine Arts.

OUR attachment to the fine arts will not suffer us to neglect any opportunity of noticing their progress. They are still in a fair train, and, if they do not always reward the attention and labor of their cultivators, they gratify the taste and excite pleasing sensations.

With that politeness which is due to strangers, let us first see what a neighbouring nation is doing in this way, at least in its capital. The pieces painted for academical rewards have been lately exhibited at the Ancient Museum. The subject is taken from the Electra of Sophocles. Ægisthus, on the report of the death of Orestes, who had himself propagated the rumor, hastens to enjoy the pleasure of contemplating a fallen foe. He eagerly lifts the veil which covers the supposed remains of the young prince; but he starts with horror when he beholds the corpse of his paramour Clytemnestra, whom her own son had murdered. Debay obtained the first prize, and Bouchot the second; yet their pictures are not considered by the best judges as particularly excellent either in composition or in coloring; and it is supposed that La-Rivière would have triumphed over them, if he had not been prevented by a domestic misfortune from completing a piece which he had ably commenced.

An attempt has been made by a Parisian artist to preserve large pictures by a new process. The plan is, to unite the different parts by a composition of porcelain, so colored as to conceal all marks of joining. It is pretended that, in addition to the greater facility of execution and consequent cheapness, the pieces thus produced will be as durable as mosaic work; but it seems to be an unpromising speculation.

At the gallery of the British Institution, many students have been for some time employed in copying the works of distinguished artists. Among the most successful specimens of talent, thus exhibited, we may reckon Mr. Turner's copy of Cuyp's Landscape with Sheep, Miss Beaumont's copy of Sir Joshua's Snake in the Grass, Mr. Green's delineation of the Sleeping Girl, Mr. Salter's Cardinal Beaufort, and Miss H. Goldsmith's imitation of Claude.

Mr. Pinney's exhibition, we observe, contains many additional pictures of considerable merit. A female head, by Rembrandt, is particularly striking: it seems almost to start from the canvas; its expression is admirable; and the countenance, though not beautiful, is very interesting. There is a fine portrait, by Sir Joshua, of a British beauty, said to be Mrs. Matthews: it is in his best style, and has great characteristic force. A landscape by Gainsborough is very pleasing, and a happy imitation of rural locality; and, even in a slight piece of the same kind, he has evinced a skill far superior to that of an ordinary artist.

Music.

As, in the metropolis, the musical harvest of this period is by no means fertile, we must direct our attention to the late provincial concerts. That which took place at Liverpool was considerably less productive than those of York and Birmingham: yet it was highly gratifying and delightful. The Mount of Olives, enriched by the voice of Braham, combined its attractions with the Messiah and the Creation; and the miscellaneous pieces were well-selected, and scarcely less pleasing.

Two grand concerts, about the middle of October, amused the votaries of the harmonic science at Norwich. Miss Paton, preferring a recent to an old engagement, lingered at Edinburgh, and did not appear as she had promised at the former city; but her absence was compensated by the taste and skill of Miss Carew and of Sapio, and the performances gave such satisfaction, that a regular musical festival has been proposed at the same place for the next year. At these concerts, as well as at all the rest, the instrumental performers vied with each other in their respective departments, and gave full scope to the talents of the vocalists; and not a few *amateurs* were present, who could creditably sustain a part even by the side of the metropolitan musicians.

The chief singers employed on these and on other occasions are thus characterized in a respectable miscellany.—'The force and majesty of Catalani, and her power of transition, are unequaled. They are of nature rather than acquirement, and, as it were, emanations from the omnipotence that has given such power. Mrs. Salmon's delicacy, brilliancy, and purity of execution, have the brightness and the speed of light; while Miss Stephens' full rich voice, sent forth in the most chaste and unaffected manner, carries to the utmost the impression that tone in its finest flow can make. In the first, we have the fullest force of dramatic passion, in the second, the *volant* beauty of airy sound playing about our sense of hearing, as the coruscations of summer lightning glance upon the sight. Braham and Sapio are distinguished for animation and dramatic expression; Vaughan for exquisite grace and polish. To these may be added the levity of Italian *buffo* performance, refined articulation of notes, and words combined with touching melody, exemplified by the fascinating archness of Madame de Begnis, while the stronger but similar traits are thrown in by Signors de Begnis and Placci.'

Drama.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

The admirers of the drama cannot reasonably complain of a want of zeal on the part of the proprietors and manager of this house. Various novelties have been brought forward, and judicious revivals have diversified the scene.

A new piece, styled the *Cataract of the Ganges, or the Rajah's Daughter*, the fruit of long and expensive preparation, was exhibited to admiring eyes, on the 27th of October, in all the parade of gorgeous splendor. The dramatic part was produced under the direction of Mr. Wallack, the *spectacle* under the superintendence of Mr. W. Barrymore. The story is borrowed from an ancient custom of the Hindoos, and its outline may thus be given.—Jam Saheb, the rajah of Guzerat, is at war with Ackbar, the emperor of Hindostan, and intrusts the grand brahmin Mokarra, an ambitious traitor, with the power of making peace on any conditions during his master's absence with his armies. Ackbar proposes that Zamine, a supposed son of Jam Saheb, shall marry his daughter Dessa, and that the two kingdoms shall become united. The brahmin signs on the part of Jam Saheb, and is about to compel the prince to the union, when the rajah arrives, forbids the marriage, and declares that Zamine is not his son, but his daughter, whom he had preserved as a boy, to escape the fury of his country's laws, which enforced female infanticide. This announcement throws the rajah into the power of the brahmin, who consents to grant him his life on the condition that he should resign his daughter to him, and then declares that his dominions shall, at his death, fall

under the sway of the emperor. His child's life and his own being in danger, the rajah yields on the brahmin's swearing not to shed the blood of Zamine. With the assistance of colonel Mordaunt, Jam Saheb levies fresh troops, and, prompted by his advice, abrogates the law of female infanticide. In the mean time Jack Robinson, an English sailor, and would-be Robinson Crusoe, gains admittance to the temple of the brahmins, even to their very sanctuary, where Zamine is confined, but through his own folly loses the opportunity presented, and is compelled to fly without being able to rescue the object of his solicitude. He reaches the camp at the moment when the colonel is addressing the troops, and they have declared themselves anxious for action; he informs them that the brahmin is on the point of sacrificing Zamine, who had repulsed his offers of love. The troops immediately march, an engagement ensues, the brahmin is slain, and the curtain falls on the victorious rajah.

In all that belongs to spectacle, the Cataract of the Ganges excels: the scenery is of the most beautiful description; the processions are numerous, magnificent, and tastefully grouped, the dresses and decorations splendid; while sixteen richly-caparisoned horses, at one time bearing warriors in the battle-field, and at others assisting in pageants, increase the attractions of the piece. The desired success was complete; for the house was not only crowded on the first evening, but has been thronged at every repetition.

On the same evening, the Winter's Tale of Shakspeare was revived, after it had lain dormant for eighteen years. It was well cast, and effectively played. Some critics have said, that Mr. Macready ought not to attempt any of the principal characters of our great dramatist; but those who have hazarded the assertion would perhaps retract it, if they had seen his Leontes. We have seldom seen the passions of rage and jealousy combined more powerfully depicted; and, in the scene where Hermione is placed before him as a statue, his astonishment and joy on finding the supposed statue warm were finely depicted. Munden, in Autolycus, was inimitable, and kept the house in constant good-humor. No actor on the stage enters more heartily into the spirit of Shakspeare's comedy than Munden; and when he wore the courtier's dress, his grotesque figure and awkward strut occasioned a roar of laughter. Mrs. West's Perdita was very correct, and she gave the figurative language of the play with much effect. Mrs. Glover's Paulina was too boisterous, but it was respectable. Mrs. Bunn, formerly Miss Somerville, re-appearing on the metropolitan stage after some years of absence, performed the part of Hermione with great applause. She looked the character to admiration; she had all the graces suited to it, and her trial scene exhibited a specimen of the pathetic which we did not give her the credit of possessing. Her tottering step, her tearful eyes, her utterance interrupted only by her sobs, her appeal to her jealous husband, her resignation to her untoward fate, and the heartfelt thankfulness with which, upon her 'bended knees,' she received the decision of the oracle, and heard her own innocence proclaimed, were given in an admirable style and manner. But the triumph of her art was reserved for the concluding scene. Here her personation of her own monument was picturesque and beautiful; her attitude, the arrangement of her drapery, and her whole appearance, were indeed such as might have deceived the most accurate observer; and till, by the awakening charm of music, she turned her head toward Leontes, and descended from the pedestal, she seemed to be merely an inanimate and sculptured form.

This actress has also personated Lady Macbeth in a forcible manner, though not with all the power which such a part demands. No one, indeed, has fully embodied the character since the retirement of Mrs. Siddons from the stage. Macready's Macbeth is an unequal performance, at one time very spirited, at another feeble and inanimate; but his acting near the close is the best that we have lately seen, particularly in the banquet scene, where he recoils with horror at the supposed sight of the ghost, adjures him with breathless agony to depart, and then sinks into the vacant chair, apparently exhausted by the struggle.

The revival of Miss Lee's comedy, the Chapter of Accidents, ought not to pass without notice, though we do not think that it will be frequently repeated. Dowton represented Harcourt with pleasantry and humor; Liston, in Jacob Gawky, excited general mirth and laughter; Mr. Brown played Vane with ease and vi-

vacity; and Mrs. Orger had all the forward pertness of a lady's maid.

The composition of an excellent tragedy is an arduous task; yet it is boldly attempted by men of talent, even at a time when comedies are far more agreeable to the public taste. The story of a popular leader, related by Plutarch, seemed to Mr. Knowles, author of the tragedy of Virginius, to afford many opportunities of exciting the passions and creating interest; and his reputation quickly procured the enactment of a new piece, styled *Caius Gracchus*. This tragedy opens with the trial of Vettius before the consular tribunal: the prosecution is concluded, and the accused pleads guilty to the charge. At this conjuncture, Caius rushes into the forum, and enters upon his friend's defence. His appeal is so powerful, that the people give a verdict of acquittal. The popularity which he thus acquires excites the jealousy of the senate, and he is sent into Sardinia, as treasurer or steward to the army. Here he conducts himself so much to the satisfaction of the provincials, who were to supply and clothe the soldiers, that the senators determine if possible to disgrace him, and certain charges are brought against him which they think will ruin him in the affections of the citizens. Hearing of these unfounded accusations, he suddenly appears in Rome, and repels them so effectually, that he is chosen one of the tribunes of the people. Opimius, who is now consul, and who has ever been his bitterest enemy, seeing the impossibility of checking his career by fair means, has recourse to an artful stratagem. He prevails on Drusus, who is serving with him, to counteract his influence by proposing laws still more favorable to the citizens than those recommended by his colleague, and to tell the people that they all originated with the senators, who wish to be considered as their truest friends. The scheme easily succeeds: a quarrel ensues between the tribunes, and Caius loses many friends. Thus irritated, he determines to go boldly to the forum, there to state his case, and insist upon the enactment of the laws he had proposed. His friends follow him; and when the consul, who is preparing for the customary sacrifice, taunts and insults him, a lictor who orders the rabble to disperse is killed. A tumultuary conflict ensues; the adherents of Caius are defeated; he retires into the temple of Diana, and, to avoid an ignominious death, puts an end to his own life, in the presence of his mother and his wife.

The hero of the play was Macready, whose advice and suggestions appear to have had a considerable effect on the composition; for the author says, that 'there is hardly a scene which is not indebted for improvement to the talents and taste' of that able performer. As he was thus concerned in the production, his efforts to promote its success were earnest and spirited, and nearly as successful as he or his friend could wish. The part is well suited to his style of acting. Some of his peculiarities, which in other places appear as faults, are here strictly in unison with the character, and are historically true. His sudden appearance in the *rostrum* was very picturesque. His first address to the senate was modest and unostentatious: his appeals to the consul, on his return from the army, were animated and impressive: his replies to Drusus, in the fourth act, were given in a tone of the most cutting irony and sarcasm; and his death was skilfully and admirably managed. He did not distort his countenance for a moment; he gave himself the fatal blow with undaunted resolution, and, 'in his garment muffling up his face,' fell prostrate. We need hardly say that his efforts were rewarded, as they deserved to be, with the greatest applause. The part of Cornelia, the celebrated mother of the Gracchi, was allotted to Mrs. Bunn; but it is not drawn with any great power. She imparted to it, however, all the interest of which it was capable. Mrs. West, in Licinia, was rather too violent. Terry, in the plebeian leader, was quite at home; the other performers were in general respectable; and the piece, being received with great applause, has been frequently repeated.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

Not less desirous than Mr. Elliston of gratifying the public wish for novelty, Mr. Charles Kemble has in this month submitted two pieces to the ordeal of general judgement; and though one failed, the other has been successful. The unfortunate piece was the *Ferry of the Guiers*, borrowed from the French. The story turns upon the fortunes of a nobleman flying from the storms and persecutions of the French revolution,

with his wife and daughter. They find a temporary shelter in the hut of a horse-ferryman, and, after some perplexities and perils, escape across the little river Guiers into Savoy. The great fault of the piece was, that the mass of dialogue overbore the slight materials of the plot. Rayner, as the ferryman, evinced a great deal of feeling and pathos, when he described the death of his only son. Farley, as a captain of the national guard, mingled ignorance with affectation. Miss Foote had a great deal to say, and much of it she said prettily and well. A bad performer would become tolerable with so much graceful beauty; but this young lady is unquestionably a good actress The piece, however, though the performers did their duty, was received with strong marks of disapprobation.

The other novelty bears the title of *Cortez, or the Conquest of Mexico.* As the title speaks for itself, and the subject is well known, we need not enter into a detail of the story. The piece was well acted. Cooper, as the Spanish conqueror, declaimed in a very manly tone. Cooke and Duruset performed the parts of two brothers contending for the same mistress. The melo-dramatic powers of the former are undisputed; but we were surprised at the spirit of Duruset, who, as an actor, exhibited more than his usual merit. Miss Paton was uncommonly successful. Her acting was good, and her singing delightful: the last bravura, a most difficult piece, was encored with enthusiasm. Miss Love's first song was loudly applauded; and it is said that she made herself mistress of the words and music of her part (intended for Miss M. Tree) in little more than twenty-four hours.

The music was ostensibly furnished by Mr. Bishop; but he seems to have borrowed freely from Rossini. The scenes are fine, and the whole equestrian business of the play is the best that we have seen. One incident connected with this part of the performance is particularly striking. After a variety of evolutions, during which a supposed Mexican horseman can with difficulty keep his seat, the steed darts up a precipice, and the rider, in attempting to cross a bridge thrown over a cataract, falls headlong into the roaring stream.

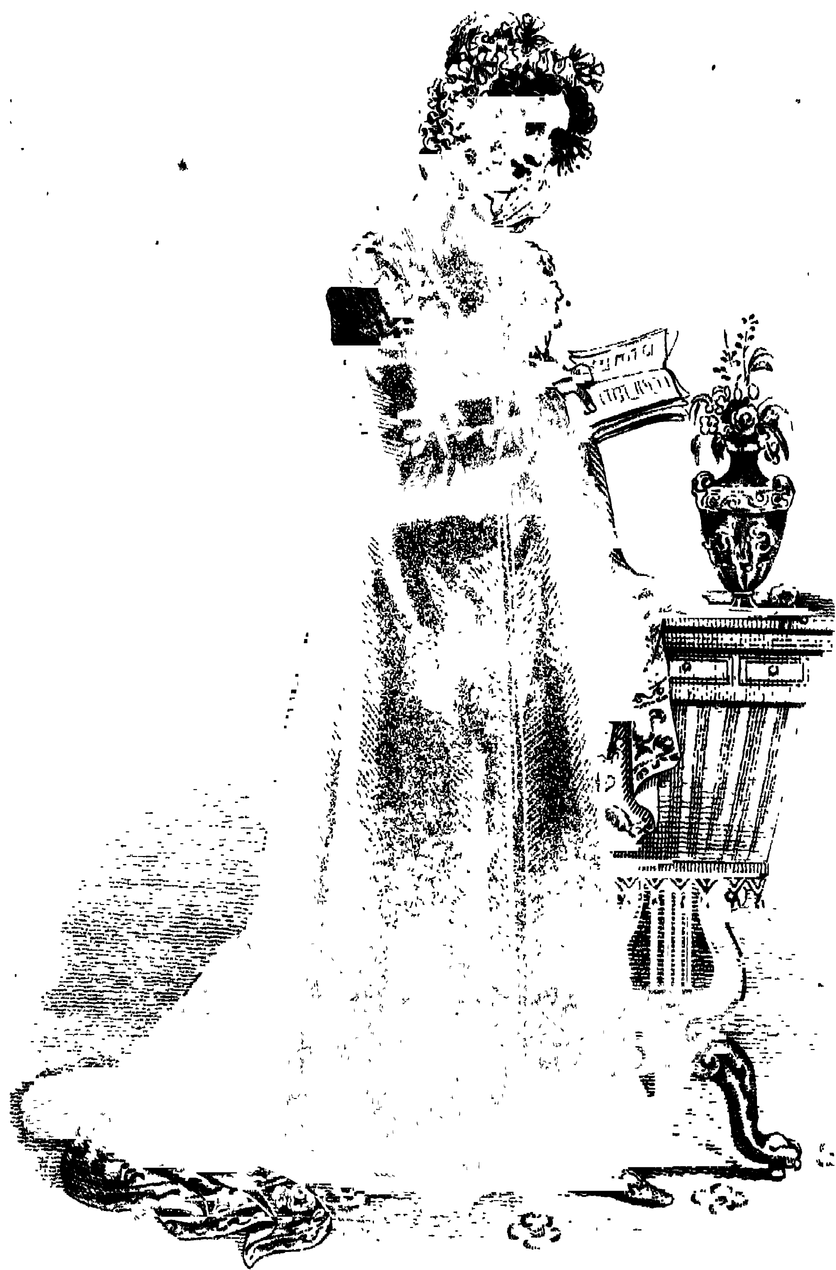
The opera of the Cabinet was revived, on the 19th of this month, for the display of the musical skill of a gentleman, of whom we have given a striking likeness and an authentic memoir. Beside the songs belonging to the part of Prince Orlando, Mr. Sinclair gave a pleasing air of his own composition, and also introduced one from the ample stores of his friend Rossini. The song of the Beautiful Maid was finely given; his articulation was distinct, his intonation clear and sweet, and his expression tasteful; and he developed powers of the highest order. In the progress of the opera, the result of his Italian studies became more apparent, in firmness of execution, and skilful compass. His *falsetto* was always sweet in itself; but, as he has acquired a higher degree of excellence in the transition to and from his natural tones, the effect is now more brilliant and imposing. The Bird Duet with Miss Paton was exquisite on both parts, and each of the performers must have derived soul and animation from the skill and execution of the other. The great effort of the evening, however, on the part of Mr. Sinclair, was the *Polacca,* which was twice *encored,* and which he gave with apparent ease, yet with uncommon spirit and the most striking effect.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

EVENING DRESS.

Dress of gold-colored satin, with three flounces of the same, falling over each other, and slightly sprinkled with full-blown roses. Dress hat of white satin, with battlement edge, turned up all round, and ornamented with two long, drooping ostrich feathers. Pearl necklace, clasped in front, with a large topaz: underneath is elegantly disposed a gold chain, fastened up by a brooch, representing a



Morning Dress.

Invented by Miss Pierpoint & engraved for the Lady's Magazine N° 11 1823



Evening Dress.

Invented by Miss Pierpoint & engraved for the Lady's Magazine. N° 11 1823

HOME COSTUME.

High dress of lavender-colored *gros de Naples*, trimmed at the border with two rows of lotos leaves: the throat part surmounted by a triple ruff of lace, standing up. Parisian cap of Urling's lace, tied under the chin, on the right side, by a bow of figured net, and elegantly ornamented on the summit with detached sprigs of roses. Lavender-colored spotted silk shoes, and yellow kid gloves.

N. B. The above dresses were furnished by Miss Pierrepoint, Edward-street, Portman-square.

MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

The constant succession of fashionable arrivals, though often followed by a quick transition to the country, nevertheless affords us an opportunity of watching the progress of fashion, not only in her changes, but also gives us a clear idea of what is most likely to be the prevailing mode at the close of this year.

Pelisses, though they have but partially appeared, afford little new in their form or their manner of trimming: they are chiefly of the wrapping kind, and many are trimmed at the bottom with a very broad fur *à la Witzchoura*; however, many of these do not close like that comfortable winter envelope, and are of black or very dark-colored velvet, with a broad border of grey and white squirrel's fur, with a muff and tippet of the same beautiful skin: but warm and costly shawls, and often a cloth dress, with only the addition of a pelerine of fur, or a long tippet, form the most favorite out-door coverings for the promenade; while, for the carriage, the most distinguished envelope is the truly stylish French mantle, trimmed with dark and valuable fur. It promises to be a profitable season for the furriers; for never were furs of all kinds so much in request.

Bonnets of black velvet, also lined with black, which lining is generally of watered *gros de Naples*, promise to be the reigning favorites for this month: they are crowned with velvet flowers of different colors, amongst which are most conspicuous the tiger lily, or the nasturtium blossom; this latter flower is particularly admired, as it unites the two colors now so much in vogue, scarlet and jonquil. White marabout feathers are also expected to be worn in black velvet carriage bonnets this winter; it is a beautiful association, and always looks well on a fashionable female. A black Leghorn bonnet, with an open edge, has been seen on the head of a lady of distinction: the shape of the bonnet was extremely becoming, as was the light and net-work edge of Leghorn. Two small black feathers hung over the left side, and in the front, at the stalk of the plume, was a bunch of nasturtium blossoms: but we do not think this bonnet will be general; it is too light and not sufficiently warm for a winter that threatens to be somewhat rigorous.

Morning and home dresses are of dark chintz, of a rich and variegated pattern; but cloth dresses, made partially high, and trimmed with velvet or *plûche de soie*, seem likely, by their present appearance, to be in more general favor. Dresses of Indian taffety, of the brightest shade of Japanese rose-color, are much esteemed for the evening dress party; they are lined throughout with white sarcenet, and the jewelery ornament, worn with them, is either of finely wrought gold or bright yellow topaz, with yellow feathers or flowers: the dress is trimmed with two flounces in festoons of its own material; they fall over each other, and are pinked in scallops, at the edge: the sleeves are short, and the fulness is confined by small puffs, placed separate from each other, and in a horizontal direction: the corsage is completely French. Beautiful tissue silks are much worn by ladies of a certain age; they have a very respectable appearance, and their rich texture requires but little trimming. Swansdown constitutes the chief ornament on these dresses, when adopted for dinner parties or for evening; indeed, this delicate appendage with light fur is often now seen as trimming even on the garments of the young. Much fancy has been displayed in the trimming of dresses; but we do not greatly admire the designs for those that are made for the evening party; the flowers and foliage, when of gauze or satin, appear crowded; but novelty is every thing.

The caps for half dress are in the cornette style; still flat and wide, but very becoming. A large, full-blown flower is placed over each temple, but not under the cap, as was the style for the last two months. These caps are either of blond, or of fine lace, according to the time of day; blond being less of *deshabille* than thread lace. Turbans of gauze, with flowers, or a small neat plumage, are in general favor for the evening, and have been seen on the heads of some

very distinguished females in the dress circles at the theatres: some of these turbans have neither of the above-mentioned ornaments; but then their texture is very splendid, and they do not require it: they are sometimes of scarlet gauze, spotted with gold, and encircled by a gold band next the hair; others are of bright yellow with scarlet spots, with a bandeau of silver; and a delicate little *esprit* feather of scarlet and silver *à la seraskier*, stands up over the left ear, or is placed in front, as may best suit the form, length, or breadth of the face: the turbans themselves are of a very becoming shape and size, being rather small than large.

Scarlet horse-hair, very finely wrought, and mingled with gold beads, is still worn in bracelets and neck-chains: a favorite ornament depending from a gold chain is an opera-glass set in gold, that shuts up in the form of a small watch.

The favorite colors for dresses are the bright green of the young holly-leaf, Japanese red, Etruscan-brown, Waterloo-blue, and Hortensia; the same colors prevail also in pelisses and Spanish and French mantles. Trimmings, turbans, and all kinds of ornament, are of scarlet and yellow mingled, rose-color, and Apollo's hair (*i. e.* a bright gold-color).

MODES PARISIENNES.

Almost every head-dress now in France is *à la marmotte;* not only bonnets but turbans are thus snugly tied down: the fashion is only becoming to a very lovely face. Pelisses are of *gros de Naples*, are made in the blouse style, and have much more the appearance of a high round dress; they are at present but of autumnal colors, rather light than dark, are buttoned down the front of the skirt, and trimmed there and round the border with a very novel and beautiful kind of *chevaux de frise*, the same material as the pelisse; a triple frill of muslin *gauffrée* falls over the throat part, the pelisse being made without a collar. Colored spencers of *gros de Naples* are also worn in the public walks by young ladies; they are generally of a bright scarlet, and are ornamented at the front of the bust *en chevrons* of white satin; a belt of scarlet, with one very long end, is buckled in front, towards the left side with a gold buckle; the mancherons are made simply full, and are confined by horizontal stripes of white satin rouleaux.

The bonnets are, for the most part, becoming in shape and size; but there are some that have nothing to recommend them but novelty—the brims long in front, much bent down, and ridiculously short at the ears; the crowns flat, and the *tout ensemble* extremely unbecoming. Feathers are much worn with white bonnets; but the dark winter bonnet is generally ornamented with flowers of a rich and brilliant tint.

White dresses of jaconot muslin are in favor for the breakfast table: the border is elegantly trimmed with three full flounces, in points, so disposed as to form three rows of diamonds. The long sleeves are formed of several rows of fullness confined across, which gives them the appearance of being *bouillonés*. The mancherons have this fulness reversed, and going down the arm: the high body corresponds with the sleeve, and makes a charming morning costume. For half dress, a robe of some striking color, with five rows of cockleshell trimming, is very much admired; it is made partially low, with a chemisette tucker underneath of fine muslin, and the sleeves are also of white muslin. A white dress, also, of silk, with three wadded tucks, embroidered between each in scarlet and yellow, is among the novelties of the present hour.

The morning cornettes are very elegant; they are of colored gauze, trimmed with broad blond, and very much resemble the French *bonnet à la folle:* the pattern of the blond is worked in a color to correspond with the gauze; of the same color also is a small bow of satin riband, placed on the hair over the right temple. The turban *à la marmotte* has a stylish appearance; it is of white folded *crape lisse*, and the *marmotte fichu* is of scarlet crape, spotted with gold. An antique turban of white crape and gold cordon, with a bird of paradise plume, is very prevalent in full dress. A head-dress also, of white satin puffs, divided by gold lace, and falling in ends on each side of the face, is more patronised by the votaries of fashion than it deserves; for it is very unbecoming: it is crowned by a plume of short feathers, falling backwards.

The favorite colors for dresses, spencers and pelisses, are mahogany-brown, slate-color, milk-chocolate, and barbel-blue. For bonnets, turbans, and trimmings, ethereal-blue, pink, and scarlet.

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE;

OR,

MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

A New Series.

DECEMBER 31, 1823.

MORE OF OUR VILLAGE.

WHEN I get acquainted with people, whether in a printed book, or in that huge and multifarious volume the world, I like to hear how they go on. Perhaps the courteous readers of the Lady's Magazine may have the same laudable desire of knowlege—curiosity some wicked wights are apt to call it, and let them—really there is no objection to the phrase; we will speak it out manfully ourselves. Many may have the same friendly curiosity, and would have no objection to hear tidings of our village;—that village which had the honor to be introduced to their notice near the close of the last year, and of whose denizens, one or two of them at least, little glimpses of intelligence have since occasionally peeped out. Lizzy and Mayflower, though very pretty things in their way, are not the only villagers worth talking about—at least I think so; but we shall see.

In outward appearance our village hath, I suppose, undergone less alteration since my last notice, than any place of its inches in the kingdom. There it stands, the same long straggling street of pretty cottages divided by pretty gardens, wholly unchanged in size or appearance, unincreased and undiminished by a single brick. To be sure, yesterday evening a slight misfortune happened to our goodly tenement, occasioned by the unlucky diligence mentioned in my last, which, under the conduct of a sleepy coachman and a restive horse, contrived to knock down and demolish the wall of our court, and fairly to drive through the front garden, thereby destroying sundry curious stocks, carnations, and geraniums. It is a mercy that the unruly steed was content with battering the wall; for the messuage itself would come about our ears at the touch of a finger, and really there is one little end-parlour, an afterthought of the original builder, which stands so temptingly in the way, that I wonder the sagacious quadruped missed it. There was quite din enough without that addition. The three insides (ladies) squalling from the interior of that commodious vehicle; the outsides (gentlemen) swearing on the roof; the coachman, still half asleep, but unconsciously blowing his horn; we in the house screaming and scolding; the passers-by shouting and hallooing: and May, who little brooked such an invasion of her territories, barking in her tremendous lion-note, and putting down the other noises like a clap of thunder. But passengers, coachman, horses, and spectators, all righted at last; and there is no harm done but to my flowers and to the wall. May, however, stands bewailing the ruins, for that low wall was her favorite haunt; she used to parade backwards and forwards on the top of it, as if to show herself, just after the manner of a peacock on the top of a house; and would sit or lie for hours on the corner next the gate, basking in the sunshine like a marble statue. Really she has quite the air of one who laments the destruction of personal property; but the wall is to be rebuilt to-morrow, with old

weather-stained bricks—no patchwork! and exactly in the same form; May herself will not find the difference; so that in the way of alteration this little misfortune will pass for nothing. Neither have we any improvements worth calling such. Except that the wheeler's green door hath been retouched, out of that same pot (as I judge from the tint) with which he furbished up our new-old pony-chaise; that the shop-window of our neighbour, the universal dealer, hath been beautified, and his name and callings splendidly set forth in yellow letters on a black ground; and that our landlord of the Rose hath hoisted a new sign of unparalleled splendor; one side consisting of a full-faced damask rose of the size and hue of a piony, the other of a maiden-blush in profile, which looks exactly like a carnation, so that both flowers are considerably indebted to the modesty of the 'out-of-door artist,' who has warily written The Rose under each;—except these trifling ornaments, which nothing but the jealous eye of a lover could detect, the dear place is altogether unchanged.

The only real improvement with which we have been visited for our sins—(I hate all innovation whether for better or worse, as if I were a furious Tory, or a woman of three-score and ten)—the only misfortune of that sort which has befallen us, is under foot. The road has been adjusted on the plan of Mr. Mac-Adam; and a tremendous operation it is. I do not know what good may ensue; but, for the last six months, some part or other of the highway has been impassable for any feet, except such as are shod by the blacksmith; and even the four-footed people who wear iron shoes make wry faces, poor things! at those stones, enemies to man and beast. However, the business is nearly done now; we are covered with sharp flints every inch of us, except a 'bad step' up the hill, which, indeed, looks like a bit cut out of the deserts of Arabia, fitter for camels and caravans than for Christian horses and coaches; a point which was acknowleged even by our surveyor, a portly gentleman, who, in a smart gig drawn by a prancing steed, was kicking up a prodigious dust at that very moment. He and I ought to be great enemies; for, besides the Mac-Adamite enormity of the stony road, he hath actually been guilty of tree-murder, having been an accessory before the fact in the death of three limes along the rope-walk—dear sweet innocent limes, that did no harm on earth except shading the path! I never should have forgiven that offence, had not their removal, by opening a beautiful view from the village up the hill, reconciled even my tree-loving eye to their abstraction. And, to say the truth, though we have had twenty little squabbles, there is no bearing malice with our surveyor; he is so civil and good-humored, has such a bustling and happy self-importance, such an honest earnestness in his vocation (which is gratuitous by the bye), and such an intense conviction that the state of the turnpike-road between B. and K. is the principal affair of this life, that I would not undeceive him for more worlds than one ever has to give. How often have I seen him on a cold winter morning, with a face all frost and business, great-coated up to the eyes, driving from post to post, from one gang of laborers to another, praising, scolding, ordering, cheated, laughed at, and liked by them all! Well, when once the hill is finished, we shall have done with him for ever, as he used to tell me by way of consolation, when I shook my head at him, as he went jolting along over his dear new roads at the imminent risk of his springs and his bones; we shall see no more of him; for the Mac-Adam ways are warranted not to wear out. So be it; I never wish to see a road-mender again.

But if the form of outward things be all unchanged around us, if the dwellings of man remain the same to the sight and the touch, the little world within hath undergone its usual mutations;—the hive is the same; but of the bees some are dead and some are flown away, and some that we left babes and sucklings, insects in the shell, are already putting forth their young wings. Children in our village really sprout up like mushrooms; the air is so promotive of growth, that the rogues spring up into men and women, as if touched by Harlequin's wand, and are quite offended if one happens to say or do any thing which has a reference to their previous condition. My father grievously affronted Sally L. by bestowing upon her a great lump of gingerbread with which he had stuffed his pockets at a fair. She immediately, as she said, gave it to 'the children.' Now Sally cannot be above twelve to my certain knowlege, though taller than I am. Lizzy herself is growing womanly. I be-

tually caught that little gentlewoman stuck on a chest of drawers, contemplating herself in the glass, and striving with all her might to gather the rich curls that hang about her neck, and turn them under a comb. Well! If Sally and Lizzy live to be old maids, they may probably make the *amende honorable* to time, and wish to be thought young again. In the mean while, shall we walk up the street?

The first cottage is that of Mr. H. the patriot, the illuminator, the independent and sturdy yet friendly member of our little state, who, stout and comely, with a handsome chaise-cart, a strong mare, and a neat garden, might have passed for a portrait of that enviable class of Englishmen who, after a youth of frugal industry, sit down in some retired place to 'live upon their means.' He and his wife seemed the happiest couple on earth; except a little too much leisure, I never suspected that they had one trouble or one care. But care, the witch, will come every where, even to that happiest station and this prettiest place. She came in one of her most terrific forms—blindness—or (which is perhaps still more tremendous) the faint glimmering light and gradual darkness which precede the total eclipse. For a long time we had missed the pleasant bustling officiousness, the little services, the voluntary tasks, which our good neighbour loved so well. Fruit-trees were blighted, and escaped his grand specific, fumigation; wasps multiplied, and their nests remained untraced; the cheerful modest knock with which, just at the very hour when he knew it could be spared, he presented himself to ask for the newspaper, was heard no more; he no longer hung over his gate to way-lay passengers, and entice them into chat; at last he even left off driving his little chaise, and was only seen moping up and down the garden walk, or stealing gropingly from the woodpile to the house. He evidently shunned conversation or questions, forbade his wife to tell what ailed him, and even when he put a green shade over his darkened eyes, fled from human sympathy with a stern pride that seemed almost ashamed of the humbling infirmity. That strange (but to a vigorous and healthy man perhaps natural) feeling soon softened. The disease increased hourly, and he became dependent on his excellent wife for every comfort and relief. She had many willing assistants in her labor of love; all his neighbours strove to return, according to their several means, the kindness which all had received from him in some shape or other. The country boys to whose service he had devoted so much time, in shaping bats, constructing bows and arrows, and other quips and trickeries of the same nature, vied with each other in performing little offices about the yard and stable; and John Evans, the half-witted gardener, to whom he had been a constant friend, repaid his goodness by the most unwearied attention. Gratitude even seemed to sharpen poor John's perceptions and faculties. There is an old blind man in our parish workhouse, who occasionally walks through the street, led by a little boy holding the end of a long stick. The idea of this man, who had lived in utter blindness for thirty years, was always singularly distressing to Mr. H. I shall never forget the address with which our simple gardener used to try to divert his attention from this miserable fellow-sufferer. He would get between them to prevent the possibility of recognition by the dim and uncertain vision; would talk loudly to drown the peculiar noise, the sort of duet of feet, caused by the quick short steps of the child, and the slow irregular tread of the old man; and, if any one ventured to allude to blind Robert, he would turn the conversation with an adroitness and acuteness which might put to shame the proudest intellect. So passed many months. At last Mr. H. was persuaded to consult a celebrated oculist, and the result was most comforting. The disease was ascertained to be a cataract; and now with the increase of darkness came an increase of hope. The film spread, thickened, ripened, speedily and healthily; and to-day the requisite operation has been performed with equal skill and success. You may still see some of the country boys lingering round the gate with looks of strong and wondering interest; poor John is going to and fro, he knows not for what, unable to rest a moment; Mrs. H. too is walking in the garden, shedding tears of thankfulness; and he who came to support their spirits, the stout strong-hearted farmer A., seems trembling and overcome. The most tranquil person in the house is probably the patient: he bore the operation with resolute firmness, and *he has seen again*. Think of the bliss bound up in those four

words! He is in darkness now, and must remain so for some weeks; but he has seen and he will see; and that humble cottage is again a happy dwelling.

Next we come to the shoemaker's abode. All is unchanged there, except that its master becomes more industrious and more pale-faced, and that his fair daughter is a notable exemplification of the developement which I have already noticed amongst our young things. But she is in the real transition state, just emerging from the chrysalis, and the eighteen months, between fourteen and a half and sixteen, would metamorphose a child into a woman all the world over. She is still pretty, but not so elegant as when she wore frocks and pinafores, and, unconsciously classical, parted her long brown locks in the middle of her forehead, and twisted them up in a knot behind, giving to her finely-shaped head and throat the air of a Grecian statue. Then she was stirring all day in her small housewifery, or her busy idleness, delving and digging in her flower-border, tossing and dandling every infant that came within her reach, feeding pigs and poultry, playing with May, and prattling with an open-hearted frankness to the country lads, who assemble at evening in the shop to enjoy a little gentle gossiping; for be it known to my London readers, that the shoemaker's in a remote village is now what (according to tradition and the old novels) the barber's used to be, the resort of all the male newsmongers, especially the young. Then she talked to these visitors gaily and openly, sang and laughed and ran in and out, and took no more thought of a young man than of a gosling. Then she was only fourteen. Now she wears gowns and aprons,—puts her hair in paper,—has left off singing, talks,—has left off running, walks,—nurses the infants with a grave solemn grace,—has entirely cut her former playmate Mayflower, who tosses her pretty head as much as to say—who cares?—and has nearly renounced all acquaintance with the visitors of the shop, who are by no means disposed to take matters so quietly. There she stands on the threshold, shy and demure, just vouchsafing a formal nod or a faint smile as they pass, and, if she in her turn be compelled to pass the open door of their news-room (for the working apartment is separate from the house) edging along as slyly and mincingly as if there were no such beings as young men in the world. Exquisite coquette! I think (she is my opposite neighbour, and I have a right to watch her doings,—the right of retaliation), there is one youth particularly distinguished by her non-notice, one whom she never will see or speak to, who stands a very fair chance to carry her off. He is called Jem Tanner, and is a fine lad, with an open ruddy countenance, a clear blue eye, and curling hair of that tint which the poets are pleased to denominate golden. Though not one of our eleven, he was a promising cricketer. We have missed him lately on the green at the Sunday evening game, and I find on inquiry that he now frequents a chapel about a mile off, where he is the best male singer, as our nymph of the shoe-shop is incomparably the first female. I am not fond of betting; but I would venture the lowest stake of gentility, a silver three-pence, that, before the winter ends, a wedding will be the result of these weekly meetings at the chapel. In the long dark evenings, when the father has enough to do in piloting the mother with conjugal gallantry through the dirty lanes, think of the opportunity that Jem will have to escort the daughter. A little difficulty he may have to encounter: the lass will be coy for a while; the mother will talk of their youth, the father of their finances; but a marriage, I doubt not, will ensue.

Next in order, on the other side of the street, is the blacksmith's house. Change has been busy here in a different and more awful form. Our sometime constable, the tipsiest of parish officers, of blacksmiths and of men, is dead. Returning from a revel with a companion as full of beer as himself, one or the other, or both, contrived to overset the cart in a ditch (the living scapegrace is pleased to lay the blame of the mishap on the horse, but that is contrary to all probability, this respectable quadruped being a water-drinker); and inward bruises, acting on inflamed blood and an impaired constitution, carried him off in a very short time, leaving an ailing wife and eight children, the eldest of whom is only fourteen years of age. This sounds like a very tragical story; yet, because the loss of a drunken husband is not quite so great a calamity as the loss of a sober one, the effect of this event is not altogether so melancholy as might be expected. The widow, when she was a wife, had a complaining broken-

spirited air, a peevish manner, a whining voice, a dismal countenance, and a person so neglected and slovenly, that it was difficult to believe that she had once been remarkably handsome. She is now quite another woman. The very first Sunday she put on her weeds, we all observed how tidy and comfortable she looked, how much her countenance, in spite of a decent show of tears, was improved, and how completely through all her sighings her tone had lost its peevishness. I have never seen her out of spirits or out of humor since. She talks and laughs and bustles about, managing her journeymen and scolding her children as notably as any dame in the parish. The very house looks more cheerful: she has cut down the old willow-trees that stood in the court, and let in the light; and now the sun glances brightly from the casement windows, and plays amidst the vine-leaves and the clusters of grapes which cover the walls; the door is newly painted, and shines like the face of its mistress: even the forge has lost half of its dinginess. Every thing smiles. She indeed talks by fits of 'poor George,' especially when any allusion to her old enemy mine host of the Rose brings the deceased to her memory; then she bewails (as is proper) her dear husband and her desolate condition; calls herself a lone widow; sighs over her eight children; complains of the troubles of business, and tries to persuade herself and others that she is as wretched as a good wife ought to be. But this will not do. She is a happier woman than she has been any time these fifteen years, and she knows it.—My dear village-husbands, if you have a mind that your wives should be really sorry when you die, whether by a fall from a cart or otherwise, keep from the alehouse!

Next comes the tall thin red house, that ought to boast genteeler inmates than its short fat mistress, its children, its pigs, and its quantity of noise, happiness, and vulgarity. The din is greater than ever. The husband, a merry jolly tar, with a voice that sounds as if issuing from a speaking trumpet, is returned from a voyage to India; and another little one, a chubby roaring boy, has added his lusty cries to the family concert.

This door, blockaded by huge bales of goods, and half darkened by that moving mountain, the tilted waggon of the S. mill which stands before it, belongs to the village shop. Increase has been here too in every shape. Within fourteen months two little pretty quiet girls have come into the world. Before Fanny could well manage to totter across the road to her good friend the nymph of the shoe-shop, Margaret made her appearance; and poor Fanny, discarded at once from the maid's arms and her mother's knee, degraded from the rank and privileges of 'the baby,' (for at that age precedence is strangely reversed) would have had a premature foretaste of the instability of human felicity, had she not taken refuge with that best of nurses, a fond father. Every thing thrives about the shop, from the pretty children to the neat maid and the smart apprentice. No room now for lodgers, and no need! The young mantua-making schoolmistresses, the old inmates, are gone; one of them not very far. She grew tired of scolding little boys and girls about their A, B, C, and of being scolded in her turn by their sisters and mothers about pelisses and gowns; so she gave up both trades almost a year ago, and has been ever since our pretty Harriet, the successor to Lucy's office, Lucy's favor, and more than Lucy's lovers. I do not think she has ever repented of the exchange, though it might not perhaps have been made so soon, had not her elder sister, who had been long engaged to an attendant at one of the colleges at Oxford, thought herself on the point of marriage just as our housemaid left us. Poor Betsy! She had shared the fate of many a prouder maiden, wearing out her youth in expectation of the promotion that was to authorise her union with the man of her heart. Many a year had she waited in smiling constancy, fond of William in no common measure, and proud of him, as well she might be; for, when the vacation so far lessened his duties as to render a short absence practicable, and he stole up here for a few days to enjoy her company, it was difficult to distinguish him in air and manner, as he sauntered about in elegant indolence with his fishing-rod and his flute, from the young Oxonians his masters. At last promotion came; and Betsy, apprised of it by an affectionate and congratulatory letter from his sister, prepared her wedding-clothes, and looked hourly for the bridegroom. No bridegroom came. A second letter announced, with regret and indignation, that Wil-

liam had made another choice, and was to be married early in the ensuing month. Poor Betsy! We were alarmed for her health, almost for her life. She wept incessantly, took no food, wandered recklessly about from morning till night, lost her natural rest, her flesh, her color; and in less than a week she was so altered, that no one would have known her. Consolation and remonstrance were alike rejected, till at last Harriet happened to strike the right chord by telling her that 'she wondered at her want of spirit.' This was touching her on the point of honor; she had always been remarkably high-spirited, and could as little brook the imputation as a soldier or a gentleman. This lucky suggestion gave an immediate turn to her feelings; anger and scorn succeeded to grief; she wiped her eyes, 'hemmed away a sigh,' and began to scold most manfully. She did still better. She recalled an old admirer, who in spite of repeated rejections had remained constant in his attachment, and made such good speed, that she was actually married the day before her faithless lover; and she is now the happy wife of a very respectable tradesman.

Ah! the in-and-out cottage! the dear, dear home! No weddings there! No changes! except that the white kitten, who sits purring at the window under the great myrtle, has succeeded to his lamented grandfather, our beautiful Persian cat, I cannot find one alteration to talk about. The wall of the court indeed—but that will be mended tomorrow.

Here is the new sign, the well-frequented Rose inn! Plenty of changes there! Our landlord is always improving, if it be only a pig-sty or a watering-trough—plenty of changes and one splendid wedding. Miss Phœbe is married, not to her old lover the recruiting sergeant (for he had one wife already, probably more), but to a patten-maker, as errant a dandy as ever wore mustachios. How Phœbe could 'abase her eyes' from the stately sergeant to this youth, half a foot shorter than herself, whose 'waist would go into any alderman's thumb-ring,' might, if the final choice of a coquette had ever been matter of wonder, have occasioned some speculation. But our patten-maker is a man of spirit; and the wedding was of extraordinary splendor. Three gigs, each containing four persons, graced the procession, beside numerous carts and innumerable pedestrians. The bride was equipped in muslin and satin, and really looked very pretty with her black sparkling eyes, her clear brown complexion, her blushes and her smiles; the bride-maidens were only less smart than the bride; and the bridegroom was 'point device in his accoutrements,' and as munificent as a nabob. Cake flew about the village; plum-puddings were abundant; and strong beer, aye, even mine host's best double X, was profusely distributed. There was all manner of eating and drinking, with singing, fiddling, and dancing between; and in the evening, to crown all, there was Mr. Moon the conjuror. Think of that stroke of good fortune!—Mr. Moon, the very pearl of all conjurors, who had the honor of puzzling and delighting their late majesties with his 'wonderful and pleasing exhibition of Thaumaturgics, Tachygraphy, mathematical operations, and magical deceptions, happened to arrive about an hour before dinner, and commenced his ingenious deceptions very unintentionally at our house. Calling to apply for permission to perform in the village, being equipped in a gay scarlet coat, and having something smart and sportsman-like in his appearance, he was announced by Harriet as one of the gentlemen of the C. Hunt, and taken (*mis*taken I should have said) by the whole family for a certain captain newly arrived in the neighbourhood. That misunderstanding, which must, I think, have retaliated on Mr. Moon a little of the puzzlement that he inflicts on others, vanished of course at the production of his bill of fare; and the requested permission was instantly given. Never could he have arrived in a happier hour! Never were spectators more gratified or more scared. All the tricks prospered. The cock crew after his head was cut off; and half-crowns and sovereigns flew about as if winged; the very wedding-ring could not escape Mr. Moon's incantations. We heard of nothing else for a week. From the bridegroom, *un esprit fort*, who defied all manner of conjuration and *diablerie*, down to my Lizzy, whose boundless faith swallows the Arabian Tales, all believed and trembled. So thoroughly were men, women, and children, impressed with the idea of the worthy conjuror's dealing with the devil, that, when he had occasion to go to B., not a soul would give him a cast, from pure awe; and if it had not been for our pony-chaise,

poor Mr. Moon must have walked. I hope he is really a prophet; for he foretold all happiness to the new-married pair.

So this pretty white house with the lime-trees before it, which has been under repair for these three years, is on the point of being finished. The vicar has taken it, as the vicarage-house is not yet fit for his reception. He has sent before him a neat modest maid-servant, whose respectable appearance gives a character to her master and mistress,—a hamper full of flower-roots, sundry boxes of books, a piano-forte, and some simple and useful furniture. Well, we shall certainly have neighbours, and I have a presentiment that we shall find friends.

Lizzy, you may now come along with me round the corner and up the lane, just to the end of the wheeler's shop, and then we shall go home; it is high time. What is this *affiche* in the parlour window? 'Apartments to let—inquire within.' These are certainly the curate's lodgings—is he going away? Oh I suppose the new vicar will do his own duty —yet, however well he may do it, rich and poor will regret the departure of Mr. B. Well, I hope that he may soon get a good living. Lodgings to let'—who ever thought of seeing such a placard hereabout? The lodgings, indeed, are very convenient for a single gentleman, 'a man and his wife, or two sisters, as the newspapers say—comfortable apartments, neat and tasty withal, with the addition of very civil treatment from the host and hostess. Lodgings to let in our village!

M.

THE BRITISH WARBLERS; AN ACCOUNT OF THE GENUS SYLVIA, *by Robert Sweet, F.L.S.*

BIRDS, particularly the songsters, are interesting objects of notice; and their appearance, habits, and manners, are worthy even of minute description. Mr. Sweet has here given correct graphic representations of six of the number, and has acted as their historian in an appropriate and creditable manner.

'The British species (he says) belonging to this genus are chiefly birds of passage, visiting this country in spring, and leaving it in autumn; several of these are deservedly esteemed as the finest songsters of all the feathered race. It has been generally supposed that they are very difficult to preserve in confinement; but I have succeeded well in keeping several of the most interesting species through several winters in perfect health, and many of them are in full song all the winter; and I have not the least doubt that all the species might be kept without difficulty in the way I have practised,'—[that is, with a great attention to warmth, but not so as to exclude air.]

'In a wild state, they feed almost entirely on insects and fruit, but in confinement they may be taught to feed on several other things; but the more insects they have given them the better; and I believe it is impossible to keep them in perfect health without a frequent supply. The food that I find agree with them best for a constancy is, an equal proportion of bruised hemp-seed and bread, mixed up in the following manner: I first put some hemp-seed in a little pan, and pour some boiling water on it; then, with a stick flattened at the end, I bruise it as fine as possible, and add the same quantity of soft bread, which must also be bruised up with it, so that the oily milk from the seeds may be mixed with the bread, till it is of the consistence of a moist paste: of this mixture they are all very fond; but it should be mixed up fresh every day, particularly in summer, or the stale food will injure their health, and make them dislike it. I also give them a little boiled milk and bread for a change, and some fresh raw meat cut in small pieces; some of the species like the fat best, but the greater part prefer the lean. In winter, when insects are scarce, I occasionally treat them with the yolk of an egg, boiled hard, and then crumbled small; this partly answers the purpose; but it is a good plan to have a stock of insects in store, to supply them with a few every day. Some fine gravel must also be kept continually in their cages, as they eat a great deal of it, and will not continue in good health without a constant supply. They are also very fond of washing often; so that a pan of water, or something large enough for them to get into, should be kept constantly at the bottom of the cage.

'These birds, when in confinement, are very restless at the seasons of their usual migration from one country to another; at the time that they are leaving this country in autumn, about twice during the winter, and again when they are returning in spring. From their

agitation at various times in winter, it may be concluded, that they visit more than one country after their departure from this. It is very curious to see them when in that state; their restlessness seems to come on them all at once; and, generally, in the evening; when they are sitting seemingly quite composed, they start up suddenly, and flutter their wings; sometimes flying direct to the top of the cage, or aviary; at other times, running backwards and forwards on their perches, continually flapping their wings, and looking upwards all the time; nor will they notice any thing that is going forward, as long as they continue in that state, which lasts for an hour or two at each time. By their always wishing to fly upwards, it may be supposed that, when they first take their flight, they mount direct upwards to a great height, so that they can direct their course the better, by seeing the way clear all around them: their agitation generally lasts on them about a fortnight; in the spring it seems strongest on them; at that season, they will sometimes flutter about the whole of the night, and sleep a great part of the day.'

With regard to the best mode of catching a nightingale, he observes, 'It is easily taken in a trap. As it generally seeks its food in fresh ground, it is only to clear away a place, and stir up the ground a little, near where it sings or frequents, then set the trap near it, baited with a living insect, and it is almost certain to be caught. Birds caught early in spring, if put in an aviary with other tame ones, will sing in a few days; those caught in the latter part of summer will begin singing in November, if young ones; but the old ones will seldom begin till February.'

The larger whitethroat (he says) is a very lively species, and easily preserved. 'Its song is lively, sweet, and loud, and consists of a great variety of notes. One that I possess will sing for hours together against a nightingale, now in the beginning of January, and will not suffer itself to be outdone; when the nightingale raises its voice, it also does the same, and tries its utmost to get above it; sometimes in the midst of its song it will run up to the nightingale, and stretch out its neck as if in defiance, and whistle as loud as it can, staring it in the face; if its rival attempts to peck it, away it is in an instant, flying round the aviary, and singing all the time.'

INDICATIONS OF THE WEATHER.

MR. EDITOR,—As you hinted, in a former number, at the possibility of drawing correct conclusions respecting the weather from the peculiar motions and habits of animals, I have taken the trouble of collecting a variety of observations on that subject, which, I trust, you will readily insert.

It seems difficult to conceive the manner in which animals become sensible of the approach of particular kinds of weather. We cannot suppose that they are forewarned of it by the appearances in the sky, at least in many cases; for some animals express signs of uneasiness previous to an alteration of the weather, long before there are any visible signs of change, and often when they have no opportunity of observing what is going on abroad. Dogs, for instance, closely confined in a room, frequently become very drowsy and stupid before rain. They often sleep for many hours before the fire, and are almost incapable of being roused. The same, in a less degree, is observable in cats; and a leech, confined in a glass of water, has been found, by its rapid motions, or its quiescence, to indicate wet or fair weather. These seeming prognostications result rather from some impressions on the feelings, than from any accurate observation of the sky. Peculiarities in the electric state of the atmosphere may, indeed, be supposed to affect the constitutions of animals in the same manner as they appear to do ours, and may thereby excite either pleasurable or uneasy sensations.

Rain may be expected when the swallow flies low, and skims backward and forward over the surface of the earth and water, frequently dipping the tips of its wings into the latter.

When bees do not range abroad as usual, but keep in or near to their hives, or when ducks, geese, and other water fowl, are unusually clamorous, we may also expect wet.

Before rain, swine, as well as poultry, appear to be very uneasy, and rub in the dust. Before and during rain, ducks, geese, and other fowls, wash and dive more than usual. Pigeons also wash before rain; and cats wash their faces; they have been observed also to scratch the bark off the trees. In autumn, flies sting and become unusually troublesome on the approach of rain.

If we happen to be abroad, when, after

long continued dry weather, the sky is thickening, and rain approaching, we may frequently observe the cattle stretching out their necks, and snuffing in the air with distended nostrils, and often, before storms, assembled in a corner of a field, with their heads to the leeward.

The loud and continued croaking of frogs heard from the pool; the squalling of the pintado and the peacock, the appearance of spiders crawling on the walls more than they usually do, and the coming forth of worms, have also been considered as signs of rain. When cocks crow at uncommon hours, and clap their wings a great deal, it is said to be a sign of rain; as is the appearance of the redbreast near houses. Sparrows chirp particularly loud during rain, and often begin before it falls. If toads come from their holes in great numbers; if moles throw up the earth more than usual; if bats squeak or enter the houses; if asses shake their ears and bray much; if hogs shake and destroy the corn-stalks; if oxen lick their fore-feet, or lie on the right side; or if mice contend together or squeak much, according to many authors we may expect rain; and also when sheep and other cattle gambol or run about and appear very uneasy.

The noise of the raven is well known; but we must distinguish between his voice before rain, perched solitary on a tree, and uttering a harsh cry, from his deep and peculiarly modulated voice when sailing round and round high up in the air before and during serene weather.

To these remarks we may add some old verses, which are treasured up in various parts of the country, as the dictates of experienced observers of the weather.

If the grass grow in Janiveer,
It grows the worse for't all the year.

Who in Janiveer sows oats, gets gold and groats.
Who sows in May, gets little that way.
If Janiveer calends be summerly gay,
'Twill be winterly weather till the calends of May.

The hind would as lief see his wife on the bier,
As that Candlemas Day should be pleasant and clear.

A bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom.

A windy March, and a showery April, make a beautiful May.

March wind and May sun, make clothes white and maids dun.

If the second of July it be rainy weather,
'Twill rain more or less for four weeks together.

A green winter makes a fat churchyard.

Winter's thunder si summer's wonder.

A rainbow in the morning
Is the shepherd' warning.
But a rainbow at night
Is the shepherd's delight.

CAMBERWELL GROVE;—SKETCH THE FIFTH

from an Author's Portfolio.

WHAT a cold heart must that be, which cannot be interested by the popular traditions of its own country, which can traverse the ground that has for ages been identified with deeds of virtue or of criminality, and not feel their glowing influence swelling in every throb! What gives to Waltham Cross a value beyond its own intrinsic beauty, but the recollection that it was erected to commemorate the affectionate sorrow of a great king for a lovely consort? To the heart of feeling the plain stone at Barnet recalls as many reminiscences as the elegantly-carved cross; but, had the cross been a mere block uncarved or unhewn, it would have awakened the same feelings in a sensitive bosom. We can stand beside the rude obelisk, and conceive as strong ideas of the horrors of war and of the ungoverned rage of the earl of Warwick, as when we survey the column of Napoleon with its hundred trophies. The ruined vestiges of the time-worn cross give us as just an image of the mourning train and of the heart-wounded monarch, as that which now stands the most adorned with its first splendor and magnificence. It is not the object, but the recollections which it conjures up, that can interest the heart, and give a value to local beauty.

Such was the train of thought which occupied my mind, as I was sauntering up Camberwell Grove,—the spot, according to common report, where George Barnwell murdered his uncle. Who has not heard of the London apprentice? As I ascended the hill, the whole story was strongly impressed upon my mind. I fancied that I was then standing upon the very spot where the good old man with his dying breath prayed Heaven to forgive his murderer, and bless his nephew—that nephew who had just before given him the fatal blow,

which had driven from the world one of the best of men, and had deprived the murderer of an affectionate relative and benefactor. The place is calculated to call the sinner to repentance.—The trees on each side seemed to me, as I walked pensively along, like the buttresses of the long-drawn aile of some magnificent cathedral: the leafy branches intermingling over-head had formed a lofty roof of the most exquisite fretwork. Never could the hand of art, however ingenious, hope to imitate the variety and beauty of the lines which each verdant bough had formed in the free luxuriance of its untrained windings; and, when seen by moonlight, each leaf assumed a darker dye, and each silver-tinged verge glowed with a brighter hue. This grove was lately the chosen residence of the night-minstrel of the woods, but it has now lost that attraction. The verdure of the fields first gave way to piles of burning bricks, and then to buildings. So numerous now are the houses, that they seem to have sprung up like mushrooms in a summer's night. The mind can scarcely persuade itself that here old Barnwell walked for the sake of privacy,—that here any one would be rash enough to attempt murder. Even the beautiful grounds of the late philanthropist, Dr. Lettsom, have been built upon. A sordid thirst for gain, indeed, has not yet destroyed the pretty cottage behind the fountain; but to my mind, the last time I saw it playing, the drops fell more like the tears of regret, than the wanton playing of the air-riding stream, which in the days of my early youth flowed from the Triton's shell, and merrily dashed upon the silvery surface of his watery bed. Love of money, says an ancient poet, is the root of all evil; that it has led to a bad taste in this instance, who will deny? Here a picturesque spot is converted into a street; and perhaps in a few years an auctioneer's hammer may condemn the proud elms of this fine grove, first to the axe, and after, perhaps, to the flames. Cannot the beauties of nature overbalance the love of artificial splendor and parade? The Scriptures bid us consider the lilies of the field, and acknowlege that the greatest potentate in all his glory was not arrayed like them. If so much beauty is to be found in that little flower, how much more ought we to cherish and admire the noble grandeur of a long range of lofty trees, whose boughs seem too closely knit together in the bonds of affection ever again to separate! What a lesson would this afford to men, if they would listen to the voice of nature, speaking in all her works! There are some who can 'find tongues in trees, books in the running streams, sermons in stones, and good in everything;' that is, in every thing not repugnant to nature; who can relish life unvarnished by the false glare of town pleasures, as toilsome as they are unprofitable. Among persons of this description, rather than among the votaries of dissipation, may be numbered W. H. LANCE.

THE CAMBRIDGE DECAMERON.

NINTH TALE.

(*concluded from page* 652.)

As Mr. L. had hastened the conclusion of his journey in Scotland, and hurried his beloved mother too much for her health, it was resolved, when they arrived at York on their return, that his parents should rest there for two or three weeks. The young lover, however, remembering the transports of his heart when his last unexpected visit revealed the deep and important interest in which he was held by his blushing though weeping Amelia, could not refrain from pursuing his journey with all possible speed, in the hope of a like reward. He reached his father's house in this village, two days after the family of D—— had set out for Bath, and of course crossed that letter which Amelia had written to inform him of the event. The information of his own servants gave him no great alarm, since a trip to Bath in the full season did not necessarily imply illness; and he was aware that it was possible for letters to have missed him; but, when he had been at Miss D——'s own house, and had learned from her servants that she was really unwell, and averse to removing, he instantly concluded that her case must be extremely urgent; and, without taking food, or allowing himself the repose of a single hour, he followed her as fast as a chaise and four could carry him. He arrived in the middle of the night at Bath, and of course was compelled to wait till day-light before he could obtain any clue to her residence; and such was the agitation of his spirits, that he spent the time in pacing about the streets, watching impatiently for the rising sun. He then obtained a direction to the house which had been taken by

the family, and entered it before any one had risen, except the nurse who had been hired to wait on the invalid. From her he could only learn, that the patient was much worse, and that no person was allowed to see her.

After two more hours of unspeakable agony, the unhappy man obtained a short interview with the uncle, to whom his presence was appalling; for, whatever might have been the original feelings of Mr. D. towards his niece, at this time he remembered only that he was her heir; and since, although her fever was exceedingly high, she was not delirious, he dreaded the intervention of any circumstance, which might induce her to think of making a will, and was fully aware that in such a case the wealth which he now eagerly wished to possess, would be bequeathed to her lover. Mr. L. was of course received by him with a freezing politeness, an affectation of intolerable sorrow, and an apology for the impossibility of receiving a stranger, at a time when such confusion and distress prevailed in the family.

To wander from the street to the inn, and then again to the door of that house which contained her who was his world, was all that he was capable of; and neither the indignation he conceived toward the unsympathising relatives of his Amelia, nor the insolence of their domestics, prevented him, hour after hour, from prosecuting inquiries which produced only a single word in return. When he had pursued this plan for two days and nights, he had the sad satisfaction of seeing Amelia's old servant, whose sorrows were only exceeded by his own. From this woman he learned the nature of the complaint, the circumstances which had increased it, and the terrible danger which threatened his beloved—learned too, with feelings which no tongue can describe, that she was perpetually inquiring for him, demanding to see him, and pressing to her lips and her heart the last letter she had received from him. Stung to madness by this distressing picture, he rushed into the house, and, considering himself fully justified by the situation in which he stood, determined to behold her, to soothe her spirits, to——alas! to snatch her as he hoped from the very jaws of death; for to love, to youth, even to despair, all things seem possible.

With this intent he followed the woman up stairs, in despite of the opposition offered by the servants, and had proceeded so far, as to hear his own name uttered by the weak but soul-thrilling voice of her for whom he could have suffered a thousand deaths. In another moment his steps were arrested by a lady, whom he justly concluded to be Mrs. D. She led him into an adjoining apartment, and, addressing him in the most soothing manner, told him, with many tears and professions of sincere commiseration, that this day was the crisis of her niece's disorder, that every thing depended on keeping her mind free from agitation, and that, far from its being possible to admit a person so dear to her as himself, even the poor domestic who was clandestinely leading him was positively forbidden to enter—life itself unquestionably would be the forfeit of the attempt, she most solemnly assured him. The earnestness of her intreaties, the references she gave him to the eminent professional men who were then in attendance, the hopes she still held out of a favorable change before midnight, and which were seconded by the sanguine temper so natural to youth, added to the horror she had inspired lest he should injure one whom he so ardently sought to bless, at length had the desired effect; and he left the honse, again to wander during hours of agonizing solicitude, incapable of taking either food or rest. He now endeavoured to sustain himself with the prospect of a happy change, and the promise he had obtained of being permitted to see the dear patient the first moment it was judged right by the physician, whose steps he followed vainly for hours, as if he held in his hands the power of arresting the hand of fate, and bestowing life and consolation.

Again, hour after hour, in the fourth night, his solitary and low knock was heard, and the surly Cerberus replied to his inquiry. The hour of midnight passed, and the hope which still nourished his beating heart was ready to spring forth. At one, at two, at three, there was a new fee given; but it produced only the same answer. In the next half-hour, he inquired eagerly for Lydia, and protested that he would not leave the house without seeing her. After waiting some time, he was told that she was with her young lady, and was desired to sit down till she came to him. This was a pleasing intimation: if Lydia was admitted, all was surely well! About four, she came down indeed, but the bit-

ter and overwhelming sorrow of her countenance declared at once the nature of that change which had taken place.—All was over—the pure, the virtuous spirit had fled to a better world: that form of angelic loveliness was ruined and untenanted, consigned to corruption and to dust.

The faithful servant, who had thus witnessed within a short time the total wreck of that house in which all the best days of her life had passed, shocked at the terrible expression of despair and sorrow in his fine countenance, endeavoured to control her own, and soothe him by the assurance 'that the last thoughts and the last words of her idolized young mistress were given to him. Perhaps his poor agonized heart might have softened from the sternness of despair to the meltings of grief, could he have listened; but Mr. and Mrs. D., having now learned the event, and being aware that much had been and would be said on the cruelty of refusing to the deceased that sight of her lover for which she had been incessantly wishing, entered the room, and with words of kindness endeavoured to soothe the sorrow they had hitherto contrived to render more poignant. The sight of *them* roused his feelings to madness. Springing from the couch on which he had thrown himself, he rushed out of the house; ran to his inn, where after some time he succeeded in procuring a carriage; and left Bath with the same rapidity with which he had entered it. On arriving at Hounslow, he recollected that his family were not at home, and he determined on visiting a college friend who was lately married and settled in that neighbourhood, sensible that sympathy and kindness would be felt for him by a young couple, whose mutual affection would teach them the extent of his loss. Thither he went, with a heart bursting under a sense of sorrow, and a frame worn down by agitation, fasting, and watching. Nothing could exceed the tenderness and pity with which he was received, or the pains taken to soothe his spirits, and prevail upon him to accept comfort, and use the means necessary for his restoration. 'You want sleep above all other things,' said the friend—'it must be now seven or eight nights since you were in bed: it is now past twelve—pray go to bed, and try to sleep.' The unhappy man consented, and, when he had taken a little mulled wine, his friend left him in the full persuasion that exhausted nature would find refuge (for a few hours at least) in that temporary oblivion of his woes which sleep only could produce. So deeply had the impression of his sorrows affected the young couple, that slumber fled from their eyes; and, although they went to bed about an hour after they left him, in the full hope that he was composed, yet they lay awake the whole night, lamenting his hard fate, and dreading the renewal of his afflictions in the morning.

The clock of the church, near which the parsonage-house is situated, had stricken four, when they were surprised by noises proceeding from Mr. L——'s room. On listening, they were aware that he was up, and even talking aloud, and soon afterwards that he was either falling over the chairs, or throwing them down. The clergyman sprang from his bed, took up the lamp, and instantly entered the room of his friend. The sight appalled him. The poor wretch, bereft of understanding, was throwing the furniture in all directions, with the air and fury of a maniac; and to the intreaties of his friend he replied only by a violent blow and a torrent of reproaches.

The servants were called, medical aid was quickly obtained, and the first physicians from London were speedily summoned. A fever on the brain had, however, taken place, which knowlege could not conquer, nor skill alleviate; and, on the morning of the third day after he entered the house, he too expired. When the afflicted overwhelmed father answered the summons, his son was in his coffin, which was kept open to allow him one last, *last*, look at that beloved being in whom all his hopes were centred, and whose prospects had so lately promised unequaled felicity.

The death of Miss D. had been announced in her native village, and filled it with sorrow. From the poorest cottage to the proudest villa, all lamented her; for her modest retiring character defeated even the malignity of envy, and neither her beauty and riches, nor her happy love, awakened censure or chilled admiration. On the day when it was announced that her funeral would take place, and when the vault which so lately received her mother was re-opened, the whole country was in motion, and rich and poor poured out to join the awful procession, to honor and to lament the lovely flower cut off in its prime. It was

a grand and pompous funeral, rather suited to the wealth than to the habits of the deceased, and bespoke either the pride or the regret of the uncle.

Scarcely had we all gazed (I say *all*, for every body was there) at the white nodding plumes and glaring escutcheons which covered the remains of the fairest, sweetest creature our eyes had ever beheld,—whilst loud sobs and trembling sighs were suppressed, lest one tittle of the sacred ceremony should be interrupted, which all desired to assist in rendering honorably awful,—when our eyes were forcibly led to remark another funeral advancing, which came in from the Hampton road. It was much less considerable in the line it occupied; but white plumes, indicating youth, were here also, and *here* was the deep reality of a sorrow, too occupied with its own misery for forms:—the chief mourner was a father for his only son.

Poor Mr. L——! he had been the pride, the charm of the village, ever since he came amongst us. I can see him now! his fine open countenance, his dark lively eye, and bounding step, seemed to promise a long and happy life, which would diffuse the blessings it experienced. Never, *never* surely, did such an awful heart-rending scene occur before! Many persons in the crowd shrieked with hysterical emotion, many fainted, all wept: the young felt for the dead, the old sympathised with the living. Those words which compose our admirable funeral service could scarcely be uttered; yet never had they been so felt by every heart, as in this agonizing hour.

I must not finish my sad story without informing you, that Mr. and Mrs. D. attended the funeral of their niece, after which they returned to her house, which they considered thenceforward as their own. On the following day, the attorney of the late occupant arrived from London, and, to their utter astonishment, presented a duplicate of a will made by Miss D. regular in all its forms.

It appeared that this will had been made by the young lady the day after she was of age, at the time when she was settling her affairs, in consequence (as she told the lawyer) of a promise she had made to her father; he having repeatedly, during his last illness, urged this upon her as a duty, which all who possessed property owed to those they loved. This statement was so much in character with the sentiments of the deceased father, and the obedience of his daughter, that it admitted no dispute.

Miss D., as might be expected, had left the tenth of her property to her lover; but she had given a handsome legacy to her uncle, annuities to her older servants, considerable bequests to the poor, and small sums as remembrances to friends, among whom that lady was particularised, at whose table she first saw her lover—a delicate memorial of affection to him.

The mother of Mr. L. never returned to this village, where their property was disposed of, and the uncle of Miss D. followed their example from a very different motive,—the consciousness that he was disliked. A very large property of course fell to the elder Mr. L.; but, alas! he did not need it, nor could it restore his son. All are now swept away and forgotten; but the few whose memories yet recall the worth and the attractions of these lovers and their untimely death, seldom fail like myself to give a tear to that fate, which blighted their hopes of earthly happiness; yet remember, as a most consolatory circumstance, 'that they were lovely together in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.' B.

CAIUS GRACCHUS; A TRAGEDY,

in five Acts, by James Sheridan Knowles.

The delay of the license for the representation of this tragedy induced some persons to suppose that the court would not suffer an ancient patriot to be personified on the modern stage; but, at a time when the spirit of party has in a great measure subsided, this was a hasty and ill-judged supposition, which was soon falsified by the grant of the requested license. The delay, indeed, was solely occasioned by the absence of the lord-chamberlain from the metropolis, and the unwillingness of the deputy-licenser to act from his own authority.

The story of Gracchus is far from being undramatic; for it is calculated to excite both terror and pity, two of the requisites of tragedy. It was dramatised by the earl of Carysfort, but with so little skill, or with such feeble endeavours to bring it on the stage, that his play was never performed. Mr. Knowles has been more successful; for his tragedy has found many panegyrists, both among the frequenters of the theatre and private readers.

The author, as might be expected, has principally attended to the part of Caius; but he has not neglected the character of Licinia, the patriot's wife, or that of his chief enemy, Opimius. It was his duty, however, to bestow finer touches on the portrait of Cornelia, the model of Roman mothers.

Of the hero's address to the people, at the trial of Vettius, some parts betray a want of dignity, but various portions are manly and spirited. His words, looks, and manner, remind his hearers of his brother; and when a plebeian exclaims, 'Tiberius lives again!' he thus proceeds:

————'Alas, my friends!
Go ask the Tiber if he lives again.
Cry for him to its waters! they do know
Where your Tiberius lies, never to live
Again!—Their channel was his only grave,
Where they do murmur o'er him, but, with all
The restless chaffing of their many waves,
Cannot awake one throb in the big heart
That wont to beat so strong, when struggling for
Your liberties!

* * * * *

What is't you do? Is it to banishment,
Or death, you are about to doom that man?
Know you no heavier punishment for those
That love you! Rather let them live to hear
You groan beneath the burdens of the great,
And bear it!—to behold you vilely spurn'd
By clients, bondsmen, hirelings, and bear it!
To see you griped by heartless usury:
To hear your children cry to you for food,
Without a shelter for your wretched heads,
Or land enough to serve you for a grave,
And bear it! To a Roman, such as Vettius,
What banishment, what death, were suffering
Equal to life like this!'

Licinia's quiet and retired character is pleasingly depicted. When she has been told that a citizen has obtained a government, and that his wife will be a queen, she answers,

————'Well, let her be so!
My queendom is, to be a simple wife.
This is my government, my husband's house,
Where, when he sits with me, he is enthron'd;
Enough. You ll smile; but, Juno be my witness,
I'd rather see him, with his boy upon
His knee, than seated in the consul's chair,
With all the senate round him.

Livia. Yet his greatness
Must needs be thine!

Licinia. I do not care for greatness.
It is a thing lives too much out of doors;
'Tis any where but at home; you will not find it
Once in a week, in its own house, at supper
With the family! Knock at any hour you choose,
And ask for it; nine times in ten they 'll send you
To the senate, or the forum, or to such
Or such an one's, in quest of it! 'Tis a month
Since Caius took a meal from home, and that
Was with my brother. If he walks, I walk
Along with him, if I choose; or, if I stay
Behind, it is a race 'twixt him and the time
He promis'd to be back again, which is first,
And when he 's back, and the door shut on him,
Consummate happy in my world within,
I never think of any world without!'

Cornelia, while she deplores the misgovernment of the state, dreads the consequences of her son's eagerness for reform, and desires him not to go to the forum.

————'Tis a worthless cause!
Why should you go, my Caius? To defend
Your laws from abrogation? Think of them
For whom you made those laws,—the fickle people
Did lend a hand to pull you from your seat,
And raise up them they shake at! Thou art single!
Thou hast no seconds! 'Tis a hopeless struggle!
So sunk are all, the heart of public virtue
Has not the blood to make it beat again!

Caius. And should I therefore sink with the base times?
What, mother, what!—Are the gods also base?
Is virtue base? Is honor sunk? Is manhood
A thing contemptible—and not to be
Maintain'd? Remember you Messina, mother?
Once from its promontory we beheld
A galley in a storm, and, as the bark
Approach'd the fatal shore, could well discern
The features of the crew, with horror all
Aghast, save one! Alone he strove to guide
The prow, erect amidst the horrid war
Of winds and waters raging. With one hand
He rul'd the hopeless helm—the other strain'd
The fragment of a shiver'd sail—his brow
The while bent proudly on the scowling surge,
At which he scowl'd again. The vessel struck!
One man alone bestrode the wave, and rode
The foaming courser safe! 'Twas he, the same!
You clasp'd your Caius in your arms, and cried,
'Look, look, my son! the brave man ne'er despairs,
And lives where cowards die;' I would but make
Due profit of your lesson.'

But she afterwards imbibes the spirit of her son, and exhorts him to go where his inclination so strongly leads him.

Those scenes in which the author has most fully exerted his powers, relate to the seduction of Drusus from the popular cause by Opimius, and to the

keen objurgation of the former by the indignant patriot. When Drusus has said, that he loves alike the senate and the people, and is the friend of both, Caius replics,

——————‘ The friend of neither,
The senate's tool!—a traitor to the people!—
A man that seems to side with neither party;
Will now bend this way, and then make it up,
By leaning a little to the other side:
Talk moderation—patience—with one foot
Step out, and with the other back again—
With one eye, glance his pity on the crowd,
And, with the other, crouch to the nobility;
At any public grievance raise his voice,
And, like a harmless tempest, calm away;
Idle, and noted only for his noise.
Such men are the best instruments of tyranny.
The simple slave is easily avoided
By his external badge; your order wears
The infamy within!’

When the people follow Drusus with shouts, Caius is disgusted at their fickleness, and exclaims,

‘ Go! I have till'd a waste, and with my sweat
Brought hope of fruitage forth: the superficial
And heartless soil cannot sustain the shoot:
The first harsh wind that sweeps it leaves it bare.
Fool that I was to till it!’

The catastrophe is striking and impressive; and the tragedy, upon the whole, is as interesting as a performance of this kind can easily be rendered, when the fate of the leading character is foreseen; for it was not to be supposed that the dramatist would so far pervert the truth of history, as to make his hero triumphant. Without being of the first order or the highest merit, the piece is worthy of a considerable degree of praise. The critic may wish that the language had been more correct and elegant; but we are ready to allow, that vigor of thought is much more striking than mere neatness of expression, and that sense and sentiment are more important than the dress in which they are enveloped.

A DESCRIPTION OF AN ANGLO-NORMAN ABBEY, BY LORD BYRON;

from a new Canto of Don Juan.

It stood embosom'd in a happy valley,
Crown'd by high woodlands, where the Druid oak
Stood like Caractacus, in act to rally
His host, with broad arms 'gainst the thunder-stroke;
And from beneath his boughs were seen to sally
The dappled foresters—as day awoke,
The branching stag went down with all his herd,
To quaff a brook which murmur'd like a bird.

Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,
Broad as transparent, deep, and freshly fed
By a river, which its soften'd way did take
In currents through the calmer water spread
Around: the wild fowl nestled in the brake
And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed:
The woods sloped downwards to its brink, and stood
With their green faces fix'd upon the flood.

Its outlet dash'd into a deep cascade,
Sparkling with foam, until again subsiding
Its shriller echoes—like an infant made
Quiet—sank into softer ripples, gliding
Into a rivulet; and thus allay'd,
Pursued its course, now gleaming, and now hiding
Its windings through the woods; now clear, now blue,
According as the skies their shadows threw.

A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile,
(While yet the church was Rome's) stood half apart
In a grand arch, which once screen'd many an aile.
These last had disappear'd—a loss to art;
The first yet frown'd superbly o'er the soil,
And kindled feelings in the roughest heart,

Which mourn'd the power of time's or tempest's march,
In gazing on that venerable arch.

A mighty window, hollow in the centre,
Shorn of its glass of thousand colorings,
Through which the deepen'd glories once could enter,
Streaming from off the sun like seraph's wings,
Now yawns all desolate: now loud, now fainter,
The gale sweeps through its fretwork, and oft sings
The owl his anthem, where the silenced quire
Lie with their hallelujahs quench'd like fire.

But in the noontide of the moon, and when
The wind is winged from one point of heaven,
There moans a strange unearthly sound, which then
Is musical—a dying accent driven
Through the huge arch, which soars and sinks again.
Some deem it but the distant echo given
Back to the night-wind by the waterfall,
And harmonized by the old choral wall:

Others, that some original shape, or form,
Shaped by decay perchance, hath given the power
(Though less than that of Memnon's statue, warm
In Egypt's rays, to harp at a fix'd hour)
To this grey ruin, with a voice to charm.
Sad, but serene, it sweeps o'er tree or tower:
The cause I know not, nor can solve; but such
The fact:—I've heard it,—once perhaps too much.

Amidst the court a Gothic fountain play'd,
Symmetrical, but deck'd with carvings quaint—
Strange faces, like to men in masquerade,
And here perhaps a monster, there a saint:
The spring gush'd through grim mouths, of granite made,
And sparkled into basins, where it spent
Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,
Like man's vain glory, and his vainer troubles.

The mansion's self was vast and venerable,
With more of the monastic than has been
Elsewhere preserved: the cloisters still were stable
The cells too and refectory, I ween:
An exquisite small chapel had been able,
Still unimpair'd, to decorate the scene;
The rest had been reform'd, replaced, or sunk,
And spoke more of the baron than the monk.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

ALAS! how many storm-clouds hang
O'er every sunny day below!
How many flowers die as they bloom!
How many more before they blow!

But fall the blight, or lour the blast,
O'er every other pleasure here,
If they would leave untouch'd that one
Of all earth's joys most pure and dear!

Young Love! how well thy smile can cheer
All other ills that wring the heart!
All other sorrows may we bear,
But those in which thyself hast part.

And is not this thy worst of griefs—
  Thine uttermost despair—to see
The grave close over the fond heart
  Just waken'd into life by thee?

To watch the blight steal o'er the rose,
  Yews spring where myrtles wont to be—
And for the bridal wreath to wear
  One gather'd from the cypress tree?

Look on yon grove, where a white fane*
  Grows whiter as the moonbeams fall;
There is a bust upon its shrine,
  Wearing a white rose coronal:

It is the monument where hope
  And youthful Love sleep side by side,
Raised by the mourner to the name
  Of her—his lost, but worship'd bride. L. E. L.

THE ANGEL MOTHER AND HER CHERUB CHILD.

Behold the look, the form, the eye,
  The sweetness of the mother mild!
Behold the softness, peace, and love,
  That hover round her sleeping child.

'Tis sweet to see the lark arise,
  And singing soar up to the sky,
But sweeter far, to hear the mother
  Gently sing her baby's lullaby.

'Tis sweet to look on infant beauty
  Gently lull'd to peaceful rest;
'Tis sweet to see its waking smile,
  When rising from its mother's breast.

Look at the happy infant feeding,
  See the angelic mother mild,
And say, are they of earth or heaven,
  The angel mother and her cherub child?

The one as soft as early morn,
  The other bright like radiant day;
The one as fair as lunar beam,
  The other dazzling like the solar ray.

Yet the softness of the morn will pass,
  And noontide brightness wear away,
And silent night will follow sure
  The brightest and the loveliest day.

And thus must fade the lovely pair,
  The cherub child and angel mother;
Yes, they must die and fade away,
  Must leave this sphere to gain another.

There, far above the reach of woe,
  Above the reach of passions wild,
Shall live in peace, and live for aye,
  The angel mother and her cherub child. X. Z.

* The mausoleum erected at Claremont to the memory of the princess Charlotte.

TRAVELS INTO CHILE, OVER THE ANDES, IN THE YEARS 1820 AND 1821; BY PETER SCHMIDTMEYER. 4to. 1823.

THE great contest in South-America naturally calls the public attention to the affairs of that part of the world, and to the manners and customs of its inhabitants. Some may say that the contest is already decided, as Spain is utterly unable to subdue or reclaim its colonial possessions; but we may observe, that Ferdinand has some powerful friends, upon whose assistance he may be disposed to rely. However that may be, the South-American provinces deserve our attention; and we therefore take this opportunity of introducing the subject of the Chilian state, in which the royalists have now no influence.

Mr. Schmidtmeyer is a lively writer, rather jocular than grave, and he is neither a man of science nor of learning; but, from all accounts of travels, unless the author be a man of very weak understanding, we may derive considerable information. He confesses his imperfections with *naïveté*.—'If you are willing (says he to his readers) that I should take you along with me, this is my first attempt to conduct any one in a public conveyance of this kind. Your intended fellow-traveller, I say, is a man of rather superficial than deep knowlege; and as his object, in going to South-America, is not that of scientific observation, you will perhaps be hurried on, just where you may wish to stop, and without the benefit of information, when you may most desire to have it; and another disqualification, which will also tend to lessen, or perhaps altogether prevent, the interest and pleasure which you may anticipate from your intercourse with him, is some impediment of speech.'

Having crossed the Andes and entered Chilè, he says, 'The sun had set when we reached a pretty spot, well sheltered by some trees, and close by the river whose murmur lulled us to sleep. The next day we soon reached the lower end of our winding valley, and here found natural vegetation worse, and the ground possessed by algarobs and espinos, thinly growing over it, and apparently without any great intercourse with the quillais and other Andine plants: the wide space, between those small brownish trees, was nearly bare. But shortly opened itself to our view the basin of Aconcagua, and appeared on the road the first Chileno cottages, whose inhabitants made a striking impression on me, with a stature a little below the common size, small but well turned and filled-up limbs, plump faces, lively, expressive, and somewhat Chinese countenances. The inhabitants of both sides of the Andes, except in some spots, are remarkable for the smallness of their hands and feet.

* * * * *

'The features seen from this spot are such as I have found, after several excursions, to be more characteristic than from almost any other place that I have visited, of the striking and metallic appearance of many parts of the Andes: here are not observed the same exhibitions of great convulsions as on the eastern side; the ground is not so much strewed with volcanic productions; but this mountain of Chacabuco, and all the foreground of the Andes seen from it, show in an extraordinary degree and extent those masses of a grey tint, which I have already more than once noticed: whole mountains from this spot appear formed of this rock or substance, which is nearly in a naked state: the prospect is not of high lands fit for vegetation, but of heaps of impure lead, which only requires refining. A few mines may be seen from the road; and I have been informed, that lead and iron, silver, and other metals, are extensively found in this part of the Andes.'

Chilè is not at present a very populous country; for the number of inhabitants, according to our author, cannot be estimated beyond 200,000, of whom about 45,000 reside in Santiago, the capital. This calculation, however, seems to be too low; for Mr. Bland, an American envoy, stated, in 1818, that the country contained 1,200,000 persons, exclusive of the descendants of the original natives.

With regard to the manners and customs of the people, Mr. Schmidtmeyer observes, that 'there seldom is, in this part of the world, any intermediacy between the large house of a family of wealth or rank, and a small habitation, consisting of a room for sleeping, one for sitting, and another for cooking; the latter having its fire-place on the ground, and the smoke escaping where it can; the *dormitorio*, or sleeping apartment, divided from the sitting-place by a wall or a piece of cloth only, and the ground sometimes floored with bricks: but a

dwelling must belong to a very poor and unsettled family, if it do not consist of two sheltered places, one of which for cooking. In the west, a traveller who stops at a farmer's of some small property, and sleeps in open air, will sometimes see, in the morning, the whole family and servants lying down about the house and him, where they have passed the night. I remember the effect of the first morning scene of this kind which I unexpectedly witnessed. On waking, it pleased me much, but soon mortified me: I thought that the men, wrapped up in their common *ponchos*, with their heads and thick black hair uncovered, looked much more dignified than I did, although my blanket, fine poncho, and night-cap, made my birth a kind of state bed and furniture among them. Then the women exhibited an odd appearance, which, whatever their accomplishments might have been, did not at the moment put me in mind of angelic beings, formed for adoration; and lastly, when I looked at the dogs, cats, and poultry around us, I found that, in their sleeping appearance and attitudes, they looked more neat and graceful than any of us. The scene certainly was very picturesque, but almost too rural, and the distinction of ranks was not sufficiently established. In spots most exposed to incursions from neighbouring settlements of Indians on the Pampas, the habitations have a small ditch and fence round them, which are often sufficient to deter small parties from the attempt to break in. The houses of the largest size are generally most surrounded with bones of slaughtered cattle, dogs, and birds of prey feeding on carcasses, pieces of hides, horns, and other impurities, which, to an European, may appear disgusting; whilst the inhabitants of these plains might say, that to them, the sight is as agreeable, and the smell as little offensive, as those of a fine farm-yard in Europe.

"The habits of the rich do not offer much for description. Those who are not engaged on their estates in killing cattle, in mining, or in some public employments, are generally in their stores; they rise and dine early, sleep much after dinner, and in the evening go to *tertulias* or parties, to the theatre, or to gaming places. Notwithstanding the considerable property often contained in their shops, and their love of gain, yet there is no emulation or contrivance for attracting customers or outshining one another. Their dress is much the same as in Europe, and sometimes very expensive. It is to the country people that we are to look for more characteristic features; and amongst them, the herdsmen of the Pampas, who are of all kinds of origin, appear to live in a wilder state than the roving Indians. Every herd has a master herdsman or *capataz*, who has under him an assistant for every thousand heads of cattle. These herdsmen live in huts placed in the middle of the grazing estates, without doors or windows, and with seldom any other furniture than a barrel to hold water, a drinking horn, some wooden spits for roasting beef, a small copper pot for taking matés, and hides to lie on. Few of them are married. Their office is to ride out from time to time, and see that the herds do not leave the limits of the estate: they drive the oxen and the cows once a week into an enclosure called *rodeo*, and the horses into the farm-yard or *corral*, and there they mark the new-born with the stamp of the estate: they attend to what other service the breeding of cattle requires, but pass much of their time in idleness; they live at a distance of five, ten, or even twenty leagues from one another; and if they have an opportunity of hearing mass, they remain on horseback at the church or chapel door, which is left open for them, and they usually baptize their children themselves: they are very hospitable and highly disinterested, but strangers to feelings of friendship and sympathy. It is truly extraordinary that, among people who live in lonely habitations, and use their horses as we do our feet, and are surrounded with faithful dogs, I should never have witnessed a single mark of affection to these animals: even children are seldom playful with dogs, which are their most steady companions by the fire-side. When it rains, the herdsmen of Buenos-Ayres pull off their clothes, and lay them under the saddle until the weather again becomes fine, because, say they, the body dries the quickest.'

The manufactures of the country are not in a flourishing state; but, with the advice and assistance of English and other emigrants from Europe, a change in this respect will probably soon take place. It appears that 'a cloth manufactory has been set up at Santiago by an ingenious Swiss, assisted by a skilful mechanic; and, after considerable ex-

pense, perseverance, and labour, it was to begin making coarse cloth shortly after my departure from it. Hemp yarn and cordage were also made by him; and the scene of many women and children, employed in that spot at regular day's work, as in Europe, formed a very new exhibition here: several of them were occupied in selecting the best wool from the worst; and I was informed that they performed readily and well the labour assigned to them. A carding wheel seemed to exhibit very considerable workmanship and skill. An Englishman and a Swede have set up a small brewery, the whole of which might almost be lodged in one of the vats of a London brewhouse. A single bag of hops in the store, which had been imported from Europe at a considerable cost, was supplying a few handfuls of its contents to each brewing, and the beer made here was not yet the brown stout; but it was tolerably good, and, as the place had been arranged for the reception of company in a garden, the novelty of the experiment attracted many people.

'Besides the straw hats made and very generally worn in Chilé, there is in Santiago a manufactory of felt hats of a pretty good quality, to the improvement of which the New Shetland seal may now contribute. Woollen and cotton ponchos are chiefly fabricated in the southern districts, which cost from four to above a hundred dollars each. Gold and silver are wrought by several smiths into plate, maté, and other pots, candlesticks, buckles, chains, and ornaments of various kinds. But earthenware, iron and copper mongery, many articles of haberdashery, saddles and bridles, stockings, and coarse stuffs for dress, are chiefly made in country towns, or in small farm-houses and ranchos.

'Sope is manufactured in many houses for private use or for sale, but it is not of a good quality, and this must be imported. The process for making it here is the following:—The ashes of the espino-wood, which is most generally used for fuel, are very alkaline, and those of the stalks of kidney-beans are said to be still more so. A hundred and fifty pounds of ashes, whatever they may be, are mixed with twelve or fifteen of lime, and the whole is put into a copper, or partly copper partly earthen, vessel; sufficient water is added, and the mixture is boiled during several hours: the whole is then poured into a large funnel made with an ox hide, through the bottom of which it is strained. The lye, or alkaline solution, is mixed with a due proportion of fat, and boiled until it forms the sopy paste, which is then cast into moulds: but the alkali is so imperfectly combined with the fat, that it is both unpleasant and hurtful to the skin and to what else it is applied. I heard that two Englishmen had lately arrived in Chilé, and established a sope manufactory at Quintero.'

'TH' OLDEN TIME,' OR, JESTS, PROVERBS, AND RIDDLES.

—— *Dedit risusque jocosque.*
HORATII SAT.

Whate'er your sober thoughts, ungrateful, after,
Confess I gave you jests, and raised your laughter.

As "*once a man, twice a child,*" it is not surprising that *jests*, *proverbs*, and *riddles*, should come in for a double share of our attention. In truth, I am weary of my manly pursuits in literature, and, recurring to childish matters, have collected these toys, and now call on the gentle reader to come and laugh and play with me. Extremes meet, and he, whom the oracle pronounced the wisest of mankind, declared that he knew nothing—not that I mean to say that many of our friends and acquaintance do not arrive at the same point by a very different process from that which was pursued by Socrates! Of him it is said, that, when he was old, he wished to be instructed in dancing and playing upon instruments, and thought his time well spent. It is added, that 'he never refused to play at cob-nut, or to ride the hobby-horse with boys.' This for our comfort; but, before I proceed, I shall state what has given me a distaste for what is styled more solid reading.

With regard to *political pamphlets*, for instance, if I peruse *one*, I feel myself illuminated, and all is as clear to me as the noon-day; but, if I read *two*, my light goes out, and I am plunged into Cimmerian darkness. It is just so with *newspapers*. Indeed a friend of mine, who loves his country, and is pleased to see every thing marching on triumphantly, will never look but at one paper. The other day, at a coffee-house, the waiter brought him the Morning Chronicle, which he immediately threw at

his head, crying out, 'What the devil do you give me this paper for? let me have the Courier; I always like to read *good news!*' Pamphlets then, and newspapers, I have abandoned; for, if I read one sort, and happen to open my mouth, I am called a Whig—if the other, a pensioner. What double-faced persons ministers must be. Those who look at them on one side, see in them all kinds of virtues and excellent qualities; while the spectators, on the other, behold nothing but weakness and corruption. Poor Lavater! what would you have done in these days?

Reviews are no direction whatever to my judgement. Should the Edinburgh tell me that a certain book is admirable, and I praise it, another who has read the Quarterly assures me it is utter trash, and that I know nothing at all about the matter. Such reading is like poring over all the laws that have been enacted—by the time you get one statute tolerably fixed in your memory, you come to another, by which it is repealed.

Formerly I recollect that certain poets were (excuse the Hibernicism) the immortals of the day. Fame had no breath for any other; but, since that time, I hear that some gentlemen of Caledonia or the lakes fill all her trumpet; and such will, most likely, in time give place to other ribands esteemed more fashionable. On this fantastic head, I have long ceased to venture an opinion.

It appears then (at least to me) that in this the most writing age, there never was less that a wise man would wish to read. Confusion, and not instruction, is the result of great reading; and of these *helluones librorum*, these gormandizers of modern literature, I may perhaps say with the philosopher in Plato, 'I should be as great a fool as they are, if I read as much.'

With *Moral Essays* I have no patience —no man who has lived much in the world can—they are always giving us some ugly hit or other. *Novels*, those *much ado about nothing* things, are to me insufferable; and, if we consider the general run of them, it would be well if many of my fair readers thought with me. Cooke, the actor, a man of the world, and indeed *The Man of the World*, made some observations on this subject, not unworthy of attention. 'In my humble opinion a licenser is as necessary for a circulating library as for dramatic productions intended for representation; especially when it is considered how young people, particularly girls, often procure, and sometimes in a secret manner, books of so evil a tendency, that not only their time is most shamefully wasted, but their morals and manners are tainted and warped for the remainder of their lives. I am firmly of opinion that many females owe the loss of reputation to the insinuating, seductive, and pernicious publications, too often found in those dangerous seminaries.'

Considering, then, what I have suffered from certain books already noticed, I am strongly tempted to borrow some lines from Pope, and say, let

> ——'a *folio* common-place
> Found the whole pile, of all their works the base,
> *Quartos*, *octavos*, shape the less'ning pyre,
> A twisted *birth-day ode* complete the spire.'

The modern press, too, is apt to be proud of its *milk-white paper;* but I shall show that this is a mistaken vanity. Dr. Lancaster said, 'All my Paris editions are on paper of the same dunny colour, and those editions (for that reason for one) excel all others. I never heard English printing blamed so much for any thing as the paper's being too white. Master, I have found by experience that eyes are very good things, and yet I will not say that I found it out first; for they say old Friar Bacon knew it, and even some antediluvians lived long enough to have discovered it. Now *brown* paper preserves the eye better than *white*, and for that reason the wise Chinese write on brown. So do the Egyptians. So Aldus and Stephens printed; and on such paper, or vellum, are old MSS. written. Saville published his Chrysostom with a silver letter on brown paper; and, when authors and readers agree to be wise, we shall avoid printing on glaring white paper.'

For any thing I know to the contrary, the doctor may be universally right; and I am certain that a numerous class of writers, of the present day, might with the greatest propriety, suiting the paper to the genius employed on it, adopt the *brown!* However all this may be, I know that either in consequence of the time I have pored over white paper, or of the white hairs time has sprinkled over my forehead, my eyes are much worse than they were; and for all the former reasons, with this beside, I at present solace myself with

those little quaint, antique, dunny, dingy companions, from whose marrow and merriment I am now about to make a selection.

My *Jests* (the first branch of my subject) I will borrow from a work printed in 1662, entitled '*Fragmenta Aulica*, or Court and State Jests in noble drollery, true and reall, ascertained to their times, places, and persons; by T. S. Gent.' This title speaks for itself, and will doubtless bespeak much favor with many, who are not the less wise because they love to laugh. The frontispiece, with this motto, *Curia quasi incuria*, represents a courtier of the time of Charles II., with a magpie at his feet, and Minerva, as I guess by the owl at hers, offering him a scroll: I say as I guess, for I never saw a jollier dame, though we ought not to forget Erasmus' '*Crassa vel pinguis Minerva*,' a goddess by no means without worshipers. The preface *to the Court* says, 'There will be room enough, amidst the throng of your businesse and employment, for their entertainment; and, if the genius of the place be not different from what it was, as Pasquil thinks not, they may perhaps jostle out more serious difficulties, and finde easier accesse and attainment, as the aire insinuates itself, where the other heavier and dull elements cannot proceed or move themselves.

'Some,' he adds, 'have wondered that, while all other vacancies at court are so quickly supplied, no one has taken the reversion of *Fool*; but others, offended with the times, and the nature, name, and quality of the place, think perhaps the whole, collectively taken, to be a representative body of that venerable function, and that there is no want or need of him.'

I proceed to the extracts:

'*King Henry VIII.*

'A company of little boyes were by their schoolmaster, not many years since, appointed to act the play of *King Henry VIII.*, and one who had the presence, or the absence rather (as being of a whining voice, puling spirit, consumptive body), was appointed to perform King Henry himself, only because he had the richest clothes, and his parents of the best people of the parish; but when he had spoken his speech, rather like a mouse than a man, one of his fellow-actors told him: 'If you speak not *hah!!* with a better spirit and voyce, your parliament will not grant you a farthing.'

'*Lord Treasurer.*

'The office of lord treasurer was alwayes beheld as a place of great trust and profit. One well skilled in the profit thereof, being demanded what he conceived the yearly value of the place might be, made answer, that it might be worth some thousands of pounds to him, who, after death, would goe instantly to heaven; twice as much to him who would goe to purgatory; and nobody knowes what to him who would adventure to go to h—.'

'*Dr. Perne.*

'Dr. Perne, master of Peter-house, and dean of Ely, was a very facetious person, and excellent at blunt jests, and loved that kind of mirth, even so as to be hated for his wit in them. The dean chanced to call a clergyman *fool*, who indeed was little better, and he replyed that he would complain thereof to the bishop of Ely:—'Do,' saith the dean, 'when you will, and my lord bishop will *confirm you!*'

'*Ship-Money.*

'When Mr. Hambden was condemned in the exchequer in a penall sume, ten judges gave their opinion that the taxe was legal, only judge Hutton and judge *Crooke* declared against it, so that a stop was put to levying of it; whereupon a countryman, no friend to the prerogative, said wittily, 'The king may get ship-money by Hook, but not by *Crooke!*'

'*King James.*

'King James first coined his 22 shilling-piece of gold, called *Jacobuses*, where, on his head, he wore a crown: after that he coined 20 shilling-pieces, and wore the laurel instead of the crown, upon which mutation Ben Jonson said pleasantly, 'That *poets* being always poor, bayes were rather the emblem of wit than wealth, since king James no sooner began to wear them, but *he fell two shillings in the pound in publique valuation.*'

'*Terme.*

'In the 5th of queen Mary, 1558, there was such a thin terme, that there was but one lawyer in the *King's-Bench*, Mr. Foster, and one serjeant, Mr. Bouloise, at the Common-Pleas; both having little more to do than to look about them, and the judges not more to do

than the lawyers had; who in the quiet times were much increased, as may be gathered from the words of Heywood, the old epigrammatist, and one much made of by this queen, who, being told of the great number of them, and that the multitude of them would impoverish the whole profession, made answer, No; that always the more spaniels there were in the field, the more was the game.'

We have lived to see this saying pretty well verified, but shall, we fear, never observe the recurrence of the former fact.

'*Benjamin Jonson.*

'One was friendly telling Ben Jonson of his great and excessive drinking continually. 'Here's a grievous clatter and talk (quoth Benjamin) concerning my drinking; but there 's not a word of that thirst which so miserably torments me day and night!''

We have all heard (it costs something now to see it) that 'O rare Ben Jonson' is inscribed on the tomb of the poet in the abbey; but it is not perhaps so generally known how that happened: Aubrey informs us that this inscription 'was donne at the charge of Jack Young (afterwards knighted), who, walking there when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteen pence to cutt it.'

'*Lord-Treasurer.*

'When my Lord —— came first to be lord treasurer, he complained to the lord chancellor Bacon of the troublesomenesse of the place, for that the exchequer was empty. The lord chancellor answered, 'My lord, be of good cheer, for now you shall see the *bottom* of your businesse *at first*.''

'*A Present.*

'When peace was renewed with the French in England, divers of the great counsellors were presented from the French with jewels. The earle of Northampton was omitted, whereupon the king said to him, 'My lord, how happens it that you have not a *jewell* as the rest?' My lord answered, according to the fable in Æsop, '*Non sum Gallus* *, *ideoque non reperi gemmam*.''

'*A Countryman.*

'A certain countryman, being at the assizes, and seeing the prisoners holding up their hands at the bar, related to some of his acquaintance, that the judges were good *fortune-tellers*; for, if they did but look upon a man's *hand*, they could tell whether he should live or dye.'

'*Judge Popham.*

'Master serjeant Popham, afterwards lord chiefe justice (who said he would make the road so safe that a man might travel with a white wand in his hand, and performed his word) when he was chosen speaker of the house of commons, *which had sate long, and done nothing in effect*—coming one day to queen Elizabeth, she said to him, 'Now, master speaker, what hath passed in the house of commons?' He answered, 'If it please your majesty, *seven weekes!*''

'*How to live like a Prince.*

'A gentleman that had been ruined with his composition at Goldsmiths'-hall, being met by a countryman, was asked by him how he lived in those times? Replied the other, no way dismayed with his fortune, 'I live like a prince.'—'I do not know,' quoth the other, 'what you mean by that?'—'Why,' saith the other, 'I eate, and drinke, and owe much money!''

'*Sir Francis Bacon.*

'A lady, walking with Mr. Bacon in Grayes-Inne Walkes, asked whose that piece of ground, lying next under the walls, was? He answered, theirs. Then she asked him, if those fields beyond the walkes were theirs too? He answered, 'Yes, madam, *those* are ours, as *you* are ours, *to look on, and no more!*''

Let us now attend to our *Proverbs*. '*Crossing of Proverbs, Crosse Answers, and Crosse Humours*. 1616.'

Proverbs are frequently a concentration of the wisdom of nations and ages; but this little *jeu d'esprit*, of days gone by, pretends in two parts to cross them all. B. N. *Gentleman*, first addresses

* This joke cannot well be translated; for the epigrammatic point of it would be lost in the attempt to give it an English dress. In the fable it was the *cock* that found a jewel; and *Gallus* signifies both a cock and a Frenchman. The reply is pleasant; but it is not so pointed as the answer of a French ambassador to the pope, whom he was persuading to enter into a league with his most Christian majesty. Not satisfied with his arguments, the pontiff exclaimed, *Gallus cantat* [the cock crows, or the Frenchman prates].—*Utinam* (said the diplomatist) *ad Galli cantum Petrus resipisceret*.——I wish that the crowing of the cock may prove a seasonable warning to Peter. —Ed.

the reader in these terms: 'Meeting with many crosses in this world, among them all I found some in books, as crossing of proverbs, crosse answers, and such other like crosse humours, as I have collected out of crosse authors which I have put together in this little booke, in which, if you find any thing crosse to your liking, crosse it out: and if there bee any thing that is better worth than nothing, be not crosse to patience to esteeme it a little, tho' but a little: so, loth to crosse mine owne reason, with too much perswasion of your too kinde either disposition or discretion, I rest as I finde cause.'

He proceeds thus:—

'*Crosse and Pile, or Crossing of Proverbs.*

Prov. The more the merrier.
Cross. Not so; one hand is enough in a purse.

P. *Hee that runnes fastest, gets most ground.*
C. Not so; for then footmen would get more ground than their masters.

P. *He runnes far that never turnes.*
C. Not so; he may breake his necke in a short course.

P. *No man can call againe yesterday.*
C. Yes; he may call till his heart ake, tho' it never come.

P. *He that goes softly, goes safely.*
C. Not among thieves.

P. *Nothing hurts the stomach more than surfeiting.*
C. Yes, lacke of meat.

P. *Nothing is hard to a willing mind.*
C. Yes, to get money.

P. *None so blind as they that will not see.*
C. Yes, they that cannot see.

P. *There is no creature so like a man as an ape.*
C. Yes, a woman.

P. *Nothing but is good for something.*
C. Not so; nothing is not good for any thing.

P. *Every thing hath an end.*
C. Not so; a ring hath none, for it is round.

P. *Money is a great comfort.*
C. Not when it brings a thief to the gallows.

P. *The world is a long journey.*
C. Not so; the sunne goes it every day.

P. *It is a great way to the bottom of the sea.*
C. Not so; it is but a stone's cast.

P. *A friend is best found in adversity.*
C. Not so; for then there's none to be found.

P. *The pride of the rich makes the labours of the poor.*
C. No, the labours of the poore make the pride of the rich.

P. *Virtue is a jewel of great price.*
C. Not so; for then the poore could not come by it.'

To conclude, as the clergyman says; and whether his hearers occasionally think so of him or not, my readers, I doubt not, will think it the best thing I have said. It is late in the day—and so it ought to be—for the introduction of *riddles.* To court favor with the ladies and country gentlemen, I have selected a work entitled 'Witty and ingenious Riddles.' To account for the *sphinx*-like disposition, which is so rife (as we experience to our frequent discomfiture) about this period of the year, is not easy; but I suppose that recourse is had to it as a cure for *ennui* and vapors. 'Pour les *riches,*' says Rousseau; 'leur grand fléau c'est l'ennui: au sein de tant d'amusemens, rassemblés à grands fraix, au milieu de tant de gens concourans à leur plaire, l'ennui les consume, et les tue; ils passent leur vie a le fuir, et à en être atteints; ils sont accablés de son poids insupportable: les femmes surtout, qui, ne savant plus s'occuper, ni s'amuser, en sont dévorées sans le nom de *vapeurs.*' To shake off this troublesome companion then, and in approbation of the saying, that 'to do the idlest thing is better than to be idle,' they riddle. Or, perhaps, our fair countrywomen take it up, as at once a remedy for *idleness,* and so a preservative against *love*—which latter they mortally abhor.

Otia si tollas, periere Cupidinis arcus,
Contemptæque jacent, et sine luce faces.

'Tis true as I live (and I'd not be uncivil)
Of love we may say what we say of the devil;
He tempts us all round, and our fancy would bridle,
But he himself's tempted by those who are idle!
Then weep no more, ladies, in solitude sighing,
In listlessness buried, half living, half dying;
And no more his torments you'll find so prevailing,
His torch will be harmless, his bow unavailing!'

If this, or any part of this speculation, be true, I hope to hear no more contemptuous mention made of *riddles, rebuses, charades,* or *conundrums.*

The little work which we are now to introduce is an unique—no other than the *Book of Riddles* alluded to by Shakespeare in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' when Master Slender says to Master Simple—' You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?' In Malone's edition, it is called '*a popular book:*' and in a note by Reed to these words—' I had my good wit out of the hundred merry tales,'—we have this remark, extracted from the English Courtier and Country Gentleman, 1586. 'We want not also pleasaunt mad-headed knaves that bee properly learned and well reade in diverse pleasaunt bookes and good authors; as Sir Guy of Warwick, The four Sonnes of Aymon, The Ship of Fooles, The Budget of Demandes, The Hundred Merry Tales, The Booke of Riddles, and many other excellent witty and pleasaunt.'

So much for its fame and antiquity—now for a specimen of its merits; which, as it becomes us, we shall leave to a *Jury of Matrons* to determine.

Q. 'In words unnumber'd I abound,
In me mankind doth take delight;
In me much learning still is found,
Yet I can neither read nor write.

It is customary, we know, with magazines to defer the solutions for a month; and we have seen an annual pocket-book published in January, which postpones this delight till the next year; but we will not be so tormenting or hard-hearted.

Answer. '*It is a booke printed or written.*'

Q. With learning daily I am conversant,
And scan the wisdom of the wisest man;
With force I pierce the strongest argument,
Yet know no more than it had never been.

A. *It is a worm that eats through the bookes in a learned library.*

Q. Full rich am I, yet care not who
Do's take away from me my wealth;
Be it by fraud, I will not see,
Nor prosecute, though 't be by stealth.

A. *It is a coffer wherein great riches are laid up.*

Q. Tho' I am pierced a thousand times,
Yet in me not a hole is made;
I notice give when Phœbus climbs
To drowsie mortals in their bed.

A. *It is a window penetrated by the light.*

Q. I'm dragg'd along thro' dirt and mire,
O'er cragged stones and hills about;
And yet I neither faint nor tire,
But rather weary those that do 't.

A. *It is a coach drawn about by horses.*

Q. Five ribs I have, a breech, and head,
Four feet, and likewise a long tail:
In smoke and fire I make my bed,
And to do service never fail.

A. *It is a gridiron.*'

There—that is quite a sufficient dose for one afternoon; but by the way of showing that we can fool it with the best of our country cousins, we will give one of our own—

Q. Why is the *Temple Church* so much like *Heaven?*

A. *There none are married, or in marriage given.*

The round church * in the Temple was founded in the reign of Henry II. upon the model of that of the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem, and is *extra-parochial.* But it would be better not to put this conundrum; for perhaps some unlucky Œdipus might answer, *because the* Templars *seldom go thither.*

Grub.

PARISIAN MANNERS IN JUVENILE LIFE;

from Comparative Sketches of London and Paris.

A French lady having given a *bal costumé* to a number of girls and boys, an English gentleman who was present is supposed to have sent the following account of it to a French nobleman in London.

* The Temple *Church* is not round. The rotundity is merely in the introductory part, or what some would call the lobby. Edit.

The whole entertainment was more novel, more gay, and more characteristic, than any thing of the kind which I have yet witnessed. In a large and elegant salon, brilliantly lighted and decked out on the occasion, with every possible additional ornament, accompanied by their respective parents (who were still in the full enjoyment of manly vigour, or the bloom of female beauty) appeared the destined representatives of some of your most illustrious houses, each of whom personated an assumed character, and wore an appropriate garb. A lovely duchess held in her arms a little girl scarcely six months old, who was clad in the full attire of a superannuated lady of the last century, with a fly-cap, long ruffles, stiff stays, and green spectacles. Besides an infant Hercules, a *baby* Alexander, and a *pygmy* Achilles, we had *presidents à mortier* of the parliament of Paris, who (though the eldest was not more than eight years of age) preserved the full appearance of gravity becoming the robes of magisterial office. We had smart little *abbés*, scarcely three feet high, who aped not unsuccessfully the effeminate manners and pert loquacity of those once well-known members of French society. We had monks whose pillowed rotundity reminded us of the jolly friars of former days. We had miniature *dames présentées de l'ancien régime*, with trains two-thirds longer than the persons of the wearers, high *toupets*, high feathers, long lappets, powdered heads, and brilliant jewels. We had also *maréchaux de France*, both of the old and new school; cardinals, statesmen, legislators, financiers, merchants, peasants, Turks, Jews, running-footmen, flower-girls, *savants et savantes*, all correctly dressed and correctly acted, though very few of the exhibitors had reached their tenth birth-day. But the most striking feature of the whole evening was the performance of a *real quadrille* (such as the courtiers of Louis XIV. were in the habit of dancing) by a party of youthful masqueraders, correctly dressed after the best pictures of that age. While the performance was going forward, I could not help casting an eye on the brilliant circle of spectators which was formed round the dancers; and in those who composed it I recognised more than one immediate descendant of those illustrious visitors to the Hotel de Rambouillet, whom we now saw before us in miniature; and this circumstance added no trifling interest to the scene which was represented. When the dance was finished, the music changed to a march; the pages came forward and returned the swords, in a submissive attitude, similar to that in which they had received them, to their respective *seigneurs*; who, after renewing their bows to the company and their partners, gave the latter their hands, and conducted them out of the room with the same solemnity which they had observed on entering it. I must now mention, as a curious instance of national character early acquired, (for certainly you are the *best* actors in the world,) that these young people, on being called upon to repeat the whole of this exhibition at the request of an illustrious stranger who came too late to see the first performance, achieved with equal propriety the second task required from them, and without losing for a moment that self-possession and command of countenance which had already excited so much applause. I should mention, before I conclude this imperfect sketch of a most amusing evening, that at ten o'clock the eighty children who had appeared *en costume*, adjourned to the eating-room, where a splendid repast had been prepared for them. I was very much pleased with the politeness of the little Frenchmen, who, instead of rushing forward as so many English boys would have done, selected their favorite belles, and led them to the supper-table. Nor did they forget to put their napkins through their button-holes; in doing which they reminded me of my friend the *bon vivant* at Beauvillier's, who never begins his meal till this ceremony is performed. Here, however, their regard for good manners seemed to cease; for no *roturier's* sons could have eaten more ravenously than did these children of *la haute noblesse*. They were waited on by their *bonnes* (or nurses), who wore their provincial dresses, which added another curious feature to the scene. I smiled at remarking that not a few marshals of France, cardinals, and presidents of parliaments, received a friendly hint from these good women, not to make themselves sick by eating too much; a piece of advice which seemed to be little attended to. Among the many circumstances which threw a charm round this gala, I must add that the mothers of the juvenile exhibitors were still young themselves, and contained in their number some of the handsomest women at Paris.

A MEMOIR OF THOMAS LORD ERSKINE.

In this country, and more particularly in our own times, the talent of public speaking has been cultivated with great zeal and success; and it has paved the way, in many instances, to fame and fortune. Even where it is not accompanied with learning and judgement, eloquence makes a strong impression upon the generality of auditors, being the ready exercise of that faculty which, next to the mind, peculiarly distinguishes the human species from the brute creation. In this art, as practised in the profession of the law, the excellence of lord Erskine was universally allowed; and, in him, it was accompanied with patriotic feelings and public spirit.

The late earl of Buchan had three sons; but only the inheritor of the title is now living. Henry, the second son, was long the grace and ornament of society in Edinburgh, and was considered as the most eloquent advocate at the Scotish bar. The present earl was left with an encumbered estate, with which, however, he not only supported himself, but provided for the education of his brothers, who owed much to his care and exertions. As a profession was the only resource for these two young men, Thomas, with little hesitation, fixed upon the navy. He went to sea at an early age, and served under Sir John Lindsay, nephew to the celebrated earl of Mansfield. Under this officer he acted in the capacity of lieutenant, although he had not a commission of that rank; and this circumstance is said to have caused him to quit the navy, as he was unwilling, afterwards, to return to sea in the inferior rank of midshipman. Determined not to spend an inactive life, young Erskine, on quitting the navy, entered into the army, as an ensign in the 1st regiment of foot, about the year 1768. He served six years, three of which he passed in the island of Minorca; and, while there, with a versatility and eccentricity which distinguished his character, he occasionally read prayers and preached sermons to his regiment.

From his infancy, he was distinguished by a singular ease, humor, and acuteness in conversation; and Dr. Johnson, who met him in company while he was in the army, says, he 'talked with a vivacity, fluency, and precision so uncommon, that he attracted particular attention.'

On the death of his father, the countess of Buchan, who possessed a high degree of mental energy, and intellectual talents of the first order, prevailed on her son to quit the army for the law. He entered as a fellow-commoner of Trinity College, Cambridge, and, at the same time, inserted his name in the books of Lincoln's-Inn, as a student of the law. Of his college declamations, one is still extant. The thesis was the revolution of 1688; and, in treating of that glorious event, he gave a powerful prognostication of that forensic eloquence, which was afterwards to clothe the dull details of law in a splendid garment of light and beauty. This declamation entitled him to a prize; but he refused to accept it, alleging that, as he had declaimed merely in conformity to the rules of the college, and without being then a resident within its walls, he did not deserve it, and ought not to take it. Soon afterwards, an ode appeared in the Monthly Magazine (in imitation of Gray's Bard), which was attributed to him. The playfulness of a vivid imagination, and of a laughter-loving disposition, are its principal characteristics; but it cannot boast of poetical excellence. The origin of this production was a circumstance of a humorous nature. The author had been disappointed by his barber, who had neglected to attend him as usual, and, consequently, prevented him from dining in the college hall. In the moment of disappointment, hunger, and impatience, he is supposed to have poured forth a malediction against the whole tribe of hair-dressers, with a prophetic denunciation of a future taste for cropped crowns and unpowdered heads.

In order to acquire a knowlege of the technical part of his profession, he entered as a pupil in the office of Mr. Buller, then an eminent special pleader; and, on the promotion of this gentleman to the bench, he studied under baron Wood, with whom he remained a year. While his days were devoted to the labors of his profession, his evenings were frequently spent at Coachmakers' Hall, where a debating society was then holden; nor was he the only orator that was indebted, for a part of his celebrity, to the practice afforded him by institutions of this nature.

After completing the probationary period fixed for attendance in the Inns of court, he was called to the bar in Trinity Term, 1778. He did not re-

main long without a brief; for, on the 24th of November, in that year, we find him astonishing the court of King's Bench by his courage, and making Westminster Hall ring with his eloquence. His first task was to defend captain Baillie, who, on being removed from the superintendence of Greenwich Hospital by the earl of Sandwich, first lord of the admiralty, was charged with having published a libel on that nobleman. It was in the course of this speech, that Erskine displayed his fearless independence, and laid the foundation of his future greatness. He attacked, with great severity and with the most pointed sarcasm, the several governors of the hospital, particularly the earl of Sandwich, and, when reminded by lord Mansfield that the earl was not then before the court, he burst forth in these animated strains:

'I know, my lord, that he is not formally before the court; but, for that very reason, *I will bring him before the court.* He has placed these men in the front of the battle, in hopes to escape under their shelter; but I will not join in battle with them: *their* vices, though screwed up to the highest pitch of human depravity, are not of dignity enough to vindicate the combat with *me.* I will drag *him* to light, who is the dark mover behind this scene of iniquity. I assert, that the earl has but one road to escape out of this business without pollution and disgrace; and that is, by publicly disavowing the acts of the prosecutors, and restoring captain Baillie to his command. If he does this, then his offence will be no more than the too common one, of having suffered his own personal interest to prevail over his public duty, in placing his voters in the hospital. But if, on the contrary, he should continue to protect the prosecutors, in spite of the evidence of their guilt, which has excited the abhorrence of the numerous audience who crowd this court;—if he should keep this injured man suspended, or dare to turn that suspension into a removal, I shall then not scruple to declare him an accomplice in their guilt, a shameless oppressor, a disgrace to his rank, and a traitor to his trust.

'My Lords, this matter is of the last importance. I speak not as an advocate alone—I speak to you as a man—as a member of a state, whose very existence depends upon its naval strength. If a misgovernment should fall upon Chelsea Hospital, to the ruin and discouragement of our army, it ought, no doubt, to be lamented; yet I should not think it fatal: but if our fleets are to be crippled by ministerial influence, we are lost indeed!—If the seaman, while he exposes his body to fatigues and dangers—looking forward to Greenwich as an asylum for infirmity and old age—sees the gates of it blocked up by corruption, and hears the riot and mirth of luxurious landmen drowning the groans and complaints of the wounded helpless companions of his glory,—he will tempt the seas no more. The admiralty may press his body, indeed, at the expense of humanity and the constitution; but they cannot press *his mind*—they cannot press the heroic ardor of a British sailor; and, instead of a fleet that might carry terror round the globe, the admiralty may not much longer be able to amuse us with even the peaceable unsubstantial pageant of a review.

'Fine and imprisonment!—The man deserves a palace, instead of a prison, who prevents the palace, built by the public bounty of his country, from being converted into a dungeon, and who sacrifices his own security to the interests of humanity and virtue.'

In the defence of lord George Gordon, for his concern in the riots of 1780, Mr. Erskine commenced his opposition to the doctrine of constructive treason. 'His duty on this trial was to reply to the evidence, and in no part of his profession did he display a greater tact than in this branch of it. Having stated the doctrine of high treason, as established by the celebrated act of Edward III., and as expounded by the best authorities, he made a most dexterous application of those rules to the evidence which had been adduced. Those who study his speech on this occasion, will observe, with admiration, the subtleties with which he abated the force of the testimony, and the artful eloquence by which he exposed its defects and contradictions

Equal or superior to his exertions for the acquittal of lord George Gordon were his efforts in opposition to that base attempt which, if successful, might have been attended with the most dangerous consequences to the liberty of the subject. We allude to the prosecution of Horne Tooke and his associates on a charge of high treason, when nothing

but forced constructions and unauthorised inferences could subject them to that stigma.

We cannot follow him through his long and glorious career at the bar; for it would demand from us an account of almost every important trial that occurred during a period of nearly thirty years. When the liberty of the press or the rights of the people were to be defended, he was the eloquent and dauntless supporter of those claims; nor was he to be deterred from what he conceived to be his duty by any circumstances of a personal nature. A proof of this occurred in the case of Paine. 'I assert,' said he, 'that there was a conspiracy to exclude Mr. Paine from the privilege of being defended; he was to be deprived of counsel; and I was threatened with the loss of office if I should appear as his advocate. I was told, in plain terms, that I must not defend Paine. I did defend him, and I lost my office.' The post to which he alluded was that of attorney-general for the duchy of Cornwall.

He was always remarkable for the fearlessness with which he contended against the Bench. On the trial of the dean of St. Asaph for a libel, judge Buller interrupted him in his argument, and threatened to compel him to sit down.—He said, 'My Lord, I will not sit down. Your lordship may do your duty, but I will do mine.' On another occasion he acted with equal firmness towards lord Kenyon; and the whole of his conduct at the bar appears to have been as he thus described it:—'It was,' said he, 'the first command and counsel of my parents, always to do what my conscience told me to be my duty, and to leave the consequences to God. I shall carry with me the memory, and, I trust, the practice of this paternal lesson to the grave. I have hitherto followed it, and have no reason to complain that my obedience to it has been even a temporal sacrifice. I have found it, on the contrary, the road to prosperity and wealth, and I shall point it out as such to my children.'

It was not to political objects that the brilliant powers of his mind were confined; no one could point out, with more fervent eloquence, the happiness of domestic life, or the misery and desolation which follow the violations of private honor and conjugal fidelity.

In the year 1783, he was elected member of parliament for Portsmouth, and continued to possess a seat among the popular representatives, until he was called to the house of peers and the woolsack, in February, 1806. He held the office of chancellor only during the short administration of the Whigs: he retired with them, and received the usual pension of 4000*l*. a-year.

From that time to the present year, he necessarily remained without legal practice; but he attended to his senatorial and legislative duties, and occasionally amused himself with writing. His *Armata* is well known, and it evinces considerable talent; but his pamphlet on the Greek contest seems to bear the marks of declining faculties, though it exhibits traces of his characteristic vivacity.

He enjoyed, in general, a good state of health; but he had twice suffered severely from an inflammation of the lungs. Not being so considerate or cautious as he ought to have been, he exposed himself to the same danger, by venturing out to sea when he was lately in Scotland. Being completely drenched on landing, he caught a cold, which fatally affected his lungs; and he died on the 17th of November, in the 75th year of his age, leaving a widow to whom he had long been attached, and whom he married some years ago according to the forms of the kirk.

As a senator, he did not shine as he did at the bar, though many of his speeches displayed great eloquence and acuteness, and few members in either house commanded a more respectful attention than his lordship. As a chancellor, his name will not rank high, and few of his decisions are likely to form precedents; but, as a man, his memory will be long cherished, for he was honorable in his conduct, amiable in his manners, and firm in his friendships.

ST. JOHNSTOUN; OR, JOHN EARL OF GOWRIE.

3 vols.

The influence of the author of Waverley has been extensively felt in the region of novel-writing. He invaded the territory with undaunted courage and an imposing force, and triumphed over the light-armed troops that had long enslaved it. He still maintains his sovereignty by the vigor of his arm, but cannot altogether check the approaches of bold intruders; for, in the present in-

stance, he has been assailed by the emulous spirit of one of his adventurous countrymen, who, without obtaining the honor of victory, or even the praise of equality, has at least proved himself to be an ingenious and respectable competitor.

The plot of this novel is founded on history. The hero is the young earl of Gowrie, who, in the reign of James VI. of Scotland, returned from the university of Padua to his native country, with a high character for courage and accomplishments. His protestant zeal is not a sufficient shield against the powerful attractions of a fair catholic, lady Agnes Somerdale; and much of the interest of the novel arises from the conflict, in the bosoms of the two lovers, between the feelings of the heart and religious duty. He has a rival in the person of Rathsay, one of the king's favorites, who, in his jealous fury at being rejected by Agnes, aims at the ruin of both. He procures her arrest, and poisons the ear of the monarch against the earl. After several difficulties and obstacles, the lovers meet at Perth, and affairs seem to promise a smoother and happier course. The king, however, informs Gowrie that he intends to pay him a visit at his hereditary castle. There, by a stratagem, he separates from the earl his brother Ruthven, who is then assassinated by Rathsay and another creature of James; and Gowrie, flying to his rescue, shares the same fate. Agnes, learning the fate of her lover, leaves Scotland for Italy, with her aunt, who is the head of a religious order. Immediately after her arrival, she dies of a broken heart. There is an underplot, in which young Ruthven and the queen are the principal characters. Some amorous familiarities pass between them, which excite the jealousy of James; and thus the intrigues of the Jesuit Patullo, who considers the earl as a dangerous heretic, are rendered subservient to the ruin of the house of Ruthven.

After a spirited sketch of the manners of the court, we meet with a pleasing picture of lady Agnes.—'The earl of Gowrie thought he had never beheld a being so femininely lovely. She was dressed in a mourning robe, composed of black velvet, divested entirely of ornament, save that the sleeves, in compliance with the taste and example of the queen, were looped above the elbow, with strings of large pearls, of which also her necklace was formed, and the band that confined her hair;—her height was considerably above the middle size, and her figure, though fragile, beautifully proportioned,—the sable garment in which it was clothed serving to set off to the utmost advantage (though in truth it required it not) the transparent whiteness and delicate texture of her skin The profuse ringlets of her dark and bright brown hair fell over her forehead nearly to her eyes, which were of the darkest grey, beaming with a touching softness, which seemed to speak some cause of melancholy not yet subdued, and gave a sublime expression to features which a Grecian statuary would have loved to copy. Yet when a smile parted her beautiful lips, and radiantly lighted up her countenance, it evidently but recalled the expression of youthful hope and chastened animation most natural to it, and, joined with an air of gentle dignity, gave to her whole appearance an attraction that formed an appeal to every heart, and seemed, by a sort of magic, to awaken its best sympathies.'

The freedom of the queen's behaviour to the earl's brother, and the presentation of the locket, are well described. When she has shown him some jewels, asking his opinion of their beauty and their supposed qualities as charms or amulets, she points out one for his particular admiration.—'It hath many virtues,' replied he, adding gaily, 'Your majesty can stand in no need of its assistance, while those two living sapphires, your majesty's eyes, put to shame the lustre of the stone.'—There was more truth in this speech than is usually contained in compliments of the kind; for the queen's eyes were of that beautiful blue, which well warranted the comparison, nor could the gem exceed them in brightness; and it may well be supposed that such appropriate flattery took nothing from their lustre:—on the contrary, they darted such orient beams of favour on the young man who had thus ventured to eulogize them, that his own sunk beneath them. The earl felt surprised, and somewhat troubled; much of his alarm arose from observing the free manner in which Ruthven dared to address the queen, but more from the encouragement she gave him;—a still stronger instance of which, to his great dismay, he was about to witness.

'Anne addressed herself immediately to the earl.—'Have you ever met, my lord,' said she, 'with one more skilled in subterfuge than this brother of thine? —I have wearied him to death with this same carcanet, and now, refusing to lend me his assistance any longer, he puts me off with a compliment to my eyes.—Go,' she continued, playfully, to Ruthven, 'go—we cannot be deceived, you see—yet surely your services deserve some reward.'—And, untying from her neck an embroidered riband, to which a locket was suspended, she made a motion for him to stoop; he instantly kneeled, and she fastened it round his neck. The movement was instantaneous; and, almost before the earl could persuade himself that what he had just witnessed was no deception of vision, his brother had risen, and devoutly kissed the ornament thus bestowed.

'If the earl felt amazed before, he was now perfectly lost in astonishment; and foreseeing the probable ill effects of such thoughtless indications of favor to so young a man, whom, as a brother, he tenderly loved, he determined to hazard the queen's displeasure, by urging what partook of the nature of a remonstrance.

''That young coxcomb, my gracious queen,' said Gowrie, 'is already nearly insufferable; let me then most humbly entreat you to recall this most distinguishing mark of your royal favor, which, besides increasing his vanity to an extravagant pitch, may possibly draw on him the hatred of those who conceive themselves more entitled to your gracious consideration.' The queen looked at the earl steadily, for an instant, while her face and neck were suffused with a crimson glow. The words of Gowrie were merely such as might have been spoken in that spirit of *badinage* of which she had set the example, but the seriousness and air of vexation with which they were uttered, gave them, to her quick perception, the full meaning he wished them to convey, and she replied more to the expression of his countenance than to his language.—'We perceive, my lord,' she said, 'that you kindly mean to act as our monitor; we will, however, in future, spare you that trouble, having arrived at what we ourselves consider the years of discretion.'

'The earl did all that he could to make his sentiments appear less legibly written in his features; but his strong disapprobation of her conduct was too deeply seated to admit of its being so speedily effaced from his countenance, and it was in vain that he apologized for his zeal to prevent a shadow of blame from being cast upon her condescension.—'If the master of Ruthven agrees with your lordship,' she said, haughtily, 'in considering my gift so very dangerous, he has my full permission to destroy it as soon as he thinks meet—recall it I certainly shall not.'—Ruthven again pressed the locket to his lips, and swore solemnly that nothing on earth should make him part with it, but that, on the contrary, he would guard it with the last drop of his blood. The vehemence of his tone and action, and the looks of indignation he darted on his brother for wishing to deprive him of the locket, soothed the queen; for, delighted with this romantic fervor, which her vanity loved so well, she speedily regained her good humor, and turning to the earl, she said, 'Let all this folly be forgotten; and pr'ythee, Ruthven, call hither thy sister, who sits plying her needle yonder with as much diligence as though she were the wife of some burly yeoman, and had six small children to provide with warp and woof. Do, dear Beatrix,' she continued, as the sister of Gowrie approached, 'take thy lute, and refresh me with its melody, for I am weary of these men and baubles;' and she pushed pettishly from her the table on which the jewels were displayed.'

The scene in which Euphuan, a reputed witch, is examined by the king, is full of animation; but it is too long for our pages. The death-scene is still more striking. James, having visited the earl, suddenly rises from his seat, and retires to a gallery with Ruthven, to the great astonishment of his host, who, being desired by the guests not to follow him, continues to preside at the banquet. Rathsay also leaves the party, and strange suspicions arise.

'At this instant it was hurriedly announced, that his majesty had left the house, and was riding through the Inch. All was directly hurry and bustle. The guests sprang on their feet, and the pavement rang to the tramp of their heavy boots, and the clang of their massy spurs, while the hall and the court resounded with the cries of—'To horse! to horse! the king hath ridden forth!' When, however, they began to throng through the principal gateway of the court-yard in their way to the sta-

bles, that no time might be lost in following his majesty, the porter persisted that he had not passed; and there being no other access from that side of the building, they were put to a stand, not knowing what to think; when it was suggested, that perhaps there had been some mistake, and that he might not yet have left the gallery; upon which the duke of Lennox and the earl of Mar were proceeding to enter the hall again, in order to pass up the gallery stairs, when a cry of 'Help! help! Treason! treason!—my Lord of Mar!' struck on their ears; and on looking up to the place whence the sound proceeded, they perceived the king's face half thrust out of a small window near the turret, with the hand of a man apparently in the act of seizing him by the throat.

'What, ho! my friends! This way to the rescue!' cried the earl of Mar, re-entering the hall with the duke and several of their attendants. By this time all was uproar and confusion in the court-yard, which, immediately on the alarm being given by some of the servants, who fled into the town, began to fill with the Monroes and their retainers.

'Words cannot give an adequate idea of Gowrie's consternation at this scene, which he beheld with a prophetic shudder; his countenance becoming pale as death, as the horrible suspicion of his brother's danger smote upon his heart. 'Follow me, my friends!' he exclaimed, with a frantic gesture of impatience, as he drew his sword, and snatched another from the hand of a person near him, unheeding whether friend or foe. But as he was darting toward the turret door, he was intercepted by Sir Thomas Erskine, who, seizing him by the collar, cried out, 'Thou art the traitor!—this is all along thy contrivance, villain!'

'Gowrie, thus impeded in his way, threw the sword from his right hand, and using it to disengage himself from Erskine's grasp, with the giant strength that desperation lent him, hurled him to the distance of several paces; and catching up the sword he had thrown from him, was in an instant on the turret stairs that led to the cabinet, where we left Ruthven and the king, which he now entered. He cast a hasty glance around him—the floor was stained with blood—but he nowhere beheld his brother.

'What means this outrage?' said Gowrie.—'Why that cry of treason?—Where is my brother, and whose blood is this?'

The king, whose knees were smiting against each other, and his teeth chattering in his head from the deadly fear that possessed him, was standing in a corner of the room, near the open door of a small study, with Rathsay, Herbal, and the Jesuit. No answer was returned; but Rathsay, seizing the king by the shoulders, attempted to thrust him into the study. 'Your majesty, by your leave, must be put in safety,' said he, 'while we deal with this traitor earl.'

'The king, however, struggled violently; for fright and indignation, at the authority exercised, over him, lent him a strength not his own. 'Dinna kill him here! dinna kill him here!' vociferated James—'unhand your lawful prince and master—I will hae nae mair bluid, I say;' and as Rathsay still continued to persist in his purpose, he vociferated—'Help! help!—ye are a' traitors—I shall be murthered—God hae mercy—I shall be murthered at last!'

'Rathsay, however, paid no attention to his exclamations; but, having lodged him in safety in the closet, secured the door, and turned to Gowrie, who had lost during that short space all consideration for himself in the sight of horror that met his eyes while the king contended with Rathsay; for the spur of the latter had become entangled in his majesty's cloak, which lay on the ground behind them, and, dragging it forward, discovered to him the mangled body of his brother. Gowrie gazed on it aghast, and leaned on his swords, unable to support himself; while the unutterable agony, impressed on his countenance, palsied as it were the hearts of his enemies, from which mercy had fled, and they stood a moment inactive. But the earl allowed them short space to gaze upon him; for, every feature changing from the deadliness of despair to the terrible expression of exterminating vengeance, he raised both swords and rushed toward them. Rathsay perceived the sudden change, and feeling at the same moment all his hatred revive, he cried out fiercely to the Jesuit and Herbal, who were preparing to fall upon Gowrie—'Touch not my victim, at your peril;' and making a furious plunge at him with his weapon, he exclaimed—'Now shalt thou confess what thou knowest of the lady Agnes.' In despite,

however, of this boast, and his violent onset, he found it extremely difficult to ward from himself the strokes of the earl, who was become like a tiger at bay. Nor would he have been much longer able to maintain the unequal contest; for Gowrie, filled alone with the purpose of avenging his brother's murder, more skilful in wielding his weapons than almost any man of the age, possessed of gigantic strength, and regardless of life, might perhaps have proved an overmatch, not only for Rathsay, but also for the other two; and they would, it is possible, have received from his hand the reward of their treachery. But while the earl was pressing Rathsay so closely and furiously that his life appeared on the point of being sacrificed, Gowrie fell dead at his feet, pierced through the heart by the hand of the villain Herbal, who had stepped behind him, and basely perpetrated the deed, which at once placed them all in safety.'

This performance is a palpable imitation of the Scotish novels; but it is not, on that account, destitute of considerable merit. The characters are well drawn, particularly that of Ruthven. The gentle Agnes and the animated Beatrix are pleasingly contrasted; the portraits of the king and queen are touched with a vivid pencil; and, while we are shocked at the villany of the Jesuit and his chief confederate, we admire the enthusiasm of Restalrig and the lofty spirit of Euphuan. The story is conducted with art; the dialogues have a natural and probable air; and the interest and general effect are such as could only have been produced by the exertions of an intelligent mind.

THE VILLAGE OF BARTON AND ITS INHABITANTS.

NO. II.

It is not only in the cottage of the fair Grace that Love has reared his altar; there are other eyes that weep, other cheeks that experience alternations from the hue of the lily to that of the rose, as hope suffuses them with her own bright carnation-tint, or pale despondence blanches them with a deadly white. Money, which, in the case of the clergyman's daughter, would purchase a mine of felicity, glitters in useless mockery in the coffers of Mr. Gibson. The boasting declaration that Lucy should eat gold if it would do her good, avails her not; it will not atone for the obscurity of her birth, and she is condemned to pine, the victim of a nearly hopeless passion—if it is possible for a very pretty young woman to love without cherishing an expectation that her charms may in time overcome the prejudices of aristocracy. Mr. Gibson's low beginnings are fresh in the memory of every person in the village. He was the son of the parish-clerk and schoolmaster; and, as his skill in penmanship would not procure him bread in his native place, he trudged off to London, bearing the whole of his worldly possessions tied up in a small handkerchief. He traveled not, however, totally unprovided for; the rector had given him a letter of recommendation to an attorney in the metropolis, who employed him as a writer in his office. This professor of the law had a daughter, who was neither very young nor very handsome or genteel: but at her father's death she was heiress of his property; and, as she had long cast an eye upon young Gibson, he became her husband ten years after his first introduction into the family. He was now in a situation to act for himself; and, going through the necessary forms at the expiration of his clerkship, he entered into good business. In the course of time, he detected some mal-practices committed by the agent of lord Warrendale, and so completely gained the peer's confidence, that he offered him the management of his estates in the country. Such interest and patronage soon procured him other agencies, and, growing rapidly rich, he was enabled to indulge in a very luxurious mode of living, without detriment to the fortunes of his two daughters. In the mean time, his lordship was sinking into poverty. He had a large expensive family; and, having constantly lived beyond his income, he was often under the disagreeable necessity of alienating a part of his property for the relief of present distress; and the lapse of a few years from each sacrifice found him in a similar or a worse predicament, from the increased difficulty of procuring supplies. In these exigencies he naturally resorted to Mr. Gibson, who, perhaps without taking any very undue advantage of his lordship's situation, profited considerably by the opportunity of making a good bargain. At length, as riches increased on the one hand, and money became

scarce on the other, the peer was glad to solicit pecuniary obligations from his agent; and, after being in possession of all the good securities which it was possible to give, he was entreated to lend money upon honor; nor was the attorney unwilling to risque his property, provided that some concessions were made on the part of the peer's family.

When Mrs. Gibson first took up her abode in Barton village, her style of living and her pretensions were much more humble than they became afterwards. She was happy in the notice of the subordinates of the place, and was not at all above visiting the housekeeper of Warrendale Castle, or entertaining the queen of pickles and preserves in return. But the gradual enlargement of her fortune, the high notions inspired by the polite education of her daughters, the embellishments of her house and grounds, and the launch of a carriage, produced a revolution in her ideas. She began, in the fashionable phrase, to weed her parties; one acquaintance was dropped after another, and she entertained a feverish desire to visit the Fitzallans, the Arrowbys, and families of equal rank. An introduction to Warrendale Castle, she thought, would make all the rest easy. Mr. Gibson gave his lordship frequent hints upon the subject, which were disregarded so long as the peer was enabled to treat upon equal terms; but, when he no longer stood upon such high ground, the agent, with more pertinacity than delicacy, made an invitation for his whole family to dine at the castle a condition for the loan of a considerable sum of money.

To lord Warrendale individually it was a matter of indifference whether the Gibsons occupied seats at his table three or more times in the week; but his wife and daughters were more scrupulous, and, when the circumstances were explained which rendered the necessity inevitable, they hated and despised the intruders to a degree of abomination which they could neither disguise nor restrain. Her ladyship would only be persuaded to pay the preliminary visit by the medium of her footman, who carried her ticket with the card of invitation to dinner; but this satisfied the Gibsons. The master of the house surveyed the square bits of paper as they lay upon the table with proud and admiring eyes; his mind rapidly glanced over the events of his life—his low birth, his early poverty, his constant drudgery; this was the reward; it was in vain that rank barred its gates against him; he possessed the golden key which could open the most stubborn locks: and, swelling with the consciousness of his own importance, he was too much elated for speech, and enjoyed his triumph in eloquent silence. Mrs. Gibson, intoxicated with delight, was quite vociferous in the expression of her joy; she could not rest a moment on her chair, and moved her unwieldy person about with unwonted alacrity; she tried fifty different postures before she could fix upon the most conspicuous point whereon she might station the cards bearing lady Warrendale's august title. Miss Gibson and Lucy were equally charmed, though less rapturous and open in the display of their joy. They were accomplished young women, according to the general acceptation of the word; that is, they played and sang, spoke French, sketched landscapes, and read lord Byron's works: but the eldest inherited her parents' narrow notions and pride of purse; and, as she was naturally and habitually vulgar, education had failed to correct these innate propensities: though it had opened her eyes to the broad errors of her father and mother, she was by no means aware that her own high breeding might be considered low breeding by the elegant part of the community, and she was continually exposing ignorance, bad taste, and mean ideas, when she hoped to raise admiration and astonishment by a grand display of her acquirements. Lucy, more diffident, more amiable, and much better informed, was a little spoiled by affectation. She exaggerated all her feelings of joy or sorrow; was for ever in an agony of delight, or a paroxysm of despair, and was apt to practise little airs and languishments, to study effect, and to be very fine, and very frivolous: but the kindness of her heart, and the sweetness of her temper, procured her many friends, and she was a general favorite in the village.

Dresses fit for the grandeur of the visit were at length procured, after various disquisitions and debates. Brussels lace, though expensive enough, did not make sufficient show to please Mrs. Gibson. She was for silver lama or tulle; but Lucy's better taste prevailed, to the abandonment of those glittering ornaments, and they were attired more

appropriately for a dinner party, in rich satin and fine blond. The chariot could scarcely contain the three ladies in their expanded trimmings. Miss Gibson's feathers swept the roof of the carriage, and Lucy's slender form was not visible between the overpowering finery of her mother and sister. At first all was glory and joy; they did not entertain the slightest doubt of being able to act their parts with perfect ease and credit to themselves. Mrs. Gibson had settled in her own mind how she should become sociable with the viscountess, and was perfectly assured that her daughters would share the palm of elegance with the Miss Warrendales. A little trepidation, however, assailed them as they approached the house. The show of servants in the hall increased this nervous feeling. Mrs. Gibson started at the sound of her own name as it echoed up the wide staircase, and the necessity of walking first into the room filled her with consternation; her heart palpitated, her eyes swam, and she found herself in the presence of the fine people, scarcely knowing how she came there, and totally at a loss what to say. A footman handed her a chair, into which she dropped, most thankful for the relief, and in an instant rose again, fearing that she had committed a solecism in good manners. Her party participated in her embarrassment; they had previously made up their minds to see a large company assembled, and had practised the graces of entrance. The disappointment of their expectations in this particular deranged all their ideas; they were confounded by the appearance of the family, who were without any guest except Mr. Blagden, and engaged in domestic occupations. They instantly felt themselves to be overdressed, and a painful sense of awkwardness deranged every preconcerted plan, and rendered their rehearsals useless. Lady Warrendale, perfectly and perhaps studiously plain in her attire, was netting fringe,—an employment which offered some excuse for a very slight attendance on her visitors. The young ladies, some of them in high muslin dresses, were occupied in different parts of the room, playing with the children or the canary birds, instead of trying to be agreeable or to set the strangers at ease. The carelessness and nonchalance of their manners increased the constraint of the Gibsons. They sate in a stiff row at an inconvenient distance, without having the courage to cross the intermediate space, and vainly hoping that somebody would come over to them and break the ice of conversation. Mr. Gibson was rather more at home; he could talk of business with my lord, and, having frequently seen the family before, greeted them with the usual 'servant, my lady,' 'servant, miss,' sounds which actually horrified his daughters, and rendered them dumb, though feverishly anxious to obliterate the impressions of vulgarity by a display of their own superior elegance. Her ladyship, lifting her eyes now and then from her work, sometimes condescended to address them. Mrs. Gibson was so eager to catch her words that she lost every particle of self-possession in her answers, and scarcely recovered from the fear of having made a wrong reply, before another frigid sentence called for an appropriate rejoinder. The young ladies did not think it at all incumbent upon them to take the slightest share in the entertainment. Miss Gibson and Lucy soon perceived that there were no hopes from them. They had sense and penetration enough to discover the perfect contempt in which they were held, and indignation at such treatment struggled with prudence. To visit a noble family on any terms, was an honor, and they wisely endeavoured to make the best of a very uncomfortable situation Lucy, unencumbered with ornament, in a white lace dress, over white satin, and 'a half-blown rose stuck in her braided hair,' felt herself less strongly contrasted with the Miss Warrendales than her sister, whose figured blond robe was rendered conspicuous by a pink slip, and pink satin rouleaux in festoons innumerable. Distinguishing the governess from the honorable misses, she made an attempt to engage her in conversation; but her own little airs and affectations were completely outdone by Miss Armstrong's unconquerable languor.

The entrance of three young men—two Mr. Warrendales, and a dandy friend—somewhat changed the posture of affairs. In the more animated conversation which now ensued, the Gibsons began to recover themselves a little, and to make up their minds to become patient listeners, without attempting to shine. The younger brother, Spencer, being blessed with a kind heart and gentlemanly feelings, perceiving that his sisters had

carried into full effect the system of annoyance which they had projected against the agent's family, felt all the benevolence of his disposition strongly excited towards the youngest and the prettiest of the party. To a timid sort of beseeching look which she cast upon him, he returned a glance expressive of the warmest admiration: she looked down, and blushed very becomingly. Holding a small vase of flowers, to which his sisters were eagerly smelling, with the ready ease of high breeding he offered them to Lucy, accompanying the action by a remark upon their fragrance. Pleased to be so kindly addressed, she praised their beauty, and inhaled their perfume. He gallantly selected a rose from the *bouquet*, which she willingly accepted; and, giving the vase carefully to Miss Armstrong, he sate down by the side of the delighted girl. Gratification now succeeded to embarrassment: the summons to dinner did not divide them; he handed her down stairs, and took a place next to her at table, no did his attention cease during the whole of the visit, which ended with her mother and sister as uncomfortably as it began. Lady Warrendale, in presiding, took care to introduce conversation of such a nature, that her guests could not possibly join in it. She talked of people, and places, and pictures, which they had never seen. Mrs. Gibson listened with gaping wonder, longing to edge in a word, yet not daring to trust herself upon such difficult ground. Miss Gibson at a convenient opportunity betrayed her ignorance by a remark upon the Flemish and Venetian schools of painting; and Miss Warrendale, not able to relinquish the ill-natured pleasure of setting her right, effectually silenced her for the rest of the day. The arrival of the carriage in the evening was a relief to all except Lucy. Flattered, delighted, whole ages gone in love, she enjoyed a perfect heaven of ecstasy. Spencer found his way down to Belvedere, as the villa of Barton is denominated; and now noontide walks under embowering roses, and twilight strolls, in star-shine and moonshine, the balmy air, fraught with bewitching music from the gentle bird, who sang amid the clustering myrtle blossoms, completed the conquest over a too tender heart. Autumn carried Spencer away to hunt, but left the confiding girl in an ideal paradise, a fairy dream too delicious, and too sweet to last. In the course of the winter she visited Cheltenham, and the pleasure which she anticipated in the excursion was heightened by the unexpected appearance of Mr. Warrendale: but he who had been all tenderness and attention in the solitudes of Barton, was transformed to a cool, indifferent, fine gentleman, at a fashionable watering-place. Ladies of quality possessed claims upon his time which he was not inclined to dispute. Unfettered by any engagement, uncommitted by any professions beyond the privileged allowance of gallantry, he did not deem it necessary to renew the flirtation; and, if he could not attribute Lucy's altered looks entirely to hot rooms and late hours, he flattered himself that the crowd which produced the former of these inconveniences, would soon provide a substitute for the ingrate who had outlived his transient affection. Her charms procured her new lovers; but, though too easily won in the first instance, her heart tenaciously clung to the object which had awakened its attachment. Soft, tender, and yielding, she loved with all the warmth and constancy of a trusting woman; she had neither resolution to combat with her affection, nor pride to surmount it; her love was as strong in its despair as in its hope; as passionate now that Spencer had proved himself heartless and undeserving, as when his apparent virtues had subdued her soul to admiration. He was changed, but she was the same; and she felt that she loved him still. She remained a miserable spectator of his gallantries to others, so long as he sojourned at Cheltenham, and then returned to weep amid the luxuries of her own home. Her lot was more cruel than that of her friend Grace; the support of Arthur's love rendered the continuance of her affection a duty, whilst maiden pride demanded the sacrifice of unrequited attachment. Grace Lyon must be pitied; Lucy Gibson might be despised. Flattered and caressed by her parents, unaccustomed to disappointment, and unlearned in adversity, she sank under the first stroke of affliction, nursing her sorrows, instead of endeavouring to rise above them. Life has become valueless to her, but its principle is as vigorous as ever. Her beauty fades, her strength decays; yet death is far off, and she seems doomed to waste her youth in hopeless sorrow, to languish out the season of joy in gloomy

despondence, and, when the fresh prime of womanhood is passed, recover only to new regrets for precious time irrecoverably lost. The invitation to Warrendale Castle has not been repeated, the family being abroad and the estate at nurse. Mrs. and Miss Gibson console themselves for the trifling enjoyment it bestowed, by a flourishing description of their triumph to all visitors. Gratified by the exclusive monopoly of the rare plants of the viscount's garden, Mrs. Gibson exhibits her dahlias and her campanulas with delight, which the fatal consequences of the visit to Lucy cannot dispel. Miss Gibson grows more conceited and insufferable than ever, having engrafted all the airs of the Miss Warrendales upon her own stock, for the benefit of her particular friends. The low spirits of one daughter, and the superciliousness of the other, together with a never-failing description of Warrendale Castle, seemed at one time likely to drive all visitors from Belvedere; and, though vexed to be obliged to cast such pearls before swine (as she elegantly terms her village neighbours), Mrs. Gibson finds herself under the necessity of increasing the delicacies of her table, larding her turkey poults, and adding Italian cream to her sweets, in order to bribe an audience to the patient endurance of her vulgarity and egotism.

MY AUNT CHARITY;

an American Character; from the Salmagundi of Washington Irving.

It in some measure jumps with my humor to be "melancholy and gentleman-like" this stormy night, and I see no reason why I should not indulge myself for once. Away, then, with joke, with fun, and laughter for a while; let my soul look back in mournful retrospect, and sadden with the memory of my good aunt Charity—who died of a Frenchman!

Stare not, O! most dubious reader, at the mention of a complaint so uncommon; grievously hath it afflicted the ancient family of the Cocklofts, who carry their absurd antipathy to the French so far, that they will not suffer a clove of garlic in the house; and my good old friend Christopher was once on the point of abandoning his paternal country mansion of Cockloft-Hall, merely because a colony of frogs had settled in a neighbouring swamp. I verily believe he would have carried his whim-wham into effect, had not a fortunate drought obliged the enemy to strike their tents, and, like a troop of wandering Arabs, to march off towards a moister part of the country.

My aunt Charity departed this life in the fifty-ninth year of her age, though she never grew older after twenty-five. In her teens she was, according to her own account, a celebrated beauty,—though I never could meet with any body that remembered when she was handsome; on the contrary, Evergreen's father, who used to gallant her in his youth, says she was as knotty a little piece of humanity as he ever saw, and that, if she had been possessed of the least sensibility, she would, like poor old Acco, have most certainly run mad at her own figure and face the first time she contemplated herself in a looking-glass. In the good old times that saw my aunt in the hey-day of youth, a fine lady was a most formidable animal, and required to be approached with the same awe and devotion that a Tartar feels in the presence of his grand lama. If a gentleman offered to take her hand, except to help her into a carriage, or lead her into a drawing-room, such frowns! such a rustling of brocade and taffeta! Her very paste shoe-buckles sparkled with indignation, and for a moment assumed the brilliancy of diamonds! In those days the person of a *belle* was sacred—it was unprofaned by the sacrilegious grasp of a stranger:—simple souls!—they had not the waltz among them yet!

My good aunt prided herself on keeping up this buckram delicacy; and if she happened to be playing at the old-fashioned game of forfeits, and was fined a kiss, it was always more trouble to get it than it was worth; for she made a most gallant defence, and never surrendered until she saw her adversary inclined to give over his attack. Evergreen's father says he remembers once to have been on a sleighing party with her, and, when they came to Kissing-bridge, it fell to his lot to levy contributions on Miss Charity Cockloft, who, after squalling at a hideous rate, at length jumped out of the sleigh plump into a snow-bank, where she stuck fast like an icicle, until he came to her rescue. This feat cost her a rheumatism, from which she never thoroughly recovered.

It is rather singular that my aunt,

though a great beauty, and an heiress withal, never got married. The reason she alleged was, that she never met with a lover who resembled Sir Charles Grandison, the hero of her nightly dreams and waking fancy; but I am privately of opinion, that it was owing to her never having had an offer. This much is certain, that, for many years previous to her decease, she declined all attentions from the gentlemen, and contented herself with watching over the welfare of her fellow-creatures. She was, indeed, observed to take a considerable lean towards methodism, was frequent in her attendance at love feasts, read Whitfield and Wesley, and even went so far as once to travel the distance of five and twenty miles to be present at a camp-meeting. This gave great offence to my cousin Christopher and his good lady, who, as I have already mentioned, are rigidly orthodox;—and had not my aunt Charity been of a most pacific disposition, her religious whim-wham would have occasioned many a family altercation. She was, indeed, as good a soul as the Cockloft family ever boasted—a lady of unbounded loving kindness, which extended to man, woman, and child; many of whom she almost killed with good-nature. Was any acquaintance sick?—in vain did the wind whistle and the storm beat—my aunt would waddle through mud and mire, over the whole town, to visit them. She would sit by them for hours together with the most persevering patience, and tell a thousand melancholy stories of human misery, to keep up their spirits. The whole catalogue of *yerb* teas was at her fingers' ends, from formidable worm-wood down to gentle balm; and she would descant by the hour on the healing qualities of hoar-hound, catnip, and penny-royal. Woe be to the patient that came under the benevolent hand of my aunt Charity; he was sure, willy nilly, to be drenched with a deluge of decoctions; and full many a time has my cousin Christopher borne a twinge of pain in silence, through fear of being condemned to suffer the martyrdom of her materia-medica. My good aunt had, moreover, considerable skill in astronomy; for she could tell when the sun rose and set every day in the year; and no woman in the whole world was able to pronounce, with more certainty, at what precise minute the wind changed. She held the story of the moon's being made of green cheese as an abominable slander on her favorite planet; and she had made several valuable discoveries in solar eclipses, by means of a bit of burnt glass, which entitled her at least to an honorary admission in the American Philosophical Society. 'Hutchins Improved' was her favorite book; and I shrewdly suspect that it was from this valuable work she drew most of her sovereign remedies for colds, coughs, corns, and consumptions.

But the truth must be told; with all her good qualities my aunt Charity was afflicted with one fault, extremely rare among her gentle sex—it was curiosity. How she came by it I am at a loss to imagine; but it played the very vengeance with her, and destroyed the comfort of her life. Having an invincible desire to know every body's character, business, and mode of living, she was for ever prying into the affairs of her neighbours, and got a great deal of ill-will from people towards whom she had the kindest disposition possible. If any family on the opposite side of the street gave a dinner, my aunt would mount her spectacles, and sit at the window until the company were all housed, merely that she might know who they were. If she heard a story about any of her acquaintance, she would forthwith set off full sail, and never rest until, to use her usual expression, she had got 'to the bottom of it;' which meant nothing more than telling it to every body she knew.

I remember, one night, my aunt happened to hear a most precious story about one of her good friends, but, unfortunately, too late to give it immediate circulation. It made her absolutely miserable; and she hardly slept a wink all night, for fear her bosom-friend, Mrs. Sipkins, should get the start of her in the morning and blow the whole affair. You must know there was always a contest between these two ladies, who should first give currency to the good-natured things said about every body; and this unfortunate rivalship at length proved fatal to their long and ardent friendship. My aunt got up full two hours, that morning, before her usual time; put on her pompadour taffeta gown, and sallied forth to lament the misfortune of her dear friend. Would you believe it?—wherever she went, Mrs. Sipkins had anticipated her; and, instead of being listened to with uplifted hands and open-

mouthed wonder, my unhappy aunt was obliged to sit down quietly and listen to the whole affair, with numerous additions and amendments! Now, this was too bad; it would almost have provoked Patient Grizzle or a saint;—it was too much for my aunt, who kept her bed three days afterwards, with a cold, as she pretended; but I have no doubt it was owing to this affair of Mrs. Sipkins, to whom she never would be reconciled.

But I pass over the rest of my aunt's life, chequered with the various calamities and misfortunes and mortifications incident to those worthy old gentlewomen who have the domestic cares of the whole community upon their minds; and I hasten to relate the melancholy incident that hurried her out of existence in the full bloom of antiquated virginity.

In their frolicsome malice the Fates had ordered that a French boarding-house, or *Pension Française*, as it was called, should be established directly opposite to my aunt's residence. Cruel event! unhappy aunt Charity!—it threw her into that alarming disorder denominated the fidgets; she did nothing but watch at the window, day after day, but without becoming one whit the wiser at the end of a fortnight, than she was at the beginning; she thought that neighbour Pension had a monstrous large family, and somehow or other they were all men! She could not imagine what business neighbour Pension followed to support so numerous a household, and wondered why there was always such a scraping of fiddles in the parlour, and also such a smell of onions from the kitchen: in short, this new neighbour was continually in her thoughts, and incessantly on the outer edge of her tongue. This was, I believe, the very first time she had ever failed 'to get at the bottom of a thing;' and the disappointment cost her many a sleepless night, I warrant you. I have little doubt, however, that my aunt would have ferreted neighbour Pension out, could she have spoken or understood French; but in those times people in general could make themselves understood in plain English; and it was always a standing rule in the Cockloft family, which exists to this day, that not one of the females should learn French.

My aunt Charity had lived, at her window, for some time in vain; when one day, as she was keeping her usual look-out, and suffering all the pangs of unsatisfied curiosity, she beheld a little meagre, weazel-faced Frenchman of the most forlorn, diminutive, and pitiful proportions, arrive at neighbour Pension's door. He was dressed in white, with a little pinched-up cocked hat; he seemed to shake in the wind, and every blast that went over him whistled through his bones, and threatened instant annihilation. This embodied spirit of famine was followed by three carts, lumbered with crazy trunks, chests, band-boxes, bidets, medicine-chests, parrots, and monkeys; and at his heels ran a yelping pack of little black-nosed pug-dogs. This was the one thing wanting to fill up the measure of my aunt's afflictions; she could not conceive, for the soul of her, who this mysterious little apparition could be that made so great a display; what he could possibly do with so much baggage, and particularly with his parrots and monkeys; or how so small a carcass could have occasion for so many trunks of clothes. Honest soul! she had never had a peep into a Frenchman's wardrobe—that *depot* of old coats, hats, and breeches, of the growth of every fashion he has followed in his life. From the time of this fatal arrival my poor aunt was in a quandary; all her inquiries were fruitless; no one could expound the history of this mysterious stranger: she never held up her head afterwards—drooped daily, took to her bed in a fortnight, and in 'one little month' I saw her quietly deposited in the family vault—being the seventh Cockloft that has died of a whim-wham!

Take warning, my fair countrywomen! and you, O ye excellent ladies, whether married or single, who pry into other people's affairs and neglect those of your own household; who are so busily employed in observing the faults of others that you have no time to correct your own; remember the fate of my dear aunt Charity, and eschew the evil spirit of curiosity.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS LATELY DECEASED.

The Rev. Dr. Edmund Cartwright.—THIS ingenious divine, who lived to his eighty-first year, was a man of great and varied talents. He was distinguished in early life by his literary attain-

ments; and his legendary poem of 'Armine and Elvira' quickly passed through many editions. But he acquired greater celebrity by his mechanical inventions; particularly by the application of machinery to weaving. His scheme was eagerly counteracted by the journeymen manufacturers, who destroyed a number of the looms which he brought into use; but he ultimately established his invention, and his machine for combing wool was also adopted, in defiance of strong opposition. He increased the power of the steam-engine, improved the threshing machine, demonstrated the good effects of salt on corn infected with the mildew, used yeast with success in putrid fevers, and made other useful discoveries. His merit was rewarded by the parliament with a grant of 10,000*l.* after he had suffered great losses in bringing his schemes to maturity. He exhibited 'the ruling passion strong in death;' for, near the close of his life, he was employed in devising a new mechanic power, connected with gunpowder.

Dr. John Denman.—Being the son of an apothecary, he was bred to the medical profession. He served for many years at sea as a surgeon, and afterwards practised in London as a physician, but chiefly attended to the obstetric branch, in which, after the death of Dr. Hunter, he became pre-eminent. He possessed an acute and intelligent mind, and nearly retained the full use of his original understanding, even in his eighty-second year. He was not only profoundly skilled in his chief branch of study, but had a great deal of general information, acquired by correct observation and much miscellaneous reading. He had a perfect integrity of character; and his benevolence of disposition was not chilled by the progress of age, but was mingled to the last with the most cheerful animation. He was a sincere and conscientious Christian; his religious sentiments were wholly free from bigotry or dogmatism, and he never lost sight of their utility as influencing moral conduct. On the last evening of his life, he read prayers aloud to his family, according to his established custom. He was fond of society, and had particular pleasure in the conversation of young people, whom he endeavoured both to amuse and instruct. Moderate and abstemious in every thing that re- [illegible]imself, he was generous and bountiful when any claims of distress were communicated to him.

Dr. Matthew Baillie.—This gentleman, who was nephew to Dr. Hunter, son-in-law to Dr. Denman, and brother to a distinguished poetess now living, was a native of Scotland, but was sent by his parents to England both for study and practice. He rose, while he was still young, to great eminence, and ultimately enriched himself by his professional emoluments. His work on Morbid Anatomy established his reputation. Young physicians, who hoped for success, sought his advice; which he readily gave. He added to his abilities the virtues of private life; and, when he attended the house of sickness, the clearness of his statements, the apparent justness of his remarks and inferences, and the mild simplicity of his manners, had a soothing influence on the minds of his patients.

Sir Henry Raeburn.—Admiring the abilities of this artist, the king, when he visited Scotland, not only conferred on him the honor of knighthood, but appointed him his first portrait-painter for that division of the united kingdom. His pictures of the earl of Hopetoun, lord Frederic Campbell, sir David Baird, and many others, might be mentioned as proofs that he was equally remarkable for correctness of drawing, freedom of penciling, brilliancy of coloring, and a personification of character not less vigorous than graceful. He produced, in almost every instance, the most striking and agreeable likeness, and indicated intellectual expression and dignity of demeanor wherever they appeared in the original; often approaching in his portraits to the elevation of historical painting. He was not only an artist, but a patron of the arts, and his gallery and study were ever open to the young student. The directors of the Royal Academy in London, in testimony of their high estimation of his talents, elected him first an associate, and afterwards an academician, without solicitation.

Mr. Maurice Quill.—Some may say that this gentleman has no claim to our notice under the head of *distinguished persons*: but, though he did not shine in his profession, or in any branch of art or of literature, he was at least re-

markable for his eccentricity and his wit. We were not acquainted with him, and therefore quote from the 'New Monthly Magazine' the following account of this Yorick of the barracks.

'He was a native of Tralee, and a genuine specimen of the whimsical Irish character. To the originality of his conceptions, the address of his remarks, and the strangeness of his phraseology, the richness and purity of his *brogue* gave peculiar piquancy. He loved ease, good living, and society—to want the latter required him to be placed in a desert. It would almost seem that he administered love powders to his acquaintances; for so attractive was he, that his quarters were the rendezvous of all the officers who could by possibility or propriety repair to them. None stayed away except those who were unfortunately, from their rank, precluded by military etiquette from enjoying, if not 'the feast of reason,' at least 'the flow of soul,' with which the gay mercurial assistant-surgeon entertained his visitors. The rushlight in his hut or lodging was a beacon to the fatigued, weather-beaten, exhausted, and dispirited soldier. We have hinted that he was witty and addicted to *badinage;* but the shafts of his wit were not barbed, nor were his personal allusions rendered unpleasant by the slightest touch or tinge of ill-nature or offensive coarseness. He was brave, but affected cowardice; and gave such whimsical expression to his assumed fear, as provoked laughter in the hottest engagement: of this his conduct at Albuera will be a sufficient example. He had unnecessarily followed the regiment 'into fire,' as it is termed. Creeping on his hands and knees, with boyish antics, he traversed the rear of the line, pulling the officers by their coats, and tendering his brandy bottle. A mass of the enemy's cavalry, including a body of Polish lancers, prepared to charge the regiment to which he belonged. Colonel Duckworth ordered his men to form in a square, in the centre of which he discovered Maurice, shaking from head to foot with well-dissembled terrors: when the following conversation took place between them:—'This is no place for you, Mr. Maurice.'—'By J—s, colonel, I was just thinking so. I wish to the Holy Father that the greatest rascal in Ireland was kicking me up Dame-street, even though every friend I have in the world were looking at him!' Finding it impossible to break the well-formed square, the enemy's cavalry, having sustained great loss, retired; when, ordering his regiment to *deploy*, 'Fall *in!*' said the colonel—'Fall *out!*' cried Maurice, and scampered off: but hearing that a captain was severely wounded, he returned and dressed him. He had just finished this operation, when a twelve-pound shot struck the ground close to them, and covered Maurice and his patient with earth. 'By J—s, there's more where that came from!' he said, and again took to his heels. A few minutes after, his brave and indulgent commander fell, covered with glory. Quill was a great favorite of the colonel, although at first he knew not what to make of the droll. Of the nature of his replies to the many questions with which colonel Duckworth assailed him, at the suggestion of the other officers, and to furnish a striking specimen of Quill's manner, I shall add a ludicrous instance:—'I am desirous to know, Mr. Maurice,' said the colonel, 'why you left the regiment in which you served, and to what good fortune we are to ascribe your selection of ours?'—'Why, to tell you the truth,' said Mr. Quill, with affected embarrassment, 'I left the ——, because some of the mess spoons were found in my *kit;* and you know that would not *do* in one of the *crack regiments,* colonel! I chose the *Thirty-first* because I had a brother in the *Thirty-second,* and I wanted to be *near* him.' Of his professional abilities we know nothing. He despaired of advancement after the termination of the war, and, in his reply to a friend who asked him what rank he held, he said, 'I have been thirteen years an assistant-surgeon, and with the blessing of God—that is, if I live and behave myself well, I shall be one for thirteen years more.' He died young; he must have been under forty years of age. When this pleasant fellow died, some of his friends were probably inclined to say, 'We could have better spared a better man.'

SHORT CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Mammon in London, or the Spy of the Day. 2 vols.—This is a satirical work, lively and *piquant,* rather than just or candid. It is a loose desultory

performance, but is not, on that account, less likely to please the lovers of scandal. Some real characters are introduced for the purpose of ludicrous animadversion; so that many distinguished individuals may tremble as they turn over the leaves, from an apprehension of meeting with sly and sarcastic hints. The sketches of character, however, are amusing, and the incidents are pleasantly related.

Points of Misery, or Fables for Mankind, in Prose and Verse; chiefly original; by C. Westmacott.—The points of misery in real life are very numerous; but the author has contented himself with exhibiting only *nine*, which are illustrated by twenty designs from the humorous pencil of Robert Cruikshank. The introduction is entitled 'Mirth and Misery personified—two three-bottle men—Wine and Physic—what I was—what I am—a hint to Jolly Dogs.' The first point is styled 'the Miseries of Author-craft, the Abode of Genius, the Poet's Levee, Symptoms of Dunning, a Family Scene, the Manuscript returned.' The print of the author in his study, or indeed his only apartment, is not altogether new; and Mr. Westmacott's description of that sapient personage is too extravagant and *outré* to suit the authors of the present day, though it may aptly characterise those of the old school. The miseries of the mind are forcibly illustrated in the second article. The miseries of love and of matrimony may be expected to furnish good hints; but the tale which is connected with the former subject is the old story of a young lady who excited such admiration at the theatre by her beauty, that a gentleman, captivated at the first sight, expressed an earnest wish to marry her, and would not desist from his importunities, before he was informed that there was an objection which most men would deem insurmountable—namely, that the fair object of his regard had a *wooden leg*. The concluding point is the 'Misery of living too fast,' which is exemplified by a tale in verse, called the Modern Rake's Progress.

Gretna-Green Marriages, or the Nieces; by Mrs. Green. 3 vols.—This novel is amusing, and sometimes instructive. The fair writer is not unacquainted with the world; and some of her characters are well delineated. The readers, we doubt not, will feel themselves interested in the adventures and progress of the heroine, and will be pleased with the general spirit and vivacity of the narrative.

Herwald de Wake, or the Two Apostates. 3 vols.—The scene of this romance is first in England, and afterwards in Palestine. The story is very improbable, and the incidents, beside being too numerous, are ill arranged; but the interest is well sustained, and there is an imposing animation in the style and manner. The hero has some good qualities, and the heroine is more respectable; but the former at length becomes a sensualist and a criminal. The account of the death of both these personages will serve as a specimen of the work.—'Herwald believed himself made prisoner, and his reply to the address of the unknown individual who uttered his long-renounced name was to plunge the uplifted steel with desperate and most effectual violence into his own bosom. His heart's blood gushed over the mysterious tripod, and a single groan proclaimed that life was irrecoverably parted as he fell. A deep sigh attested the grief of the person who had attempted to baffle his despair. It was lord Randolf. The escort of pilgrims, among whom he was entering the city, had been separated from Walter, and stopped in its progress, first by the earthquake, and next by the conflict between the guards and mountaineers, and the manœuvres of the latter. The nobleman turned from the scene of blood, in order to spare the agony of Ada, by closing the curtains of the litter in which she was conveyed. But the intention was vain. The eye of Ada had already seen the final wreck of all it sought to dwell upon; her frame had long been giving way beneath fatigue, disappointed and despised love, religious horror and remorse; and this last horrid spectacle had instantaneously achieved all which those means of slow destruction had left undone. Her heart was broken, her eye was glazed with the cold film of death, and the once consoling accents of her father fell upon an insensible ear. Happy indeed was it for her that she was snatched 'from the misery to come;' that her eye was incapable of seeing, and her ear of hearing, the brutal outrages and the ferocious rejoicings which the capricious Greeks for three days exhausted over the inanimate bodies of the *Two Apostates*.'

The Three Perils of Woman; or Love, Leasing, and Jealousy; by James Hogg. 3 vols.—This writer, called the Ettrick Shepherd, is unquestionably a man of talent; but his tales are not so good as to claim strong recommendation, and his profuse introduction of the Scotish slang or jargon is repulsive to southern readers. In the tale of love, Gatty (or Agatha Bell) is the most striking character; and the conclusion deducible from it is, that youthful love is the first and the greatest peril of woman, and that, 'by yielding to its fascinating sway, she is exposed to the loss of life, the loss of reason, the loss of virtue, of honor, and happiness.'

Dartmoor; and other Poems; by Joseph Cottle.—A poem, written for a prize, may be rejected by good judges, when a better piece has been offered, and yet be worthy of praise; and in that case there is no impropriety in consigning it to the press; but we do not think that the poem of Dartmoor will augment the reputation of Mr. Cottle. He cannot impute the failure to the unpromising nature of the subject; for Mrs. Hemans, to whom the prize was awarded, produced a very pleasing piece on the same topic. Among the other poems we find a severe Philippic on lord Byron, who, in his 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' hung up the author in effigy.

Encyclopædia Metropolitana.—We are glad to find that this work, which was for a time discontinued, is now proceeding with regular steps. The plan was highly approved by a person of literary eminence, who said, on its first appearance, that all former repositories of art and science would become mere waste paper. The work is arranged with a strict regard to scientific principles, and consists of four grand divisions;—philosophy, science, biography, and miscellaneous knowlege. This is a great improvement in the mode of constructing encyclopædias: we believe it is due to Mr. Coleridge. Instead of being arranged according to the letters of the alphabet, without respect to difference or connexion of subject, the various parts are here given in a strict philosophical method. Each science is taken up in the order of its natural dependence, and its history, &c. are complete as far as they go. Biography is treated chronologically; and thus, if the work be relinquished to-morrow, it would, in reference to the preceding parts, be perfect. The parts which we have seen are not executed in that careless slovenly manner which degrades some publications of this kind, but bear marks of great attention, diligence, and ability.

To these notices we may add, what is not indeed a new work, but a collective republication of old memoirs, with the addition of new biographical sketches of the different writers.

Collection des Memoires Historiques des Dames Françoises.—Of those memoirs by which many French ladies have distinguished themselves, the first now re-printed are those of Madame de Motteville, the favorite of Anne of Austria, who has recorded with a scrupulous fidelity all that took place at court during the minority of Louis XIV. We are willing to pardon the inelegance of her style, in consideration of the natural and sincere manner in which events are recounted—of the curious anecdotes thickly strewed in the course of the narrative—and of the pleasure we derive from seeing great personages stripped of their dazzling drapery, and discovered in the carelessness of *deshabille.* We next come to the Memoirs of Mademoiselle de Montpensier. The narrative of this haughty princess of the royal blood cannot be so safely relied on as that of the humbler Madame de Motteville, as from her character and station she must have viewed many of the events which she records and endeavours to account for, through the medium of her passions and prejudices. This disdainful beauty, after having refused the offered hands of monarchs, became attached to the count de Lauzun, to marry whom Louis at first gave his consent, but shortly afterwards retracted it. This disappointment, added to other causes of chagrin, produced a bitterness of spirit, the traces of which are evident in these memoirs. However, their historical value is not unimportant, as they treat of various public events of which the princess was a close observer, and in some of which she bore a part.—The memoirs of the duchess of Nemours chiefly relate to the agitated times of the *Fronde;* in which unsuccessful attempt at revolution the ludicrous and the serious were mingled. The principal authors and chief partisans of these serio-

ludicrous troubles are admirably sketched by this lady.—Madame de la Fayette next appears, who offers a gallery of portraits, traced with a light but correct and graceful hand.—The *Souvenirs* or Reminiscences of Madame de Caylus are not so lively and spirited as the reader might be induced to expect, where a gay and volatile court is the subject of remark; yet they afford both entertainment and instruction.—The Memoirs of Madame de Stael (not the baroness de Stael Holstein) abound with wit and vivacity, and she developes courtly intrigues with skill and penetration.

LONGING;

A PETER-PINDARIC.

'As fancy works'—'tis Pope that says it—
Maids yield to every phantasy,
And judgement then, when *hyp* betrays it,
Leads cooler minds to think them crazy.
Through whims, most strange, these fair ones err,
Whose reason fond imaginations mock:
But hold!—enough that I refer
To Pope's said Rape, *videlicet*, the Lock.
Nor shall the maidens' case be press'd too hard,
Nor they alone in ridicule be had
By me a vagrant Muse and rambling bard;
For married women are almost as bad.
That maids have fancies, truth records,
As ever in their noddles thronging;
But have not they, '*who love their lords*,'
Some fancies too?—they call it '*Longing*.'

A case in point—we've many equal,
But few so pleasant in the sequel.
The fact I know*—the time is recent—
The names I hide—I think it decent.

A bishop, worthiest of the stock,
And gentle as the gentlest of his flock,
A goodly company of friends most dear
Invited to his hospitable cheer.
Amid the visitors, was one
Who promised soon a daughter or a son;
Or both, 'twas possible, might come;
For Heaven is doubly kind to some.
For all her little wants the prelate cared,
And nought that kindness could devise was spared:
But still an absence she betray'd,
Though not expressly from intention:
She lent no ear to what he said,
And lost on her was all attention.
She bow'd—but yet her eyes would constant turn,
And fix themselves upon a *silver urn*.
No dullard he—and, when she went,
Along with her the urn was sent.
In season due, the child was born,
And early on the auspicious morn,
The grateful matron
Announc'd it to her generous patron.
The time from this was not remote,
When the grave bishop dropp'd a note,

* The writer pledges himself that this is a fact within his own knowlege.

As thus:—'Dear ma'am, I cannot tell
How glad I am that all is well:—
You've had your longing, and 'twas my delight
To pity and relieve your pain;
Now I have mine (as reasonable quite)
And *long* to have *my urn* again!'

VERSES ADDRESSED TO MISS B.

Come Muse of mine, thy pipe so mellow
Tune while I sing, and I'll tell the truth,
How Love (that wicked little fellow)
Has fill'd with sighs my artless youth.

I saw sweet Mary, and was willing
To touch her lips,—but all in fun;
And little thought that lips were killing,
That with them so much mischief's done.

Nor did I think that Cupid, keeping
In the beams of her laughing eyes,
Was looking all the time, and peeping,
Intent upon his rogueries;

And when I gently try'd to press her,
(Not thinking of the urchin's guile)
He slyly saw me thus caress her,
And pierc'd me with a dart the while.

And now my breast, array'd in sadness,
Thrilling feels its barbed joint,
For young Cupid, in his madness,
With Mary's ringlets arm'd its point.

So to her bower I am hasting,
To tell my pensive story to her,
And see if that which wounds in tasting,
When swallow'd deep, will prove its cure.

Thomas S******s.

Peckham Grove.

A COMPLIMENT TO THE FEELINGS OF THE LADIES;

by Mr. S. Baruh.

Oh! say not woman's heart is cold,
Or lost to every feeling;
Mark but that look—that glance behold
Whilst every care revealing,
And sure 'twill prove that each fond thought
With kind compassion's glowing,
When love and pity melt the soul,
And burning tears are flowing.

Oh! say not woman's tear is false,
Or that it flows at telling;
It is the soft perceptive glow,
Which melts without compelling;
The flush that lights up beauty's cheeks,
Whilst every care revealing,
Her warm expressive soul bespeaks,—
Bespeaks her gen'rous feeling.

MAXIMS AND SENTIMENTS,

by Miss Porter.

When the interests of millions may hang upon a *yea* or a *nay*, he who has it in his power to pronounce either (as in the case of kings) ought at least to be bound by an oath, involving the perdition of his soul, to utter that only which conduces to general benefit.

There is a principle in wickedness which delights in laying human virtue waste, merely for the sake of destruction. The spirit of evil was a murderer from the beginning, and his followers pursue the same course.

To the inconsiderate person all is what it seems to be.

Title or station will not render a person truly great; action makes the post that of honor or disgrace.

One of the most exemplary points of human character is to be always in the path of duty. To such souls the rugged and the smooth, the safe and the dangerous, are alike.

The love and care of the tenderest connexions can be of no permanent effect, unless the objects of them assist with their own circumspection and strength.

For comfort or consolation in any event, do not look until you have found its principle in your own heart; *i. e.* act according to your duty.

Young people lose the benefit of many excellent moral lessons, from viewing them as grave discourses, in which they are inclined to consider themselves as little interested as in the map of a country they never intend to visit.

It has tended to the constancy of lovers, to keep sincerely a promise that each would remember the other at the rising and setting of the sun.

The warrior seeks not luxurious groves or gorgeous indolence; his errand is to win or to lose in the Olympian struggles of man with man.

Talents and good dispositions are implements of wisdom, not Wisdom herself: she is the boon of time and experience, and is emancipated by severe probations.

Well-educated young men meditate on a manly life, the career of fame, its triumphs, and its crown—between the starting post and the goal there is an immense chasm. The imagination of a visionary youth overleaps it; but it must be passed with strong, unwearied feet, with wariness, privation, and danger.

A life passing without the responsibilities of public obligation is a habit, and not a principle. It must be remoulded with stouter materials to stand the buffets of the world, and the whips and scorns of time.

AN ODE ON THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE,

by the late Mr. Combe.

Ah, who has power to say,
To-morrow's sun shall warmer glow,
And o'er this gloomy vale of woe
Diffuse a brighter ray?

Ah, who is ever sure,
Though all that can the soul delight
This hour enchants the wond'ring sight,
These raptures will endure?

Is there in life's dull toil
One certain moment of repose,
One ray to dissipate our woes,
And bid reflection smile?

We seek hope's gentle aid;
We think the lovely phantom pours
Her balmy incense on those flow'rs
Which blossom but to fade.

We court love's thrilling dart;
And when we think our joy supreme,
We find its raptures but a dream,—
Its boon a wounded heart.

We pant for glitt'ring fame;
And when pale envy blots the page
That might have charm'd a future age,
We find 'tis but a name.

We toil for paltry ore;
And when we gain the golden prize,
And death appears, with aching eyes
We view the useless store.

How frail is beauty's bloom!
The dimpled cheek, the sparkling eye,
Scarce seen before their wonders fly
To decorate a tomb!

Then, since this fleeting breath
Is but the zephyr of a day,
Let conscience make each minute gay,
And brave the shafts of death.

And let the gen'rous mind
With pity view the erring throng,
Applaud the right, forgive the wrong,
And feel for all mankind!

TO A YOUNG LADY, ON THE 1ST OF JANUARY.

No costly gift, alas! I bring
To greet thee on this festal day;
A bird that has but pow'r to sing,
I can but wake my votive lay.

Oh! if thy life might only last
Till time with nought could grace it more,
Should future years but match the past,
Thy bright career too soon were o'er.

Yet may thy charms, though sweet and rare
As aloe-flowers, unlike them be;
Not bloom in every hundredth year,
But blossom through a century,

Unstain'd by tears, unworn by age:
Oh! thus at least to *one* they'll seem;
The eyes which thine alone engage
That those have faded ne'er will deem.

An exile ne'er is blest indeed,
Howe'er through sunniest climes he roam;
And virtue waives her glorious meed,
While absent from her heavenly home:

Yet do I wish thee all the bliss
That e'er descended from above;
And, though 'twere vain to hope, in *this*,
The sweets of happier worlds to prove;—

Still may thy sparkling cup of joy
With such a nectar-draught run over,
That, lest the *lonely* banquet cloy,
Thou'lt freely share it with a lover.

F. A. B. B.

A SERENADE, BY MR. LOCKHART.

OH, lady, there's a fairy spell
 In thy mild beauty's azure eye,
Whose lucid charm beguiles, too well,
 The parting tear and absent sigh!

And there's a magic in thy smile,
 Enchanting those who most would shun
Its gentle fascination—while
 It binds the heart thine eyes have won!

I've seen those sylphs of love and light,
 That o'er the minstrel's vision flee,
And all their forms of fancy bright
 And blissful beauty blend in thee!

Oh, lady, shrink not, all I own
 Is poesy's imagined theme;
Nor falsely deem, my love's alone
 The fleeting wish of passion's dream!

But oh, believe, 'tis like yon star,
 That shines for ever bright above thee;
Pure as its beams my feelings are,
 And lasting as its light I'll love thee!

ITALIAN JEALOUSY AND REVENGE;

A TALE.

CATHARINA CANACCI, the wife of an old Florentine nobleman, was fond of pleasure, dissipation, and luxury, and considered the laws of morality as too rigid for her observance. She regarded the old count merely as the means by which she ascended to a pitch of wealth, splendor, and consequence, which a continuance in her humble class would have denied her, and as a convenient screen for those levities in which she determined to indulge without scruple or restraint. Among those who profited by these liberal dispositions, was the duke Salviati, who, for the sake of Catharina, neglected a beautiful consort of splendid race, and of a line whom it was not safe to offend or injure. Her name was Veronica Cibo, and her progenitors were the princes of Massa. The duchess had unfortunately one quality capable of eclipsing all her graces and prerogatives. Women are accused of being too fond of the distinctions of birth, and especially conscious of noble blood; but the haughty arrogance of Veronica Salviati was beyond all example, and she looked on her fellow-mortals as if all were equally unworthy to approach her. This lady, though she loved the man whose name she condescended to wear, could not, even for him, descend to the endearing and affectionate habits of domestic life; she could not for one moment divest herself of the arrogance which swelled her bosom and exalted her head; and she received his caresses with a sort of half-disdainful acceptance, little flattering to the tenderness of a husband; in short, repulsed and chilled where his affections had the best claim to a return, the duke became gradually an indifferent spouse, a stranger at home, and a constant and welcome visitor in the mansion of count Canacci, at least in that part of it which was dedicated to th[illegible] of the fair Catharina.

The duke's infidelity was at length discovered by his haughty wife, who resolved to take the first opportunity of testifying her resentment. She entered a church on pretence of devotion, and found her rival employed in the same practice. Her indignation now broke forth with irresistible violence. She approached the object of her wrath, and, kneeling down beside her, whispered in her ear, 'I command thee from this hour never to admit the scandalous visits of duke Salviati. Thy life depends on thy obedience. Dare admit him to one interview more, and dread the vengeance of an insulted wife!' Catharina provokingly replied, that she was perfectly willing to relinquish the duke's society, if the duchess had sufficient influence to detain him; and that she could only advise her to exert her utmost attractions for that purpose; adding, that should they

fail, and the duke persist in his admiration of her inferior charms, she would not promise to shut her door on so amiable a visitor. The tone of contempt and derision which accompanied these words fell bitterly on the heart of Veronica; she uplifted her veil, and cast one withering glance on the imprudent countess; and that glance conveyed a most eloquent and emphatic denunciation of vengeance, speedy and terrible. She urged the sons of Canacci, by a former wife, to assist in wiping off the stain which their step-mother's gallantries had thrown upon the family. This proposal was at first received by both the young men with horror and dismay; nor could Francesco be prevailed with to concur in the bloody enterprise, farther than by swearing to conceal the overture he had received. Bartolomeo was persuaded finally by the arguments of the duchess to accept this horrible agency, and he set himself without delay to collect the means of accomplishing his dark task, and to contrive the introduction into his father's house of those who were destined by the duchess to effectuate her scheme of vengeance. That implacable lady took into her service four ruffians, who held themselves in constant readiness to execute her commands at the first signal. The act of vengeance was thus accomplished. Bartolomeo, about three o'clock in the morning, left the palace of the duchess, accompanied by his desperate agents, and went to the house of his father. [illegible]rina's maid-servant looked from the window, and demanded who was there. Hearing the well-known voice of Bartolomeo utter the accustomed word, 'Friends,' she instantly drew the cord. The door was no sooner open than this ruthless avenger, followed by his four bloodhounds, rushed furiously into the chamber of the ill-fated lady, and barbarously murdered her; and that there might be no witness of this scene of horror, her maid partook the miserable doom of that mistress, of whose vices she had probably been the partaker and instrument.

The assassins cut in small pieces the bodies of the two women, and silently carrying forth their burthens, cast them into a pit. They preserved however the head of the wretched Canacci, which they bore to the duchess to convince her that this tragedy was exactly accomplished, and that her sanguinary desires had been confided to faithful executors.

It was a custom with the duchess to send early in the morning on festival days, by one of her ladies, a silver basin to the duke, covered with a napkin, and containing the linen he would use for the day. Now, on the morning of the first of January, she sent him the basin as usual, but its contents were of a far different nature. The duke, having dismissed the messenger with a courteous message to his wife, presently rose; and having, with a careless hand and unsuspecting heart, withdrawn the napkin, was filled with horror at the sight of the ghastly present which a fiend in a female form had prepared for him. He brought the assassins to justice; and his wife, conscious of her guilt, put an end to her own life.

MISCELLANEOUS VARIETIES.

Origin of Knight-Errantry.—As far as we can judge from incidental notices, knight-errantry arose in the most unsettled and turbulent period of the Grecian history. Assaults, robberies, and outrages, were then so common, that no person could travel in safety; and this state of disorder stimulated the courage and zeal of Theseus and other heroes, who traversed the country in arms for the protection of honest and unoffending individuals, particularly of the more feeble sex. These men were, in fact, errant or wandering knights.

In our country, champions of this description are said to have first appeared in the reign of William Rufus. Dr. Meyrick affirms, that knight-errantry 'had its origin in the reign of this king, who, as an encouragement to military prowess, had unwarrantably permitted his young knights and esquires to amuse themselves with plundering persons and their estates. Many of better principles, who panted for the renown of valorous exploits, undertook to redress these grievances; and, as there were always tyrannical barons to be conquered, and captives to be released, they traveled in search of such adventures. Knights were the disciplined and effective soldiery of the day; they were the only part of the military that were completely armed; and their skill and power in the use of their weapons, made their exertions the usual means of victory. Hence the ab-

bots of St. Albans gave a part of their manors to have knights engaged to watch the roads, and keep them safe from all assailants. Knights were usually persons of birth, but not always [illegible]

[illegible] Thus Rufus knighted the soldier who had unhorsed him. On that occasion the king fought bravely on foot, after his horse had been killed, till his armour was pierced, and he was thrown to the ground.'

Female Spirit in the Days of Chivalry.—'Even the ladies (says Dr. Meyrick) were fond of war, and sometimes waged it. Ordericus Vitalis relates a curious instance of this. Two Norman ladies quarreled, Eloisa and Isabella; they roused their friendly knights to arms, and plundered and burned each other's possessions. They were both spirited, loquacious, and beautiful, and governed their husbands, but they differed in temper. Eloisa was cunning and persuasive, fierce and penurious; Isabella was liberal and courageous, good-humored, merry, and convivial. She rode among the knights, armed as they were, and was as dexterous in the use of her weapons.'

State of Shipping in early Times.—Ships were provisioned in the Danish and Norman æra, with corn, wine, and bacon, even for two years, with bread, wine, cows, calves, salt-meat, by letters patent, and (in the time of Edward III.) by ship-money,—a tax or grant which also occurs in Plutarch. *Ship's-clerks* to enter these, the freight, goods, &c. are mentioned by Festus, Plautus, Eustathius, and Du Cange. We find (says Mr. Fosbroke) ships with silken streamers, flags at the mast-head for a signal, guide, and precursor; with the royal standard hoisted—ships, painted white, with a red cross through the whole; those of lords amazingly ornamented with painting and gilding, blazonry of their arms, the masts painted from top to bottom, some even covered with sheets of fine gold, sails even of silk; galleys, [illegible] within [illegible] without with escu[illegible]ns of the lord's arms, with 300 sailors, each bearing a target of his [illegible], and on each [illegible] likewise a smaller one, with a [illegible] [illegible]e-wise of beat[illegible] [illegible]ing a distinct trade; sails worked by ropes running in blocks, as now; and ships with two sails esteemed very large. We find ships with fortifications built upon them [illegible] al vessels beaked [illegible] steered by our An-[illegible] port-holes opened to allow horses to enter, and afterwards calked up because under water; upon unmooring, the priests and clerks, placed by the captain upon the castle or top to sing psalms for a prosperous voyage, the mariners also setting their sails in the name of God; expert divers descending to the bottom to examine the ship's keel, and coming out on the other side; four and even five anchors to hold the ship fast.

Ancient Laws of Wales.—There are three indispensables of a free-born gentleman: his tunic, his harp, and his kettle; and they are paid for by a general contribution

There are three powerful ones in the world: a lord, an idiot, and nothing.

The king may be insulted in three ways: First, by violating his protection, when the person to whom he gives protection is murdered: Secondly, when two kings meet on the frontiers of their respective kingdoms on account of confederation, and the retinue of one murder a man in the train of the other in the presence of the two monarchs. The third is by seducing his wife; the fine for which shall be doubled or even trebled.

The queen, too, may be insulted in three ways: by violating the protection which she has given; by striking her; and by snatching any thing out of her hand.

A new Society in Scotland.—Some philosophers, adopting the system of Dr. Gall, and pretending to distinguish the state and powers of the mind even by an external view of the skull, have formed an association at Edinburgh for the study of phrenology; and, in a volume of their transactions, have defended and maintained their object with great zeal, but not in a convincing or satisfactory manner. Men who are capable of committing murder, according to these inquirers, possess a larger organ at the temporal and lower part of the parietal bone, than the generality of individuals; just as, in birds of prey, the part of the [illegible]

brain in question is more fully developed than in others. This is therefore called the organ of destructiveness; and one which occupies the space across the head at the top of the temporal bone, is styled the organ of ideality, and is, for instance, larger in Mr. Wordsworth, by three quarters of an inch, than in Mr. Joseph Hume, who, they say, is as deficient in that quality as the poet is famous for it. This new mode of drawing conclusions respecting the particular mind of an individual, may amuse the idle, but cannot stifle doubts or silence objections; and the arrogant and dogmatical tone assumed by the society will rather excite derision than allay ridicule.

Light of the Moon.—Mr. Gurney affirms, that he has discovered a 'singularly useful and hitherto unobserved effect of moonlight, in assisting the completion of certain important natural *phænomena*. The crystallization of water (he adds), under the form of those light frosts which so much prevail during the early spring, and which are of such service in assisting the operations of agriculture, by rendering the surface of the earth mellow, and better susceptible of the manure that is necessary for it,—is greatly assisted, and in many cases entirely brought about by the intervention of moonlight. It is well known that, under certain circumstances, water will sink to a temperature of 22° before it freezes, or takes the form of crystals. Indeed, it will invariably do so in the absence of any mechanical agitation, and in the absence of light. It is an unquestionable fact, but one which has not hitherto been observed generally, or attended to, that in the spring, and indeed at other times of the year, before the moon rises on a still clear night, when the atmosphere is at a lower temperature than thirty-two, the water remains in a liquid state; but immediately on the moon rising, and diffusing its light around, the water freezes, and performs the salutary offices required of it, without subjecting us to the severity of a low temperature.'

Curious Mode of Dancing.—The Bushmen are remarkably fond of this amusement, which is performed in the following manner, by one person only at a time. One foot remains motionless, while the other dances in a quick wild irregular manner, changing its place but little, though the knee and leg are turned from side to side as the attitude will allow. The dancer continues singing all the while, and keeps time with every movement; sometimes twisting the body in sudden starts, till at last, as if fatigued by the violence of his exertions, he drops upon the ground to recover breath; still maintaining the spirit of the dance, and continuing to sing, and keep time by the motion of his body, to the voices and accompaniments of the spectators. In a few seconds he starts up again, and proceeds with renewed vigor. When one foot is tired out, or has done its share of the dance, the other comes forward and performs the same part; and thus, changing legs from time to time, it seemed as though he meant to convince his friends that he could dance for ever. Round each ancle he wore a sort of anclet made (in this instance) of four ears of the springbuck, sewed up and containing a quantity of small pieces of ostrich-egg shell, which at every motion of the foot produced a sound that was not unpleasant or harsh, but greatly aided the general effect of the performance.'

Simultaneous Production of Heat and Cold.—Put your right hand into a basin containing water made as hot as you can well bear it, and put your left hand into a basin of cold water. After a few minutes, take out both hands, and instantly plunge them into water warmed moderately; what effect will be produced? The water will *cool* your right hand and *warm* your left.

Explanation of this Experiment.—What we call *heat*, is the effect produced by the presence of the peculiar substance which chemists call *caloric*. *Cold* is merely a negative quality; it signifies the absence of heat, or rather, a diminution of heat. This producer of heat (caloric) always tends to an equilibrium; that is to say, heated bodies, placed among cool ones, always part with their heat to the cool ones, till all are brought to the same temperature. Thus a hot hand put into cold water, communicates a part of its heat to that water, and becomes cooled. Again, a cold hand put into hot water, takes a portion of heat from that water, and consequently is heated.

Sensations of Heat and Cold.—People in general imagine that the sensation of heat is an accurate test of temperature,

and they are thereby frequently led to miscall things. They will come into this room from the open air to-day, and exclaim 'How warm it is!' To-morrow, they will again come into it from a still warmer room, and will cry 'How cold it is!' In the first case they gain heat, and therefore call the room warm; in the latter case, they lose heat, and then they term it cold; while, in reality, the air of the room continues, during the whole time, heated precisely to the same degree of temperature.

Two men were traveling on a high mountain, one ascending, the other descending. About the middle they met. 'Bless me!' exclaimed he who was going down, 'how extremely hot it is to-day!' 'Hot?' cried the other, 'I never felt myself so cold in all my life.' These two men judged from their sensations, and truly expressed what they felt. At the top of the mountain the air was cold; at the bottom of it the air was warm. He, who was descending, came therefore into warm air, and was heated; on the contrary, he who was ascending was, by coming to the cool air, cooled. We learn from this, that our sense of feeling can never inform us of the true temperature of the bodies, by which we are surrounded.—*Chemical Recreations.*

THE PARISH-PRIEST, OR A DAY IN SWEDEN;

by Richter.

In every civilised country, the condition of a parish priest is comfortable and agreeable; but, in Sweden, it is much more so. There he enjoys summer and winter, pure and unalloyed by any tedious interruptions: a Swedish spring, which is always a late one, is no repetition, in a lower key, of the harshness of winter, but anticipates, and is a prelibation of perfect summer,—laden with blossoms,—radiant with the lily and the rose; insomuch that a Swedish summer-night seems to represent one half of Italy, and a winter-night one half of the world beside.

I will begin with winter, and I will suppose it to be Christmas. The priest, whom we shall imagine to be a German, and summoned from the southern climate of Germany upon presentation to the church of a Swedish hamlet lying in a high polar latitude, rises in cheerfulness about seven o'clock in the morning; and till half past nine burns his lamp. At nine o'clock the stars are still shining, and the unclouded moon shines yet longer. This prolongation of star-light into the forenoon is to him delightful; for he is a German, and has a sense of something wonderful in a starry forenoon. I fancy that I behold the priest and his flock moving toward the church with lanterns: the lights dispersed amongst the crowd connect the congregation into the appearance of some domestic group or larger household, and carry the priest back to his childish years during the winter season and Christmas matins, when every hand bore its candle. Arrived at the pulpit, he declares to his audience the plain truths of the Gospel.

* * * * * * *

Just as he and his flock are issuing from the church, the bright Christmas sun ascends above the horizon, and shoots his beams upon their faces. The old men, who are numerous in Sweden, are all tinged with the colors of youth by the rosy morning-lustre; and the priest, as he looks away from them to mother earth lying in the sleep of winter, and to the church-yard, where human beings and flowers are all in their graves together, might secretly exclaim with the poet,—'Upon the dead mother, in peace and utter gloom, are reposing the dead children. After a time, uprises the everlasting sun; and the mother starts up at the summons of the heavenly dawn with a resurrection of her ancient bloom:—And her children?—Yes: but they must wait awhile.'

At home he is awaited by a warm study, and a long-levelled rule' of sunlight upon the book-clad wall. He spends the afternoon delightfully; for, having before him such a perfect flower-stand of pleasures, he scarcely knows where he should settle. If it be Christmas day, he preaches again: he preaches on a subject which calls up images of the beauteous eastern-land, or of eternity. By this time, twilight and gloom prevail through the church: only a couple of wax-lights upon the altar throw shadows through the ailes: the angel that hangs down from the roof above the baptismal font, is awakened into a solemn life by the shadows and the rays, and seems almost in the act of ascension: through the windows, the stars or the moon are beginning to peer: aloft in the pulpit, which is now hidden in gloom, the priest is inflamed and possessed by the sacred burthen of glad tidings which he is announcing: he is lost and insensible to all beside; and from amidst the

darkness which surrounds him, he pours down his thunders, with tears and agitation, reasoning of future worlds, and of the heaven of heavens, and whatever else can most powerfully shake the heart and move the affections.

Descending from his pulpit in these holy fervors, he now, perhaps, takes a walk: it is about four o'clock; and he walks beneath a sky illuminated by the shifting northern lights, that to his eye appear like an Aurora striking upwards from the eternal morning of the south, or as a forest composed of saintly thickets, like the fiery bushes of Moses, that are round about the throne of God.

Thus, if it be the afternoon of Christmas day: but, if it be any other afternoon, visitors perhaps come and bring their well-bred grown-up daughters; like the fashionable world in London, he dines at sun-set; that is, like the *un*-fashionable world of London, he dines at two o'clock; and he drinks coffee by moonlight; and the parsonage house becomes an enchanted palace of pleasure gleaming with twilight, star-light, and moon-light. Or he goes over to the schoolmaster, who is teaching his afternoon school: there, by the candle-light, he gathers round his knees all the scholars, as if—being the children of his spiritual children—they must therefore be his own grand-children; and with delightful words he wins their attention, and pours knowlege into their docile hearts.

All these pleasures failing, he may pace up and down in his library, already gloomy with twilight, but fitfully enlivened by a glowing fire, and steadily by the bright moon-light; and he needs do no more than taste at every turn of his walk a little orange marmalade—to call up images of beautiful Italy, and its gardens, and orange groves, before all his five senses, and as it were, to the very tip of his tongue. Looking at the moon, he will not fail to recollect that the very same silver disk hangs at the same moment between the branches of the laurels in Italy. It will delight him to consider that the Æolian harp, and the lark, and indeed music of all kinds, and the stars, and children, are just the same in hot and in cold climates; and when the post-boy, who rides in with news from Italy, winds his horn through the hamlet, and with a few simple notes raises up on the frozen window of his study a vision of flowery realms; and when he plays with treasured leaves of roses and of lilies from some departed summer, or with the plumes of a bird of Paradise, the memorial of some distant friend; when, farther, his heart is moved by the magnificent sounds of Lady-day, Salad-season, Cherry-time, Trinity-Sunday, the rose of June, &c. how can he fail to forget that he is in Sweden by the time that his lamp is brought in? and then, indeed, he will be disconcerted to recognize his study in what lately shaped itself to his fancy as a room in some foreign land.

But now, after the lapse of half a year, all at once there strikes upon his heart something more beautiful than Italy, where the sun sets so much earlier in summer-time than it does at our Swedish hamlet: and what is *that*? It is the longest day, with the rich freight that it carries in its bosom, leading by the hand the early dawn blushing with rosy light, and melodious with the caroling of larks at one o'clock in the morning. Before two,—that is, about sun-rise, an elegant party arrive in gay clothing at the parsonage; for they are bound on a little excursion of pleasure in company with the minister. At two o'clock they are in motion; at which time all the flowers are glittering, and the forests are gleaming with the mighty light. The warm sun does not threaten them with any storm or thunder showers; for both are rare in Sweden. The priest, in common with the rest of the company, is attired in the costume of Sweden; he wears his short jacket, with a broad scarf, his short cloke above that, his round hat with floating plumes, and shoes tied with bright ribands: like the rest of the men, he resembles a Spanish knight, or a Provençal, or some other man of the south, more especially when he and his gay company are seen flying through the lofty foliage luxuriant with blossom, that, within so short a period, has shot forth from the garden plats and the naked boughs.

That a longest day like this, bearing such a cornucopia of sun-shine, of cloudless ether, of buds and bells, of blossoms and of leisure, should pass away more rapidly than the shortest,—is not difficult to suppose. As early as eight o'clock in the evening the guests retire; the sun is now burning more gently over the half-closed sleepy flowers: about nine he has mitigated his rays, and is beheld bathing as it were naked in the blue depths of

heaven: about ten, at which hour the company re-assemble at the parsonage, the priest is deeply moved; for, throughout the hamlet, though the tepid sun, now sunk to the horizon, is still shedding a sullen glow upon the cottages and the window panes, every thing reposes in profound silence and sleep: the birds even are all slumbering in the golden summits of the woods; and at last, the solitary sun himself sets, like a moon, amidst the universal quiet of nature. To our priest, walking in his romantic dress, it seems as though rosy-colored realms were laid open, in which fairies and spirits range; and he would scarcely feel an emotion of wonder, if, in this hour of golden vision, his brother, who ran away in childhood, should suddenly present himself as one alighting from some blooming heaven of enchantment. He will not allow his company to depart: he detains them in the parsonage garden,—where he says every one that chooses may slumber away in beautiful bowers the brief warm hours until the re-appearance of the sun. This proposal is generally adopted, and the garden is occupied: many a lovely pair are pretending to sleep, but, in fact, are holding each other by the hand. The happy priest walks up and down through the parterres. Coolness comes and a few stars. His night-violets and gilly-flowers open and breathe out their powerful odors. To the north, from the eternal morning of the pole, exhales as it were a golden dawn. The priest thinks of the village of his childhood far away in Germany; he thinks of the life of man, his hopes, and his aspirations: and he is calm and at peace with himself. Then all at once starts up the morning sun in his freshness. Some who are in the garden would confound it with the evening sun, and close their eyes again; but the larks betray all, and awaken every sleeper. Then again begin pleasure and morning in their pomp of radiance; and I could almost persuade myself to delineate the course of this day also, though it differs from its predecessor hardly by so much as the leaf of a rose-bud.

MOORE'S MELODIES.

THE National and Irish Melodies, published by a celebrated poet, are well known to all readers of taste. The words are, in general, well adapted to the old music, and the poetry is pleasing and characteristic. Many of the airs afford fine subjects for the pencil and the *burin;* and we shall therefore occasionally select picturesque scenes from this agreeable volume. On the present occasion, we have made choice of *Ill Omens* for illustration.

'When day-light was yet sleeping under the billow,
And stars in the heavens still lingering shone,
Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,
The last time she e'er was to press it alone;
For the youth whom she treasured her heart and her soul in,
Had promised to link the last tie before noon;
And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon!

As she look'd in the glass, which a woman ne'er misses,
Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
A butterfly, fresh from the night-flower's kisses,
Flew over the mirror, and shaded her view.
Enraged with the insect for hiding her graces,
She brush'd him—he fell, alas! never to rise:
'Ah! such,' said the girl, 'is the pride of our faces,
For which the soul's innocence too often dies!'

While she stole through the garden, where heart's-ease was growing,
She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fallen dew;
And a rose, farther on, look'd so tempting and glowing,
That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too:
But, while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,
Her zone flew in two, and the heart's-ease was lost:—
'Ah! this means,' said the girl, and she sigh'd at its meaning,
'That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost!'

Fine Arts.

THE arts are encouraged not only by that spirit of emulation which an incorporated institution tends to excite, but by the grant of rewards for superiority of merit. The Royal Academy had a meeting on the 10th of this month, being



the anniversary of its foundation; and medals were then presented to the successful candidates in various branches of art. To Mr. Frederic Hurlstone a gold medal was given, with copies of the Discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. West, for the best composition in historic painting, 'the contention between the arch-angel Michael and Satan for the body of Moses.' For sculptural composition, a gold medal was awarded to Mr. R. B. Hughes.

In architecture, for a design of an hospital for invalid sailors, a gold medal was assigned to Mr. F. Bradbury; in the school of painting, the first silver medal for the best copy to Mr. Cobbet, the second to Mr. Marks; the silver medal for the best drawing from the life, to Mr. Cahusac, the second to Mr. How; the silver medal for the best model from the life, to Mr. R. Williams, the second to Mr. Collingwood; the silver medal for the best drawing from the antique, to Mr. G. R. Ward, the second to Mr. F. Ross, the third to Mr. Cicell; a silver medal for the best model from the antique to Mr. Dear, the second to Mr. Stothard, the third to Mr. Belmes; a silver medal for the best architectural drawing to Mr. Richley, the second to Mr. Jenkins.

After the distribution of these testimonials of merit, the president delivered a discourse, not equal to those of Sir Joshua, yet in some degree pertinent and forcible. It was received with profound attention by a respectable audience.

Paintings in transparency have lately been executed in a fine style by ingenious artists, among whom Mr. Joseph Stubbs seems to be pre-eminent. His representation of Tintern Abbey is much admired. The dilapidations of time, exhibited in the mouldering walls and dismantled windows, 'once the pride of monkish devotion,' are represented with wonderful truth; and the rich, warm, mellow radiance of the sun, streaming obliquely upon the Gothic building, is so well depicted, as to afford a convincing proof of the perfection to which the study may be brought. In front of the abbey glide, in unruffled majesty, the waters of the Wye, on which are seen a pleasure-boat with company, and a small barge, with men engaged near a fire; the lurid brightness of which forms a fine contrast with the shadowy verdure of the trees behind. To the left is a bank, with two or three tall slender trees spreading their light foliage, so as to comprise, with the river, the principal objects in the immediate foreground; the abbey and surrounding trees constitute the middle distance, and the dark blue mountains, melting in the airy gradation of perspective, terminate the pleasing view. This style of painting, indeed, seems to express the whole effect of sun and air, light and shade, better than any other mode.

Music.

In this musical age, a celebrated composer is regarded as a phenomenon, although Dr. Johnson would have said, that a great composer is not a great man. The appearance of Rossini at Paris has excited so great a sensation, that he is followed like a demi-god. 'Rossini is here—have you seen him?' is the inquiry from every fashionable mouth. The most distinguished philosopher, or the most renowned warrior could not be more honorably received He is invited to all fashionable parties, and sickened with compliments and applause. He finds leisure, however, to compose new pieces,—an employment in which he is uncommonly quick. He has not yet completed his thirty-second year; but, as he began to compose at the age of sixteen, it may well be supposed that his pieces are very numerous.

The new manager of the Opera-house, Signor Benelli, has engaged him as the 'chief composer and director of the music;' and, therefore, we shall probably soon see this wonderful man in our metropolis. Some new singers are also expected, from the continent, to add their strength to the former *corps*; and among them we find Remorini, the *primo Buffo* of Barcelona, and Mesdames Colbran Rossini and Pasta, one from Bologna, the other from Paris. Caradori and Ronzi de Begnis are re-engaged, as well as the Signors Garcia and Curioni. M. Aumer will again preside over the ballets; and Noblet and other ladies, who gracefully trip on the 'fantastic toe,' will combine their attractions with the agility of Albert and Charles Vestris. To provide for the continued health of these personages, an Italian physician, Dr.

Rocco, has been added to the establishment; but this, we think, is a bad compliment to our medical countrymen.

The Royal Academy of Music proceeds in a steady course, without making much *noise* by its operations, though its instruments may be frequently *loud*. New subscriptions are occasionally added to the fund; and the pupils in general make considerable proficiency in their studies.

The late musical publications are not very numerous; but some of them have undoubted merit.

A grand Russian march has been adapted to the harp by Bochsa, with that melody and animation which he so frequently exhibits. He has also arranged the most striking airs in the ballet of Alfred for the same instrument, with a flute accompaniment.

A Duet for the Harp and Piano-Forte, or two Piano-Fortes, by Joseph de Pinna, may be recommended for its harmony, taste, and sweetness.

Kalkbrenner has published his Operas 68 and 69; the former, entitled *Effusio Musica,* is one of the finest efforts of that composer. The second is an Impromptu on the Irish air *The Bard's Bequest*, and was composed for Mademoiselle Delphine Schauroth, a child nine years old, who played it lately at the Argyll Rooms. It affords a competent idea of the style and execution of the young performer, and is at the same time an elegant and spirited composition.

No. 5, of Burrowes' Hibernian airs, arranged for the piano-forte, consists of the *Old Woman*, better known as *Love's Young Dream*, with variations. He has been very happy in this piece; the air is well preserved in its adaptations to a march, polacca, &c. and the last variation is quite in the style of Rossini.

The subject of the second number of *Les Belles Fleurs*, by Sola and Bruguier, for the flute and piano-forte, is *Di Piacer*, which is metamorphosed into a fine duet.

Kiallmark has also chosen *Love's Young Dream* for the theme of his second Irish melody, and has given the lesson both animation and variety.

The Learner's Portable Piano-Forte will, we think, be found useful. As the chief difficulty of a beginner is to apply each note to its proper key, a *fac-simile* is here presented, with every key of the usual size, and with due notation; and the notes and fingering may thus be learned before the real instrument is touched.

Drama.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

THIS house still commands, by its high attractions, a numerous audience. The Cataract of the Ganges maintains its imposing influence; but it will soon give way to a magnificent pantomime, which has been long in preparation, not only for the amusement of children during the Christmas holydays, but for the entertainment and edification of adults.

The honor of a royal visit was as profitable to the proprietors of the theatre, as it was gratifying to the public. The comedy of the Hypocrite was ordered by his majesty on this occasion. This play is a severe satire on hypocrisy, fanaticism, and extravagant pretensions to sanctity; but these are properly distinguished from real piety, which the author had no wish to attack. The blame, therefore, which some imputed to their sovereign for his choice, was ill-founded. He paid the most marked attention to the passing scene; and, when any particular excellence was displayed by the actor, he was by no means sparing of his applause. Liston's performance of Mawworm more especially arrested his attention. He laughed heartily at Liston's richly-comic delineation of the ignorant fanatic, and applauded it with fervor. The delighted audience encored Mawworm's sermon at the close of the comedy, and would not submit to a refusal of compliance. The pleasant farce of Love, Law, and Physic, followed; and Liston's Lubin Log, which is the very essence of ludicrous absurdity, excited general risibility.

The renewed appearance of Mr. Kean was hailed with such shouts as roused all his animation. His eyes seemed to brighten with triumphant consciousness, and he represented his favorite part of Richard with the vigor and fire which

marked his early performance. His voice partially failed at the end of the third act, and an apology was made, though, as it afterwards appeared, without any reason. The busy scenes of the play were never better performed by him. The fight with Henry was full of beauty. His attitudes were studies for a sculptor, and yet sudden and natural. He fought like a person inflamed with rage, and, when he was finally beaten down, his look and gesture were full of terrific grandeur. He has since performed Othello in his best manner, not (as in the last season) with the competition of Young in Iago, but with the ineffective rivalry, yet not contemptible acting, of Wallack.

Mr. Braham and Miss Stephens have again added their talents to the operatic strength of this theatre. The former, when he re-appeared as Henry Bertram, displayed his wonted excellence; and there was nothing in his tones or in his execution throughout the whole performance that indicated the least decay of his powers. There is one charm in his singing beyond that of any other vocalist of the day: though an indifferent and rather an inanimate actor, yet no sooner does he hear the first notes of the orchestra than he is all animation. His songs are 'words that breathe, and thoughts that burn;' his soul is in his voice, whether it be in the plaintive air of 'Fair Ellen,' or the soul-stirring 'Address of Bruce to his army.' His share in the echo duet with Miss Povey prepared the auditors for a high treat, and he did not disappoint them. In addition to the songs which belong to the opera, he introduced several others, among which was 'Love's Young Dream,' which he sang with exquisite taste and feeling, unaccompanied by the orchestra: it was encored; and he also repeated 'Scots wha hae with Wallace bled,' one of those airs which are adapted to all classes. Miss Stephens, in Lucy, was all that could be wished. Her 'O rest thee' was full of sweetness, and the Scottish airs were given with appropriate simplicity and beauty. Miss Povey performed the character of Julia Mannering very judiciously, and sang prettily. Liston was Dominie Sampson—but who does not know the part?—and we therefore need only say he was quite at home in it. Mr. Browne, who promises to be an excellent actor, played Dirk Hatteraick admirably. Mrs. Bunn sustained the character of Meg Merrilies; but it is not one of her best performances. Sherwin's Dandie Dinmont was respectable.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

His majesty, desirous of variety, and observant of impartiality, lately visited this house as well as the other. The pieces which he selected for representation were the Cabinet and Timour the Tartar. He admired the improved vocalism of Mr. Sinclair, and attentively witnessed the gorgeous splendor of the after-piece. To say that he was *well* received would be a cold and tame expression: the welcome was rapturous and enthusiastic.

The manager, being of opinion that even the endeavours of his brother for the reform of theatrical costume had not been completely effectual, announced his intention of bringing forward many of Shakspeare's plays in the most correct style, with regard to the dress and *paraphernalia* of each character; and, as a specimen of his plan, he produced king John and his courtiers and foreign visitants in such habits or armour as they wore when they flourished on the stage of life. The effect was imposing; but the appearance would perhaps have been more dignified if there had been less finery. Mr. Young figured as the king at this splendid revival; and it has been fancifully remarked, that the 'similarity of countenance which this actor bears to the pictures of John, adds greatly to the interest of the whole.' However that may be, we are bound to speak favorably of his acting. In some of the scenes he displayed great spirit and force, particularly in his dismissal of Chatillon and his abjuration of the pope's authority; and, if he was not equally happy in the artful negotiation with Hubert, he at least soared above contempt, and was not (as a critic has said) drawling and mawkish. Mr. Kemble gave an admirable portrait of Falconbridge: indeed, no one is equal to him in that gallant and lively character. Mrs. Bartley's Constance was not so good as we expected to find it. It was rather too lachrymose, and we would advise her to throw a little more fire into it. Master Holt made his first appearance upon the stage in Arthur. He speaks well, but is too studied in his acting for a boy of his years. Mrs. Vining looked too youthful for the king's mother; but Miss Foote in Blanche, a part for which her beauty eminently fits her, looked and played most charmingly.

The Mac-Sycophant of Mr. Young must not pass without commendation. His conception of the part was just, and his execution masterly. His assumed vexation at the imaginary distresses which lord Lumbercourt had suffered, afforded much amusement; and the subsequent contempt with which he described to Egerton the vices and absurdities of his lordship, formed an admirable contrast with his previous sycophantic attention. The description of his progress in life was exceedingly humorous, happily varied in feeling, tone, and action; but the scene with Sidney seemed to evince greater discrimination and knowlege of human nature than any other part of the performance.

A new tragedy, the production of Mrs. Hemans, deserves notice for its poetical merit, whatever may be said of its fitness for theatrical representation. It is entitled the *Vespers of Palermo*, and the subject is terrific and appalling. The count di Procida, after several years of wandering and exile, during which he had labored indefatigably, but in vain, to rouse the princes of Europe against Charles of Anjou, the usurper of the crown of Sicily, returns at length, in a humble disguise, to liberate his country by his own influence and prowess. A conspiracy is formed of which he is the head, and in which his son Raymond is engaged. Sicily is governed at this time by the minister Eribert. The resolution taken by the conspirators, is to kill him and his chief friends, and the signal for the deed is to be the tolling of the vesper bell. But, to bring the prey within the toils, Procida adopts the following contrivance: Vittoria, the betrothed bride of the murdered Conradin, king of Sicily, is loved by the minister. She hates and spurns him in return most cordially. The count suggests to her that she should consent to marry him, and even fix the day. She is shocked at the suggestion. He explains his meaning—that the marriage should be a mere pretence, and, instead of a bride, the bridegroom should meet his death. The lady consents; and, in the midst of song, dance, and revelry, the conspirators suddenly change the festive hall into a scene of carnage. With this catastrophe the third act terminates; but, as custom requires five acts for a tragedy, the play is eked out with additional incidents, of a sanguinary rather than an interesting nature, which we need not particularize. Many pleasing passages occur in the piece, and some fine sentiments are interspersed; but it is certainly deficient in power and passion, and in genuine force of character. It was therefore so unfavorably received, that it has not been repeated.

Mr. Young personated the hero of the piece with marked ability. Mr. Kemble, as Raymond, had not much that was worthy of him in the earlier part, but acted near the close with great feeling and spirit; and to the character of Vittoria, which is not well drawn, Mrs. Bartley did full justice: but, when a piece, in the greater part of its course, is languid and heavy, the efforts of the performers cannot without the utmost difficulty save it from condemnation.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

CLOSE pelisse of satin; the color that of the bloom on an Orleans plum; the pelisse is bordered with a very broad ermine, and a muff is worn to correspond. The bust is crossed by Brandenburgs in chains, forming a diamond. The bonnet of black velvet, lined with pink, and ornamented by one long black feather. Half boots of corded silk, the color of the pelisse, and yellow kid gloves.

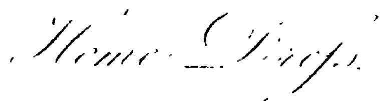
HOME COSTUME.

Dress of *gros de Naples*, of ethereal blue, with four flounces of cockleshells at the border; the belt of the same material, fastened in front with a gold buckle Head-dress, a *fichu, à la marmotte*, of Urling's lace, edged round with the same



Carriage Dress

[illegible] by Miss Pierpoint & engraved for the Ladies Magazine [illegible]



Invented by Miss [illegible] & engraved for the Ladies M[illegible]

material, and tied with a small rosette of white figured riband on the left side of the chin, near the ear. Ponceau scarf, with variegated border; cream-colored shoes and gloves. The dress is made partially high, and the only neck covering is a narrow lace tucker, and a pearl necklace of three rows.

N. B. The above tasteful dresses were furnished by Miss Pierrepoint, Edward-street, Portman-square.

MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

Though several of the higher members of polite society have quitted London for Brighton, yet the metropolis presents a splendid throng of beauty, rank, and fashion; the winter modes now bear decided features, and we are enabled to speak with some certainty of those which are likely to be the most prevailing at the commencement of the new year.

The Venetian mantle, elegantly trimmed with broad fur, is still most in favor for the carriage; but velvet pelisses, or those of fine cloth, are much adopted by our fair pedestrians; the mantle being apt to catch the wintry breeze in walking, while the pelisse, closely enveloping the form, is a warm and comfortable shield against the cold. When a pelisse is of *gros de Naples*, it is very carefully closed from the throat to the feet, and is often of the Witzchoura make; like that warm covering, it is sometimes lined with fur: this skin, however, though very warm, is extremely light. Broad fur trimmings at the bottom of pelisses, are very general: on the dark blue cloth, a fancy fur, representing tiger's skin, looks well; while for the carriage, a broad border of ermine, lynx, or swansdown, on *gros de Naples*, distinguishes the lady of fashion. Pelerine capes of ermine are much admired over pelisses of silk.

The most fashionable bonnet is of black velvet; the greater part in the same beautiful shape and size as those worn last month: some, however, are extended rather too wide from each temple. Colored flowers continue to ornament the winter bonnets; but the appropriate plumes of short black ostrich feathers gain ground daily, and there is no ornament so well calculated for the sombre days of the present season. Brown beaver bonnets, with feathers of the same tint, have been partially adopted, and by very elegant females: they are becoming to some few countenances; but they are, by no means, an embellishment to either the color or expression of the face: they should always be lined with pink. Velvet hats of a light grey are the last novelty.

Dresses of figured *gros de Naples* are much in favor for half dress; the ground of these beautiful winter silks is generally of an Etruscan brown or of Hortensia, with small sprigs of lively colors: the trimming is generally finished by rouleaux or beading of the color most predominant in the sprigs; and the body is made partially low, in the Gallo-Greek style; the stomacher part laced by silk cordon, of the color of what finishes the tucks, flounces, or trimmings. Another favorite silk for home dress is of striped *gros de Naples;* the color diversified, or shot, of the ground, and the narrow satin stripe of a color conspicuously different, but not unsuitable: full, wadded rouleaux adorn the border, in festoons, generally in three rows. The body is made plain, and half high, while over the bust is worn an elegant Spanish pelerine, ornamented with fine Moravian work, and innumerable Castilian slashes, which are filled up with fine plain muslin. Evening dresses for married ladies are chiefly of taffeta, either white or of a bright Japanese red: white satin is also much in favor for dress parties, with the bust and sleeves profusely trimmed with blond. Lace dresses over white, pink, or celestial blue satin, are in high estimation for the ball room: when the dress is of tulle it is generally worn over white, and flowers, intermingled with gauze ornaments, form the trimming. Pelisse robes are much worn in home costume by matronly ladies; they are generally of bright colors, with a petticoat of rich embroidery on India muslin. Canezon spencers over a petticoat of Moravian work, are also much worn.

The hair is arranged in full curls on the forehead, very slightly divided; these curls are very close together from the eyebrow to the ear, and they impart a fullness to the temples not altogether very pleasing, because this fashion is becoming only to a very few faces; the curls are well formed, making each a

crescent. Much blond and many flowers are used in the trimming of caps. At balls, the hair is often ornamented with a wreath of flowers, formed of fine pearls. The feathers are very large and valuable; one feather being often sufficient to form an elegant head-dress, as it is made to float over the hair, in whatever direction fancy may suggest: flowers are much in favor for the young, and are chiefly of the fancy kind. Turbans of white gauze, and other light materials, constitute the head-dress for the evening, amongst those ladies who are past the bloom of youth: they are oftener ornamented with flowers than with feathers: an appropriate and becoming head-dress to a matron, is, however, a black velvet Spanish hat, of rather small dimensions, with a plume of white marabout feathers; and toques of various kinds are worn at concerts, and at the theatres.

A new kind of yellow has lately appeared for turbans, ribands, and gloves; it is not jonquil, though almost equally bright: it is called butter-cup yellow, and it exactly resembles the color of that field flower. Pink is also much worn in turbans.

Colors for pelisses and dresses are bottle-green, pitch-color, carnation, and ethereal blue.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Two ladies allege that the contributions which they particularly wished to see in print did not appear; but the fact is, that the articles in question were inserted long before they thus complained of pretended neglect. Prior says,

'Authors, before they write, should read:'

and these correspondents ought to have made a proper use of their eyes. Their inattention reminds us of the temporary blindness of an old fellow of a college, who would sometimes loudly call for his dinner, when it was smoking before him.

The account of the Indian Museum will be returned to its author on demand.

The 'Salute to a Nightingale,' the sonnet to 'Laura's Eyes,' and the 'Verses to Emma,' have so little to recommend them, that we cannot consent to give them a place. The writer seems to entertain a high opinion of the power of love, when he says, that the tender language of a sweetheart's eyes

'Makes man forget this little earth,
E'en those to whom is due his birth.'

A letter written by lady Anson is too uninteresting for general perusal, even though Dr. Kippis has declared that 'her compositions in verse and prose were remarkably lively and elegant.'

We are not satisfied with the effusions of J. R. D. Some of the lines are tolerable; but a few sparks will not illuminate general darkness.

N. is a very amorous swain: he says to the object of his affection,

'I will be thy angel love,
And, as an angel, love thee.'

Of Mr. Dalby's volume of poems we shall take proper notice in our next number; and one of the manuscript pieces with which he has favored us, will then be inserted.

Mr. Clarke's Tribute to the Memory of Bloomfield, is too prolix for our pages; and his verses addressed to a lady are obscure and inelegant.

The Skeleton, or the Terrified Village, has so alarmed us, that we have no desire of giving it a niche in our repository.

[illegible] As we have some articles in our possession without signatures, and have [illegible] envelopes, we request that C. C. C. will state to our publisher the *subject* [illegible]mer communication; and perhaps we may find it on a future search.

The Fifth Effort of J. W. J—r is under consideration.

The Verses to the Memory of Miss Frampton will soon appear; but the tale of Lizette, and other pieces, which we cannot approve or admit, are left in the hands of our publisher.

S. W. asks whether the Hawthorn Tree is 'of sufficient character' for our miscellany. We trust that we shall not seriously offend him, if we reply in the negative.

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